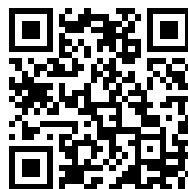

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AND

MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

MRS. SARAH J. HALE,
AND LOUIS A. GODEY.

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LOOKING AT AN ECLIPSE





THE WINTER MONTHS.



NEW-YEAR'S RECEPTION.



WHERE IS THE NIGHT KEY?



FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

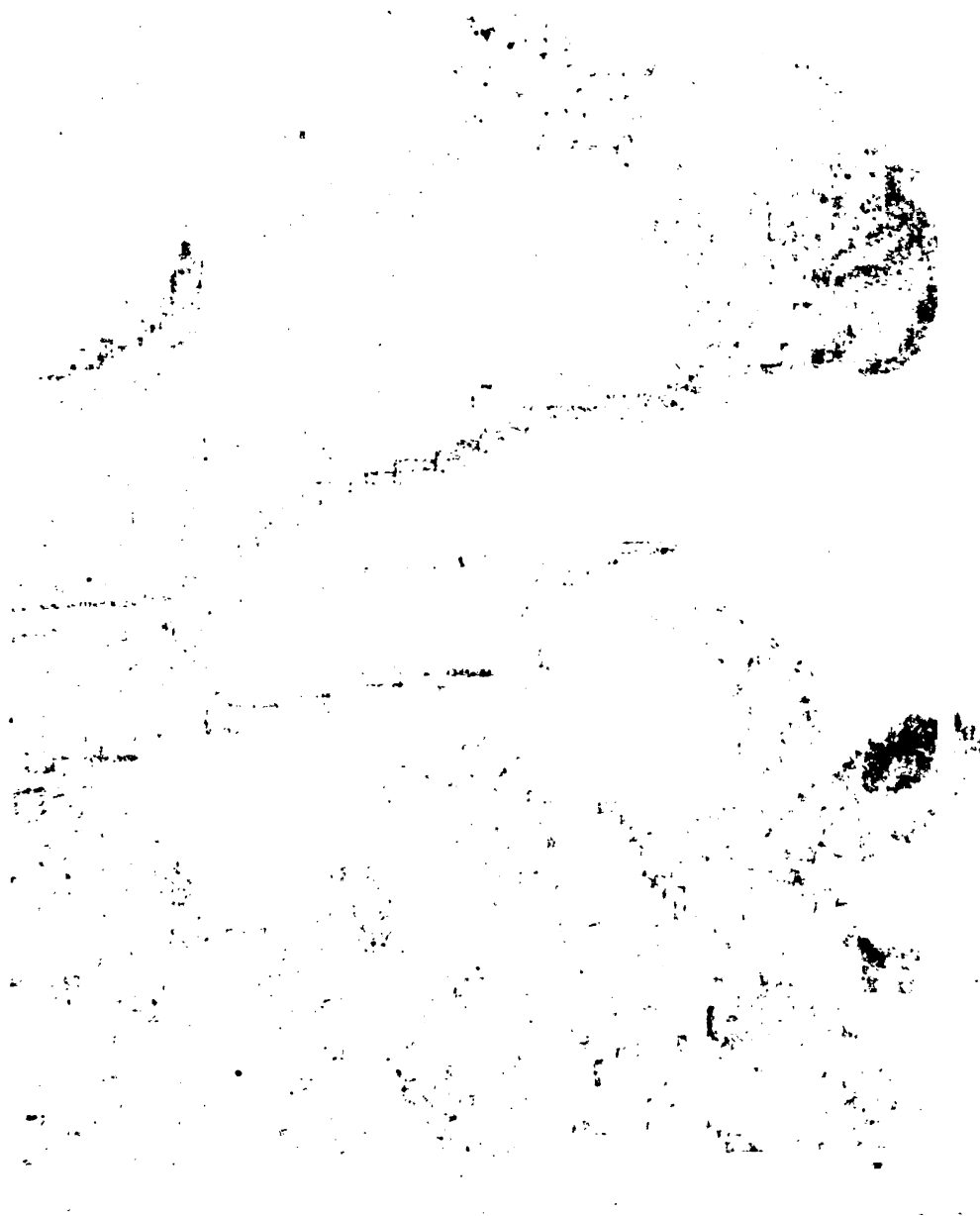




FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

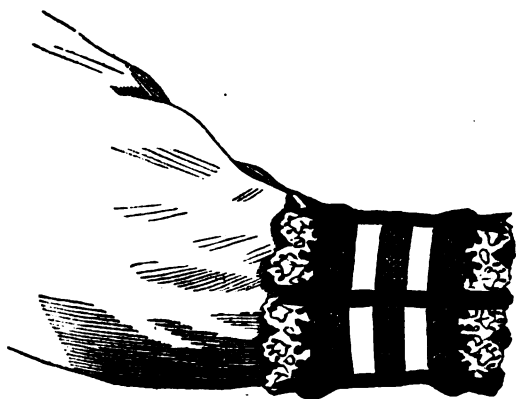


Fig. 10.



Fig. 1.

Fig. 23.



Fig. 24.



Fig. 25.



Fig. 26.



NEW YEAR WALTZ,

Composed and arranged for the Piano Forte.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

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NEW YEAR WALTZ.

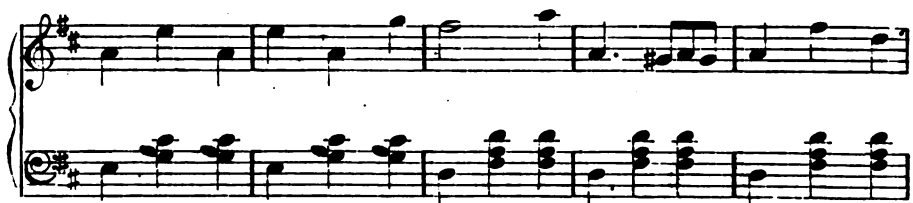


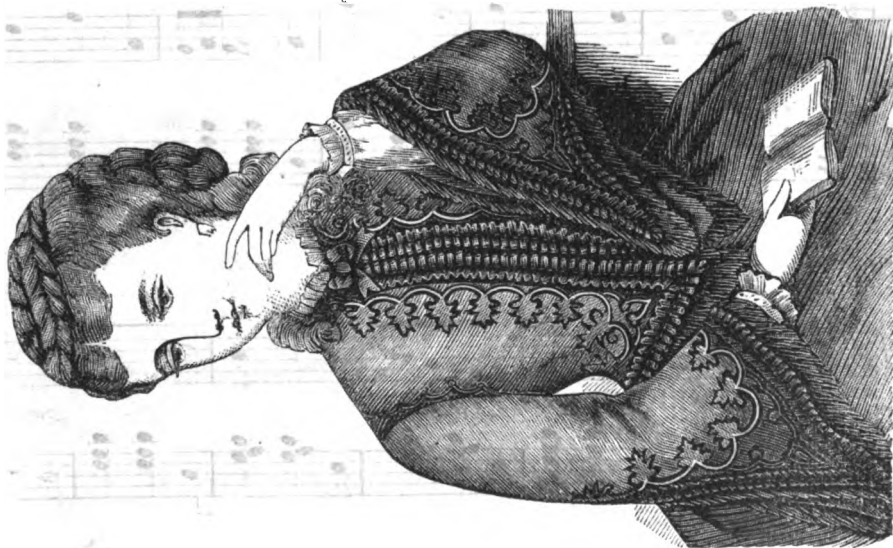
Fig. 26.



Fig. 27.



Fig. 28.



WALKING COSTUME, ETC.
(See Description, Fashion Department.)



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Black velvet suit, for boy of three years. The skirt is laid in plaits, open and buttoned up the right side. The Zouave jacket and underskirt are trimmed with a silk galloon and small buttons. Black velvet hat and scarlet feather. Scarlet and black plaid stocking, and black velvet boots.

Fig. 2.—Dress for little girl, of blue silk poplin, made with two skirts, trimmed with velvet. Low square waist of velvet, and velvet sash. The waist of poplin is trimmed with lace insertion. Hat of blue felt, trimmed with velvet.



Fig. 3.—Party dress for child, of white embroidered muslin, made over pink silk. The waist is cut low square, trimmed with a puffing of the silk edged by the lace. Pink ribbon sash.

Fig. 4.—Dress for little girl, of cherry-colored silk, trimmed to simulate two skirts, with two puffings of silk; the lower part of skirt is trimmed with one ruffle and puff. Plain corsage, trimmed square neck to correspond. White felt hat, trimmed with cherry-colored velvet and feathers.

Fig. 5.—Suit for boy, of navy blue cloth, made with short pants and blouse, braided with fancy black braid.

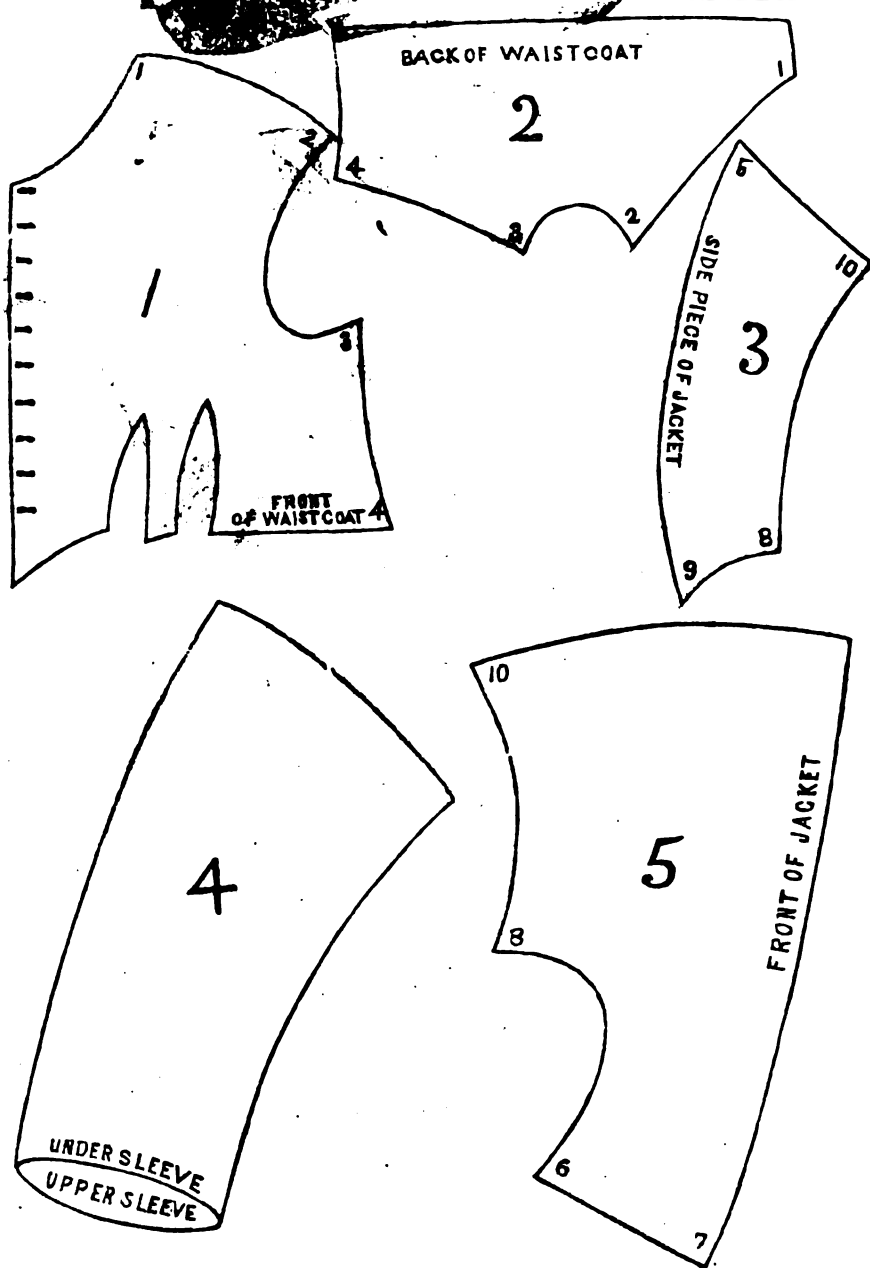
FANCY COSTUMES FOR CHILDREN.

(See Description, Fashion Department.)



WALKING COSTUME.

Diagram of a Walking Coat, Fig. 1, Extension Sheet, Second Side.



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TWO WOMEN—SISTERS.

BY LOUISE S. DORR.

"WAITING and waiting. That is a woman's portion. God grant me patience." So thought and prayed Irene Kent, walking home from the post-office, with an anxious, troubled look upon her face, where the keen wintry air was mixing purple with its accustomed pink. The face was that of a woman about twenty-eight years old. It was not pretty, but sensible-looking, and capable of lighting up into something better than mere prettiness. Irene Kent was of medium height, straight and slender in figure, quick of motion, as her rapid walking indicated, and neatly though plainly dressed. So much for externals. In character she was shy and proud, not always self-possessed; self-reliant, rather through circumstances which had forced her to become so than naturally; strong, because she must be, but with a capacity for vine-like clinging which few would have suspected; positive in her opinions—"as set as the hills" her sister Rosamond called her; high-principled, generous, but not always patient, though she tried hard to become so. Such was *one* of the two women. Her work was that of a writer, and the waiting which fretted her now was for the money which her last story ought to bring her. The expense of her own and Rosamond's fall clothing, modest as was the outlay, had drained her purse, and she needed money sorely. Then her daily morning walk to the post-office consumed valuable time, which she could ill afford to spare. The distance, in going and coming, was nearly three miles, and the time thus spent broke in sharply upon the short wintry forenoon. Rosamond might have gone, but she was less strong physically than her sister; and did not bear long walks so well. There was, moreover, another reason why Irene preferred going for herself: Ulfred Bellair was that reason. She had cause for believing that Rosamond never went into the village without meeting this young man. It was one of Irene's

trials that her gay, pretty sister had formed his acquaintance.

Rosamond was four years younger than Irene, but she looked at least ten years younger. She had a childish prettiness of face, and a naive simplicity of manner, such as induce forgetfulness of birthday reckonings. Gay, and sprightly, and affectionate she was; but she was also vain, and wilful, and a trifle insincere. She had promised to give up her intimacy with Bellair, for into that the acquaintance had grown, but Irene feared that Rosamond still retained a secret fondness for him in her heart.

Ulfred Bellair was a year or two younger than Rosamond Kent. He had dark curling hair, a full, fair, red-cheeked face, thick lips under a jetty moustache, a retreating chin, a short, thick neck, and a stout figure, which, if not dressed in the extreme of elegance, might have had an appearance of clumsiness. Some people, mostly very young ladies, in consideration of his pink cheeks and curling hair, called him handsome; but, with those who looked for intelligence and strength in a man's face, his could scarcely have found favor.

Though not of kindred blood, there was a loose sort of family connection between this young man and the Kent girls. The father of the former and the mother of the latter had grown up together in the same house; the one the daughter of Mrs. Bellair, the other the son of her husband. When the young people became of suitable age, their parents proposed to marry them. Barkis was "willin'," and so was Frederick Bellair, but Amy Hollis was not. She preferred George Kent, an intelligent mechanic, whom her worldly-minded mother hated. Amy, who had inherited the will, if not the prudence of her parent, adhered to her choice, and married George Kent, thus incurring the lasting resentment of Mrs. Bellair, who, from that time, knew no other child than her husband's son.

After Mrs. Kent's death, Irene and Rosamond went once to visit Mrs. Bellair, in ac-

cordance with a promise their mother had exacted on her death-bed. This visit they had no inclination to repeat. The stern dame assured them that Ulfred Bellair was the only grandchild of whom she had any knowledge, and that, if it was money they were after, she had none to bestow upon strangers.

"We do not want your money," said Irene, proudly, "and something better than money we can offer you—the Christian virtue of forgiveness for the insult you have given us." Thereupon, with an air as lofty as the dame's own, she left the house, her manner, and, perhaps, her spirit, less forgiving than her words.

About this time an old friend of their father offered the girls a cottage near the village of Hillsborough at a merely nominal rent. They accordingly decided to make that their residence. Soon afterward Ulfred Bellair found out the pretty Rosamond, and contrived to open an acquaintance with her, by which she was greatly pleased and flattered. Irene, however, had the penetration to see that the young man's principles and habits were not such as to make him a desirable acquaintance, and she set her face like a flint against him. At first Rosamond resented her sister's remonstrances, but afterward she seemed to acquiesce, and promised to give up the acquaintance. Nevertheless, Irene feared that the promise was not quite given in good faith, and she was far from feeling at ease about it.

"God grant me patience." This was often enough the burden of her prayer, as it was while returning home this morning. Her rapid walking soon brought her to the cottage. Rosamond she found in the kitchen washing the breakfast dishes. It occurred to Irene that she had left her at the same employment when she went out.

"I thought you would have your work all done," said the latter, standing in the door between the kitchen and sitting-room.

"I wasn't in any hurry," answered Rosamond, curtly, her face reddening with no visible cause.

"No, there was no need of that, I suppose, and you haven't hurried, it appears," the other remarked, turning away as she spoke. Crossing to the sitting-room closet to put away her shawl and hood, she stepped upon something lying in her way, and stooped to pick it up. It was the end of a cigar. Instantly it flashed upon her that Ulfred Bellair had been there during her absence. *He was* Rosamond's reason for not hurrying about her work, and for changing color when taxed with her tardiness. "Rosamond, where did this come from?" she demanded, displaying what she had found.

"What is it? I don't know. Somebody dropped it, I suppose. I don't smoke cigars, so you need not try to make me responsible for it," replied Rosamond.

"There are other ways in which you might

be responsible for it. Do you not know who dropped it?"

"No," but her voice wavered upon the monosyllable, and Irene knew that it was not the truth.

"Ulfred Bellair has been here," the latter affirmed, quite positively.

"Well, what of it if he has?" said Rosamond, sulkily.

"But you promised me!"—

"Now, Irene, don't. I know what ails you. You did not get any letter, and have come home cross. Do, for goodness' sake, put off your lecture until you are better natured."

Irene turned away without a word. There was some truth, she knew, in Rosamond's assertion. She would have given much for a better power of self-mastery; but, with her peculiar temperament, and so many things working against her, it was impossible that the friction should not fret her soul. "It is worry, not work, that kills," says Beecher, not, perhaps, in these very words, but in similar language. There is undoubtedly a great deal of truth in the saying. No one would sooner have admitted this than Irene Kent. But how is an impatient, sensitive spirit to refrain from worrying? That was the question, and a serious one it was to her.

She went to her writing-desk now, and tried to concentrate herself upon her work. All the morning's trials came between her and her subject. The people of her story she seemed to see as through a glass darkly. It was difficult taking any interest in them or their movements. A certain amount of work, however, she must accomplish within the day; but the effort was doubly exhaustive from the trouble she had in fixing her mind upon it, and, when she read over what she had written, she felt that there was a heaviness of style and conception, betraying the effort by which it had been produced. "She must try to lighten it up a little in copying," she thought, as she put away her papers, and then sat down in her comfortable rocking-chair, with folded arms, and an attitude indicating utter weariness and listlessness.

Rosamond, meanwhile, had recovered from her sulkiness of the morning, and was singing at her work, which was at present that of preparing the evening meal. She had a sweet, clear voice, and sang very well. Irene listened. The song was all about a "lover," and "I'll never forget thee, no, never," and "Naught shall our spirits dis sever," and "Love's fetters golden by Cupid's art molder," and so on. Irene had never heard it before, and she fancied that Rosamond must have learned it from Bellair. Suddenly, at the sound of a sharp whistle outside, the singing ceased. The next moment Irene heard the outer door open and close softly. She hastened into the next room, whose windows overlooked the street. Rosa-

mond was just passing out at the front gate. She ran down the road as far as the corner of the yard inclosing the cottage, where Bellair sat in a sleigh waiting for her. Stung with indignation, and scarcely knowing what she did, Irene ran after her sister.

"Mr. Bellair," said Miss Kent, without stopping to choose her words, "if you have anything to say to my sister, I prefer that you should come to the house, gentleman-like. I do not approve of clandestine proceedings, and no gentleman would stoop to such."

"Most happy to oblige you, but I'm in too great a hurry, this time," returned the young man, with easy insolence. "Maybe when I'm more at leisure I can get you to give me a few lessons on gentlemanly conduct."

"The task would not be at all to my liking."

"Unfortunate for me—that is—blamed if it isn't. Well, Rosamond, I must tear myself away. Good-night."

He drove off thereupon, and the two girls re-entered the house, both in a very uncomfortable mood, and Rosamond in tears. Irene, however, felt little compassion for her sister's grief.

"What am I to think your promises worth if this is the way you keep them?" she questioned, rather severely.

"I am not a child, and you have no right to exact promises from me," retorted Rosamond.

"No, you are not a child, Rosie," said Irene, more kindly, "but if I saw you walking blindfold into the fire, would you not think I had a right to put out my hand to save you?"

"Stuff! I can't see why you are making all this fuss just because a young man happens to be civil to me. Yesterday when you came back from the office, I saw you out here in the road talking to Mr. Symonds, 'a respectable widower, who, like Cælebs, was in search of a wife.' If it ever happens again, I'll run out and send him off, see if I don't," and in spite of her vexation she laughed gayly at having turned the tables upon Irene so nicely.

There was no use in prolonging the discussion after this, and it was abandoned.

That night Irene formed the desperate resolve of taking Mrs. Bellair into her confidence. That stately dame, she knew, would feel towering indignation at the possibility of her grandson's forming an alliance with one of her cast-off granddaughters. Perhaps her authority, backed up by the consideration of self-interest, might have some weight with the young man. The following morning, therefore, after calling at the post-office—she had got her letter this time—Irene went straight on to the Bellair mansion. This was an imposing place, massy, and gloomy, and grand. Irene grew faint-hearted and tremulous as she ascended the steps, but with a strong effort she summoned back her fitting courage, and rang the bell. An elderly woman-servant, prim and grim

enough to suit the place and its mistress, gave admission to the visitor, and led the way to a drawing-room, where, stately, in black satin and glossy linen, Mrs. Bellair was engaged with her solicitor. That gentleman—Mr. Southmore—rose, however, at Irene's entrance, and bowed himself out. Mrs. Bellair acknowledged the new-comer's presence by a nod frozen enough to have come direct from the regions where icebergs are manufactured, and waited for her to state her errand. Irene came to the point with nervous abruptness.

"Your grandson annoys me by coming to see my sister. Can you make him stay away?" she spoke out in a breaking voice.

Mrs. Bellair put on her glasses and peered sharply at the flushed face and erect figure of the woman standing before her.

"Why should my grandson's visits annoy you?" demanded the dame in measured tones. "Upon what grounds do you object to Mr. Ulfrid Bellair?"

Irene was on the point of avowing that she objected to his morals and habits, but she recollected that such a statement might injure him with the woman she was addressing. She was not vindictive, and had no wish to come between him and his expectations of inheriting the Bellair property.

"I do not choose to give my reasons for objecting to him?" she replied, after a momentary hesitation.

"Perhaps you wanted to do me a favor by apprising me that my grandson is forming objectionable acquaintances."

"No," said Irene, with changing color, "that consideration did not influence me."

"Your sister, I believe, is quite pretty. I have heard one of the Miss Kent's spoken of as 'the pretty one.' I wonder you did not choose rather to trust to her entanglement of the young man, than to your enlightenment of the old woman."

"Madam," said Irene, drawing herself up proudly, and looking at least three inches taller than ordinarily, "all that I ask, either from the young man or from the old woman, is that we may be let alone."

"You shall be," affirmed Mrs. Bellair, with a haughty nod.

"Thank you, and good-morning," said the other, giving back nod for nod, haughtiness for haughtiness; and thus the interview ended.

In the hall, as she was going out, Irene again met Mr. Southmore, who lifted his hat to her in passing. A genial looking man was this, with soft lights in his gray eyes, and something kindly and sincere in the whole expression of his face. Irene felt this so strongly that she half wished she had some excuse for speaking to him, having an unaccountable impression that there would be friendliness and protection in the very sound of his voice. This feeling passed with the moment, however.

"Irene Kent, don't make a fool of yourself. Your business is to write romances, not live them. You are old enough to know better than to fancy a friend and a hero in every man of gentlemanly appearance whom you meet. So, if you please, no more of that folly."

The reproof was doubtless effectual, for the next moment her folly was forgotten in the consideration of weightier subjects.

A month passed, and she saw no more of Ulfred Bellair. Her last step had been a decisive one, she thought, with inward congratulation. At first Rosamond was restless, ungracious, and hard to please, but her elder sister strove mightily for patience and forbearance that, as far as possible, she might make up in her own person for the loss of Bellair. Her efforts seemed to be well rewarded, for it was not long before Rosamond got back her old cheerfulness. Irene assured herself that the hurt was not so deep as she had feared it might be.

One day about this time—it was a clear, sparkling morning in January, with a white rime, bringing out in delicate tracery bare trees and shrubbery, and making of the whole landscape a glittering, beautiful piece of frostwork—Rosamond came into the room where Irene sat at her writing, hooded and cloaked for going out.

"Where is this marvellous morning tempting you, Rosie?" Irene asked, looking up from her work.

"I'm going down to Carrie Blaisdell's. She has promised to teach me that new stitch in crochet."

"I should like to go with you if I could spare the time. You had better go to the office while you are out."

This Rosamond promised, and went on her way, the frosty air stimulating a rich color in her pretty face, and some inner feeling lending a lustrous brilliancy to her eyes.

Irene resumed her writing, at which she worked steadily for an hour or more. Then, pausing for a moment, she wondered why Rosamond did not come, and looked down the street if she were in sight. No, but some one was coming in a sleigh—Mr. Southmore, Irene soon perceived, and was greatly surprised by his stopping at the cottage-gate. He knocked presently, and she went to the door.

"You are Miss Kent, I believe," said the gentleman, in mellow, friendly tones.

"Yes," assented Irene.

"Do not alarm yourself, I beg, but there has been a slight accident. It is nothing serious, I assure you."

"Something has happened to Rosamond!" cried the frightened sister.

"Your sister is quite safe now, but she has been in some danger. She was riding on the ice with young Bellair, when the horses took fright at something, and became unmanageable. There is an open place in the river, and

at that very point your sister was thrown out, and, I am sorry to say, got very wet."

"Where is she now?"

"At Mrs. Blaisdell's, waiting for you to bring her some dry clothing. Her friends would have been happy to supply her; but Miss Carrie's dresses would fit Miss Rosamond about like a doll's, and Mrs. Blaisdell's very much like those of the fat woman of Brentford."

Irene smiled at this, in spite of her alarm and regret. The half-jesting tone of the communication was assumed, she knew, to set her mind at ease, and she felt grateful in spirit for the friendliness of the messenger. "I will be ready in a moment," she said.

Literally it was scarcely longer than that before she came out to the sleigh, where Mr. Southmore stood waiting for her. Her dress, however, showed no signs of hurry or carelessness, and she had forgotten nothing that Rosamond would need, the bundle being packed in a travelling-basket, which she carried on one arm.

"When a woman tells me 'in a moment,' I always prepare myself for a good hour's waiting," said Mr. Southmore, as he handed Miss Kent into the sleigh, "but you seem to reckon time by a different system."

"Most women can be prompt when there is urgent need," replied Irene.

"You are loyal to your sex, I see, and do not mean to take credit for exceptional excellence."

"Do you mean that for a compliment? If you do, I suppose I ought to thank you."

"Can you not tell whether it has the ring of one or not?"

"I believe I shall not take the trouble to test it. You have not told me yet by whom Rosamond was rescued."

"I had that pleasure. It was nothing, bless you. There were a dozen rushing to the spot who would have done it quite as well, if I had not been ahead."

"You may make light of it, if you please, but it is no light thing to me that you have saved my sister. If words could thank you"—

"I would rather you should use your words for any other purpose, even if it were for railing at me."

"I am not likely to do that, but I will not burden you with the expression of gratitude against your wish. Did the other—did Mr. Bellair receive any injury?"

"He clung to the reins after being thrown out, and was dragged some distance on the ice. He was considerably bruised, I believe, but not seriously injured."

They talked further about the accident, but we do not care for minuter details. A drive of about ten minutes brought them to Mrs. Blaisdell's.

Rosamond, wrapped in warm blankets, was lying in bed. She put up her hands in a beseeching attitude when Irene came in. "You'll

not scold me, will you, Renie?" she said, imploringly.

Irene bent down to kiss the pretty, pale face, then turned away, sobbing.

"Don't cry, Renie," entreated Rosamond, in a coaxing voice. "I want you to sit here where I can see your face," she added, presently. "I thought once to-day I should never see it again. I did not know what a dear face it was until then. Renie, I've given up Fred now for good. If he had been sober to-day, the accident wouldn't have happened. And we might both have been killed! Only think! I never want to set eyes on him again."

"Thank God that your eyes are opened at last," Irene returned, with a swelling, grateful heart.

Rosamond soon got up and dressed herself, protesting that "she did not like the role of a naughty child, punished by being sent to bed." She did not seem much the worse for her sudden plunge into the water. An hour or two later Mr. Southmore came to drive the sisters home. He had told Irene that he would, and she had accepted his offer gratefully. She was already beginning to feel toward him as if he were a friend of long standing.

The next day Mrs. Bellair's solicitor surprised her by speaking out boldly in favor of her granddaughters. "Either of those girls is worth a dozen of Bellair," he averred, warmly.

"Are you thinking of marrying one of them?" asked the old lady, suspiciously.

"A man might go farther and fare worse," the other declared, coolly.

"That is, if he could get Ulfred ousted, and them taken into favor."

"Good heavens, madam!" retorted the lawyer, with rising heat, "can't a man speak a word to their nearest relative for two of the bravest and truest women in the world without being suspected of mercenary motives?"

"They may be the bravest and truest women in the world, but they are nothing to me. You say either of them is worth a dozen of Ulfred. I suppose you mean to hint that my grandson is a little wild. Most boys of his age are, and they do not make the worse men for it. That is a pretty ugly looking bugbear which you trotted out to scare me with, Mr. Southmore, but you see it won't bite."

The lawyer did not attempt to trot out his "bugbear" again, but left it to hibernate in peace. He did not lose sight, however, of the Kent girls, calling often at the cottage of an evening.

Irene was quick to discover that he was getting strongly interested in Rosamond. Of her sister's feeling for him she could form no conjecture. Sometimes the capricious girl treated her admirer with marked cordiality, sometimes with chilling reserve. This might have been from liking or from coquetry; Irene could not determine which it was. When inclined to be-

lieve that the former was the controlling power, she felt that she ought to be grateful and happy; for, if Rosamond liked Mr. Southmore, Ulfred Bellair was undoubtedly forgotten, and her happiness secure. Duty was a strong word with Irene. What ought to be, in her own character, at least, she tried vigorously to effect, not always successfully, but with commendable sincerity of purpose. So, when she had assured herself that she ought to be happy because Rosamond had won Mr. Southmore for a lover, she straightway determined that she would be. She so planned her work, however, that she had little leisure for considering her own emotions, and in her heart she blessed God that she had such work at hand. She was getting better pay now than ever before for her stories, and her courage was proportionally greater. Then her bugbear, Ulfred Bellair, troubled her no more. Surely her life was full of mercies, and why should she not be the happiest of the happy? The resolution which Rosamond had made in full sincerity Irene believed her to have kept religiously, but she had something yet to learn of the power of that infatuation so often misnamed love.

And here let me stop to air a little opinion of my own. I believe that there is more nonsense written, sung, said, and believed on the subject of love than any other under the sun. Young girls—and older ones, sometimes—become possessed of the idea that a lover is the grand desideratum of life; and, when they have one, they straightway set about working up their sentiments for him after the model furnished by the Mauds and Lidas, the Stellas and Gertrudes, with whom their reading of stories has made them acquainted. Of course, constancy is always a strong point with these heroines, and constant they must be. No matter what the faults and deficiencies of their lover, either of temper, or morals, or intellect, they must adhere to him "through thick and thin." Empty and vacant lives give them little else to do, but to glorify themselves through devotion to their appointed hero, of whom they learn too late that he is as little a hero as a chipmunk is a lion. They sow the wind only to reap the whirlwind. Of course, this onslaught against the "tender passion" is only directed against those cases to which it will apply, but they unfortunately are too numerous.

"I tell you love has naught to do
With meetness nor unmeetness,"

forcibly declares Whittier's farmer—a truism, doubtless, from which, however, spring multitudes of unhappy marriages.

When Rosamond formed the resolution of giving up Bellair, she was perfectly sincere in her intention of doing so; but she had been so long in the habit of occupying herself with devising plans for meeting him secretly—displaying in that an address of which few would have

believed her capable, so open and ingenuous did she appear—that, like Othello's, her occupation was now gone. It became necessary, therefore, to adopt another, and she chose that of making excuses for her lover. "Suppose that, for once, he had taken a glass too much, it was not the unpardonable sin. She doubted not that he was sorry enough for it afterward, and very likely he would never do so again. A great many men, on rare occasions, had so indulged themselves, and had made none the worse husbands and citizens for it. Forgiveness was a cardinal virtue, and charity should cover a multitude of sins." Just as she had reached this pious frame of mind, there came about an accidental meeting, at which Bellair struck the notes of protestation, reproach, penitence, his own need of her, with a running chord of endearments tinkling through the whole, and, presto! change, the work was done. Their stolen interviews were renewed with greater care than formerly, that no accident might lead to betrayal; and, having overleaped its impediment thus triumphantly, the course of their true love flowed smoothly on once more. Perhaps Rosamond had some compunctions of conscience for deceiving her sister, but Irene, she argued, had no right to dictate to her in such a matter. She was old enough to choose for herself. It was her affair wholly, and one in which no one had a right to meddle.

Mr. Southmore, meanwhile, was growing anxious. He could get no satisfactory answer from Rosamond. "Do you like me any?" he asked of her one day.

"Like you? To be sure I do. I think you are a darling, 'somebody's darling,' I mean."

"Yours, I hope."

"Goodness, no! What should I do with you?"

"You might marry me."

"And reduce you to the point of desperation in six weeks afterward by quarrelling with you every minute. The prospect looks enticing, but you must give me an indefinite space of time for considering it." Off she ran at this, leaving him to wonder at his leisure whether his suit was in a prosperous condition or not.

Irene often wondered over the same thing. Something restrained her from speaking to Rosamond about it, and the latter gave her sister no confidences. So all through the spring and summer Irene—and Mr. Southmore, too—was kept in a state of uncertainty. But early in the following autumn the former got her eyes opened. Having stepped into a jeweller's one day to get her watch repaired, she saw Ulfred Bellair buying a handsome diamond ring. Before completing his purchase, the young man was called out for a moment by one of his cronies, and the jeweller, who had some pride in the gems he was selling, showed the ring to Miss Kent. It contained two fine diamonds and a turquoise in a peculiar claw-like setting.

Some time afterward Irene had a restless night; and, finding it impossible to sleep, sat up in bed with a shawl thrown around her, lighted her lamp, and began writing out some haunting sentences supplementary to the day's work. While stopping to recall a phrase, which, now that it was wanted, had chosen to affect shyness, and hide itself in a corner, she discovered something flame-like glittering outside Rosamond's nightgown. After the first start, Irene stooped down to examine it. It was Ulfred Bellair's ring, hung by a ribbon around her sleeping sister's neck. The whole story was out now. Irene was tried beyond measure, and sorely disheartened likewise. She wrote no more that night, but blew out her light, and lay back upon her pillow to think what she ought to do. To try remonstrance again she knew would be quite useless, and she had lost faith in Rosamond's promises. She could think of only one thing that gave her any hope. That was a change of residence. It would involve considerable expense, which she could ill afford, but she believed it necessary, and before morning her plans were all arranged. They would go to Boston. Irene knew the head girl at a fur dealer's there, and through her Rosamond, she thought, might get fur to sew. They could make up in that way the greater cost of rent, and she had money enough on hand to pay the expense of removal.

She lost no time in carrying out her plan. To Rosamond she assumed that she desired the change on her own account. She needed the more varied experiences, the greater scope for observation, the larger culture, the fuller clash of mind with mind which city life affords. This she said to Rosamond, who acquiesced, though at first rather unwillingly, but afterward she grew more eager for the change than Irene even.

Before they went Mr. Southmore tried once more to get a decisive answer from Rosamond; but she put him off with teasing raillery, which left him no wiser than at the beginning of the interview. I cannot account for her treatment of this man otherwise than by supposing that she had some latent doubts of Bellair's constancy, and meant, if he failed her, to accept Southmore.

The middle of October found the sisters established in a couple of cheap rooms in a quiet street in Boston. Irene's friend at the fur dealer's had not failed her, and Rosamond found remunerative employment. Though removed from Bellair, she did not mope nor sulk; but, on the contrary, was gayer than ever before, and her sister took heart again, believing that Rosamond would soon get the better of her infatuation.

Except the friend who has been mentioned, they knew no one in Boston. Irene did not wish to make other acquaintances, but Rosamond had always a surprising facility in form-

ing friendships. It was not long before she was hand in glove with a young lady living on the same street. This was Mabel Cheswick, who seemed to be something of a madcap, but pleasant and companionable. Irene was glad her sister had found so entertaining an acquaintance, since she herself was almost constantly occupied with her work.

"I'm going into Mabel's a little while this evening," Rosamond soon got a habit of saying almost every night as soon as they had had their tea, and Irene consented cheerfully to be left alone. She knew that she was but a dull companion when tired out with the day's work, and she desired all manner of brightness for Rosamond that she might the more easily become reconciled to separation from Bellair.

One evening, when the younger sister had gone out for her usual nightly pilgrimage "to Mabel's," she came back presently for something she had forgotten. Irene, looking up at her entrance, received an unpleasant shock from the sight of Bellair's ring upon her finger. The other, perceiving that it was discovered, blushed deeply, and hid her hand in her shawl. Then, seeming to have taken a second thought, she held up her finger boldly.

"Mabel's ring," she said, hastily. "She lent it to me a week ago, but it is so costly I was afraid to wear it, for fear of something happening to it. I am going to return it to her to-night." Having said this, she went out hurriedly.

Irene dropped her head upon her hands, pained beyond measure by the untruth. "If I could only trust her! Oh, if I could only trust her!" she murmured, grievingly.

A few evenings afterward, when the elder sister was left alone as usual, a caller came—Mr. Southmore.

"I was in Boston for a few days, and thought I would drop in and spend the evening with you—that is, if you will compassionate my loneliness so far as to take me in." This he said at the door. When he had entered the small sitting-room, Irene noticed that his eyes travelled hastily through the apartment, and his face lengthened visibly.

"Rosamond has gone out to spend the evening," she volunteered, instinctively divining that it was her sister his searching eyes had missed.

"Then you are left alone. I am glad I came, or you would have been getting the blues, solitude being a bountiful dispenser, I believe, of the colors of *Il Penseroso*."

"I am glad you came, too, though I don't think I was in such danger as you imagine."

"You don't mean to give me any credit, I see. I always suspected that it might be my sad fate to live and die unappreciated, wasting my 'sweetness on the desert air,' you know. 'The evil that men do lives after them. The good is oft interred with their bones.' That is

what Shakspeare says, or is it somebody else? But the good I do doesn't wait so long for interment even. Speaking of Shakspeare, I have just recollected that Forest plays at the Boston to-night. Would you not like to go and hear him?"

"I should be most happy," Irene affirmed, thinking at the same time, "He wouldn't have remembered Forest if Rosamond had been at home," and something—her vanity, perhaps—felt a hurt that he could not content himself to spend an evening with her. She declared, however, that she would soon be ready, and withdrew to dress for going out.

"You retain your old habit of promptness, I see," Southmore observed, when, after a few moments, she returned. "You have been gone just seven minutes, and here you are, 'all saddled, all bridled, all fit for the fight.' Well, that isn't exactly what I should have said, is it? But I hope you are not critical?"

"Not at all," laughed Irene, fastening her gloves, and then shaking out the folds of her veil.

The night was bright with starlight, and the streets with lamplight. The wind, which was blowing freshly, had steeped itself in "the wine of mountain air" at some distant quarter, where it had tarried for a moment, and one could hardly breathe it without exhilaration. Irene felt the healthful stimulus, and her spirits rose. All the latent gayety in her nature was evolved, and their walk—they had chosen to walk—made lively by her merry banter. It was not easy to sober down, even when they were within the spacious temple of the buskined muse. Irene was smiling, happy, almost beautiful.

"You are looking your best to-night, Miss Kent," Mr. Southmore observed, in a low tone. "If you had taken a longer time to dress, I should have suspected you of practising I don't know what mysterious arts of the toilet."

"I fear that whatever the art may have been, it will be one of the lost arts by to-morrow," said Irene, smiling pleasantly. She glanced over the crowd of pleasure-seekers surrounding her as she spoke. "'And the people, ah, the people!'" she quoted, lightly. Then suddenly she grasped Mr. Southmore's arm, stifling at the same time a cry of pain.

"What is it?" asked that gentleman, wonderingly, looking down into her face, and then following the direction of her eyes.

"You see?"

"Yes, I see."

He saw—that is to say, Ulfred Bellair and Rosamond Kent.

"Irene," said Southmore, his tone low, but full of intensity, "does she care for that puppy?"

"I fear she does. I thought we had got rid of him by coming here, but I believe it is vain to indulge a hope of escaping his vigilance."

"I don't know about that. Give him rope enough and he will hang himself," returned Southmore, affecting to speak lightly, though his brow was bent to a heavy frown.

"I should like to make him a present of the Atlantic cable," Irene declared, wrathfully, but she repented almost instantly. "I don't want any evil to befall him," she went on. "I think that grandmother's life is bound up in his almost, and I wish for her sake that he might become a better man than I believe him to be now."

"That is past praying for, I fear. If there were any foundation to build upon, one might hope, but the cur knows only just enough to be a rake."

"What can Rosamond be thinking of?"

"The Bellair property, perhaps."

"I don't think it is that," said Irene, but the curtain rising at this point, they did not converse farther.

The play was that of Richelieu. There is no need to enlarge upon it, nor upon the power of the principal actor. Irene forgot all that troubled her while the representation lasted. It seemed to her that she was in another world; that the vast theatre, the crowd, everything, was visionary and unreal; that she herself had lost her identity, and was no more the person she appeared than the people upon the stage were the characters they represented. The illusion lasted for some moments after the curtain had fallen, but when the air had ceased to quiver with the clamor of applause, she recollected herself. The walk home was accomplished almost in silence.

"You will come here again before you leave Boston, will you not?" said Irene, when they reached the block in which she lived.

"I am going back to Hillsborough to-morrow. Good-by."

"Good-by," giving him her hand.

Irene went in then, lighted the gas, and sat down to wait for Rosamond. It was half an hour longer perhaps before she came in.

"You are late," said Irene.

"Yes; there was company at Mabel's to-night, and I couldn't get away."

"How long has Ulfred Bellair been in Boston?"

"How do you know he is in Boston?" returned the other, rather sulkily.

"I saw you with him at the theatre."

"You at the theatre?"

"I went with Mr. Southmore."

"So Old Hundred has come to town, has he?"

"Where did you learn that choice name for the gentleman who saved your life once?"

Rosamond's cheeks crimsoned at her sister's tone of rebuke.

"I have heard somebody call him that. I did not mean any disrespect to Mr. Southmore," she affirmed.

"You have not answered my question yet"—from Irene.

"Haven't I? Oh dear me! How sleepy I am! I am going to bed, and you can come when you get ready."

Irene did not attempt to stay her. She knew that if she pressed the matter farther it would only end in a quarrel, in which she had no heart to engage.

For several evenings after this, Rosamond refrained from going "to Mabel's." Her temper in the mean time was fretful. At times she was extravagantly gay, at other times unnaturally depressed. In all that her sister said, she seemed to watch for some cause of anger, and often fired up resentfully at the most innocent observation. It was a season of great discomfort for both. At length, one evening she dressed herself carefully and went out without saying where she was going. She came home rather earlier than usual, looking pale and considerably excited.

"Have you had a pleasant evening?" asked Irene, suppressing the anxiety that she felt.

"Of course," returned the other, shortly, seating herself by the stove with her back towards Irene. By-and-by, with a sudden spasmodic movement, she turned around and faced her sister.

"What should you say, Irene, if I were to tell you that I am married to Ulfred Bellair?" she spoke out, her tone half of terror, half of defiance.

Irene dropped the book she held, and burst into tears. Her emotion seemed to exasperate Rosamond.

"Look here, Irene," said the latter. "Anybody would think I had done something terrible by the way you are going on. I am sure you might get married a dozen times and I wouldn't make such a fuss about it. It is what I like in your stories that you always have your lovers happily married at the last. I wouldn't give a fig for a story that doesn't end so."

"In a story it is the end," said Irene, impressively.

"And in our case it won't be unless we happen to die, which neither of us thinks of doing at present. I believe, Irene, that you wish Fred *would* turn out miserably, just to verify your groundless prejudices."

"In that, you are wrong," replied the other.

"If I had the same power over your future that I have over that of the people in my stories, your marriage should bring you nothing but happiness. I hope it may as it is."

"Of course it will. Fred isn't perfect, I know, but he's got a good heart, and he means to be steady now, and give up his wild ways. The worst of it is, that we've got to keep the marriage a secret while grandmother lives. So if you are not too angry to have me here, I shall go on living with you at present. We can take two or three more rooms, and Fred won't be

here much of the time until he comes into his property; nor then either, for of course we shall go and live in the Bellair mansion then. If you would prefer it, I can go somewhere else to board, you know, just as well, but it would suit me better to be with you. What do you say? Is it go, or stay?"

"Stay; but I don't approve of keeping the marriage secret. Grandmother has a right to know, and she is so fond of Fred that I dare say she would forgive him, if he were to make a manful confession of what he has done."

"Confession! At the risk of losing all that magnificent property. Fred would rather"—apparently she could think of no suitable ending for this sentence, so she left it, and began another. "It won't do, so there's no more to be said about it. You must have been wild to think of such a thing."

"Perhaps I was wild," said Irene, in a low tone, rising, and making preparations for going to bed. Rosamond followed her with her eyes. She really loved her sister, and it troubled her to see Irene looking so sad. Watching her opportunity, she got her arms about the other's neck and kissed her.

"We are sisters, you know, Renie," she said, in a breaking voice.

"Yes, always sisters, Rosie. May God in heaven bless you."

The additional rooms were taken, and the small household was established upon its new basis. Bellair looked undeniably sheepish at his first meeting with Irene, but, finding that there was going to be no scene, he quickly recovered his usual easy, self-assertive manner. Irene treated her new brother without much warmth, indeed, but with well-bred courtesy. What had happened was now inevitable, and her long war with destiny at an end. Warily she rested from hostilities, but she could not quite take her victorious antagonist to her heart.

After a week of the new relation, the young bridegroom announced, on coming in at night, that he was going home the following morning. "I've had a letter from Joanna," meaning Mrs. Bellair, "and she is getting uneasy. If I keep her waiting much longer, I'm blamed if I don't think she'll be toting her old bones up here to look after me."

"O Fred! you had better go right away," said Rosamond.

"Well, ain't I going to? Blame me if I should want to stand to the windward of such a gale as Joanna'd blow up if she should catch me here."

The gale, however, was nearer than he thought. In less than half an hour Mrs. Bellair actually appeared. She was accompanied by Mr. Southmore and the clergyman who had married Bellair. Having taken alarm at her grandson's protracted absence, she had determined upon a personal investigation, and came

to Boston for that purpose. Going down town in a horse-car, soon after her arrival, she overheard a rattling conversation between two young ladies who sat near her.

"Where is that young cub of a Bellair you were showing off here last winter, Mabel?" asked one.

"Oh! he's off my books altogether now."

"Any chance for a fellow-sister to step into your cast-off shoes?"

"None at all. You mustn't tell for the world, but he's married. It's to be kept a secret from property considerations. There's an old dragon of a grandmother, or a great aunt, or something of that sort that isn't in any particular hurry about dying and leaving her property; you understand?"

"Oh, yes! that is plain enough. Who married him?"

"Our minister, Mr. Melden."

"I didn't mean that. What young lady has taken him in hand?"

"Oh! it was Rosamond Kent. You don't know her. She isn't anybody in particular."

"Young woman," interrupted Mrs. Bellair, in a severe voice, at this point, "will you give me the address of your minister, Mr. Melden?"

The address was promptly given. An interview with the clergyman proved to Mrs. Bellair that it was all true. She telegraphed at once for Mr. Southmore to come to her in Boston, and to bring her will, that document being in his possession. Mr. Southmore came; and soon afterward Mrs. Bellair, the lawyer, and the minister struck a terror to the hearts of Bellair and his bride by appearing suddenly before them. Mrs. Bellair wore a look of grim determination, which was quite appalling.

"Is this the pair whom you married the other night?" she demanded, shrilly, of the clergyman.

"Yes, it is the same couple," assented that gentleman.

"Now, Southmore, where is that document you brought here?"

The lawyer produced it from an inside pocket.

"Read it, first."

He read a will, that of Joanna Bellair. After suitable bequests to the servants, five thousand dollars were devised to each of her granddaughters, and the rest of her property to Ulfred Bellair as sole residuary legatee.

"Now burn it," commanded the dame.

The paper was thrown inside the grate, and was soon in ashes.

"Grandmother, I hope you don't mean"—Ulfred Bellair began, looking white and terror-struck.

"Be silent, young man. I mean to endow a public library in Hillsborough. Have the goodness to draw up a new will to that effect, Mr. Southmore, with such specifications as I shall name."

And this was done. The document, when

completed, was witnessed by Mr. Melden and, rather, reluctantly, at his grandmother's command, by Ulfred Bellair. Then, with a chilling bow, and the remark to Ulfred that "now he had got a wife she hoped he knew how he was going to support her," Mrs. Bellair withdrew, still accompanied by the professional gentlemen who had assisted her in destroying a towering structure of "great expectations."

Irene, who had been present at the interview, soon afterwards went to her room, and the married pair were thus left to themselves.

"You see what you have brought me to," said Rosamond's husband, reproachfully, after a gloomy silence of some length.

"It is as much your doing as it is mine, but whining won't change anything," retorted Rosamond.

"No, but I wish"—

"Why don't you say it out? You might as well. You mean you wish you had not married me."

"Well, I do then. A fellow can pick up a wife any day, but such a property as the Bellair estate is hard to find."

Rosamond flung back an angry retort, and burst into tears. Afterward a reconciliation was patched up; but bitter feelings rankled in both hearts, which were sure to break out in future quarrels.

A day or two afterward Mr. Southmore called to see Irene. "I loved Rosamond," he said, "but next to her I can value no woman as I do you. Will you marry me?"

"No. I am too exacting to take a divided heart. I should make you miserable if I married you."

"I should have no fear of that."

"I should, and it cannot be."

"But we may still be friends?"

"I hope so. I value your friendship highly, and should be sorry to lose it." After that Irene worked for many weeks almost without intermission. It was a sharp struggle of occupation against some strong inner feeling, and the former triumphed.

Rosamond, meanwhile, had gone back to the work, which, after her marriage, she gave up. Bellair made no effort to get employment, but lived wholly upon what his wife and Irene earned. He fell into sottish habits, and, a year after his marriage, perished miserably in a drunken quarrel.

Mr. Southmore had continued to visit Irene occasionally all this while. At last, one day in the month of roses, when Rosamond had been six months a widow, and was getting back some of the bloom which her married experience had dissipated, he again spoke to Irene of marriage; but this time he did not preface his proposal with the assertion that he loved some one else better. "I have learned to prize you above all women. Rosamond is free now, but I could not go back to her, though you should

tell me again, as you did once, that you will not marry me. I love you, only you. What equivalent can you give me for my love?"

"Love for love. Will that satisfy you?"

It did, apparently.

The Hillsborough public library had not to wait long for its endowment. A codicil had, however, been added to the original will, providing for an annuity of three hundred dollars annually to be paid to Mrs. Rosamond Bellair as long as she remained a widow. She is still in receipt of her annuity. She lives with her sister, Mrs. Southmore, and is much improved in character by the disciplining power of her past experience.

IN SORROW.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

Say not, "'Tis well that he slumbers;"

Say not now, "God knoweth best—

Out of life's sin and life's sorrow

Calmly he lieth at rest."

How can I hear you, when silent,

In the dread stillness of death,

Is the voice, which in low, tender love-tones,

Spoke my name with its last breath.

Praise not his name in my hearing,

Say not, "Her sorrow is sore,

For, though his features were noble,

We loved his virtues far more."

Do I not know he was noble?

Was not his love to me, bliss?

If I speak harshly, forgive me,

You have ne'er known grief like this.

For his dear breast was my pillow,

In pain or in trouble, for years;

Ever my refuge in sorrow,

Now I sit lonely in tears.

Say not, that unto the widow

God's tender promise is sure;

Do ye not know that existence

Scarcely my soul can endure?

God's comfort cometh more slowly,

Softly it steals o'er the breast,

Like the sweet chorus of angels,

Lulling a spirit to rest.

Well do I know that His pity,

Falling like dew from the sky,

Gently will soothe my worn spirit—

I shall grow calm by and by.

Now, but two things my heart knoweth;

Cold and dead lieth my love;

And—or my heartstrings would fall me,

The great God dwelleth above.

And by His grace He will lead me

Gently through sorrow's dark night;

And my soul, chastened, but peaceful,

Strengthened, will walk in His light.

I shall again hear the bird-songs,

I shall again prize your love;

Work at the duty assigned me,

Until He calls me above.

Dear, I would not seem ungrateful,

I would not wrongly repine;

Say but this, "Darling, I love thee,"

Then I'll know my grief is thine.

MYRTLE'S NEW-YEAR.

BY VIOLETTE WOODS.

"How do I look, Chester?" and the thoughtless young wife turned from the mirror, in which she had been contemplating her loveliness for some moments, full upon her husband.

His cheek had been resting in his hand, his eyes upon the floor; but he raised them with a look of unutterable love, and gazed upon the resplendent figure before him. "You are beautiful, Myrtle, beautiful. Your eyes rival your diamonds in brilliancy, and I am sure you have robbed the roses and lilies of their lovely complexions."

"You are proud of me, then, aren't you?" She knelt beside him, resting one slender jewelled hand upon his knee.

"Indeed, indeed, I am, Myrtle." He placed his arm caressingly about her, and drew her nearer to him. "What an unfit mate I am for you, darling. My helpless limbs render it so impossible for me to be your constant companion, as I sigh every moment of my life to be. I sometimes compare myself to a bird, whose pinions are broken, and whose wanderings are confined to earth; whilst you, my lovely mate, can soar away beyond the clouds into the realms of eternal sunshine."

The roses upon the cheeks of the young wife assumed a deeper hue as she listened to her husband's metaphor; and, observing it, he added, quickly: "But you have not told me whither you are bound to-night. Is it to the opera, or another party?"

"Oh, the opera, to be sure! Madame Parepa sings to-night, and my ears are aching to hear her. I have thought of *her* voice, and the sensation I shall create, until I have scarcely an idea left. I wish you could go, darling; but, since I have such kind protectors as Mr. and Mrs. Howard, I oughtn't to complain. But there is the carriage now. I hope Madame Parepa will sing for us again when you are well of that horrid rheumatism, and then we will enjoy the treat together. Sit up for me, won't you, dear?" as she threw her ermine-lined cloak about her shoulders. "I have ordered James to bring you some oysters and coffee at eleven to cheer your spirits and keep you awake. You must think of me whilst I am gone, Chester, how much I am enjoying myself, and how every one is envying you your wife."

She pressed her lips to his, and passed from the room. A moment later the heavy door closed upon her retreating figure, the carriage rolled away, and Chester, reaching his crutches, which rested against the *fauteuil* upon which he was reclining, with their aid hobbled to the door. Thomas, who had been closing the house until the return of his mistress, hearing his footsteps, waited respectfully.

"When your mistress arrives," said he, in an unsteady voice, "tell her that I have retired, so that she will not look for me in the library. Tell James, also, that I shall not need any refreshment as was directed. That is all; you can go."

Thomas bowed and departed, with a look of sympathy for his lonely, suffering master; and Chester Starling turned with slow steps to his comfortable arm-chair, and threw himself wearily within it. His thoughts followed his gay young wife to the brilliant scene of which she was so bright an ornament. He recalled their first meeting to the present moment, and lingered lovingly over its happy incidents.

Two years before he had met Myrtle Vane at the house of her uncle in an obscure country village, through which he was passing on his way to the mountains. She was young and beautiful, possessing a warm, loving heart and a more than ordinary intelligence. These, added to her personal charms, speedily won the heart of the wealthy young student, who was travelling for his health. The engagement was short. She was poor, and keenly felt her dependence upon a relative whose salary as a country pastor barely sufficed to meet the wants of his own large family. Chester was rich, his elegant home needed a mistress, and himself a companion to cheer his hours of loneliness. "And why," Chester argued, "should Myrtle be longer deprived of those social advantages which she is so well calculated to receive and bestow?"

Immediately after the wedding the young couple took possession of the house in which Chester was born, and in which his parents had died, but which was remodelled and refurnished in a style better suited to the somewhat extravagant taste of its beautiful young mistress. For awhile Chester accompanied her everywhere her inclination suggested, he gave up his hours of study to her amusement, and laid aside his books that her pleasure and enjoyment might be abridged in nothing. "She is like a bird which has been caged from its birth," he said to himself, "and now that she is free she shall roam wherever her own sweet will dictates."

But after a few months a change came. His enemy—the rheumatism, which had attacked him at intervals from childhood—seized upon him with a grip from which no medical skill seemed to have the power to free him. In his wildest paroxysms of pain Myrtle stood by his bedside, knowing neither sleep nor rest, and giving all the comfort which sympathy *can* give to its fellow-sufferers; but, as soon as he was convalescent, she flitted like a bird to her own enjoyment, leaving him to the care of hired attendants. And yet he never complained. He loved her with a devotion unsurpassed, and he confided as implicitly, and rested as securely in *her* affection as he would have

done had she been constantly beside him, seeking no pleasure which he could not share. She was young and thoughtless; had been fettered by poverty, and circumscribed in feeling and action; and, as he recalled these facts, he judged her leniently and without the shadow of reproach. He had never attempted to dissuade her from the course she pursued; had never discouraged her visits to the opera when accompanied by those friends upon whose judgment he could rely; but to-night, as he sat alone, and thought of her so resplendent, so fascinating, and so loving, his feelings began to change. She was young, younger by ten years than he; she was scarcely eighteen, and he more than twenty-eight. What if the world, always so eager to denounce the thoughtless, should take her name upon its lips, and sully its purity with its polluted breath. She was but a child yet, chasing a butterfly; society, operas, balls were new to her; she was gathering her flowers whilst the fresh dews of morning lay glittering upon them, not thinking of the thorns which lurked among them. As Chester Starling thought of these things, his heart seemed to die within him; his child-wife, his Myrtle, was in danger of which her innocence had never dreamed, and to save her was his resolve.

It was New-Year's morning, a week after the incidents recorded in the last chapter. Chester sat alone in his library, his lips compressed, and a look of doubt and trouble resting in his fine eyes. Presently his wife entered in obedience to his summons; and, as he made room for her at his side, the trouble in his eyes grew denser, and the lines about his mouth more rigid. She was dressed in a morning-robe of crimson, lined with white, and faced with swansdown; and, as she toyed carelessly with the heavy silken tassels, Chester thought he had never seen her look so lovely. "You received my message, did you?" he inquired, scarcely knowing what to say.

"Yes, but had half a mind not to obey you," she replied, glancing brightly into his face. "I have been as busy as a bee all the morning getting ready for Mrs. Fortesque's party to-night. I am to personate 'Winter,' and am having the loveliest gray velvet dress made, just the color of winter clouds, trimmed with down in imitation of snowflakes, and am having my diamonds reset to represent icicles." She looked up into his face as she concluded her narration, and, startled by its pallor, exclaimed: "What is the matter, Chester? Tell me, darling, tell me!"

He put his arm around her. "O Myrtle!" said he, in a voice which he vainly endeavored to steady, "are you so wedded to the vanities of the world that it would kill you to be divorced from them?"

"Wedded to them! Divorced from them!"

she repeated, vaguely. "What do you mean? Why do you not explain?"

He looked into her face as sternly as he could. "If I should tell you that this house and furniture, your diamonds, and servants, and equipage could in some degree meet the demands of hungry, nay, insatiate creditors, what would be your reply?"

The truth burst upon her like a peal of thunder from a cloudless sky. She was unprepared for it; two years before she had assumed an exalted position, and she had worn the honors it conferred as regally as a queen wears the crown destined to her at her birth. Myrtle loved splendor and gayety as dearly as the summer bird loves sunshine and warmth, but she loved her husband and his honor beyond all else. She did not realize it in its full force until he added:—

"When we were married, Myrtle, I had this property and its appurtenances deeded to you. As the record now stands, they are yours personally, as much so as are the garments in which you are clad. Make your own decision, darling, take your own time. The law cannot rob you of *these* things if you wish."

The true nobility of womanhood, which had been slumbering in Myrtle's nature like a diamond within a sealed casket, displayed itself as she twined her white arms about her husband's neck. "I do not need *time* to decide this matter, Chester," she exclaimed. "Ingrate, indeed, would I be could I falter now. Take all, everything. Leave me but *your* love, Chester, and my own health, and I ask nothing else."

"But, Myrtle, does not the prospect seem dark, indeed? To be bereft of the wealth and luxury in which we have revelled, the 'purple and fine linen' in which we have been clothed every day, the society and gayety in which you have delighted so much, the"—

"Hush, Chester, do not refer to that! How reckless, how careless, I have been! How has your love ever survived my negligence of your comfort?"

"You shall not upbraid yourself," he replied, firmly, though affectionately. "If fault exists at all, it is mine, not yours. You were young, and, although chained myself, I urged your freedom upon you."

"Explain to me, Chester, how this state of affairs came about," she said, after awhile. "Have not my wilful extravagances been your ruin? Am I not to blame as the sole cause?"

"Not at all," he replied. "All of my life my business has been in the hands of agents. I have been an idler in the vineyard. I have never withheld my wealth when it could in the least contribute to your happiness or my own. But, since misfortune restores to me my wife, and proves that she is not the gay butterfly the world doubtless thinks her, I am satisfied. Come poverty, come toil, but leave my wife pure and unspotted from the world."

"As for myself, I do not dread our altered circumstances," she said, bravely, "but my heart aches for you, Chester. These surroundings have been yours from infancy; they were mine but for a day. In going back to the poverty from which your love so generously rescued me, I feel not one regret for myself. Your love shall be my incentive to unceasing energy, and your faith in me my redemption. If the world has ever said of me that I have been careless of your welfare, it may recall its verdict now; henceforth my life shall be devoted to you."

The young couple had many long conversations over their altered fortunes, and laid many plans for their future. At last it was decided that they should remove to the little inland town which Myrtle had left two years before a joyous bride. Chester had purchased a small cottage, and thither they were to remove in a few days.

"We will remain there at least until my health is permanently established," he said, "and then I can return to the practice of my profession. We will have a sufficiency to support us comfortably for a year, and surely by that time I will be completely restored."

"I do not intend to be idle," said Myrtle. "My musical proficiency was so well appreciated in D—— that I can easily procure a class. And if I was a good performer before I was married, I certainly am a better one now, or else the care that has been bestowed upon that part of my education in the last two years has been sadly misplaced."

"I do not know whether I can agree to your proposition or not," he replied, sadly, "but we will refer to this again at some future time."

Mr. Gardner, Chester's lawyer and friend, passed in and out every day. Myrtle had had no idea of the extent of her husband's business until she saw the heaps of papers which were constantly being brought into and carried out of the house. One morning Chester entered her chamber and found her in tears. She had borne her reverses not stoically, but bravely hitherto, and now to see her weeping almost unmanned him.

"Are these the first tears you have shed, Myrtle?"

"The very first," she answered, truthfully.

"Then, my darling, what is the cause of this emotion? Do you regret your decision? It is not yet too late; you have another day in which to act. No earthly power can take this property from you without your own consent. Do not act upon the impulse of the moment, and then regret it all of your after life."

"I do not regret it," she said, courageously. "I have never regretted it an instant since you stated the circumstance to me."

"Then tell me what has excited you so?"

She wiped the tears from her eyes, and, folding her white hands in her lap, said, in a low

voice: "A nameless something for which I cannot account, incited me this morning to arrange the house as I would have done had we been going away upon a visit instead of forever. I had gone carefully through the chambers and parlors, leaving my own room until the last, but when I arrived here and opened my jewel-case, my spirits sank. My diamonds gleamed within, but for them I felt no regret except for the pride and vanity they had engendered. I placed the tiara upon my brow, womanlike," she added, as she saw his smile, "but I really thought it unbecoming now, and laid it indifferently aside. But, darling, when I espied my wedding-ring, the one you placed upon my finger within the moment that made me your wife, the very happiest of women, I could not repress my tears. I felt unwilling to resign it; I feel so yet, Chester, although I am ashamed to acknowledge it. It is not for the sake of retaining a vestige of my former glory, but because with its bestowal I realized that I was all in all to you."

"And you *shall* retain it," said Chester, "let it cost what it may. You are a brave woman, Myrtle, and Heaven grant that I may properly appreciate and cherish you."

Almost a year had passed away. It was New-Year's Eve, and within the Starling cottage all was love and happiness. A bright wood-fire burned within the open fireplace of the little parlor, throwing its ruddy light upon the few choice engravings which adorned the walls, upon the rows of shelves which, filled with books, occupied one entire side of the apartment, and upon the rosewood cradle containing a chubby baby of four months, the pride and pet of the household. Chester sat near the blazing fire, enjoying himself in the winter twilight, if one might be allowed to judge from the settled complacency of his countenance. As he sat thinking, his wife noiselessly entered the room, in her dark dress and snowy collar and cuffs, the very personation of a model housewife and mother. She advanced to the cradle, and, drawing the covering more closely about the little form it contained, turned to her husband.

"Tea is waiting, Chester."

"And I believe I am ready for it," he replied, following her into the drawing-room. "My ride to and from the city to-day has sharpened my appetite finely."

The supper laid out for his enjoyment was certainly sufficient to have tempted the most abstemious, and Chester expressed his appreciation as his fragrant tea was handed to him. Snowy bread and golden butter, preserves, steaming oysters, and deliciously broiled ham, all prepared by Myrtle's own hands, for their one domestic had not had enough experience to be trusted alone in the culinary department.

"I wish you and little Chester to accompany

me to the city to-morrow, Myrtle," said Chester, when the meal was about half finished.

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Myrtle. "Why, have you forgotten that it is New-Year's Day? Besides, I have an abundance of the 'good things of this life' in preparation for dinner, and have invited uncle's family to dine with us."

"Transfer the eatables to the care of your aunt, and recall the invitation until a more convenient season. I must have you and Chester with me to-morrow. We will go up upon the two o'clock train."

They returned to the little parlor, and lighted the lamp. Myrtle drew her low chair to the side of the table and unfolded her work, a little dress she was embroidering for her babe. She was never idle now; there was always some employment for the busy hands or the busier brain, always some knitting or sewing, or a book which her husband had requested her to read. Chester noticed that she sighed wearily as her trembling fingers almost refused to thread the needle.

"We will have a holiday to-night, my love," he said, taking the garment from her lap and replacing it in her basket. "You are tired, I know; let me rest you."

He pillowed her head upon his breast, and lifted her face to his.

"The old year is ebbing away, Myrtle; have we spent it profitably or unprofitably?"

"Profitably," she replied, her energies reviving, "and happily, too. How has it been with you, Chester? Is the retrospect pleasant, or is this hour 'a time for memory and for tears'?"

"No, Myrtle; I can honestly say that since we have been living in this cottage, I have known more genuine happiness than I ever experienced in the whole of my life-time before. I need not tell you that when we removed here I feared the effects of the change upon you. I installed you mistress of my house when wealth seemed to flow in upon us from every side; but before two years had passed, home and wealth vanished as if they had been the creations of a dream. Myrtle, have you never in your secret heart reproached me for the change?"

"Never, never, Chester! I have blamed myself rather than you. And more—if to-night our lost fortune could be restored to us, I feel that the strength and wisdom I have gained in the passing year would keep me forever aloof from the follies in which I once indulged so recklessly. I feel no regret for their loss, no desire for their re-possession. In your restored health and continued love, my sincerest prayers have been answered; and society, no matter how fascinating, could never again furnish an inducement for me to leave your side. I have learned that woman's sphere is home, and that if there is a tie stronger than that which binds her to it, she does not deserve the holy name of wife."

Chester drew her more closely to him and pressed his lips to her brow.

"This year of comparative poverty has been a greater trial to me than to you, Myrtle," he replied, in an unsteady voice; not because I have had many of its privations to bear, but because in seeing you bear them so nobly, I have realized how utterly weak my infirmities rendered me."

"But that is all over now, Chester. Our misfortunes were for our own immediate good, though when they came upon us so suddenly, I could not see it clearly, strong as I thought myself to wrestle with them. These invigorating mountain breezes have been your restoration to health, and my separation from fashion and its votaries has been my temporal salvation. I tremble to think what I would have been to-night had not Providence so kindly interposed. That I was almost hopelessly vain and careless a year ago, you know too well; but if in the past months I have in any degree atoned for it, I am grateful."

As they stopped at the depot upon their arrival in the city the next evening, Myrtle recognized in the dusky twilight the carriage and horses which had once been her own, and even the driver who had formerly been in her employ.

"Come, my love, the carriage is waiting," said Chester, and too much surprised to speak, Myrtle suffered herself to be placed within it.

"Where are we going, Chester?" she asked, as soon as she could command her voice.

"I am anxious for you to become acquainted with the mistress of our former home, and her husband desired me to bring you directly there. You will find her a woman who has but few equals, and no superiors; one in whom her 'husband's heart doth safely trust.' You will love her for my sake, I am sure."

Myrtle did not reply, but after a few moments' drive they reached the luxurious house in which they had spent the first years of their married life. Chester led her up the marble steps, through the broad hall, into the very chamber which had been her own a twelve-month before. Everything was unchanged; carpet, furniture, curtains were the same, even her very jewel-box occupied its place upon the dressing-bureau.

"What does it all mean?" she asked herself upon looking around and seeing that Chester was absent.

She removed her wrappings mechanically, and laid them upon the bed; took little Chester from the arms of his nurse, and laid him within the elegant cradle, the only addition which had been made to the furniture of the apartment. Chester entered, looking radiant with happiness; he put his arm about his wife's waist, and said, softly:—

"Before presenting you to the lady of the house, I must tell you that you must never be

jealous of my exceeding love for her, nor deprecate the wonderful influence she possesses over me. This is she."

He turned her around so that she could see herself in the full length mirror, and exclaimed:—

"Let me introduce you to Mrs. Starling, the only mistress this house has ever had since her husband's mother died. Long may she reign, the queen of his home as of his heart?"

The tears rolled down Myrtle's cheeks.

"What do you mean, Chester? Are we in a dream?"

"No, Myrtle, it is all a blessed reality." He drew her unresisting form to his knee, and continued: "Let me tell you a little story, Myrtle. There was once a wife, young, and beautiful, and admired. Her husband was wealthy but was an invalid, and he loved her too well to confine her at his bedside. He urged her to go into society without him, and she went until she was fast becoming a slave to its fascinations. He determined to rescue her from the giddy vortex to which she was so rapidly moving, and to do this he resorted to measures which otherwise would have seemed harsh. He conversed with her in such a way regarding his affairs that she thought him a bankrupt; thought him reduced to poverty, and she heroically sustained her part in the conflict of life. It was a furnace of fire in which he tested her womanhood and her affection, but she came forth refined, purified, exalted. Her husband's love and confidence had not been misplaced. Was his course wrong?"

"No, no, Chester, that course was my salvation. I needed the retirement in which to think over and repent of my former follies. You pursued the wisest plan, and how grateful I am my future life shall prove."

"This, then, shall be your New-Year's gift," he returned, presenting her with the deed of the property, "and with it the assurance of my unbounded love and faith."

A CHILD'S PLEADINGS.

BY ESPRY.

"Oh! leave the lily on its stem,
The rose upon its spray;
For think how short is life for them,
How sweet its little day!"

A little child thus once to me,
In pleasing pity, spake;
I passed her treasures harmless by,
And spared them for her sake.

"Oh! leave youth's lily thought its stem,
Its budding hopes their spray;
For think how short is youth for them,
How sweet its little day!"

An angel winging near to me,
In holy accents, spake;
I kissed the child, and passed them by,
And spared all for her sake.

HAVING IT OUT.

QUARRELS are bad things, and no one in his senses—his moral senses, we should say, these being different from mere intellectual sanity—would advocate them, save under such provocation of insult as must be chastised if self-respect is to be retained. But, bad as it is, quarrelsomeness is better to bear with than that heavy, sulky temper which broods over a wrong, fancied or real, in a deep and sullen silence, and never has it out—never has done with it. Of course, best of all is the tact which avoids the occasion of unpardonable offence, and the patience which overlooks small wrongs, and magnanimously forgives them when committed. But, unfortunately, we have not to deal now with the absolute best, only with a choice of evils—our election lying between sullenness and quarrelling—silent chafing of a sore, or having it out let what will come of it.

Having it out, however, does not necessarily include anger, only an explanation, full, free and frank—the unreserved exposition of your state of mind, and the candid confession of what has displeased you, why you are annoyed, and what you dislike and want altered in your friend. Take, for example, a person who has a disagreeable trick, physical or mental—and a great many very worthy folks have tricks, and of the most unpleasant kind, too—a trick, say, that specially revolts and disgusts you, and that you cannot abide, be your patience anything short of Job's. You are thrown into close contact with your friend who has this annoying habit—genus undetermined at this present moment. You have seen it, of course, ere this, but only in a cursory, superficial sort of way; you have never lived in daily sight or hearing of it before now, and you are naturally disgusted. At the first you are only enduringly disgusted, patience taking a certain length of time before it is worn threadbare; but by degrees you become so painfully impressed by this unpleasant habit—it assumes such gigantic proportions, and is of so much importance in your life—that you run great risk of losing all regard for your friend, and of seeing every good quality he possesses obscured, nay, swallowed up bodily, by this horrid hydra-headed ugliness. You get colder and colder—you are more and more disgusted each day—more angry with him that he does not see your change of manners, and does not understand the cause of that change—more angry with yourself that you have not courage and straightforwardness enough to have it out with him, and have done with it. Meanwhile the trick increases in virulence and frequency; so, at least, it seems to you; your friendship goes down to zero, and your disgust increases in proportion as this subsides; when suddenly you take your courage and common-sense in hand, inform your friend, who has been wondering in silent pain at the

unaccountable change in you towards him, that he has such and such an objectionable excrecence which revolts you past bearing; such and such a habit, of which he, poor fellow, is as innocent as a dove. You have it out, and henceforth the sore is healed. He learns his defect for the first time, perhaps, and cures himself of it before another week is passed, and you go on together again, better friends than ever. This is possible, however, only when the friend and yourself are people of good judgment and wise temper. If you are snappish and insulting in your manner, and he is one of those stupid fools who must be considered perfect, else he is affronted, the chances are that your having it out will lead to a break between you that will last your lifetime; in which case you must take your choice of three alternatives—letting your friendship die away by degrees, flinging it abroad to burst up on a sudden never to be re-composed again, or accepting the trick which revolts you now with patience and shut senses, which last is the hardest trial of all.

In another case it may be some personal misunderstanding, some fancied slight, over which you brood and fume; believing that you have been injured and insulted, that your friend or your lover has done something to hurt you intentionally, and that, although you do not like to take any notice of it, you are expected rather than not to be annoyed; and, if you show your annoyance by your coldness and reserve, no one will be astonished, and no one bewildered. Your friend, your lover, has not had the remotest intention of hurting you. He had no more idea of slighting you in that little matter which has pricked you so deeply than he had of committing murder. He cannot imagine why you are cool, no more than could your friend with the unpleasant habit before you enlightened him as to the reason why you had sulked with him so long; he all the while, innocent of anything like a cause. Your lover, as you yourself, thinks explanations dangerous; and so you both drift farther and farther apart, till either you are forced to be candid to each other—when the spectre which has come between you dissolves into thin air—or your pride and fiery tempers build up a fresh barrier, which is too high for your weak-backed love to surmount. Yet, even in such a case, having it out is better than letting your poor love die of the baleful effects of a vapory spectre; and, at the worst, having it out gives you a chance in hand.

It has been noticed before now how much novelists trade on that silly reticence which never has a thing out honestly, but lets misunderstandings and secret slanders part the dearest lovers without an effort made to clear the fog, and without a step taken towards a frank explanation. Indeed, were this well-worn device to be forbidden, the poor weak painters of human nature and society as neither

ever existed would be at a sad loss to know how to run the fortunes of hero and heroine through the orthodox three volumes—by what device to make John marry Kate when he ought to marry Jane; or how to complicate the love affairs going on between Charles and Jemima, which the exigency of “copy” requires should not run smooth for two volumes and three-quarters. One often gets impatient with those novels which found their tragedies on a misunderstanding that one moment of honest explanation would entirely remove. If, indeed, one takes enough interest in these poor weeds of literature to be either glad or impatient at whatsoever they may put forth; for one cannot help feeling what an absurd picture of humanity they offer; and why cannot these two simpletons meet face to face, and, meeting, have it out with a will, leaving nothing behind to ferment and breed corrupt humors? When they do meet, we know the things will go smooth enough, unless, indeed, it be too late, which is an aggravation of the original offense; but generally it is a sign that all the right people will marry, all the bad ones be found out and punished, and the good ones consoled and rewarded. Authors of this kind of weak, weedy literature, however, seldom give us this humane satisfaction before the last chapter; writing of life in its subtle phrases, and delineating the heart in its secret recesses, being a more difficult feat than the time-honored mechanism of misunderstanding for the result of sundering loving souls.

Though having it out need not necessarily include a fit of anger, yet even this sometimes clears the moral atmosphere, as a tempest clears the physical one. Old griefs which have made you morose, and old vexations which have made you suspicious, get then their utterance, and the house is perhaps all the happier for the bursting of the storm that has been so long abrewing. Still, we do not advocate this playing with fire and tempest; and, if things can be got shapely and distinct by sunny weather, it is so much the better. Yet some families are so unhappily constituted that nothing short of a domestic whirlwind breaks the clouds, or drives off the mephitic vapors that have accumulated by long indulgence of sulks, brooding, sullenness, and nursing grievances in silence; with them then having it out means a stand-up fight, as much as the meeting of two North American Indians of hostile tribes means the throwing of a few spears, and, if the chance offers, a turn at scalping; as much as the meeting of two clouds charged with electricity means a flash of lightning, a clap of thunder, and the nervous terror of some old lady below. In fact, the lives of such as these are passed in an exercise which never lets itself get exhausted, in having out that which no explanations in the world bring to an end. Again—going into politics now—it would be far better for the

nation if we had out honestly the questions which agitate men's minds *below the surface*. When things come to such a point that they boil over the rim of the state cauldron, and splutter all abroad, then they are attended to, and "remedial measures" are taken before the whole thing is spoilt; for such boiling over would soon put out the fire, and then the world would go but queerly. But long before that moment of ebullition comes, to have it out manfully, bravely, and thoroughly would avoid many a fit of national sulks, and burke many a chapter of national misunderstanding between the governors and the governed, the people and their princes.

TEARS.

BY MRS. T. P. B.

THE mountain torrents of the heart
Well up in times of joy and sorrow;
Their presence shows the better part
Of man's to-morrow.

Tears may be there, and yet unshed;
Some sorrows crush, and tears refuse to flow;
But easier far to bear when tears do rush—
Fit solace of our trials here below.

Tears move to pity stony hearts,
And soften natures naturally cold;
Lead us to choose "that better part,"
And form us in a softer mould.

Childhood's tears are transient woes,
Followed soon by summer smiles;
But manhood's tears are heartfelt throes,
Oft caused by woman's guiles.

Tears calm the tempest of the heart,
And smooth life's rugged, thorny road;
Deprive our griefs of half their smart,
From aching hearts lift half the load.

Men's tears, in this cold world below,
Are caused by woman's guile;
And yet how soon they cease to flow,
Dispelled by woman's smile.

Life without tears could not remain
A happy future state;
Like parched earth without her rain,
Ill fraught would be our state.

Tears well up when we're happy,
As well as when we're sad;
And spread a halo round our lives,
And make our hearts feel glad.

They are founts of living water,
In the desert of our heart,
Springing in secret places
Of our seeming barren heart.

So welcome tears,
Broad river of the heart;
They ease a mind oppressed with fears,
Though keen at time the smart.

ORDER is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state. As the beams to a house, as the bones to the microcosm of man, so is order to all things.—*Southey*.

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TWO DAYS OF HOUSEKEEPING.

BY INO CHURCHILL.

"FIDDLESTICKS!" said my Cousin Emma, glancing under her eyelids at me, and half-closing her book.

But, as the elegant word was a common expletive of Em's, my equanimity was not at all disturbed, and I kept on watching the soft shades of wool for the elaborate work I was about to commence.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Em, again, with evident contempt.

"What is the matter, cousin? Is that author unfortunate enough to disagree with you?"

"I should think so, indeed. He believes that the ministry of angels extends even to the floral kingdom, and thinks it would require no great stretch of faith or imagination to believe that their deft fingers are engaged in moulding the calyx of the flower, or weaving the delicate tissue of the leaves."

"Well, cousin, it is certainly a very pretty and harmless theory. I have no doubt, if we could see all that is now invisible, the things we really do behold would be invested with a tenfold interest."

"I prefer *truth* to poetry," said Em. "I believe the germinal principle of every flower or tree is contained in the seed, which, under the proper conditions of soil, moisture, heat, and light, will develop because it cannot help itself."

"But it can be *hindered*, cousin. A child's foot may warp, or entirely crush the young plant; and even the miserable crawling worm can perforate every leaf of the tree, and eat the very heart out of the flower. Would you not accord the angels an equal power in the opposite direction?"

"You suppose, then, the angels go about repairing the damage done?" said Em.

"*Prevent* the evil, not repair it. They could no more do that than they could brush away the serpent's trail from Eden with their snowy wings."

"Yet," said Em, "I much rather suppose them to be spending their leisure moments in weaving celestial tapestry than in presiding over cabbage gardens."

"O Em, you are incorrigible! But what was 'fiddlesticks' No. 2 about?"

"Why, this precious specimen of originality undertakes to say that every sound produced in this, our lower world, creates a symmetrical wave in the air, that finally deposits itself in some beautiful form of flower or star."

"Pray go on, Emma. I'm sure the book is a gem."

She complied, and I gave myself up to enjoyment. She was a beautiful reader; and, though the words might have gathered new meaning and beauty from the rare sweetness and great

flexibility of her voice—now clear as the chime of silver bells, now rivalling the liquid tone of falling water—I felt that under less skilful rendering my heart would have beat time to the musical flow of word and thought. For the moment I was perfectly happy, but then the thought of my responsibility in my mother's temporary absence sobered me down again. I ought to have had some fear on the subject, but I did not. I knew that our one domestic, Bridget, held sovereign sway in her particular department, and was really mistress of the situation as far as our material wants were concerned. How material and gross they seemed, as, with my hearty breakfast quietly assimilating itself with my nature, I soared with Em and the author above this sublunary sphere!

Emma had arrived at some of the sublimest passages, and the mossy bedding of my flower-work had grown green and velvety beneath my unconscious finger-tips, when we were suddenly brought down from our ethereal atmosphere to the level of common humanity by the sharp slamming of the door, and a sound between a shriek and a groan that must have imprinted a huge flower somewhere amid the galleries of space. With a confused idea of shattered rainbows in my head, I turned to find Bridget settled down in a heap upon the floor, her apron thrown over her head, her body swaying to and fro as if shaken by some mighty storm of pain or sorrow. The more I tried to discover the cause, the more she groaned.

"Och, murther!" said she, "I shall die, and this is for what I've heard the Banshee wailin' her desolate strains, and had a gleam of the wringin' of hands and the weepin' of tears every time I looked out at the dark. Och! I shall die, I shall die! My mither, my mither!"

Em immediately pronounced it a case of cholera, and I thought her voice had lost some of its angelic sweetness as she called from the pantry to know where the mustard, ginger, and pepper were kept. I knew nothing about it, so I rushed across the street to the office of the young doctor whose shingle had for months been swinging unheeded in the wind. I found him at home, of course, where he should be, and, as he prepared to accompany me, I explained to him the cause of my alarm.

Biddy's voice was still raised in all the eloquence of Irish agony when we came in. Doctor Hamilton regarded her a moment with a professional eye, remarking to me that it was mental rather than physical suffering. He lifted her into a chair, and said to her, rather sternly: "Madam, will you be quiet a moment, and tell us how we can help you?"

To which came the unexpected reply: "Bad luck to ye, sir, for callin' me madam, who niver was married a day in me life, and the good Father forgive your onfeelingness whin ye come to your time of need."

"But my good woman," said the doctor,

kindly, "I am not unfeeling. I came to help you. You have alarmed the young ladies, and they don't know what to do. Come, tell me now if you are in pain, or have received bad news?"

Biddy, reminded of her sorrow, went off again: "And, shure! ain't I been telling them my mither's a dying, with her six childer on her knee, savin' the eldest, and niver a body there to help her? And nather kin I go to her; the mistress away, the young ladies alone, and nobody to 'tend to the roast."

"Nobody would keep you from your sick mother, Bridget," said I, quickly; "but it is some distance to walk, and there is no conveyance."

"Yes, but there is, miss, bless your kind heart! Peter Malony is come in his donkey-cart to fetch me, and I'm to come right off and bring the doctor. Will you go, sir?" said she to Doctor H—. "Shure and ye must know how to heal a body, with niver a thing to do the day long but to read how it's done."

Doctor Hamilton colored a little, and I came to his relief by saying that my father would consider himself his debtor if he would go.

"Yes, I will go," he said to Bridget. And to me: "So you think I am too onfeelin' to go for the sake of humanity?"

"Not at all," I replied. "But I presume you will have opportunities enough to exercise all your benevolence, and Bridget is an important member of our family."

Biddy had called to the invisible Peter as she went through the hall "to drive 'round to the front door, for the new doctor was going along with them."

Em laughingly said to the doctor, as she caught sight of the strange equipage: "Surely you are not going to risk yourself and your reputation in that outlandish turn-out?"

"Yes, but I am," said the doctor, "unless you think it will be too much for the donkey, Miss Horton. You would not have me afraid or ashamed to do anything it is right and proper for me to perform?"

The comic horror depicted on Em's face gave way to a smile of approbation as he said this, and she cast an admiring glance at him for his moral courage in being able to brave the ridicule of the populace, which glance I immediately noted down on that broad tablet kept for other people's affairs.

We all walked out on the veranda to await Biddy's appearance. Peter was waiting too. He had evidently struck an attitude; for, with a laudable desire to make his passengers comfortable, he had placed his only seat—a board covered with sheep-skin—at their disposal, and seated himself on the very edge of the cart; the flag of distress floating gracefully backward, betokening the fact that the usual amount of cushioning was wanting in this case. He had endeavored to freshen up his toilet a little,

despite his soiled and ragged shirt, for he had thrust his ungainly limbs into a pair of spotless pants that reached just below his knees. His hose were of Nature's fashioning, rent here and there by the thorns he had encountered, and dyed by frequent contact with the soil his ploughshare had upturned. He sat motionless; his long limbs hanging straight down, as if they had nothing else to do, and his feet projected like two wooden pegs on which to hang his great leather shoes. Around his shoulders—more for ornament than use this warm summer day, unless he contended, with Irish logic, that what would keep the cold out would keep the heat out also—was thrown the blue cape of a soldier's coat, reaching just below his waist. His straight yellow locks hung, behind a pair of ears the donkey must have envied, in stubbled luxuriance over the collar; and surmounting all, like a helmet with the vizor raised, was a coarse straw hat, the brim turned up against the crown with a reckless disregard of the power of the sun's rays refreshing to behold. Indeed, I think all the iron in his blood had been changed by King Sol's secret alchemy into the great brown spots that freckled his face like oases on a desert, or, that is, like sand-heaps on a prairie.

Our overflowing mirth was held in check by the doctor's grave yet quizzical eye, for he spied our sorrow-stricken domestic coming near. He advanced to meet her, and, taking her bundle from her hands, assisted her to the back seat of the vehicle, and sprang in after her.

A politely-expressed wish from him that we might not find our duties overwhelming, and a parting injunction from Biddy "to mind the roast," the solemn charioteer drew the reins, and with a sharp snap of his whip communicated to the ears of his steed his desire to proceed. The obedient donkey started, but, probably indignant at his unwonted load, stood stock still again; till, by dint of numerous pushings and applications of the whip, and finally by Peter's familiar voice threatening to see if a bonfire would not start him, he sprang forward suddenly, thereby entirely upsetting our gravity, and nearly dislodging the driver from his narrow seat, despite the great shoes that might have served as sufficient ballast for a ship.

They had gone, and we went in and closed the door. Here was a situation certainly. A combination of circumstances that no strategy could circumvent. The citadel of our difficulties must be taken by storm—and such raw recruits! How we had hailed the promised year that should intervene between our boarding-school life and our induction into the culinary art as a blessed reprieve. How we had ruffled and tucked, embroidered and braided, the contents of our bureau drawers. And now to be hurried from our passive enjoyments into active

service! It was too much. To be sure, there were not many to prepare for; only dear, quiet papa, whom we wished to gratify; and tall, teasing brother Richard, before whom we wished to acquit ourselves honorably. So we took up our line of march toward headquarters, and, after considerable reconnaissance, we put ourselves in possession of the implements of war; but how to use them, and where to commence?

"Well, Em," said I, "what shall we do first?"

"I don't know," said she; "I acknowledge *you* captain of this emergency, or mistress of this mansion, just as you please," and she gave me a military salute, then a drawing-room courtesy.

"Dear me," said I, "I feel as though old Atlas had rolled his burden on my shoulders. Are not the wrinkles of care already discernible on my brow?"

"There certainly is some corrugation there," said Em, "but knowing you as I do, I should say it was rather chargeable to your disposition than to your responsibilities. But seriously, cousin, I think we, two intelligent and accomplished young ladies, can manage to feed a couple of hungry masculines. So do bestir yourself, and give your orders, and they shall be obeyed without demur."

Happily remembering Biddy's last words, I peeped with fear and trembling into the oven. The "roast" was doing nicely; a cream-pie was just ready for the table, and I sent Em to the garden to see if there were not some late strawberries with which to eke out our dessert. Then I put the peas and potatoes into the kettle of boiling water that stood ready, and commenced arranging the table. Everything seemed to be going on swimmingly, and I remarked to Em as she came in with the berries, that the domestic groove was worn so deep that things would come right of themselves by force of habit. She shook her head, but said nothing.

Papa and Dick came in due time, and everything was ready; so we replaced our soiled white aprons with fresh ones, and thought perhaps they would not see the grease spots on our fancy morning dresses. I explained to them how matters stood, and we all sat down to the table. The beef was rather overdone, and Dick said I had left the preservative element out of the potato. Then papa inquired for the early peas he had sent home. I replied I thought they must have been very young and tender, for they had boiled so soft I could not get them out of the pods.

"Very likely they were, dear," said papa, with a queer little smile. But Dick laughed outright.

"Surely, sister," said he, "you did not put in pods and all?"

"Why, of course I did; I know Bridget boils potatoes in their jackets; besides, you would not have the poor little peas hopping about in

the boiling water on their own individual account; I am sure if they had each indulged in a separate scald, I never should have found them; even within the protecting pod they were utterly without form."

Dick nearly choked himself with laughter, but when the pie and berries appeared, he was somewhat mollified, though he could not forbear some teasing allusions to our mistakes.

"I would have you know, Mr. Richard Churchill," said I, "that everything eatable before you was prepared by Bridget, and it is very doubtful whether your dainty palate will be at all suited to-morrow. It is much easier to eat a good dinner than to cook one."

"My! sister, what a sage remark; how house-keeping develops you. I should think you had been through a course of metaphysics."

"Well, sir, if your mind had little more of a philosophical turn, perhaps you would be enabled to eat an ill-dressed dinner with somewhat of grace seasoned with patience."

"Minus the salt, eh, sister?"

But papa said: "Never mind, dear; we shall see, some time, how fine a dinner Mrs. Richard can get up, if report says true."

Dick's face crimsoned, and during the few moments that we lingered at the table, he seemed endeavoring to ascertain how many strawberries he could swallow whole, his cheek taking a deeper tinge with every one he ate. But when we went into the library to enjoy our quiet after-dinner talk, the pleasantest of the day, Dick lifted his head and threw back his dark hair, in his own careless, graceful way, and with the crimson stain still on his cheek, said to papa: "It is true, sir, Alice Ray promised last night to be my wife."

Papa grasped his hand, and they stood looking into each other's eyes, those two men; the one calm and serene, as though he had reached the very noon-tide of happiness, as well as of life; the other eager and hopeful, with the bright vista of life just opening before him.

"Then you love this fair girl, my son, better than father or mother, sister or brother?"

"Better than all, father."

"God bless and keep you happy, my boy," and, pressing a kiss on the white, open brow of his son, papa left the room.

Then Dick drew Em and me to the sofa, and I just threw both arms around his neck and kissed him, partly for joy, and partly for sorrow, and wholly for sympathy and love.

"Why, sister," said he, the tears of feeling glistening in his eyes, "what a happy fellow your husband will be, if that is the way you hug people."

"But it is not; I am ashamed of you, to think I would kiss any tall, bearded man who was not my brother."

"But your husband, sister."

"No, I would not; I'd only give him a dainty little bit of a kiss."

"I guess you are all alike," said he. "*She* would not give me any more, but that was *very* sweet," and the mounting color and quivering lip told how very dear this fair wild flower had become to the strong man.

Then said Em, softly: "I should fear to inspire such great love."

"I foresee, cousin," said Dick, "that such love will be offered to you; see that you do not slight it."

"I would not slight it, but I hope it will be long in coming. I should want time to grow beautiful. I should want every member of my body to round out and develop into complete symmetry; the very chambers of my soul to grow effulgent, as with the amber light of heaven; every flower of my heart to be in fragrant and perennial bloom; its sanctuary burnished and golden, from whose altar the incense of love and virtue was ever rising."

"But, Emma," said I, "*love* must be the transforming power. I would rather receive from my husband's eyes a new baptism of light each day, than bathe in any fabled fountain of youth and beauty. I would rather he should discover the rich ore of my mind, with all its dross and obscurities, and set, the refiner, until his image be reflected there, than offer him the gems of thought, all pure and shining, that were yet unpolished by his hand. I would rather he should enter the holy of holies, by right of his priestly office, than receive any oblation from 'broidered altar-cloth or sculptured chalice.'"

Then we all sat quietly musing for a while, till Em broke the silence by exclaiming:—

"Well, I dare say it is all very fine, but those very practical and unpoetic dishes must be washed, and our outward woman must be arrayed in suitable attire. I am afraid, Richard, your rose-lit dreams have awakened our sensibilities to the detriment of our senses, and the prosaic duties of common life will ill accord with our tastes and feelings."

Mrs. Goodman's Ann then brought in a tin pan full of queer looking animals she called crabs, "with *Miss* Goodman's compliments," she said. "She knew my par was so fond of 'em, as he came from Connecticut, where crabs grew. Miss Goodman's cousin come and brought 'em."

"We are without help, you know, Ann; how shall we cook them, so as to surprise papa at tea."

"Oh, just bile 'em, mem, till they get red, like lobster; put 'em on pretty soon, and they 'll bile themselves, mem."

The sun was looking in at the western windows when we were ready for the parlor. Then Doctor Hamilton came in to say that his patient had the fever and ague; indeed it was quite prevalent in that district. He spoke of the destitution of some families he had visited, and enlisted Em's sympathies in a plan for their assistance, and he argued and she ap-

plauded till I grew weary and nervous, not that I was selfish and uninterested, but the Doctor had a way of forgetting me when talking to my cousin. To be sure, our acquaintance was but brief, but he had thus early manifested his preference. At last his eye followed my frequent glances toward the French clock on the mantle, and he jumped up, saying he believed we must be sirens, trying to beguile his hours away, or else Father Time had taken to the hop, skip, and jump, in his old age."

Em replied: "Time is the same monotonous old fellow as ever; it is your interest in your work, contrasted with the tedium of your office hours, that makes the day seem short."

"Pray, doctor," said I, "do you mark the hours with pills as Linnæus did with flowers?"

"I hope to mark them with good deeds, with *fruits* instead of flowers. You will acknowledge with Linnæus, Miss Churchill, that the bitter is often as important as the sweet."

"There, he's gone at last," said I. "Now for a look into the kitchen." One look was enough to set us both screaming and scrambling, and we landed simultaneously on the table. Those horrid crabs were alive, after being boiled; half a dozen of them were meandering about the floor in a sort of one-sided gait anything but graceful; others were picking up their claws as fast as possible from the hot stove, only to put them down again on the same blistering surface; and one, who, like Lot's wife, thought there was plenty of time, had just begun to tilt the pot-lid in a desperate fashion, but it was of no use; he finally succumbed, and we had at least one "blied" crab.

But it would not do to survey this lively scene at a distance. We must get these creatures out of sight before Dick came home; so, armed with tongs and broom, we succeeded in getting them into the dust-pan, and from that into a covered basket with the lid tied down. Well, at any rate, papa would not know how disappointed he ought to be, and we hurried to lay the table in all the glitter of glass and silver, remembering that old Hannah Brown used to say, "When she had not much to eat, she put on all her dishes, it seemed more sociable like."

Dick said it was a pleasant meal to him. "The tea reminded him of the dear old time when we all sang 'Harvest Home' in grandpa's meadow land."

"How so?" asked I, with a gratified smile.

"Because," he replied, "it has such an unmistakable flavor of hay. I should judge that it was a decoction of that pungent commodity."

His mocking words provoked me, but I kept my countenance serene; and, when he passed his cup to be replenished, I slyly put in five lumps of sugar, knowing he detested sweet tea. He tasted it, and astonished papa by asking if lumps of sugar could in any way be considered coals of fire on one's head.

Our evening threatened to be a dull one. Dick had gone to Love's rehearsal, and papa was closeted with a fussy old business friend who hated the sound of a piano. It was club night, and no beaux could be expected; so we betook ourselves to the piazza, and wandered up and down in the moonlight till our gossamer dresses grew damp with the evening dew. Having failed to make Em see anything but cows and dull-eyed owls in the fantastic shapes the leaves took on with the moonbeams peeping through them, and to my eye seemed shining birds of Paradise or Druids at their solemn feasts, I drew her into the house, and begged her to resume the reading of the morning.

"Not I," said she. "I am a different being. I could not get myself up to so grand a level. I have often thought if I were a common housemaid, I would improve my mind, and be something to myself, if I were nothing to anybody else. But I see how it is; I like to read, but I believe my tastes are changing. I am going on a hunt for the cook-book; that breakfast to come hangs like the sword of Damocles over my head."

"Fie, Em, what a rusty old simile! If I ever write a story, that remarkable piece of steel shall be suspended by the sixteenth part of a cobweb over my hero, and, if he don't do all that is expected of him, it shall fall and sever his jugular in twain."

"Angels and ministers of grace defend him!" said Em, crossing herself. "But that will be an end to your story."

"Not at all. It will give some other enterprising young man a fair chance."

But my listener had vanished, and I think she had found the pepper, if not the cook-book, from the succession of sneezes I heard in that direction. I hastened out to ask what the matter was; but she sneezingly bade me depart, which I did, taking the peppery volume from her hand, and telling her "while she was about it, she had better execute all the sneezes left to her natural life."

By the time she returned to the parlor, I had determined on a nice breakfast, for I *could* toast bread, and boil eggs hard if not soft. I told her the result of my investigations, and she agreed with me. It was just the thing, but she advised me not to try muffins, as I had no yeast.

"Yeast!" said I, contemptuously. "If I put all the other ingredients in, you will not miss that."

"But Richard missed the salt from the potato balls."

"Well, what is yeast," asked I, "but a little flour or something in a state of fermentation, and what produces fermentation but a mixing of incongruous particles that show their dislike to each other by spreading themselves as far as they can, consequently pushing their neighbors to one side or over the top? I once heard a

famous lecturer say that Europe called America the repository of all the scum of the earth, and that he himself gloried in the implied stigma, for the fermentation arose from the fact that the self-governing principles in the hearts of the masses could not submit to be king-ruled or priest-ridden, and the little leaven worked and rose, till the upheaval sought space to spread in our own fair land. Hence I shall mix the muffins to-night, and give the component parts time to disagree."

"I don't know," said Em. "If all the imported ignorance we have over here is a specimen of scum in general, I would rather have the sodden, unleavened mass."

I rose the next morning before the larks had begun to dream of day, performed a hasty ablution, and twisted my long, wavy hair into the tightest possible knot; put on a green gingham dress and a long, broad, and brown apron, whose shield-like bib spread itself over my bust, then hastened down to prepare breakfast. Em soon followed, and, seizing the poker, bade Richard quit the field, now he had made the fire for us. He reappeared in about two hours, begging for anything, so that he might have it then.

Luckily the last muffin was baked, and brother expressed himself paid for waiting, the principal dish looked so inviting. I had arranged the toast-bread on a large platter, placed the hashed meat smoking on top of it, and sliced the boiled eggs for garniture, and we did ample justice to it, poor, hungry mortals that we were. I was not so sure about the muffins. They looked all right on the outside, for I had filled the rings, and they baked just as they were, without manifesting any upward tendency, and I begun to suspect there was not as much antagonism between flour, milk, and eggs as I had imagined. Dick broke one, and began, solemnly: "And it came to pass in the days of unleavened bread"—But Em flared up at this, and told him the muffins were made according to the most scientific principles, that we had gone even to the old world for deductions, and had cited the mighty men of the age in support of our theory.

Dick thought perhaps there had been too much brought to bear upon them, or else they fell like heads of wheat, from their own intrinsic merit.

I am not going to tell how that long morning rolled its minutes away, one after the other, faster and faster, gathering momentum as they approached the dinner hour; or how wearied out two patient girls were who sat down to the table that day. But I must tell something about the dinner itself.

Dick helped us all very generously to beef-steak, and then paused. "Really, girls," he said, "this is something new. I have eaten boned turkey, but I never saw any flayed chicken before. I don't believe Delmonico

himself would have thought of that. On the whole, I feel like giving your dinner the toast the Irishman gave his regiment, 'Here's to the glorious 79th, equal to none.'"

Poor, innocent Dick! Of course, he supposed the fowls had been sent ready for the oven as usual; 'twas not so, however. The farmer's wife sent word she was "took sick," and could not "dress" them. Everybody seemed to be "took sick" at a very inconvenient time; and, as for the chickens not being dressed, I think they were dressed altogether too much for the occasion; I'm sure they had on all they ever wore, excepting their heads.

Nothing daunted, Em and I went to work. Of course, we did not know that a hot bath would loosen the feathers, and we gave several unsuccessful tugs at the plumage. "Now," says Em, "for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether." And, well, the feathers came out, and the skin with them. Oh, it was dreadful! The dry feathers flew all about the room, stuck in our hair, and singed themselves on the stove; each particular quill coming out with such a squeak and a groan that Em declared "she never would believe in manifestations again, if the spirit of that hen was not in purgatory." We did not dare to undertake the internal arrangements, so I took the strange-looking birds over to Mrs. Goodman's to see if Ann would not help us.

"To be sure, mem," said she. "Who picked 'em, mem?"

"My cousin and myself," I answered.

"Poor critters, mem!" said she. But I don't know whether she meant us or the fowls.

We had succeeded in making a very nice, delicate pudding for dessert, and Em took a dish of it to a sick girl in the neighborhood, while I put things in order. We had not understood the expansive qualities of milk when at the boiling point, and the kitchen stove was in a deplorable state. Now this stove was Bridget's especial pride, and it always shone like a "glass bottle," as she said, and I knew she kept her blacking always prepared in case an unlucky grease spot should chance to mar its ebony hue. What would she say if she should see it now, I thought? And it would never do to let mother see it either. So I found the blacking, and went to work. 'Tis true that I applied the long-handled brush with more determination than dexterity, but I spared neither strength nor material. The stove was pretty hot, and the inky fluid spluttered and splattered most musically, and I rubbed and brushed, and brushed and rubbed, in a vain attempt to put the polish on.

Just as I was beginning to see a little light in the midst of all this darkness, the door-bell rang. "Oh, dear! misfortunes never come singly," I said to myself. I glanced at the clock; quarter of two, much too early for calls, and there were no trains from anywhere

between the hours of twelve and three. It must be a peddler or that provoking Em herself. I drew off the old gloves that protected my hands, gave my hair a little instinctive brush, and, as I went through the hall, took up the corner of my brown apron, and wiped the perspiration from my heated face, then opened the door. No peddler, that was certain, but a gentleman, exquisite and elegant, from the crown of his glossy beaver to the very tip of his shining patent leathers. He inquired if any of Mr. Churchill's family were in.

"None," I informed him, "but myself; I was their daughter."

A most singular and amused expression shot over his face for an instant, but the glossy beam came off immediately, and he handed me a letter of introduction. Small need of that; I knew only too well that he was brother Henry's particular and elegant friend, Hugh Walsingham. I expected a call from him in about two weeks, but did not think he could possibly get here before that time expired. Henry had insisted that I must not fall in love until I had seen him, and here he was. What a regretful sigh fluttered up to my dressing room, where lay in undisturbed repose that becoming dress, and dainty, ruffled white apron I meant to don when a bit of enamelled card-board engraved with that magic name should come to my room. I welcomed him with what grace I could, and inquired, with the air of a queen, who had all her subjects at command, if he had dined. "He had, at the hotel," he said.

"Thank heaven!" I inwardly ejaculated.

I did not know how I could apologize for my dress, so soiled and crumpled, for, though I knew my visitor was Northern by birth and in principle, he was decidedly Southern in taste and education, and could hardly be brought to believe that a *lady* could degrade herself by work in the kitchen. He was travelling abroad with his invalid mother during the war, and had only just returned, so that he did not realize the change that had come over the dark eyed daughters of Dixie. However, my brother was a subject of mutual interest, and we glided easily into conversation, going from one topic to another, till we were quite acquainted. Of course, I made great exertions to be agreeable enough to do away with any impression my dress might have made upon him. There was at last a slight pause in the conversation, and he said:—

"I beg you will excuse me, but you have blacked your face a little in some way."

"Have I?" said I, carelessly, taking out my handkerchief and wiping my cheek, and seeing the linen had received a stain, supposed it removed from my face.

Mr. Walsingham turned suddenly to look out of the window, and spoke of the view as being quite pleasant. I inquired about the scenery he had witnessed in his travels, and he replied

to me in a most entertaining way, describing very vividly what he had most admired in the old world. How I enjoyed the call! If I had only looked my prettiest, I'm sure I should have made a conquest. He seemed pleased with me as it was, laughing so readily and heartily when I said anything at all witty, and smiling so winningly every time his eye met mine. He was not what I would call handsome, but he had very good features, dazzling teeth, and the merriest laughing eyes I ever saw. He rose to go at last, saying he should do himself the pleasure of calling again when brother Henry returned, if I would permit him. I assured him that Harry's heart was set on having a long visit from him, and papa and mother would be equally pleased.

"And yourself, Miss Churchill, may I hope you will give me as hearty a welcome?"

"Oh, certainly," I replied; "my brother's friends are mine. I hope you will not find me in such a plight when you come again, though I am sure your feelings are not influenced by so trivial a matter as one's outward adorning."

"Thank you for your good opinion, but I fear I shall have to confess that I think a proper attention to the minutiae of dress gives charm and zest 'to the small sweet courtesies of life.'"

I was conscious of blushing deeply as he took my hand a moment at parting, and said: "If you have any occasion to remember this conversation, Miss Churchill, please remember that I said that a highly cultivated mind, and a sweetly-pleasing manner, have far greater attractions for me than any grace or beauty of person. And good-by till we meet again."

I drew a long breath of relief as I went out to the dining-room. I heard Em rattling things about in the kitchen, so I called out to her:—

"O Em," said I, "Hugh Walsingham, 'that glorious old Hugh,' as Harry calls him, has been here; he is perfectly delightful. I'm sure you would have been charmed. I wish you could have seen him."

"If you were very anxious about it, why did you not call me?" said Em, coming into the room where I sat.

"Because you were such a fright. I did not want him to think papa kept a menagerie."

She looked at me a moment in open-mouthed astonishment; then burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, breaking forth with a fresh peal at everything I said. I began to think my talent for wit was suddenly developed, or else this afternoon had brought me more than ordinary appreciation. How that girl did laugh! I really thought she had gone demented, and I told her if she did not stop, I would go for Doctor Hamilton. She tried to gasp out something that I could not understand. She was evidently past speaking, but she signified by a sort of frantic movement that I was to look in the glass. I looked, and what a sight was

there, "my countrymen!" Mr. W. said I had blacked my face a little. Indeed, I should think I had. I was hideous to behold. The tattooed queen of the Cannibal Islands could not have looked worse. The tip of my nose was entirely blackened, forming an opaque centre, from which, so to speak, the rays of darkness diverged toward the ears. This same nasal organ was marked across its bridge with a jagged line that set both eyes askint. My chin formed the nucleus of a comet, whose dusky train swept its erratic course half round my throat; while on my snowy brow seemed emblazoned all my secret sins in characters too broad and deep for any phylactery ever to conceal! My visitor must have thought I was some grotesquely painted goddess, strayed from the Hindoo jungle; or that my fertile brain had conjured up some weird, mysterious, fantasy, whose cabalistic meaning was symbolized upon my face! How every smile must have seemed a grimace; every artless, engaging way like the trick of a trained monkey! I remembered wiping my face on my apron before I opened the door. Yes, there was the cause of my disfigurement. That unlucky breadth of calico was covered with an infinitesimal spatter of stove polish, or, at least, that part of the smutty substance that had not adhered to my visage. If I had been a man, I should have broken seventeen commandments at one smash, but as it was, I sat down and helped Em laugh, and the peals of merriment that issued from that room would have made a cynic hold his sides from sympathy. We laughed, and cried, and went through a regular course of hysterics, before I could rouse myself to action. Then, armed with a scrubbing brush and a quart of soft soap, I proceeded to the bath-room. When I came out, I might have been red, but I certainly was not black. Em, herself, acknowledged that I outshone "our biled crab."

Was I not glad to see my mother when she came home? I had registered a secret vow that if I lived till she came, I would learn to keep house or die in the attempt.

That evening when we were enjoying our quiet home chat, Doctor Hamilton came in, and by way of entertainment, Dick began to tell him and mother about our blunders, in a most amusing way. He did enjoy any such thing so much that I said to Em:—

"Do tell them, coz, how things went on behind the scenes, and Dick, do not feel at all delicate about laughing all you wish to."

So Em told them all that had occurred, in a most ludicrous and graphic style. When she got to the chapter on crabs, I could not keep still, but must cry out:—

"Oh, mother, we were going to cook the poor creatures alive. We supposed they had been already killed."

Doctor and Dick fairly yelled. They had

both been in the army, and thought they knew everything about cooking.

"It was all right to put them in alive," said mother, "but you should have put them in scalding water; of course, they were not going to submit to slow torture; so as the water grew gradually warm, they very sensibly crawled out."

Em went on with the recital, not sparing Dick, who lay on the sofa in perfect paroxysms of laughter, till, when describing my attempts at fascinating the distinguished stranger, she said, "You know, Dick, she would rather be the unfinished picture, to be retouched and beautified by his hand, than be a whole gallery of paintings that had not received the imprint of his genius." Then mother begged her to desist, for poor Dick was actually writhing in convulsions, and the rest were dangerously near to it. Em and I were the only sedate ones of the party. The collected wit of the universe, condensed into one titillating sentence, would not have brought the ghost of a smile to our faces; the reaction was too great.

When brother Henry returned, Mr. Walsingham came with him, and spent the bright autumn days with us, and I don't exactly know how it all came about, whether he found I was not so black as I was painted, or whether, after patient winnowing, he found the little golden kernel lodged somewhere in my nature, but *this* I know: last night, under the shadowing roof-tree, I gave him the little bit of a kiss that sealed me *his betrothed*.

MY HEART, MY HEART IS AWEARY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. HEINE.

My heart, my heart is aweary,
Though the bright May day is so still;
I sit in the shade of the linden,
High on the ancient hill.

Beneath, the moat's blue waters
Are calmly flowing away;
A boy in a tiny boat is angling,
And whistling a merry lay.

Beyond is a mellow landscape,
Misty and rainbow hued;
Mansions and gardens and people,
Cattle and meadows and wood.

Some maidens are bleaching linen—
Through the fragrant clover they come;
The mill-wheel is scattering diamonds,
I can tell by the musical hum.

Close to the moss-grown tower
Stands the sentry-box, ancient and gray;
A sentinel, crimson-coated, is passing,
As he paces there, day after day.

He toys with a bright new rifle,
That gleams in the sunbeams red;
Presents arms—takes aim—then fires!
Ah! would he had shot me dead.

FALLING IN LOVE.

NOVELISTS are accountable for the inculcation of not a few follies of thought and sentiment; and with novelists we would bracket poets, who, indeed, are even more extreme in teaching the absolute supremacy of sentiment over self-control, and the beauty lying in the sublimities of unpractical romance rather than in the commonplace levels of reason and common sense. And in nothing do they inculcate more the impossibility of human nature to attain to real moral restraint, and the necessity it has for giving way to sentimental fancies and instinctive passions, than in the manner of falling in love. Assuredly Love is the best, the dearest, the purest thing on earth—that which gives the most happiness, that which inspires the noblest deeds; but that love is worthiest which is wisest and most unselfish, and which gives the lover a moral standard up to which to live and be worthy of. Yet this is not the love which writers for the most part idealize. They never rank the affections before the passions, and morality is by no means so great a thing in their hands as self-indulgence and the exercise of an unbridled will. If there is an unwise *affaire*, out of which any one who had reason enough wherewith to control inclination would keep himself or herself with most careful diligence, they make their heroes and heroines rush into it as irresistibly as Edgar Poe's ship went down into his fabled Maelstrom—as certainly as Sinbad's vessel flew all to pieces on the loadstone rock; and when they also have broken themselves to pieces—when they have wilfully dashed themselves against the rocks, and have not a whole spar saved out of the shipwreck they have made of their own happiness, then they cry out against the unyielding nature of rocks, and the destructive powers of the Maelstrom; they fall foul of the social law against the might of which they have measured their own, and expect that others shall sympathize with their broken lives and bleeding hearts, and pity the woe to which they have piloted themselves. Yet the shipwreck they have made was patent to the whole world as inevitable. They were urged, advised, entreated to beware, to refrain, to steer quite another course; the shoals and reefs on which they were drifting with such insane persistency were pointed out to them, the places where others had made shipwreck before them carefully noted down, but it was all of no avail; they were in love, and that was answer sufficient why he should marry an artful, scheming, and untrustworthy woman—why she should give herself to a man bankrupt in purse and in name, and whose solitary merit was a handsome face or a fascinating manner.

They were in love, and what can you expect? indeed, what could they do, given this condition? For it is always assumed that falling in

love is a thing quite out of one's own control, and that once in that state all else must be given up to it. It is never supposed for a moment that people can prevent themselves from falling in love, and that it is their duty to so prevent themselves from the very beginning, if their love should be unwise, or lead to disastrous results—not to speak of wicked ones. Love is assumed to be the lord of all, and the soul must capitulate at once, without striking a blow, or offering the shadow of a defence. Elective affinities and the realization of ideals on the one hand, discord of nature and disillusionment on the other, are sufficient excuses to those sentimental ladies and gentlemen who write love stories, even when they make them turn on the neglect of such a homely, old-fashioned old code as is to be found in the ten commandments; but when they have to deal with the love affair of two young people, which is simply foolish and not criminal, then un wisdom sinks into nothing in proportion to the immense, the irresistible power of the impulse, and the majesty of love is vindicated, though reason and wisdom go discredited. If Jules and Juliette rush into eternity by means of charcoal, and because of the obduracy of parents who see a little clearer than they, and who know that Jules, accustomed to all the luxuries of a *jeunesse dorée*, is not likely to make Juliette happy on a thousand dollars a year, which is all that the little pleasures of foreign travel have left him out of his inheritance—if William and Mary get married secretly, and in defiance of paternal advice and maternal bugbears of a more detailed kind, and live in a garret with love, poverty, and squalling children as their portion, the love for which these poor idiots have braved death and misery is quoted as sublime; and the poet and the novelist idealize the folly with which the satirists were the best men to deal. Yet that suicide of the one was quite unnecessary. After a few *sacres* on Jules's part, and a great many tears on Juliette's, each would have fallen in with the plans of their respective parents. He, with his ruined fortunes, would have married some good made-moiselle who had enough for both, and he would have made her tolerably happy, and perhaps happier than he would have made Juliette. For his character is a little difficult, according to the idiom; he is not innocent of jealousy, nor yet of suspicion; and in all probability he would have translated for the future benefit of his too impulsive, too confiding little wife Brabantio's celebrated axiom to Othello, and have reminded her more than once that the woman who had deceived her father would more than probably deceive her husband after; and so the miserable round of wrong would be played out, as it generally is in such cases. As for Juliette, she would have been given to a *gros bonhomme* who would have loved her and been tender of her, and she would have had

children who would have satisfied her soul and rendered her life blessed and busy ; and in time the two lovers could have met quite tranquilly together—these two who had been so passionately attached that nothing but charcoal and eternity could satisfy them—and, after the hesitation of a moment, would have exchanged confidences and hand-shakes, and been rational, calm, and pleasant friends. Without doubt, too, Jules would have said below his breath, “How fat she has grown !” and Juliette would have laughed and sighed together as she whispered to her *gros bonhomme*, “How bald this poor Jules has become !” and both would have thought fate might perhaps have dealt with them more cruelly than in keeping them apart. But no ! they saw nothing of all this, believed in no future, no healing, no calm. In their angry despair there was nothing left them but a *chauffrette* and closed windows, and death in each other's arms as their apotheosis of love and constancy. The same with William and Mary. He would have gone out to California, where he would have worked off much superfluous energy of sorrow in the bush or maybe at the mines. He would have thought a great deal about Mary, and he would have determined in his own mind to be faithful unto death, and beyond ; while Mary would have first fretted, then taken to district visiting—perhaps she would have become a Sister for the time—and finally would have married Mr. Heavyside, who had loved her all along, and who had a balance at his banker's which made matrimony possible. And then, when William had seen the marriage quoted in the California papers, he would have settled down on his own account, and have made the barren wilderness of his life a blooming garden before it was too late. But what young person will ever believe that love is not the sole thing in life worth living for, and that, when once this is taken from them in its perfectness, there is aught left to fill its place ? No philanthropy, no home duties, no intellectual advancement, no compensation of small pleasures and tender affections ; there is nothing for them, according to their philosophy ; and so they throw away what they might have had of joy and serenity, and go in for the doctrine of all or none ; all, with future misery as certain as annihilation. And fiction writers and poets bolster up this foolish creed with their more foolish praises, and lead still more astray those whom youth and ignorance, and the undisciplined force of the passions, have already set face foremost towards the wrong point.

It is very delicious to fall in love ; quite as delicious for the fiftieth time as the second. We omit the first, which is the prime time of all, the one unapproachable and ineffable. But, save this, one falling in love is very much the same as another, and all are, as we said, delicious. So are many other things, yet in

which we may not indulge ourselves. But we do not cry out against the hardship which forbids us to eat fruit because it does not agree with us, which denies us a carriage, a horse, fine pictures, choice wines, because we cannot afford them. The man or woman who wept and took all other things askew because these did not lie straight to his or her desires, would be held a mere sensualist, whose sorrows no one would commiserate. But it is quite another thing when it comes to falling in love, which is, however, as manageable a want in the beginning as the desire for money and money's worth ; and the denial of which, if folks would but control the first issues of the soul, ought to be as bearable as the denial of sweets and fruits because of that unaccommodating digestion of yours. This sounds high treason in the ears of the young and romantic, but we, the “hoary old” and the experienced, know how incontestable its truth. In our complicated state of society, there is so much more than that sympathy and fitness of feeling, which we call love, to be considered in a marriage. We are not savages to be content with a few blankets hung on poles, and the produce of our own spear and fish hook ; nor cottiers to whom four mud walls, a patch of potatoes, and if we are very ambitious, a side of bacon would be all the wealth we could desire ; but the children of a fastidious, eager, seeking generation, who want many things to make life easy, and to whom love is only one of the many. This is just the kernel of the case. Love is only one of many things absolutely necessary to happiness, decency, and self-respect. Grant that you get none of these three conditions in a marriage made without love ; grant that fully ; yet neither would love alone of necessity include them. They are dependent on many matters—fruits hanging from various trees ; and those who choose to throw aside every other consideration for the mere sake of love, and that love a foolish one, will find themselves in the end stripped of the happiness they have grasped so blindly—of the decency which comes from a life in harmony with the times—of the self-respect which is the product of self-control and dutiful obedience to the higher law of a wise and necessary renunciation.

WHEN our hatred is violent, it sinks us even beneath those we hate.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

GOLD is the fool's curtain, which hides all his defects from the world.—*Feltbam*.

ORDER is a lovely nymph, the child of Beauty and Wisdom ; her attendants are Comfort, Neatness, and Activity ; her abode is the Valley of Happiness. She is always to be found when sought for, and never appears so lovely as when contrasted with her opponent—Disorder.—*Johnson*.

MAXWELL ALLEN'S NEW-YEAR'S CALLS.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"If this is your first New-Year's Day in W——, you must make calls with me. We are near enough to New York to conform to that custom."

"Thank you. This is not my first year in W——. I was here some years ago, and was about to inquire of you about a family in which I felt some interest."

"Yes? Whose may that be? I believe I know most of our old residents."

"They are not old residents, having moved here from New York about seven years ago. The name is Barclay." An innocent sounding name enough, but spoken with a difficulty that rather surprised the hearer.

"Barclay! I don't seem to remember," he said, musingly. "Oh, yes, yes! The father failed in business, did he not?"

"I believe he did."

"He came here, as you say, about seven years ago with his wife and two children, little girls then, the eldest one a cripple."

"I did not know the family."

"Very sad affair. The child was injured by the fall of a piece of furniture when the family moved from New York. It was said that an operation could have been performed, and a peculiar form of treatment for the spine undertaken; but the expense was too great to be incurred at the time, and she became a cripple for life. She is very patient, I have heard, and able to assist her mother in her sewing and such work as does not require her to move about much."

"Do you call there?"

"Well, to tell the truth, Mrs. Barclay is not—not—I mean does not receive callers. Since her husband died"—

"Dead!"

"Oh, yes! He died four or five years ago, and left them very poor. They say his partner embezzled funds, and caused his failure; be that as it may, the family was left almost destitute. Mrs. Barclay learned dressmaking; Clara, the crippled daughter, who is quite a young lady now, assists her; and Louie, the other little girl, is still at school."

"Do you know how old the daughters are?"

"Clara must be eighteen or nineteen, Louie about thirteen."

"And they are very poor?"

"Well, you know, Max, dressmaking in a town as small as W—— will hardly support three people in luxury."

"True, true. You think the daughter is incurable?"

"I do not know that. There was some talk of sending her to a hospital; but her mother thought her too sensitive and delicate to be re-

moved from her own care, and the idea was abandoned. To be frank with you, all I know of them at all is mere gossip. Mrs. Barclay is my mother's dressmaker, and she chats with my sisters about the family."

"Where do they live?"

"231 Elm Street. But, come, if we make calls to-day, it is time we were moving."

"Pray excuse me. I am not acquainted here, and my stay will probably be but a short one."

"I should be glad to introduce you."

"You are very kind, but I must decline your offer. Do not let me detain you now, but come in and see me to-morrow."

"Well, if you will excuse me"—and with a few more words of parting the gentlemen separated; Maxwell Allen to shut himself in his room at the hotel, Walter Putnam to speed homeward to dress for New Year's calls.

The latter-named gentleman need only be introduced as a young lawyer who had just returned from a business trip to San Francisco, and his introduction of his companion to his family will suffice for mine, for the present, to my readers. He described him as "A first-rate fellow I met in San Francisco, clerk in a dry-goods house, and now buying goods in New York. I do not know his business in W——; but he says he will be here for a week, probably, and will remain in New York for several months, settling some business for the firm employing him. We came home on the same steamer, and I like him, though he is the most reserved man about his own affairs I ever met."

The comment of Miss Caroline Putnam was: "He is not handsome, but has a good face. I know he is honorable by his expression."

"And very gentlemanly," was Miss Ida's rejoinder.

"Honorable!" That was the verdict.

Pacing up and down the room he called his own in the hotel, muttering between his set teeth, the gentleman's thoughts ran in this wise: "How can I ever atone? Poor, crippled, suffering! Oh! how can I repair this hideous wrong? I have no money, only a salary sufficient for mere living; no influence; not even a physician's knowledge to offer to the child. O Heavenly Father, if the sins of the father are visited upon the children, forgive and pity me! Show me how to atone for this misery!" Suddenly (some thought seemed to strike him as a relief, for his face brightened a little, and he ceased his monotonous walk. "I can do that," he said, in a low tone. "It will serve for an introduction at any rate. I will call at once."

Leaving him to carry out his idea, we will look in upon the inmates of 231 Elm Street.

It was New-Year's Day, and the hour when fashionable saloons were filling with guests, but there was no sign of preparation for callers

in Mrs. Barclay's sitting-room. The widow herself was stitching on a heavy silk dress, and Louie, at her feet, was ripping up an old garment for alteration. A commonplace group, merely a middle-aged lady and little girl sewing, but looking in the window-seat a different impression was given. At first glance one might easily have fancied the winter sunshine falling upon an angel, rising from the clouds, so exquisite was the fair face seen above a creamy froth of soft white lace. It was Clara Barclay, finishing a bridal dress of tulle and lace. Her small figure was completely lost in the mass of snowy material, for the bride elect was very tall, and the dress was carefully gathered into the invalid's great arm-chair to preserve it from contact with the floor. The face delicately lovely, with short golden curls, violet eyes, and exquisitely moulded features; the small white hands and above all the expression of patience and sweetness, all seemed removed from the mere everyday atmosphere of dressmaking; but, after all, poetry aside, it was merely a lame girl sewing for her daily bread.

"New-Year's Day," said Louie, tugging at a refractory thread in her ripping. "I wonder if Mrs. James is wearing that pearl silk she was in such a hurry for?"

"Probably. Mrs. James will have a full drawing-room by this time, no doubt," said Mrs. Barclay, a vision of her own well-filled saloons of former years flitting for a moment before her eyes.

"It won't take long to count our callers," said Louie, "and our presents consist of one Dutch cake, left by the baker, and my 'reward of merit' book from school."

"Some one is ringing, Louie," said Clara. "If it is Miss Lewis' girl for this dress, tell her it will be finished in about an hour."

Both Mrs. Barclay and Clara looked up in surprise, however, when Louie returned, followed by a gentleman, whose face was strange to them.

"I trust I am not intruding," he said, courteously. "I called upon business, and my time being limited must be my excuse for selecting a holiday."

"Pray be seated. We hardly recognize holidays here," said Mrs. Barclay.

"I am travelling in the interest of Wells & Co.," said the gentleman, "and am in search of a lady who will undertake quite a responsible position for them. Our ready-made dress, cloak, and suit department is but just opened, and we need a competent practical dressmaker to take charge of it. The duties are not very heavy, but there is a responsibility. What we need is a superintendent, who will order and control the work, select patterns, give out material, and keep the operators in order. She will have no actual work to perform, only the arrangement of work for others. In offering

the position to you, Mrs. Barclay, I can also undertake to have a suitable residence in readiness for you upon your arrival in San Francisco."

"Offering it to me!" said Mrs. Barclay.

"Of course you will require time to consider the proposal and some credentials. I can refer you to the legal advisers of our firm in New York, who will tell you that I am authorized to make all these arrangements as my own judgment suggests. Allow me to say that the situation will be guaranteed for one year; and, if at that time you wish to leave us, you will command far better prices for private dressmaking in San Francisco than you can here."

"May I inquire the salary?"

The salary! Mrs. Barclay could scarcely believe her ears when her visitor named a sum more than treble the amount of her present hard-earned income, and Louie could not restrain a shout.

"O mamma! What a lot of money! And Clara could have the sea-voyage the doctor says will do her so much good."

Clara's glad eyes, turned fondly to her mother's face, were as eloquent as her sister's words, and Mrs. Barclay at once accepted the offer, conditional upon the answer to her letter to the lawyers mentioned. A long conversation followed, of a strictly business character at first, but gradually becoming more personal.

"You will have to see me very often when I return to California," said the gentleman. "I shall be detained here until May or June; but I will write at once about your house, and hope to find you comfortably at home when I call upon you in San Francisco. I must say good-morning now, but I will call for your final decision on this day week. My card will be sufficient introduction to the lawyer I spoke of," and a courteous bow finished the leave-taking.

"What is his name, mother?" said Clara, as the door closed upon the visitor.

"Maxwell Allen."

"Allen!" cried Clara.

"It is a very common name," said Mrs. Barclay. "This is a young man, you see, and a clerk, too. His sons do not need to work for a living, if he has a family."

"Don't you know, mother?"

"I never saw Godfrey Allen in my life, although he was your father's partner. After he absconded with the money raised in the name of the firm, and left us ruined, we heard once that he was in Europe, once that he had gone to Australia. Either may be true. He was a man older than your father, a widower, but I do not know if he had children. Wherever he is, he is probably wealthy, as he turned everything he could control in the business into money and escaped with a large sum. So this cannot be his son."

But it was no other than the son of the man

who had robbed his partner, who was trying to atone for the sin so committed. Maxwell Allen was a man of nearly thirty years of age when he learned how his father's wealth had been acquired. A studious boy, a youth at college, a young man sent abroad to finish his education in Germany, he had no knowledge of business, and accepted, without question, the plans his father offered him. He had been travelling in Norway when his father joined him and accompanied him on an extended trip into Russia; from there to the Holy Land, restlessly roving from spot to spot till finally he returned to America, and settled in California.

Accident had revealed to the young man the cause of his parent's restless movements, the subsequent safety from legal proceedings, and the source of the wealth now growing in his hands. Argument failed to induce the unscrupulous avaricious man to refund any of the money so wrongly won, and Maxwell refused to live upon it. High words followed, and the petted student went from his father's house to seek a living, to be earned *honestly*. At the time of his interview with Mrs. Barclay, he had been for three years clerk for Wells & Co., ignorant of the fact, however, that his father's mercantile influence had really gained him the opening there.

Living in the same city, estranged in heart, with the secret unsuspected by all others between themselves, the father and son only occasionally met, and then with only the surface civilities of mere acquaintances. It was therefore no matter of regret, though one of some surprise, when Maxwell returned to California to find his father had retired from business during his absence, and again gone to Europe. He had hoped to bring him into intercourse with the widow and fatherless he had wronged, but, disappointed in that, he was only more firmly resolved to himself atone by every means in his power for his father's crime.

The most surprising change in Clara was the first comfort and reward given for his efforts. The sea voyage and the medical skill now easily obtained for her, the rest from trying work, and gentle exercise for which she now found time, were working wonders for the cripple. From the lovely face the pallor of suffering was fast vanishing, the little figure was slowly coming into the erect bearing it had worn before her accident, and every day limp and stoop were becoming less painfully apparent.

While the body was thus recovering, the mind was not idle. For the first time since her father's failure, Clara Barclay had time and opportunity for study. Music became a passion, now that the tinkling old piano she had kept up her childish practice upon was replaced by a fine instrument, and she could afford some good instruction. Life seemed to

her just opening and Maxwell Allen the hero who had unfolded the portals to release her from toil and pain.

And what was she to him? At first an object of keen pity, to awaken a remorse and grief that were almost unbearable; then the living proof that his efforts to atone were not in vain; later, the dearest hope of his lonely life. Could he win her for his wife, then, indeed, he could give his whole life to the woman his father had beggared. Every year his salary would increase, and he could bring comforts around them, while the devotion of a husband to the cripple would be not only his duty, but his happiness. Impetuous always, in spite of his grave face and reserved manner, he laid his proposals before Clara, and was refused.

"You think you love me," she said, gently; "but you pity me more. I will never consent to burden your whole life with a crippled wife."

In vain he tried to move her. In vain he gained an advocate in her mother. She was resolute in her rejection of his suit, and because she loved him utterly and unselfishly, see would not be his wife.

Finding her immovable, he took such measures as secured Mrs. Barclay's position, and accepted an offer from the firm to go to Paris for business purposes.

"Five years since I was in New York, and here I am again, on New-Year's Day, too."

"Five years ago to-day we were in W—— together, and surprised enough I was to see your name on the list of hotel arrivals," was the reply of Walter Putnam to Maxwell Allen's remark. "You refused then to make calls with me. Come to-day."

"But I know no one."

"Never mind. I can introduce you. That is the privilege of the day. And by-the-by, do you remember the Barclays? You asked me about them when we were in W——."

"I remember."

"They left there soon after and went to California. Last winter they returned to New York, and are now living on Fifth Avenue, keep their own carriage, and have renewed the old friendships of Mr. Barclay's prosperous days."

"Married rich?"

"Not at all. Some property lost in the failure and now recovered, so rumor says. Be that as it may, they are in their proper position. Clara is much admired, and Louie made her entrance into society in a Christmas party last week, that was one of the most brilliant gatherings of the season."

"Do you call there to-day?"

"Certainly."

"I will go there with you and renew my acquaintance with Mrs. Barclay."

The drawing-room was crowded with guests

when the gentlemen entered, but Maxwell Allen saw but one face. Seeing her gracefully moving here and there, radiant in beauty, it was hard to believe Clara Barclay had ever been crippled. Small in form, slender in proportion, she was still rather *spirituelle*, but there was no trace of deformity or lameness left. She was the centre of a gay group when she saw Maxwell Allen standing in the doorway, looking earnestly upon her. Before he could realize that she had recognized him, she was beside him.

"Not here," she said, before he spoke; "come into the library," and she led the way.

Once alone, she came and stood before him, her face raised to meet his gaze. One look into his loving eyes sufficed her.

"Maxwell," she said, "I am well. See, all my lameness is gone. Oh, my own, you love me still?"

"Love you? When have I ceased to love you? But you are an heiress now, Clara. I am but a poor clerk still."

"Ah, Maxwell, we know your secret. When the news first came that Godfrey Allen was dead, and his son had resigned all claim to the estate, and by deed of gift restored to us our father's property, we little guessed who that son was. But one letter in a mass of legal documents betrayed you."

"Will you then forgive my father?"

"Hush, dearest. Surely, all the past is forgiven. I have been to Europe, Max, and found health there. Always seeking that for your sake, now you will forget the past, for your little wife will not be a cripple."

"Do you know, Clara, where and when I made my last New Year's call?"

"No, tell me."

"In W——, five years ago."

IN MEMORIAM.

BY L. S. C.

STEP softly! breathe lightly! the baby is sleeping,
One dimpled hand 'neath the coverlid peeping,
One snowy arm on the soft pillow lying:
Dream-pouted lips, with the budded rose vying;
Warm glowing cheeks, where an angel's kiss lingers;
Bright golden tresses and peach-tinted fingers;
Eyelids closed lightly and fair open brow—
Hush! she is slumbering, disturb her not now.
Step softly! breathe lightly! the baby is sleeping,
The mother beside it her love watch is keeping.
Step softly! breathe lightly! the great Lord hath spoken:
The slight silken chain of our babe's life is broken.
The marble-like hands are in purity crossed,
And over our darling death's delicate frost;
The white rose-buds cling to the motionless breast,
Peace, peace to the soul, to the sweet body rest.
We'll lay the fair form on a pillow of flowers—
And handle it gently: 'tis all that is ours.
Step softly! breathe lightly! though she is *not* sleeping,
Around and above us her love watch she's keeping.

ACTING PROVERB.

"ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."*

Characters.

CAPTAIN DASH.
MAJOR RAMBOD.
POLICEMAN.
MRS. SPOONY.
MISS CLORINDA SPOONY.
MISS MINERVA TWIG.

SCENE, MARGATE.—*A Drawing-Room in Margate. Tea-Table set out.* MISS MINERVA, CLORINDA, CAPTAIN DASH.

Minerva. Well! tea-time, and no sister Spoony! Very odd, to be sure. My poor sister is addicted to spasms in the heart, and I really must go and see how she is. Excuse me, Captain Dash; I dare say Clorinda will manage to amuse you during my absence.

[*Exit MINERVA.*]

Captain Dash. Amuse me! aw! how little your worthy aunt is aware, adored Clorinda—

Clorinda. Hush, Eustace! have you yet to learn how terrible may be the wrath of a jealous, an incensed parent? My sire! oh! should he suspect—

Captain Dash. Take courage, lovely being. Aw! if your papaw should be fly—take the alarm, I mean—his anger could not be so vewy tewwible, after all.

Clorinda. Eustace, you know him not. He is a stern spirit—an austere man.

Captain Dash. (*Aside.*) An oysterman! and deals in spirits, too. The old chap must be a kind of fishmonger. (*Aloud.*) Be brave, charming girl; nothing dweadful shall happen. Eustace Dash will pwotect you with his life. Aw! positively now—

Clorinda. My own noble, heroic Eustace! Yet my sire is harsh. He will return on Saturday next by the boat from London. The "Red Rover" will waft him to these shores, so writes he to my mamma.

Captain Dash. (*Aside.*) Saturday! oh! Short notice, 'pon my life. Then I must make hay while the sun shines—walk my chalks.

Clorinda. Eustace! my Eustace! ravest thou? Thou speakest of chalks!

Captain Dash. (*Confusedly.*) The—the cliffs! Yes, 'pon honor, the chalk cliffs. I was—I was thinking how nice a picnic would be—

Clorinda. (*Eagerly.*) Oh, delightful. When the waning moon—here 's aunt!

* Proverbs are acted exactly in the same manner as charades. As the name implies, the play is founded on a proverb, which, after two or three scenes, is left for the audience to guess; but, unlike the case for charades, one scene usually suffices to indicate the proverb. Nevertheless, for the sake of effect, and also to prolong the amusement, two or more scenes are given. A great deal naturally depends upon the quality of the acting. If this be indifferent, the amusement is sure to flag; in which case, of course, the effect of the proverb is marred.

Enter MINERVA and MRS. SPOONY.

Mrs. Spoony. Good evening, captain. I envied you all your nice cool walk on the pier. I saw you with the telescope.

Captain Dash. Good evening, dear Missus. No—Maddymoiselle, I mean.

Mrs. Spoony. (*Simpering.*) You flatter me, Captain Dash; I'm not a mademoiselle.

Captain Dash. Aw—really! re-ally, that's too bad. He! he! he! But the ladies always are so smart.

Minerva. Captain Dash is a critic of severe discernment; yet it must be owned that at Margate our sex are, perhaps, too fond of exuberant adornment, which in dress produce the effect—

Captain Dash. Oh, dwess—I believe you! One sees some dwesses down on the pier that are the cheese, rather.

Minerva. Do you take sugar, Captain Dash? Perhaps you would be kind enough to hand me the sugar-basin.

Captain Dash. Sweets to the sweet, eh? Aw! now!

Mrs. Spoony. You army gentlemen are so gallant.

Clorinda. Oh, mamma, don't you love a soldier?

Mrs. Spoony. I, my dear? What a question! It's lucky your papa's not here.

Minerva. It is interesting to the philosophic mind to remark how supply creates demand. This Chinese herb, for example—

Captain Dash. Shall we stwoll down to the waffle to-night, aw?

Minerva. This humble Chinese herb—

Captain Dash. It's such fun—the wheel of fortune—all pwizes and no blanks. Two-pence more, and up goes the donkey.

Mrs. Spoony. You military gentlemen are such wicked wits.

Minerva. This Chinese herb—

Clorinda. (*Aside, to CAPTAIN DASH.*) How enchanting! And I hope that, if we do go, a certain person will draw for me as he did last night; for even the trifling prize of three cakes of brown Windsor soap, gained by his dear hand, outweighed coronets and diamonds to his own Clorinda.

Minerva. This Chinese herb—but I lose the thread of my ideas. You have been in China, Captain Dash?

Captain Dash. Aw—yes, yes, to be sure. Ours was out there ever so long, and, aw, peppered the pigtails pwetty handsomely. We were under Commissioner Lin; queer chap, Lin.

Minerva. I understand Commissioner Lin to be a mandarin of China.

Captain Dash. (*Laughing.*) Ah—yes. Bless me, how stupid I am. I meant we were after Lin, of course; chevied him out of the town of Souchong, and captured two yards of his pig-tail, 'pon honor, at the battle of Howqua.

Captain Hyson and Captain Twining commanded our fellows.

Clorinda. How thrilling! to hear battles spoken of by those who bravely took a part in those daring deeds! Were you in India, captain?

Captain Dash. India! aw—that's the ticket. I beg your pardon, ladies; it's an expression I picked up in Jamaica.

Minerva. Jamaica! We were speaking of India, surely—not of the West Indies.

Captain Dash. Yes, to be sure—India. Ah! it's such a place for shawls.

Mrs. Spoony. What, real Cashmeres? and are they cheap?

Captain Dash. Oh, for nothing—nothing at all, when you know how to set about it. And such a lot of India pickles, too—hot and all hot. And the people—just like the blackamoors that sweep the crossings in London, 'pon my word.

Clorinda. How graphic! I seem to see before me the sultry splendors of that torrid clime.

Minerva. (*Playfully.*) Did you shake the rupee-tree, Captain?

Captain Dash. Oh, yes, I should hope so. Ruby-tree—I believe you. Rubies, and diamonds, and—cornelian-stones, and real pearls, all to be had for the gathering. But our regiment was in such a hurry when we passed the place where the twee gwew, there was hardly time to shake it.

Mrs. Spoony. I wish I'd been there, to have a chance.

Minerva. Which is your regiment, by the by, Captain Dash? I looked through the army-list, but I didn't see your name anywhere.

Clorinda. (*Archly.*) I guess—the Blue Horse Guards.

Captain Dash. Those army-lists are shameful, 'pon my word, too bad—all government interest, you know. (*Mysteriously.*) My family are regular liberal conservatives—opposition, 'pon my life!

Minerva. But your regiment.

Captain Dash. The wives! The wife brigade! I've, aw! been in the wives ever such a time!

Clorinda. The rifles, with their sweet pretty uniform! So cool and green, too!

Captain Dash. (*Laughs.*) None so gween, perhaps! Cool, may be, but fine wegiment—famous wegiment!

Minerva. Is yours the first battalion of the rifles?

Captain Dash. No—no; not the first. Second battalion—second battalion, to be sure.

Minerva. Why, that's Major Ramrod's battalion—one of our oldest friends!

Captain Dash. Bwother officer—dear fwiend—deuced intimate, Ramrod and I.

Clorinda. Two such perfect soldiers!

Mrs. Spoony. Why, sister, there's Major

Ramrod passing the window this minute. (*Calls.*) Major! Major!

Minerva. The dear man! Run, Clorinda, and open the door. Come and meet him, sister Spoony.

[*Exit* MINERVA, CLORINDA, and MRS. SPOONY.]

Captain Dash. I must get what I can before all's blown, and the gallant capting bowled out. (*Pockets the teaspoons.*) These spoons are silver, anyhow; not shabby electrotype impositions. Could I bag the tea-pot?

Re-enter MINERVA.

Minerva. What joke is that about the tea-pot?

Captain Dash. Oh, nothing; only admiring the bird upon it.

Minerva. It's a goose displayed—the Spoony crest. Ah, here they come!

Enter MAJOR RAMROD, MRS. SPOONY, and CLORINDA.

Mrs. Spoony. The major will be glad to see his old friend.

Major Ramrod. Old friend! What! is Spoony come down from London?

Minerva. No. But here's your—your brother officer, Captain Dash.

Major Ramrod. My brother officer! Some mistake.

Minerva. No. Yours is the second battalion of the rifles?

Major Ramrod. To be sure. But there is no Captain Dash in the battalion. I never set eyes on this gentleman before.

Captain Dash. (*Confusedly.*) A foolish blunder—aw! I did not say second battalion. In fact, I don't—exactly—belong to the—second battalion. ;

Major Ramrod. (*Dryly.*) Not exactly, I flatter myself.

Minerva. Why, surely, Captain Dash—

Clorinda. Why, surely, Eustace—

Mrs. Spoony. What's become of the spoons? Has the silly girl come and fetched them away before tea's half over?

Captain Dash. Sir, I don't, aw!—understand you, aw! I belong to the wives, sir, as much as you do, sir!

Clorinda. Eustace, be composed. O mamma, there will be a duel!

Minerva. What is your battalion, Captain Dash? Pray clear up this business.

Captain Dash. (*Aside.*) Now, which shall I say? I say the fifth, that's not the next battalion to his. (*Aloud.*) Mine is the fifth battalion, major, at your service.

Major Ramrod. You have convicted yourself, you impostor! There are but four battalions in the corps. O Mrs. Spoony! what sort of an acquaintance have you picked up?

Captain Dash. (*Aside to the ladies.*) I thought

so. Government oppression and cowwption! You know—I told you. Ahem!

Major Ramrod. I was wrong; I have seen that gentleman before.

Clorinda. (*Eagerly.*) In uniform, no doubt. It makes such a difference!

Major Ramrod. (*Dryly.*) In uniform! Certainly, and a becoming gray uniform it was.

Clorinda. Green, you mean?

Major Ramrod. Gray! gray! But no matter.

Captain Dash. Now you flatter me, weally! No doubt you saw me on parade with my company?

Major Ramrod. With your company, sir, I did see you, and the captain and his company were well matched. I wish you a good day, sir; you shall hear of me.

[*Exit* MAJOR RAMROD.]

Clorinda. (*Proudly.*) So the false aspersion is cleared away, and the honor of the noble, the insulted, the heroic Eustace Dash shines forth in splendor!

Mrs. Spoony. Clorinda, what is all this?

Clorinda. True love laughs at tyrannical restraint! I no longer shrink from avowing that to Eustace Dash are plighted my tenderest affections.

Mrs. Spoony. Hoity-toity!

Minerva. The spontaneous avowal of the tender passion has ever been considered as unbecoming to—what's this?

Enter POLICEMAN.

Policeman. Don't be alarmed, ladies. As I was watching the house, a military gent told me I should find—ah! here he is. You are my prisoner, old buck! (*Collars* CAPTAIN DASH.)

Clorinda. Unhand him, base minion of despotism!

Mrs. Spoony. Lawks!

Minerva. The Act of Habeas Corpus presents a barrier.

Policeman. Never mind the Have-his-carcase Act, miss. All's reg'lar and proper. Here is a warrant for the apprehension of the pris'ner. (*Produces paper, and reads.*) Joseph Smudge—

Clorinda. (*Indignantly.*) Smudge!

Policeman. Joseph Smudge, *alias* Insinuating Joe, *alias* Wheedling Jerry, *alias* Sir Tilbury Smart, *alias* Lord Percy Plantagenet, *alias* the Hon. Captain Cracker, *alias* Captain Dash, or the Dashing Captain.

Mrs. Spoony. How can he have so many names? You're joking.

Minerva. Where can the spoons be? Has any one taken them off the tea-table? Sister, where can the spoons be?

Policeman. (*Smiles.*) I can guess. (*Takes them out of CAPTAIN DASH's pocket.*) What do you think, ladies, of the precious captain now?

Clorinda. (*Wildly.*) Eustace, justify yourself! Speak to me—say it is some trick, some plot!

Minerva. Appearances are often fallacious,

but in this case it is *too* palpable—we have been duped!

Captain Dash. Spoonies! spoonies! that's all, and lost your spoons, and serve you right. And I hope you'll get back the three guineas, Mrs. Spoony, that you lent me to send off the telegraphic message to my Iwish estates. Ha; ha! ha! *my Iwish estates!* *Oh, you spoonies! (*CLORINDA faints.*) Keep up your spirits, little Clo, there are plenty more captains of my sort at Margate.

Policeman. You come along, and no more chaff!

[*Exit with the prisoner.*]

(*Curtain falls.*)

ARTIFICIAL PEARL MAKING.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of the various operations of pearl-blowing, as of fan making, is

body to require an express statute for their regulation. Although even at that time the large export of pearls to the East brought large sums of money to the Venetian republic, it would appear that it had not yet reached its apogee, for the same author adds: "The fabrication of artificial pearls, by means of the glass-blower's lamp, confers immortality on the name of Andrea Vidoare, to whom we owe, if not the inventing, at least the perfecting, of this process in 1528." The manufacture is now carried on chiefly in Rome, Venice, and Paris, and in those cities it has reached a dangerous excellence. So perfect beyond all others are the French imitation pearls, that it is difficult for the practised eye of a jeweller to distinguish the true from the false. The French are very happy in the production of black pearls. The perfection of these imitations renders them all but indistinguishable from the real pearls. The process of the manufacture of these charm-



carried on by women. Although this work is but poorly remunerated, yet, as affording employment to many hundreds of women, it would be a useful introduction into America.

The first mention of artificial pearls is found in 1318. M. Lazari, in his "Notizie delle opere d'arte e d'antichità," tells us that the makers of them, called "chaplet makers" and "pearl makers," were established at Vienna and Murano, and formed a sufficiently numerous

ing little fancy articles is carried out in the following manner:—

The pearl-blower's workshop is of the simplest character. It is composed of a little table about a yard long, on which is placed a lamp with a thick wick, which, fed either with oil or lard, gives forth a long jet of flame—this flame being regulated by a bellows arranged under the table, and moved by the foot of the operator. On this table are placed some hollow glass

tubes of different kinds—some of ordinary glass, which are used to make the common kinds of pearls; others of a slightly iridescent tint are only employed for the best description, known commercially as "Oriental pearls." The secret of the composition of the latter kind of glass, due to the researches of the chemist, M. Pierrelot, who died some years ago, now belongs to the house of M. Valez & Co.

We will now describe how the pearl-maker, with the aid only of a tube of hollow glass (precisely the same as a child's peashooter), is enabled to produce pearls of all kinds, some of which, by the beauty of their form and their opaline lustre, can with difficulty be distinguished from the finest Oriental variety. The pearl-blower, seated at the table, has the lamp before him. On the right are placed tubes of very small dimensions; the size of the tube employed naturally is in proportion to the size of the pearls required. The first operation of the workman is to draw out the tube—that is to say, to increase its length, to diminish its diameter. The tube being drawn out to the required dimensions, he breaks it into minute fragments; he then takes up one of these fragments, and presents one end of it to the lamp. As soon as the glass begins to liquefy, he blows softly into the tube, which, though drawn out, retains the internal passage, and the air dilating the warmed end, a globule is formed. This globule will eventually be the perfect pearl; at present it is incomplete, for in order that it should assume a faultless form three operations are indispensable—firstly, the piercing, which consists of two holes if the blower is making round pearls for necklaces, or of one hole only if he is making round or pear-shaped pearls for ear-rings, buttons, etc.; secondly, the required form, whether round or pear-shaped; thirdly, the coloring of the interior of the pearl.

The double piercing necessary to admit the string, which is to unite the pearls, and form them into a necklace, is done at the moment when the glass, still of a spheroidal form, and adherent to the tube, is yet ductile. The first hole is made in the lower half of the pearl by the breath only of the blower, and the second is the natural result of the hollow of the tube at the point where the pearl is separated from it by means of a sharp tap.

All artificial pearls are made in the manner here described; but what are termed "Oriental pearls," being the most exact imitation possible of the real article, require a still further application of the pearl blower's art. Although the method of manufacture is precisely similar in both cases, the so-called Oriental pearls are distinguished from the commoner kinds, not only by their being made of an opalescent glass, but by the care the blower bestows on their form, as well as on their varied internal tints.

Every pearl buyer knows the difficulty of finding a pearl without defect, not in the material of which it is composed, but in shape and color. The art of the pearl blower, then, consists in the production of the best possible imitation of Nature; his talent is evinced not only by his neutralizing the exact regularity obtained by blowing the pearl, but he must produce on it the effects usually found in natural specimens. The work requires long practice, and is the fruit of careful and patient observation. An artist in pearl blowing ought to be sufficiently acquainted with the appearance of real pearls, only to place on his own productions such defects as shall, by the aid of skilfully devised reflected lights, enhance the beauty of the work he has completed. In order to obtain this important result, the blower, taking advantage of the instant while the pearl yet adheres to the tube, takes a small iron instrument, with which he strikes lightly on certain portions of the pearl that are yet malleable. It is this last labor which, producing on it here an elevation, there an almost imperceptible depression, ends by forming a pearl which, losing its mathematical regularity, becomes a perfect imitation of nature. At this point the blower has finished his work. The pearls, which as yet are only morsels of colorless glass, will now pass into the hands of workmen whose business it is to give them the requisite coloring.

Although the work of coloring which will now be described is the same in all pearls, yet as the manufactured pearls are divided into two categories—ordinary pearls and oriental pearls—it is evident that two kinds of workwomen are necessary to finish them off. One undertakes the coloring of the ordinary ones, the other of the finer kinds. We shall only detail the method of coloring the latter sort; it merely differs from the other process by requiring a larger amount of finish. Our illustration exhibits the process of finishing. It will be observed that each workwoman has before her a series of small compartments, containing altogether several millions of pearls, so arranged that the side with the hole left by the blower is on its upper surface. Before introducing into it the coloring matter, which would be too easily detached from the glass if it were not consolidated by some fixing medium, each pearl receives inside it a very thin layer of a quite colorless glue made from parchment. This layer being spread over the internal cavity of each pearl, the workwoman takes advantage of the moment while it is yet wet to commence the real coloring operation.

The workwoman, taking up her slender hollow tube of glass, dips it into a paste composed of the scales of a tiny fish called bleak, of which she blows a certain small quantity into each of the pearls. Reference to the illustration will show the figure on the left hand in the act of performing this operation. The

pearls are now finished, and have to be sorted and packed for the purposes of commerce. The fish-scale paste now used in filling the pearls is said to be the discovery of a Parisian chaplet maker, named Maitre Jacquin, in 1686. It was a most useful and fortunate discovery, for up to that period artificial pearls were colored by quicksilver, and its emanations proved most deleterious to the health of the workpeople employed in the manufacture.

Colored pearls are made in precisely the same manner as the white varieties, except that instead of the bleak-scale paste a compound of the color desired in the pearl is blown into it.

It has already been stated that the women practisers of this art gain but a poor livelihood; in order to earn from three and a half francs to four francs per diem, they must color forty thousand pearls. Still, even this rate of pay contrasts favorably with that obtained by needlewomen, and induces us to wish for the introduction of this branch of industry into our own fields of labor.

DRIFTING ON THE TIDE.

My dreams went drifting on the tide,
The glorious tide of life;
As happily as dreams need be,
As full of sunshine and of glee,
As summer bird in forest tree,
As though there were no storms-at sea,
My dreams went drifting on:

My dreams went drifting on the tide,
The joyous tide of life;
My boyish dreams of my own true love,
With voice as soft as the cooing dove,
And a form as fair as an angel above,
And a heart as full of tenderest love—
My dreams went drifting on.

My dreams went drifting on the tide,
The fickle tide of life;
My dreams when wealth and fame should meet,
To strew their flowers before my feet,
And twine a wreath for hero meet,
While the world's applause mine ear should greet—
My dreams went drifting on.

My dreams went drifting on the tide,
The cold, stern tide of life;
Of my own sweet flower, who lost her bloom,
The victim of an early doom,
And buried deep in a mournful tomb,
Left me alone in grief and gloom—
My dreams went drifting on.

My dreams went drifting on the tide,
The wondrous tide of life;
'Twas years, and years, and years ago,
And they were buried at its flow,
And my poor head is white as snow,
And I am waiting but to go—
To drift, to drift, no more.

EXTRAORDINARY afflictions are not always the punishment of extraordinary sins, but sometimes the trial of extraordinary graces.—
Henry.

ONE OLD MAID.

BY MARION HARLAND.

THE Scribners were dining *en famille* on the afternoon of the last day of the year. Mr. Scribner, gentlemanly and quiet—one of the solid men of the town, who, if he found solidity a serious matter, was yet amiably-disposed toward the world that had bestowed the distinction upon him—discussed the contents of his plate, as he did most subjects, with deliberate care, the slight plait between his brows becoming a shrewd and solid man. Mrs. Scribner had been passably pretty in her youth, and, being plump and well-dressed, was even more comely in the autumn of her matronhood. Complacent in her house, the dinner, her toilet, and her children; satisfied with her husband, and content, for the time, with her servants, she listened with beaming face to the merry rattle of the young people, answered indulgently and judiciously the various appeals to her judgment and memory. There were four of her children at the table—John, Jr., aged twenty-five; Emma, twenty-two; Effie, eighteen; and Harry, thirteen. They were all goodly to look upon, pleasant of temper, well-educated, and stylish. I do not like the word, but, through much use, it has come to express what I mean—a certain air of high-bred fashion and ease that is not put on and off with one's clothes. The equally well-looking young gentleman who sat at Emma's right was Mr. Edwin Rowland, her betrothed, and therefore entitled to a place in the family circle even upon not-at-home days, and such is New-Year's Eve generally in households that expect to be overrun by emulous friends on the morrow. Only nobodies paid visits on this day, and the Scribners were too near the top of the tree to trouble themselves about that class of their fellow-creatures. Sitting there, under their own frescoes and chandeliers, they suffered no thought of possible intruders to make them afraid, and enjoyed the goods of fortune with open hearts and happy faces.

Until the conversation struck something projected into the frothy current by John, that diverted it from its course, Effie, a giddy tease, had accused him of a lack of philanthropy in remaining single to the ripe age of twenty-five, "when so many worthy women were sinking into elderliness and melancholy without the husbands to which their merits entitled them."

"I am not a philanthropist!" asserted her brother, boldly. "I have no patience with the stock cant about doing good to one's kind, self-immolation for the elevation of others, and the like heroic humbug. I don't want to serve my age one-tenth as much as I want to serve myself; to make such use of my time, talents, and money as will make me wisest and happiest. Providence has put me into John Scribner's

keeping, and he means to take excellent care of the consignment."

"But it is surely nobler to live for others?" ventured Emma, with a slight blush.

John laughed. "Put it in the singular, Em, and I grant you it must be a nice thing—so very comfortable as to come within the range of my philosophy of self-improvement. What I inveigh against is separation, not identification of interests; this making one man's meat to be another's bane. When it comes to that, I respectfully decline the bane. 'Live and let live' is a decent and sensible motto. To die, that other people may live and have a jolly time, is, to my perception, simply and barbarously unreasonable."

"That is a terrible blow at heroism, as exemplified by ancients and moderns," said young Rowland. "What would become of the poet-historians if you class Curtius, Lyncurgus, Arnold Winkelried, and a host of other stand-bys among the world's chief simpletons, instead of worthies? No, Emma is right. Self-abnegation is a glorious thing. There is a spring in every man's heart that stirs at such stories as these; that chokes and blinds him, when he hears, in our day, of conduct like Herndon's, the commanding officer of the Central America. You remember it, Mr. Scribner? And so should you, John. When the vessel was foundering, he kept the men on board at bay by force of exhortation, command, and threat, until all the women and children were in the boats, then suffered the remaining places to be filled by other passengers. There were still many on the sinking steamer for whom no room could be made. Herndon put his favorite servant in the seat reserved for himself, took off his watch, and sent it by the man with a parting message to his wife. 'As for me, I shall stay by the ship, and with *these*!' he said, pointing to the doomed band. These were the last words the survivors ever heard him speak."

"That was grand! sublime!" cried Emma, twinkling back the tears that applauded the story and her lover's rhetoric. "Is it possible, John, that you can see no beauty in such conduct?"

"Beauty! do you call it? I name it arrant folly, the rankest kind of absurdity, since he threw away his life for an idea. The sacrifice did not save the meanest creature in what you term 'the doomed band.' They died as surely as if he had not widowed his wife and, perhaps, beggared his children. You can extract no grains of romance out of my composition, Em. Even in my boyhood, I saw the fatuity of that undersized, overrated prig, Casabianca, the boy of burning deck notoriety."

"I thought his name was Pat Malloy," interrupted Harry. "The song says so. What are you all laughing at?" hetly, as the merriment heightened.

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
His baggage checked for Troy!"—

"Miss Boyle!" announced the footman, throwing wide the dining-room door.

A tall, meagre lady entered, wrapped in a thick plaid shawl, simpering and blinking as the blaze of the gas-lights struck her eyes.

"I am afraid I have called at an inopportune moment, but I get out so seldom, and I could not deny myself, to-morrow being New-Year's, and I was at your very door, as I may say!"—

"Miss Boyle, allow me to present Mr. Rowland," said the stately host, checking her in mid-career.

"Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Rowland." Miss Boyle bowed stiffly, yet low, until Effie afterwards declared she was afraid she would break in the middle, backing away, as she did so, from the gentleman, who had arisen to be introduced. "I have often heard of you from our mutual friends—cannot meet you as a stranger, as, indeed, I know you are not in this house," another simper. "Fine winter weather this, Mr. Rowland; bracing to the entire system. I enjoy walking—pedestrian exercise—in cold weather much more than I should riding—although the street-cars are a great convenience—it imparts a fine glow to the whole frame. No, thank you, my dear girls, positively nothing for me! It is near my tea-hour, as you are aware; I cannot think of tasting a morsel."

"Sit down, Co. Coffee will be brought up directly," said Mrs. Scribner, in the tone of good-humored patronage people near the top use to those at the foot of the allegorical tree aforesaid. "You will feel better for eating and drinking something warm. James, take Miss Boyle's hat and shawl."

"I won't trouble James—thank you, Juliana! Since you are so urgent, I will just loosen my shawl, but not remove my bonnet. Thank you!" to the waiter, who set a chair for her next Mrs. Scribner's. "I am absolutely ashamed to put you all to such trouble. I only said to myself in passing—I will just peep in for half an instant to see how they all are, and to wish them 'Happy New-Year!' It has been such an age since I saw you, and I get out so seldom, and to-morrow, of course, no lady can show herself in the street. No, my dear Harry, no oyster *paté* for me, thank you! I rarely touch such rich dainties. No wine, thank you, John! Or, if you insist, just the wee-est drop—enough, thank you! Dear me! am I keeping the table waiting?"

"There is no haste," remarked Mr. Scribner, politely, while Effie said she was glad there was somebody to keep her in countenance, "since she was not half through her dinner, having talked while the others ate."

Miss Boyle would not be put at her ease. She felt that she ought to make herself agreeable, especially to her new acquaintance; but,

the walk in the frosty air had sharpened her appetite; the dinner, so much more savory than she was wont to see on her own board, appealed irresistibly to her senses. She was keeping everybody waiting, she could see, despite the well-bred feint of occupation kept up by most of the party; her bonnet-strings got in her plate; the wine titillated her palate, until she *had* to cough behind her napkin, vulgar as she deemed the action; the trained waiter's attentions embarrassed her, especially as she turned her head to thank him every time he offered a dish, and she was unused to eating in the presence of so many people. The sweat—she would have said perspiration—oozed in minute specks to the surface of her sallown skin by the time she laid down her knife and fork, her hunger but half-appeased. She remembered, just in season to mention it in justification of her ravenousness, how little dinner she had eaten at noon.

"I had just taken my seat at the table when I was interrupted, and when quiet was restored—I would say a degree of comfort—that is, when I could resume my meal, I found the zest had departed. Indeed, I do not think dining alone is conducive to appetite at any time. I consider sociability the very sauce of—ahem! gastronomical refreshment. Do not you agree with me, Mr. Rowland?"

Emma thanked her lover in her heart that his smile was polite, not one of amusement.

"I do, madam, entirely. I think fasting is preferable to taking one's meals in solitary wretchedness. Cheerful society and conversation upon pleasant topics—even such accessories as the tasteful arrangement of the dishes—a clear, soft light, flowers and fair faces surrounding the board, undoubtedly promote, not only appetite, but digestion; and the reverse likewise holds true. We study these things too little, as a nation and as individuals!"

"A very just observation," Miss Boyle interposed, hastily. "Very neatly put. My dear Juliana, how well you are looking; and Mr. Scribner, also. You are actually renewing your youth. It is a gleam of genuine sunshine, the glimpse at this festive scene. This ice cream is truly delicious; and what luscious grapes!"

Nevertheless, Mr. Rowland noticed that she plucked but a single berry from the cluster, leaving the rest upon her plate.

"What noble oranges!" she exclaimed, when they were passed to her, and selected one, which was laid beside the grapes.

The gentlemen quitted the dining-room with the young ladies, leaving Miss Boyle alone with the hostess. Mr. Rowland sat opposite the open door of the parlor, fifteen minutes afterwards, when the lean figure tip-toed through the hall, still with the air of being in the house upon sufferance. She was accompanied by Mrs. Scribner and Harry, and the

latter had a covered basket in his hand. The visitor's apologies, uttered in a wheezing undertone, were quite audible to the young lover, while she halted to put on her overshoes, and tie a thick veil over her best bonnet.

"It is a downright imposition, Harry, dear, to make you play porter, but your mamma most generously pressed the hamper upon me. Say 'Good-night' to the girls for me. I hear the piano, so won't disturb them. If I were not pressed for time—for I have not outlived my love of music—I should be tempted to linger. I think one never outlives a real, honest love for anything. Good-night, Juliana! I have had a charming visit—*charming*."

"Harry, be sure you put your aunt on the right car," was Mrs. Scribner's parting injunction.

"Aunt!" Emma's betrothed believed he had not heard aright. He had supposed the gaunt spinster who had made herself so uncomfortable as his *vis-à-vis* at table, to be an old school friend, or, at the nearest, a far-off poor relation of his plump mother-in-law—expectant. Yet he now recollected that Mrs. Scribner's maiden name was Boyle. This was, then, her own sister, whom he had never seen, who had never been named in his presence. It was odd. The duet was finished, and Effie flitted back to him from the piano.

"I hope your abstraction is born of our music, and not of a sudden passion for our fascinating aunt," she said, saucily. "Em, Mr. Rowland is congratulating himself upon your resemblance to Aunt Co. It is so nice to think that you will look just like her when you are—Mamma!" as Mrs. Scribner entered, "*how* old is Aunt Co? Forty? fifty? seventy-five? a hundred?"

"She looks older than she really is, and her secluded life has made her old-fashioned in dress—stiff in manner," responded Mrs. Scribner, with gentle seriousness. "Don't laugh at elderly people, dear, or papa and I will come in for our share."

"Now, mamma, as if I could. But why must old maids be?"

"Old maids!" supplied John. "Don't struggle for an expressive adjective, Em. I have covered the whole ground. Celibacy in man or woman is an offence against natural laws, and the offender bears the stamp for all time. Nobody, for example, could mistake our excellent aunt for anything but an elderly maiden of increasingly uncertain age."

"She is an excellent woman," said Mrs. Scribner, yet more gravely. "And although you may not credit it, Miss Effie, she was really handsome in her youth, besides being very vivacious and pleasing in conversation. Young people are incredulous and uncharitable as regards the ravages of time and care."

"They needn't make one finical and artificial," murmured Effie to her sister, somewhat

sobered by her mother's manner. "What is it, James?" to the servant who appeared at the door with a card in his hand.

"A gentleman to see Mr. Scribner, ma'am."

Mrs. Scribner took the card, and her face lighted up instantly. "He's in the sitting-room, James. Take this to him when you have showed the gentleman in here." She advanced a step nearer the door, and the irrepressible Effie made time for her query

"Who is he, mamma?"

"Mr. Lloyd—Aleck Lloyd, we used to call him; an old friend, whom I have not seen since John there was a baby."

The stranger was on the threshold as she said it. He was tall and sinewy, erect in figure, quick of eye and motion, although his hair and beard were grizzled. The spectators noted, without interpreting it, the searching glance that swept the room ere his hand met Mrs. Scribner's in a long, hearty grasp.

"I cannot tell you how great this unexpected pleasure is," said the lady, cordially.

"What must it be, then, to me, who have not looked upon my former home and friends for almost a quarter of a century?" said a deep voice, so round and pleasant as to prepossess his youthful auditors at once in his favor. "And to meet you so becomingly surrounded enhances the enjoyment. Are these all yours?"

"Almost."

The visitor caught the meaning of her smile.

"More congratulations?" asked he, returning it brightly. "There is no need to tell me which are already and quite yours. I see father and mother in each face."

Effie was the prettier of the two, as the wicked witch well knew, and she was puzzled to understand why he looked oftener and more earnestly at Emma during the half hour he stayed.

"He's the most delightful old gentleman I have seen this century," she grumbled aside to John. "And I always had a fancy for being an 'auld man's darling.'"

Mr. Lloyd had lived in Mississippi since his removal from his native city, the Scribners learned in the course of their familiar chat. He had married there, had three sons born to him, and was now a widower. Effie imagined that her mother looked more serious at this announcement than was required by decorous regret, his wife having died three years before.

"I wonder if she suspects in him a possible aspirant for my hand!" she meditated, maliciously. "But won't I tease her for that when he has gone!"

The seriousness deepened into sadness when he contrived to talk aside with the lady of the house for a few minutes just before he took his leave. Effie was near enough to catch the drift of the conference.

"Your sisters are well, I hope? Do they live near you?"

"Mrs. Rawdon resides in Hartford, but I see her frequently. She has a fine family and a beautiful home. My youngest sister"—there was no mistaking the mutual embarrassment that prevented them from meeting one another's eyes—"still lives at the old homestead. It was left to her, you know. Her health is very good. She was here this evening, a little while before you came."

A second's pause, in which his mien questioned—the bent head and waiting eyes—and his lips were mute.

"She is still single," Mrs. Scribner added, unable to resist the silent interrogation. "The reason—or what she construed long ago into a reason for not changing her condition—exists still."

"I shall try to see her to-morrow," and he turned to his host to ask some question about local politics.

"Mamma," whispered Effie, crazed by curiosity, yet half-awed by the magnitude of her discovery, dancing up to her mother's side by the time the guest passed from the parlor, "was he an old beau of Aunt Co's? Did she really ever have one?"

"Yes, and threw him away for a whim," ejaculated Mrs. Scribner, petulantly, also *sotto voce*.

"You don't say so! But it seems so queer. Why, he's splendid! and she isn't!"

"Hush, child! I will tell you all about it by-and-by. Some things are not suitable subjects for parlor talk."

To her husband, when they went together to their own sitting-room, she said: "What a wreck that obstinate girl has made of her life. But for her overstrained notions of duty and persistency in her mad scheme, she might marry Aleck Lloyd even now. He cannot name her yet without emotion. He is going to see her to-morrow."

"She would do a good thing for herself in marrying him," observed Mr. Scribner, in a matter-of-fact way. "But it is not at all likely that he will be inclined to renew his suit when he sees her. He is rich and a live man, full of energy and enterprise. He has kept up with his generation; she has fallen far behind it. You will see that nothing will come of the visit."

Meanwhile, Miss Boyle was making her way, by car and on foot, to a quiet street quite on the other side of the city. The night was clear and cold; but the pavements were damp from recent heavy rains, and the stiffening mud at the crossings was mixed with half-melted snow. Aunt Co's feet sank into it several times above her rubbers, and more than once she clutched the basket tightly, and threw out the other hand to balance herself upon the slippery flagging. It was a disagreeable thing—this going out on winter evenings alone. Yet it was nobody's business to look after her. Her nephews

were kind and respectful when they met. Harry had stopped a car for her, and seen her safely into it, getting on himself for a moment, to put her basket in after her, and to pay her fare, as she discovered when the conductor came through. His mother had given him his orders, probably. His aunt could not have expected, indeed, would not have allowed the lad to accompany her all the way—a full mile, at least. Still less could she suppose that John would put himself to such inconvenience. She could get along safely enough; was accustomed to dispense with the service of an escort, as they all knew. Only there was a tremendous distance between her sister's home and hers on this New-Year's Eve; between the two, who for twenty years had lived in the same house, knew the same joys and griefs. Juliana's life had been growing deeper, richer, brighter every year, and month, and day; hers narrowing and glooming in like ratio.

"Not that I would complain," she thought, deprecatingly, as was her wont to think and to speak, and she drew both ankles out of a very sloshy gutter. "Of course, I know it is the Lord's will, but I do get sore and tired sometimes. I have learned not to mind many things that used to seem unbearable; but there are others that will get at the quick, do what I will to ward them off. I suppose it is with the sensibilities as it is with my feet," helped to the simile by another mud-hole; "the rubber doesn't go all the way up." She was at home—a plain, but spacious house, with what had been, in its day, a handsome flight of stone steps leading to the front door. It was a dingy quarter, from which fashion had long since fled, although it remained perfectly respectable. Miss Boyle let herself in with a latch-key, and went along a dimly-lighted entry to a back room, whence issued an odd sound, like the plaining of a cross child, uttered in a coarse, masculine voice. Shriller tones made response as Aunt Co's hand touched the lock.

"Hush up that noise! You'd ought to be well shaken, you had ought! It ain't my fault she isn't here to give you your supper. If I'd my way, you would go to bed without it. Be quiet, or she sha'n't ever come home!"

Amid the burst of lamentations aroused by this threat, Miss Boyle entered. Something sat on the floor in the middle of the room, whimpering and rubbing one eye with a big fist—a woman as tall as Miss Boyle herself, and obese to unsightliness; with a thick, hanging jaw, and small eyes set very far apart, low forehead, beetling brows, long upper lip, and a mane of coarse gray hair hanging over her shoulders—a creature from which sane humanity turned, sick at the caricature of itself. The face was wet with tears, and smeared with dirt from her soiled hands, but she stopped crying at sight of her sister. Springing up, clumsy and eager, she ran to her, caught hold of her dress, and

babbled in furious gibberish, illustrating her meaning by angry gestures toward the other occupant of the apartment. This was a shrewish little woman in cap and spectacles, who, without noticing the pantomime, stooped to lift a tea-pot from the hearth to a round table set on one side of the fire.

"Yes, my baby; sister knows," responded the guardian, patting the fat cheek, and smiling fondly. "Sister didn't mean to leave her so long. Now, Lulu will be good, and she shall have something nice for her supper. Has she been very troublesome, Mattie?" to the sharp little maid.

"'Bout's usual. She's always ugly as sin. She threwed a new handkerchief of yours into the fire, and would 'a sent your work-box after it, if I hadn't ketched it as 'twas goin'. You was 'out later'n common, and she worried awful 'bout that. She knows when time's up well as you do."

"It is wonderful how smart she is!" commented Miss Boyle, in plaintive admiration. "I didn't mean to be away so long—I just ran in for a minute to see Juliana." She was washing the idiot's face with a wet cloth, and panted out the broken bits of sentences in a frightened way that seemed to be habitual to her.

"Hold still, my precious child! You see I hadn't seen her for an age—and they were just at dinner—such an elegant affair it was, too—I wish you had seen it, Mattie—and Emma's betrothed was there, a very handsome, agreeable young man he is—and they would make me sit down, although I told them I hadn't time—and I ran away the minute I was through eating. That is," with conscientious accuracy, "the instant Juliana had this basket ready. Yes, there is something in it for Lulu," the idiot was tugging at the cover; "but she must eat her bread and milk first, like a nice girl, and not slop it over the table, or pull the cloth off, as she did at dinner-time."

Lulu began to cry again; then, stopping suddenly, laughed yet more disagreeably, and pointed to a large grease-spot on the carpet.

"The carpet will have to come up before that can be cleaned," snapped Mattie. "I've been at work scouring it, off and on, the whole afternoon. If she'd been mine, I'd a boxed her ears for that job. She knowed better."

Lulu spit at her spitefully, and Miss Boyle stepped between them.

"Here, Mattie, that is for you," she whispered, covertly conveying an immense bunch of black Hamburg grapes into her hard hand—the cluster she had saved from her own dessert. Juliana had sent some to Lulu; but these were honestly her own, and she threw them as a sop to the household Cerberus. "Lulu doesn't mean to be naughty, but it is natural for Mattie to get a little, just a little out of patience with her sometimes, when she is very mischievous.

Mattie is very good and kind, and Lulu mustn't be cross to her."

"She'd behave herself more like folks if somebody else wasn't so partial with her," growled the sharp one. "It ain't the right way to manage 'em, as I've told you a thousand times. If she was in a 'sylum, she'd be taught after a different style, I can tell you."

Miss Boyle's face twitched. "Don't speak of it, Mattie. Haven't I thought of all that? I can't be hard upon her. I haven't the heart to do it, even if I hadn't promised my mother. The Scotch call them 'innocents.' I remember mother told me that when I was a little child. It has helped me often and often when I remembered it."

They were twins—these two—and the fond mother, who had just finished *Madame de Stael's* incomparable romance, had them christened respectively Corinne and Lucile. Corinne grew up shapely in body and intellect; Lucile had never spoken an articulate word, never passed in mind the first year of babyhood. It was a sore affliction to the father, and, as they came to the understanding of it, a trial and mortification to the brothers and elder sisters. But to the mother and Corinne Lulu was the most interesting member of the household. Her bursts of temper, her crying fits, the demon of wanton mischief that continually possessed her, the helplessness that demanded the constant services of one or the other of her devoted nurses, could not weaken their attachment. When the father, secretly urged by the other children, spoke of hiding, what he was disposed to regard as a family disgrace, in the safe seclusion of an asylum, Mrs. Boyle's terror and indignation were like the rage of a bereaved lioness. The subject was never broached again while she lived. She survived her husband but a year; and, dying, bequeathed the unfortunate girl—a sacred legacy—to her twin-sister's keeping, exacting from her a promise that she would never be over-persuaded to abandon her to the care of hirelings; that, while Corinne lived, her household should be Lucile's also. Corinne gave the pledge without visible hesitation. She was alone with the sick woman. There was no one by to remind the parent of the blight she was laying upon her child's life, to remonstrate against a sacrifice so disproportioned to the end to be gained, or to mark how deadly white grew the girl's face as she made the vow. For Aleck Lloyd and she were troth-plight even then, and the mother knew it. In the death-hour she remembered it, perhaps with futile misgivings, for her eyes turned wistfully to the faithful daughter nearest her pillow.

"About Lulu," she whispered. "If there were any other way, if Aleck should not like it—but, if he really loves you, he will not mind! You will watch over her, will you not? Nobody else cares for the poor darling."

"My home shall be hers while she and I live," repeated Corinne, steadily. She had sworn to her own hurt, but she changed not at the united expostulations of brothers, sisters, and friends; went not back from her word, when her betrothed husband besought her to lift the shadow from his path and hers, to delegate to others the heavier duties involved by her acceptance of the trust. Without violation of her pledge to her mother, she might engage a keeper—a trustworthy person, who could be with the imbecile night and day—and her asylum be his house.

"Ours, dearest, for in the sight of heaven you are my wife. Have mercy upon me! Be just to yourself! Is it right to bind down your free, full life to such a service? To crucify your heart that a half-witted girl, who cannot appreciate your devotion, may not be subjected to the trifling pain of being tended by a stranger?"

"I see now, more plainly than I ever did before, that she would be a curse in any home but mine," was the sadly-patient rejoinder. "I will not take her into yours, Aleck; I love you too truly for that."

Within a month after the mother's death the twins were left to themselves in the old house. Mrs. Boyle had willed it to them, with a sufficient sum for their support. The other daughters were married; the brothers settled elsewhere. Aleck Lloyd went "out West." The words were a synonym for "lost" at the date when the Boyle homestead was in a fashionable locality. It was out of the world, now, and so were the inmates. For twenty-four years the twain had lived there together, without other companionship than such servants as could be hired to assist in the work of an establishment to which there was such an objectionable appendage as the mischievous, mindless "Lulu." Mattie had, as she put it, "stuck it out" for ten years, as "help," not servant. She liked to rule; and, in consideration of her privileges in this respect, she stayed on from month to month, always grumbling, and making herself at once indispensable and terrible to the nominal mistress.

Twenty-four years! Aunt Co thought them over when the tea-tray had been removed, and she had put Lulu to bed, and waited to see her sound asleep. Her time was at her own disposal for some hours. The fire burned brightly in the sitting-room. Sharp Mattie was neat as her mistress, and the old-fashioned furniture was in irreproachable condition, dustless and shining. The curtains were dropped, the reading-lamp was on a table in front of the grate, and a rocking-chair beside it. Miss Boyle understood the practice of many small economies. She was not as rich as when her mother left her this house and the rent of certain others. Her property had depreciated in value, until her income just met the necessary expenses of the

small family. She never complained; and her wealthier kinspeople spoke approvingly of her modest wants and thrifty management, and made her New-Year's presents of hot-house fruit and sweetmeats. She made over these to Mattie and Lulu. But she did like to read. A new book was a Lethæan spring, in sipping which she forgot time and care. One lay on the stand now—a gift from Effie, who “found it too solemn for her taste,” and amiably handed it over to her novel-reading aunt. The title was, “Waiting for the Verdict,” and a little silver paper-cutter Aleck had given her was laid between the leaves against a spirited wood-cut of a kneeling woman; her arms crossed on the sill of an open window, her head embraced by them. Her hair floated wide, and the tense clasp of the locked hands told the intensity of her supplication. Underneath was written, “*THOU knowest I have need of these things!*”

Aunt Co adjusted her eye-glass and scanned the point long and fixedly. The book sank gradually to her knee; the eye-glass fell into the place of the silver marker. No need of that to read the record of the four-and-twenty years stretching in monotonous dreariness between her and all she could rightly term life. Youth was gone forever, and all of beauty and grace and sprightliness she had ever possessed. It was as if a butterfly had folded its wings tightly and been fastened again into the chrysalis. Whims and habits—little “old-maidisms” learned in her straight and eventless existence—clung to her like barnacles to a becalmed ship. The petty, oftentimes annoying, oftener ludicrous peculiarities that incrust the characters of so many single women, are not always the offspring of selfishness. They seem to me more like dead shoots that would have been noble, beneficent growth, had not circumstances stifled them in their birth.

“I am different from most people,” said the dreamer to herself, drawing a deep breath. “Different from what I once was. Most different from what I might have been had the Lord appointed to me the lot I would have chosen for myself. It’s past my finding out. He knows I have needs, too,” glancing at the book. “Somehow, I feel them more than usual to-night. I suppose it was seeing them all so happy at Juliana’s—and Emma and Mr. Rowland—Bless me!” aloud. “That is the door-bell! Somebody wanting to inquire the way to somebody else’s house, probably.”

But after the front door opened, a man’s footsteps came along the hall. Getting up in a flutter, she shook out the skirt of her black alpaca, and adjusted her head-piece of brown ribbon. Announcements were a refinement of etiquette unknown to Mattie. She merely pushed back the door, said huskily, “There she be,” and returned to the kitchen fire.

“Is this Miss Corinne Boyle?”

She saw nothing but the hand, half-extended,

after she heard the unforgotten voice, that filled her ear, and, it seemed, her soul also.

“I don’t wonder you ask, Aleck,” faltered the poor lady, standing stock still by the chair from which she had arisen; “but I should have known you anywhere.”

Then—she was ashamed of it even while the excitement of the meeting was fresh upon her—she put her handkerchief to her eyes and cried heartily. The soft-hearted Westerner came down at once from the stilts of comparative strangerhood. He made her sit down, helped himself to a chair, and begged her to compose herself.

“I should not have come in upon you unexpectedly,” he said, and went on to tell how, being in town for a day or two, he could not resist the temptation of calling to see a few of his oldest friends; and how he had just missed her at Mr. Scribner’s. “I had a delightful visit there. What a charming family your sister has! Emma reminded me of you,” he added.

By this time it was safe to lower the handkerchief and apologize for her nervousness. They talked for an hour after that; of old acquaintances and old times, and the changes that had come into their lives—especially his—since they parted. Talked as elderly friends—nothing more. This was not the woman whose image Aleck Lloyd had kept locked away in the far-in chamber of heart and memory for the twenty years in which another woman had called him husband; which he had brought forth to the light, and studied of late until he had obeyed the ardent impulse that urged him to seek and woo her, if she was still single. He had come to her, from the gladness and beauty of her sister’s home, the treasured picture, the fairer and more distinct after seeing pretty, modest Emma, saying to himself as he hurried along, “We were made for each other. I will make her believe this.” He was met by a prim, neutral tinted spinster, who towered up lankly and bonily for an instant, then dropped into a chair, without touching the back, and cried into a starched handkerchief until her prominent nose was red. The shock killed love, and romance fled affrighted out of sight. He could not squeeze the hand half covered with a black silk mitt. It would have been absurd to put his arm around the flat perpendicular of her waist. Cured were the passion and the pain of expectancy; gone like a mist was the dream of reunion and constant companionship. Something besides duty put and held them asunder now. What a fool! what a sentimental simpleton he had been to forget that a woman must fade fast in a life like hers! fade, and shrivel, and dry into hardness! He was very kind with all this going on within him; so sorry for her in her isolation that some sweet drops of comfort dropped through his talk into the starving heart.

“I may not see you again soon,” he said,

rising at half-past nine. "Perhaps never again in this world, for our ways lie far apart."

"Far, indeed," echoed his heart drearily over the crumbled image.

"But I wish you would let me help you feel that I had been of some use to you before we part."

A silvery tinkle on the marble-topped table diverted his eye from the face that was very gray and wan in the lamp-light, and strange, with the bunches of curls he had thought a bewitching setting for it when it was young and rosy, which were wiry wisps now. The book-marker had fallen off a pile of books where Miss Boyle had laid it. He took it up; looked at it intently as it lay in his palm.

"You have kept it all this while, Corinne?"

She did not speak. Knowing that he was going from her again—and why—how could she?

"It was a happy time," mused the disenchanted lover to himself, not to her, although he spoke aloud. "So fair, it grieves one to think it is dead, with so many other dear and beautiful things. Yours is a sad lot, dear old friend. I wish I could comfort you in some way; do something to lessen your privations, or give you pleasure."

"I do not complain. I have fallen into the Lord's hand, not that of man," Miss Boyle said, meekly, looking up at him. "I have tried to do my duty, in a humble sphere, but still it was duty. I know my best friends have blamed me; do blame me. It has troubled me sometimes that they didn't see things as I do, but I have this great cause for thankfulness: The Lord has never let me doubt for a moment that I was bearing the cross He meant for me, and for nobody else. It would have been a great deal harder had I ever imagined that I had gotten hold of the wrong one. And there are compensations. The poor child is very fond of me. It keeps up one's heart to know that one is absolutely necessary to some living creature. She couldn't get along without me."

"This is all the comfort she has. This persuasion is all the fruit of her twenty-four years of bondage," thought Aleck Lloyd, as he tramped back to his hotel, with a great void in his heart. "Heaven help her!"

Miss Boyle turned out the light, looked at the grate to see that the fire was safe, at the windows to be sure they were fastened, and went slowly up stairs. The gates of Paradise had opened a very little way, and in swinging to, had dashed her to the ground. The cross was heavy and sharp, and the thongs that bound it upon her very tight and cruel. Her face was grayer and more drawn as she made the arrangements for the night in her chamber, omitting none of her old-maidish precautions and "notions." When she knelt to pray, the faded lips parted for the first time since she had said "Good-by" to Aleck.

"Thou knowest I have need of these things," she groaned. "Thou knowest! Thou knowest!"

It was the drowning wretch's death-clutch at the rock. She felt it beneath her—a sure foundation—when, far into the night that had been for her sleepless, the mindless creature, who had not slept away from her side in all these years, stirred, and cried out in a distressing night-mare.

"Yes, my baby," as her hand was caught fast by the dreamer. "Sister knows."

The words came involuntarily to her lips, but they broke the spell of the dumb anguish. Slowly through the thick darkness the light of the better knowledge dawned.

"Sister knows!" She said it a hundred times a day. It meant protection, strength, sympathy, whatever was loving and reassuring. The imbecile did not grasp the full import of it; understood neither the extent of her will nor her power to serve her, but the mere sound quieted her.

"She trusts me as I ought to trust my Heavenly Father. I am, in His sight, as ignorant and helpless as she is in mine. As she gropes for me in the darkness, help me, LORD, to feel after THEE; and when I have found THEE, to hold!"

My New-Year's story has preached its sermon. Sad—is it, dear and patient readers, with whom I have held converse for so many years? I grant it; sad and yet so true that my heart has ached in the writing, as it did in the hearing of the simple tale of the heroism of a lowly heart in one of life's by-places. In my short-sightedness I would—had this been a fancy sketch—have given Corinne's history a happier ending. And yet, when she has passed through the mire and frost (for she still lives upon the earth), when no longer tired and sore, she finds all the goods of which she had need here, with greater and more abundant riches in the light and warmth and companionships of the "other side," she may think that the tenderest love could have awarded her no more blessed portion, even in this life, than to "touch and hold."

WINTER, who strips the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concealed; so does old age rob us of our enjoyments only to enlarge the prospect of eternity before us.—*Jean Paul Richter*.

INDUSTRY.—If industry is no more than a habit, it is at least an excellent one. If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest. Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.—*Zimmerman*.

A RAINY DAY.

BY ISABELLA MEREDITH.

THE rain poured pitilessly. Not with the pleasant murmurous sounds as of fairy feet pattering over the green turf; not with showery coquetry, leading one on through the day, with ever the fascinating hope that each fall of silvery drops would prove the last, and give way to a streak of light in the west, and the compensation of a gorgeous sunset. It was a hopeless drizzle, drenching the sodden lawn, filling the hollows of the walks with lakelets, dripping with dull monotony upon the stone flags, and beating every second of the long hours in pattering drops upon the vine-leaves of the porch. Doubly dull the morning seemed, because she—Agatha—my queen, the brilliant star of the last night's revelry, was under a temporary eclipse, and had not come down to breakfast.

I was just charmed to that dangerous degree that one step more and I should be irretrievably in love. And as I wandered from my solitary breakfast, to thrum on the windows and stare idly through them at the dreary prospect, I was hotly impatient for the coming of that moment in which it would be all over with me, so far as cool judgment was concerned.

Three weeks before, I had come down to my old friend Ned Gray, at the parsonage, to spend my brief holiday from Chambers; to exchange the musty companionship of Coke and Blackstone for the brilliant society of fair women and brave men, queens of the drawing-room, and Nimrods of the field. It was quiet enough at the parsonage, however, for the first few days, since Ned, good fellow, loved the quaint lore of the fathers, and the seclusion of his book-lined study, better than the mild dissipation of dining out, and the continual round of gayeties at the hall, which Squire Dalton provided for his house full of guests.

Then came upon our quiet a change, in the person of Agatha Amadroy, an old school friend, and present guest of Ned's sister, Winnie Grey. Miss Amadroy was a name with which my ears had long been familiar, for the fame of her belleship and her conquests had drifted from the west end of the town to echo faintly among the dingy corridors of the courts. It was currently reported that young Barmore was pining away of a hopeless attachment for her, and he had furnished grounds for the belief, having lately purchased a flute, on which he practised Moore's melodies with unceasing devotion. But I had never seen her until we met at the parsonage.

Was she beautiful? At first I thought not. I was disappointed. She was dark, and large, and had a manner quite her own, hardly prepossessing. So I studied her at ease, and looked into her great eyes, and listened to the voice of the charmer, until I suddenly found

myself bewitched. She was majestic in the drawing-room, superb on horseback, and last night, at the ball, radiant in beauty she well knew how to enhance by cunningly chosen effects of dress; last night, when half the men were flattering her with undisguised admiration, she turned eye and smile upon me; yielded to my asking, every waltz; in short, distinguished me with her favors. Was not the rose bud she gave me from her bouquet—accompanying the gift with such a soft smile—withering even now upon my toilet-table up stairs? My restless heart longed for her presence, longed to renew the sweet excitement of the last night's half coquettish, half tender episode.

Half the morning I wandered through the empty rooms like an uneasy spirit, sighing, longing, while she above lay idly dreaming, careless of me, perhaps, as of the scores of other hearts she had played with and flung by. With what cool indifference she half listened to, half turned away from that old lover of hers, Sir Ralston Ralston. By the way, it was for him that she threw poor Barmore over. Barmore had expectations, and she encouraged him, so the talk ran, until Sir Ralston got "spoony" about her, and the baronet had dangled after her for the past two seasons without being able to quite make up his mind to "take the fence." It was clear that she was tired of him. How her face, as she listened to him coldly, had lighted at my approach, and she had beamed upon me more than one kind glance, more than one rare smile in the very shadow of his blackest frown.

It exhilarated me to remember the dark scowl of hate he turned upon me as she yielded her waist to my arm for the waltz, after a coolly courteous refusal of the dance to him.

What would come of it, I questioned of my heart; and for a while I lay back in the deep chair by the window, and dreamed dreams. I knew I was dazzled, but the chains of my enchantress had a subtle charm for me. I was in love rather with the emotion than the creature. The spell might be fatal, but it was delight while the intoxication lasted.

Would she never come down? I wandered to Winnie's piano-forte, standing open, with vases of fresh flowers upon it, and I played the soft sweet notes of Beethoven's *Agathe*, infusing into its plaint a prayer of my own to her dreaming heart. With the last notes, Winnie entered, brightening all the dull room with her presence and her smile. What a fresh charm she diffused as she moved about the room in noiseless grace, clad in her dainty garments. It had been one of my sweetest pastimes to watch Winnie until I had half forgotten her under the spell of Agatha Amadroy.

Now, over the book I had taken up, I watched her, and thought of her once more. Wherever her little pair of hands went, they left traces of her; here a bit of poetic tenderness, as a

slender crystal vase, with only a spray of sweet white clover in it, placed on a carved bracket under the picture from whence shone the soft eyes of her best loved poet; there a wandering spray of ivy twined to bind the marble brow of a hero god. In the restfulness of her presence, I forgot my dullness, my impatience, and, oh! shame to the false heart so lately seething in its madness and folly! I forgot my queen—the sleepy goddess up stairs—in my pleasant study. It was like the old soft quiet of the days before she came; the long summer days, never too long, when the roses bloomed and shook their fragrance on the languid air, and the long slow sunsets waned into purple twilights thrilled by the faint, far songs of nightingales; days when I read to her from her pure-hearted friends, the poets, under the slow waving of the elms on the lawn, I lying on the soft, cool grass; she, sitting in a rustic garden chair, with the light and shade rippling over her, making a sweet picture for me whenever I looked up. Once or twice I had looked almost too long, deep into her eyes, and a little rosy flush had trembled up her cheeks. The days—I had almost forgotten them; and those twilights—how far away, now, seemed that one perfect evening—when a vision of life's delicious possibilities had stirred the deeps of my heart; the night when, together, we stood upon the verge of Paradise, when I had dared to press my lips to her soft, white hand. And with the morning, Agatha came, and now a great chasm lay between us and those June days. Presently, a little above her breath, Winnie began to sing, as she moved in and out, a ballad of a "Rainy Day." What a sweet, low voice she had; just the voice to soothe tender dream-songs over sweet little birdlings cradled in her arms, some day. What a tender picture of her beautiful future, arose in my mind, and stirred my heart, as it had not been stirred before, since that perfect night when our lives had almost blended into one. I forgot that I had dropped the book and was watching her with the hunger of my heart in my eyes while I followed the words of her song—

"My life is cold, and dark, and dreary."

As she came slowly nearer to where I was sitting,

"Into each life some rain drops fall."

She sang, and ceased abruptly, having caught my gaze, of which she had been hitherto all unconscious.

"Not into your sunny little life, Winnie, surely," I said, returning her smile.

"At worst, they have been but summer showers—a sprinkle and a rainbow," she answered, lightly, hesitating, and adding, with reluctant truthfulness, "*most* of them."

"Oh! this dull, this 'long, long, weary day!'" I sighed. She took no offence at the seeming discourtesy, but answered:—

"Do you find it so, too? Aggie grumbled

about it up stairs, and declared she would sleep herself stupid, since stupidity was the sure result of such a day. She says the champagne of society has become an absolute necessity of her existence, and a day like this, which cuts off her stimulant, gives her the horrors. Isn't that like one of her brilliant sayings? I laughed at her for implying the possibility of stupidity on *her* part, and then she waxed wrathful, and forbade me her presence until the sun should shine again."

"And by what magic arts do you preserve your serenity, Winnie, in such weather?"

"Circumstance is my fairy godmother on such occasions," she answered, seating herself in a low willow chair by the long window, and taking a goodly piece of sewing from her work-basket. "You must bear in mind, Mr. Fairlie, that I am country bred, and all unaccustomed to the charms of city life. My enjoyments and dissipations are almost wholly among books and flowers. I cannot even talk learnedly of art, since my pictures consist of sunsets and such bits of rural scenery as I chance upon in my lonely walks and drives. You know I *can't* pine for that which I never had," all with the prettiest air of apology for us who avowed our repinings.

"Then such a revel as that of last night is rare with you?"

"Oh, very; a half-yearly occurrence. As it is, I don't care much for it, but no doubt if it was a part of my daily life, I should regret it, as you and Agatha do. I wish I could provide something in-doors to make you forget the weather's shortcomings."

"I am doing very well," I answered, with a look that pointed my remark, and made my hostess glance down quickly upon her work, a slow faint pink stealing over her cheeks.

She sewed briskly on in silence, but it suited me better to make her talk. I could listen and mark at the same time the lovely picture she made there, with the background of wet vine leaves, her golden head drooping over her work enough to half hide her deep eyes, yet not enough to conceal the play of smiles around her sweet mouth, the white sleeve falling away from the graceful wrist, and revealing the soft curve of her arm as she sewed.

"Did you not express a wish just now to provide me with a temporary oblivion of the rain? Come, I will test your sincerity on the spot. Tell me your charm against it; it may suit my case."

She gave a little amused smile as she glanced at me, and shook her head with a positive air.

"It would be of no service to you."

"Try, and see."

"But you know my housekeeperly cares absorb all my mornings. It can't interest you to hear them in detail; to know that I found my last year's peaches need to be scalded over; that I superintended the making of a

fruit pudding for dessert; that I counted out the linen from the washing, and repaired certain thin places in my brother's table-cloths; that I cut out a basketful of work for the village school children to make up into clothes for Ned's pensioners; and that I made myself water-proof, and called upon certain pet hens in the poultry yard to inspect their newly hatched broods."

"Have you done all this since breakfast?"

"Oh, yes, but then I breakfasted two hours before you came down."

"And you really find enjoyment in such a life?"

"Yes, indeed. Now don't laugh at me, Mr. Fairlie." (*I laugh at her!*) "You know one *must* enjoy something, or one could not live at all; but, I dare say, it all seems very worthless and trivial to you, who have a larger life and higher aims."

Before I could speak the words that came rushing to my lips—words that had trembled there, unuttered once before—the door opened and Agatha came in. She dragged herself with languid steps across to the window, and gazed loweringly out at the sky. She was looking sallow from her long sleep; the sparkle was gone from her eyes, the melting sweetness from her smile. To my "Good-morrow," she replied:—

"I warn you, don't approach me. I'm in a savage frame of mind. Look at that lawn, and think of what this detestable rain has done."

I followed her pointing finger, and saw in the little hollows about the wickets of the croquet ground, standing pools dimpled all over by the falling drops, and I remembered that a croquet party was to have come off at the parsonage that very afternoon, a full dress match, in which the guests at the hall were to have taken part.

"I had forgotten about the party," I said, quite truthfully.

She deigned no reply, but drummed on the window, and looked darkly up and down the drive. The room had been all brightness before, with a pleasant sense of coziness, but now her coming supplied the artistic effect of shadow, and made me aware of the sun. A chill of reserve fell upon us, for Winnie bent in silent thoughtfulness over her work, as if following out what had been her frequent habit, of late, the leaving us to entertain each other.

But the crisis of feverish impatience was past with me. I seemed to have outgrown the spell; to have thrown off the influence that had led me beyond my own control. I had lost the power and the wish to render homage to Agatha, or to be enthralled by her. With the glitter of gratified desire in her eyes, dead; the flush of proud triumph on her cheek, faded, she seemed unlovely; a large, almost coarse,

almost repulsive type of womanhood. Here was Winnie's counterpart.

I looked at her in something like amazement. Was this the majestic woman who had trailed her velvet robes with such a superb, almost regal air, the night before, accepting the incense of man's admiration as if it were her right? this woman, garbed carelessly, almost to slovenliness, who stood with the cross face of a spoilt child, frowning at the rain? Was *that* the voice whose music had thrilled me in the low breathed "good-night" when we parted a few hours before, the sweetness all strangled now in that fretful, half angry tone of complaint?

By and by Winnie quietly left the room. Agatha flung herself into the vacant willow chair. Oh, unwise, unwise! She twirled her listless fingers around the cord of her girdle, and commanded me to be entertaining.

"Ask not impossibilities of your slaves, O queen!" I answered. "It is not in me, of myself, to do your bidding. I can shine but by reflected light. Whose farthing candle shall I borrow?"

"Have you no letters from town, with the latest gossip of who is married and who is dead?"

"None. Shall I read to you?"

"Why, yes, if you won't talk."

"Come, then, here is Winnie's shelf of favorites. Choose, and I will rifle it of sweets at your bidding. Here is a Tennyson, opening of itself at the *Idyl of the Lily Maid of Astolat*. Will you have it?"

"No, thank you. I hate spiritless women."

"Then you won't like *Enid* any better. Here is *Jean Ingelow*. What say you to the poem named 'Divided?' No, again? I thought its rhythm would blend well with the melancholy cadences of the rain."

I read aloud the names of many a poet, names that are living music in many hearts and homes; I turned many a well-read page, culled from Winnie's shelves; but my queen was hard to please, and at last she was fain to confess that poetry bored her.

Luckily Winnie came to the rescue, and saved us from ourselves with the diversion of lunch.

In the little breakfast parlor Ned joined us, and he had some little chat of people and events wherewith to enliven Agatha.

Winnie, with the serenest face, presided over the great glass bowl of glowing strawberries fringed with dewy leaves. I could divine whose hands had heaped the vivid red above the cool dark green. She was studious of our comforts in a quiet, unobtrusive way, always conscious of where the crystal jug of thick, sweet cream was wanted, always quick to forestall any possible need—a gay, bright, charming little hostess, on whom her brother Ned's eyes dwelt often with tender, loving regard.

Lunch over, we dispersed. I, book in hand, and cigar alight, strolled into the little conservatory, and stretched myself on a low ottoman in a nook hidden by the broad thick leaves of camellias and orange-trees. There, indolently reading, the rain plashing on the glass lulled me into a deep, delicious, dreamless sleep. When I awoke, or how long I listened to the sound of voices, unconscious of the part I was playing, I do not know. But, when fairly awake, there was no escape, for the words that startled me into a full consciousness of the situation rendered it impossible for me to appear upon the scene.

"I am so vexed!" said Agatha, sharply. "I had fully depended upon that new dress that came down yesterday to do such execution. It is really exquisite and ravishly becoming. I ordered the trimming of the colors Sir Ralston admires, and it was to have been my grand *coup*; for you know he goes to-morrow, and it was now or never."

"But you surely don't mind about *him*, Aggie?"

"Indeed, I do. I was *determined* to have the matter settled to-day, and croquet is so admirably adapted for 'coming to understandings.' And now, when I have got my mine ready to explode, this detestable rain comes, and puts out my slow match."

"Why, I thought—I thought"—Winnie began, then faltered, and ceased.

"What did you think?" asked Miss Amadroy, moodily.

"That you had accepted Mr. Fairlie's attentions."

"Pooh!"

"What does that mean, Agatha?"

"What a darling little simpleton you are, my dear! It means nothing in particular. Mr. Fairlie's attentions are not worth talking about. You say I accepted them. I admit it, but only *pour passer le temps*, you know, or, at most, it was only strategy on my part."

"I don't comprehend you, Aggie. I thought it looked like serious earnest."

Agatha laughed, with a touch of scorn in her voice. "Did you? Well, so it may have been on *his* part, but not on mine, I assure you. I have had a good many men in 'serious earnest' with me, Winnie, but they always have happened to be men whom I could not encourage."

"But you certainly have encouraged Mr. Fairlie," persisted Winnie.

"Perhaps so, my dear, but don't I tell you it was strategy? Of course, I can't help his admiring me; and, if he chooses to make a public exhibition of it, why should I not turn it to account? Didn't you see how savage Sir Ralston looked last night, and how jealously he watched me every time I waltzed with Mr. Fairlie? I gave him plenty of opportunity, too," she laughed. "Did not I play off Mr.

Fairlie very cleverly against my knight of the rueful countenance? I meant he should chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, and to see what intentions on his part such a diet might develop. I think I should have had him well in hand to-day, but for the rain, and now he goes away, and I lose my last chance with him."

"Miss Winnie," cried a third voice, and I heard the opening of the door, "a boy has just brought this note down from the hall, and he says, if you please, miss, as how he is to wait for an answer."

"Very well, Janet. Oh! it is for Miss Amadroy."

"From Sir Ralston," said Agatha, in a changed voice, after a pause. "Hear this, Winnie, and congratulate me, my dear!"—

MISS AMADROY: You must have been long aware of the admiration I have felt for you, and which I have striven by months of silent devotion to express. That feeling has deepened into one which makes it impossible for me to meet you again without first having obtained from you some decided expression of your own sentiments towards me. I have long loved you. On the eve of departure, I find that the pain of leaving you is greater than I can willingly bear. My heart is already yours; my name and all that I possess I lay at your feet. If you send me your acceptance, I shall not leave to-morrow for the Continent, as was my intention yesterday; if you reject me, I will go at once, and this will be instead of *au revoir*, adieu. Yours, as you will,

RALESTON RALESTON.

P. S. If you answer as my heart wishes, may I not come to-night?

"There! what do you think of that, Winnie?"

"Am I really to give you joy?" asked Winnie, in undisguised wonderment.

"Of course. Why not?"

"Are you really going to resign Herbert Fairlie for such a man as Sir Ralston?"

"He is a baronet, my dear."

"Mr. Fairlie is a *gentleman*."

"True for you, and in every way Sir Ralston's superior, except in length of purse—a very important item, too, my love. I don't attempt to disguise matters, or to play off any trashy sentiment upon you, Winnie. I tell you plainly I can't afford to marry for love; I can't afford to listen to the dictates of my heart and all that, lest, perhaps, my heart should tell me to accept a briefless barrister, and I must not allow myself to think that I am capable of such a mad act. Indeed, I have not much romance about me, and lucky for me, too. Imagine *me* living in chambers, like Tommy Traddle's Sophy! No, it is ridiculously impossible. Besides, Winnie, I have a little of the Indian in my nature; I must have my revenge on Sir Ralston. How he has dangled about me for two whole seasons, keeping others away, and leading me on, yet all the time taking good care never to commit himself, how

ever much he might compromise me! Here he is at my feet at last—thanks to your Mr. Fairlie—and I shall keep him there. Yes, Winnie, I will marry him, and you may pray for him. The prayers of a good little creature like you can't harm him, and may do him a vast deal of good. Addio, carissima! I'll go to the library and write my answer, and a fig for the rain!" She left the room, with a gay, heartless laugh, which had no ring of mirth in it, and soon after Winnie followed, as I could tell by the soft closing of the door.

In the evening a close carriage brought Sir Ralston to the side of his radiant affianced, who looked ravishingly in the exquisite robe she had destined to figure on the croquet lawn, artfully trimmed for the occasion in the colors he approved. And truth to tell its becomingness, under the soft glimmer of wax lights, fully justified all her expectations.

Winnie looked very sorry for me, as she followed me with her soft eyes to see how I would bear the blow. Her tender heart had a separate ache for every one of those seductive ribbons donned for the baronet.

I did not intrude upon the lovers long. I had neither the intention nor the desire to defraud the baronet of any portion of those golden moments which Agatha had given him the exclusive right to appropriate. But, when she dropped her handkerchief, and I approached to restore it to her, a ribbon fluttering from her shoulder trailed across my sleeve, and a wicked desire to teach her how all uncrushed I was, by my fall from favor, possessed me. I smiled into her face, touched the ribbon with my finger, and half-whispered: "These, then, are the 'winning colors?'"

She understood me, and drooped her eyes, flushing; and her lover, who stood turning over some loose sheets of music, and had not heard, saw her crimsoning to the brow, and frowned.

I went to Winnie, who was delicately fluttering just out of range of the drawing-room, pretending to busy herself with the flowers in the conservatory.

"Don't I bear it well?" I asked, gravely, meeting her soft glance of pity.

"What?" she asked, with a half-startled air. "The vision of our queen of hearts being borne away by—by the knave of diamonds," I answered.

"Yes, very well," said Winnie, evidently uncertain how to take me.

"But then you must not give me too much credit, Winnie. You know she wasn't *my* queen, after all."

Winnie seemed quite distressed at the turn of the conversation. Evidently she thought I was merely braving it out. She glanced at me deprecatingly, but I had a smile ready for her, and it puzzled her.

"Winnie," I said, following her down the

flowery paths, "do you know that this day—this reviled rainy day—has, indeed, been one of the happiest days of my life?"

"Why—I thought"—began Winnie, in undisguised amazement, and then stopped short.

"Ah, yes! You thought me blind, and a trifler, and a fool, I dare say, Winnie, and I cannot wonder at your uncomplimentary opinion of me under the circumstances. But, Winnie, you have been mistaken once to-day—why not, perhaps, *twice*?"

She looked quickly up; but my eyes spoke to her own things she dared not read, for she turned away in a little tremor of—was it joy?

The thought, the hope set me on fire with ecstasy. "Winnie," I said, hardly knowing that, grown bold in my delight, I had dared to take her in my arms, that I was interrupting my every word with the mad kisses I rained all over her sweet face, "darling! you are *my* queen, you, only you—my rainy day fairy! Will you not make every day of my life a Godsend, as this has been? Darling Winnie, will you not be the rainbow to every storm that shall henceforth beat upon my life?"

I think she gave me some fairy-like intimation, then and there, that she would. I *know* that, if she did, she has kept her promise faithfully, a true little sunbeam, shining through every tear, in these years that have followed.

There, among the flowers, forgetful of the hour, the baronet found us when he came to make his late adieux. Agatha, following wearily, shot a quick, comprehensive glance at us.

While Winnie spoke her pretty congratulations, which Sir Ralston received with pride, I passed to the side of Miss Amadroy, who stood stripping with ruthless fingers an orange-tree of its bloom.

"I hope I am not too late with my good wishes," I said.

"It would be early to be 'too late' *so soon*," she said, with a cold smile. "As it is, I will agree to imagine all the pretty things you are in duty bound to say."

"But have you no word for me?"

"What is appropriate to the occasion?" she asked, feigning ignorance, I well knew.

"Do you ask? Look at her," I answered; "she is *MINE*!"

"Then what need of words? What could anything I could say add to *your* joy? Still, be it as you will. Sir Ralston," she added, turning to him, "we have to congratulate Miss Grey and Mr. Fairlie."

I wished I had foreborne to speak, when Sir Ralston, hat in hand, paused, and stiffly went through some tedious phrase of compliment.

To-night—a rainy night, too—Winnie has told me that she has had news from abroad that Sir and Lady Ralston are in Paris. Lady Ralston is much admired for the splendor of her beauty and her diamonds.

We, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fairlie, are at home; and Winnie, the well-beloved, is fairly idolized here, not only for her own loveliness, but for the priceless beauty of the crown jewels of the heart which she has brought me in these happy years.

Two are above, sleeping softly in their little white beds; and she, sitting there where I can see her as I write, coos her low lullaby over the large-eyed, very wide-awake baby cradled in her arms, who coos responsive—like dove to dove—instead of dropping off into an enchanted slumber, as a baby so nestled should.

As I watch that fair mother-face, the down-cast, brooding eyes, so serenely tender and full of love, I feel pleasantly confident that my wife does not envy Lady Ralston her diamonds.

PONDROUS PAPERS—NO. 1.

DEAR GODEY: I have been thinkin' for quite a spell that I'd write you a letter about the tower Mr. Pondrous and I took threw Californy more 'n a year ago. But I was so tuckered out when I got home that I thought I never should git rested. Things about the house was all out of kilter, and had to be straiten'd; then I had so many footins to knit up for Mr. Pondrous that it kept me bizzy every evenin'. But finally, thinks I, if I write a little ev'ry day, I'll git my travels writ after a while.

You see, Mr. Pondrous and I came to this State pretty nigh sixteen year ago, and settled down close to what was goin' to be Plumbolt city; but the city is all gone now exceptin' two South Carliny chimneys, which are standin' lonely nigh a small flowin' stream, which also was goin' to be the waterwork of Plumbolt city.

But first, the mines failed, and then the biggest tavern took fire (some said the landlord set it afire to git the insurance), and what a fire there was; these cloth and paper houses go very quick when they once git started, and about ev'ry house on what they called Main Street was burnt before they could stop it; and after that there was precious little of Plumbolt city left. For, law! it wasn't a big town, no such thing; they jest named it city to sound large, I s'pose, for when we was takin' our tower, we found plenty more little places named that way: Paradise City, Napa City, Redwood City, and so on.

Well, as I was sayin', the other tavern and all the rest of the houses that wasn't burnt (exceptin' a little pen for a pig made of five boards, which Mr. Sears gave to my husband), was moved away two year after we settled down on our farm. Nobody came up our way after the city died out, except the thrashers once a year, or somebody that had lost the road, and somehow I never got started to go even to the nearest town, which was about

twenty miles away. When John went, it seemed as though I ought to stay and take care of things at home. So for thirteen years I never went into society, an' knew nothin' about the fasherns no more 'n Rip Van Winkle did when he was asleep all that time. We had two naybors about a mile from us, but they wasn't fash'n'able, so, of course, I lost the run of things, and, I do believe, when we started out into the world, I was half the time as surprised as that same old Rip. And this is the way we happened to start. You see, year ago this spring, Mr. Pondrous begun to take the *Independent*, and he was readin' to me about the road to the Big trees and Yo Semite, when all of a sudden says I:—

"Mr. Pondrous, less go and see them places and some of the towns. It's time we should take a little journey if ever we 're agoin' to."

"Why, Jane, what 'n creation set you to thinkin' of that?" said Mr. Pondrous; though his name aint really Pondrous, but I thought if I called him John Smith right out, he'd know who wrote this, and, perhaps, wouldn't like it, my writin' for the papers, you know.

"There's Mr. Denmak's uncle and aunt," says I, "jest come out here; I'll warrent you they'd like to take care of our place a month or two, till they decide where they'll go to settle; so less make up our minds right off strait, to go. Now do, John."

"Wal," says he, "if you can patch up the cover to the market wagon, I guess we'll make a start, though I'm pretty certain you'll want to come back the first night."

"Market wagon! Now, John Pondrous, if you can't afford to get a new buggy with a shay top to it, when I've worked so hard fifteen year, I think it's a pity."

"Well, we might buy that north lot of Denmak's with the money a buggy would cost."

"We've got land enough already, John; eight hundred akres is enough for anybody, and I'd rather you'd sell than to be gittin' any more, way off in such a place as this is, too. And jest think, you've never asked me to ride any where with you all these years, or bought me a new gownd or anything unless I asked—"

"Taint every woman that gits what she asks even, I spose you know that."

"Of course I do, John; but if husbands would take pains to bring their wives some little notion, if it didn't cost fifty cents, it would show that they thought of them, and often kinde sparks of love in hearts that were dying for want of a little kindness; but pleasant words are better than presents, and I don't know as I ought to tell you, now I've got over it, but I used to feel very bitter towards you because you never said I had done well, or pleased you, in all those hard, homesick times. Don't let us go on so, John, don't. Do less try to feel kindly towards each other before we die."

"I do feel kindly towards you, Janey, so

don't you fret, old woman. We'll have the buggy, and go a pleasuring, and see if we can't grow young again."

And John gave me such an affectionate little pat on the shoulder that I had to ketch myself up, as you may say, and tug myself out of the room for fear I would cry right before him. I was determined not to cry, any way; so I run and got the trav'ling dress I wore out here so long ago, and showed it to John, and we larfed over it like little children; for I had fleshed up so it wouldn't begin to reach round me, and I couldn't git my arms half way into the little sleeves.

"How I *have* growd! It beats all," says I. "I'll have to take the sack like it, and make new waist and sleeves 'fore I can wear it."

"You are fat and fairly fifty," said John, larfing more than ever.

That night we went over to Mr. Denmak's, and found Uncle and Aunt Spencer quite willin' to take care of our place while we should be gone. So in about two weeks we started one sunshiny mornin' in a new buggy so nice and comfortable.

When we got about five miles from home, we come to a house where John said Mr. Fanham's folks lived, and fore we could git by Mrs. Fanham run out all in a flutter callin' to us. I'd never seen her before, and she did look so queer to me; her dress spreadin' wore all round her, and her hair hangin' down her back in a large net covered with beads.

"O Mrs. Pondrous!" says she, "Mrs. Denmak told me you was goin' to the city and round, and I would be so much obleeged if you would git me a new hoop while you are gone."

"Cheese hoop?" says I. "What size?"

"La! no, indeed," says she, larfing, and givin' her shoulders a hitch. "Hoop skirt, of course. I sent by Mr. Fanham last summer, tellin' him to git the biggest he could find, and he did; but he said they told him small hoops was more fash'nable now, and it has troubled me ever since to think mine was so big and all out of fashern," and she gave her dress a shake.

It looked monstrous to me, but then I wasn't used to seein' them, as they hadn't begun to ware them when Plumbolt was in being. "Beg your pardon, Mrs. Fanham. I remember now Mrs. Denmak told me you wore a hoop, but I'd forgot it. I'll git you one with pleasure, but won't it be bad to kerry?"

"Oh, no! They twist 'em all up in a little flat parcel, that you can put right in the bottom of your trunk. Here's the money, and I wish you'd bring me the *LADY'S BOOK*, for I don't know how to do my hair; my sister wrote me that they wore it in a new style waterfall, with rats at the sides."

"The Lunnun!" says I, so surprised that John began to shake with larfter. But she didn't seem to notice, she was talkin' so fast.

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"Mine's done old-fasherned waterfall now, and it nearly kills me to think I'm so out of date. Just think, it is most a year since I've been to a dance of any kind! I hate to live in such an out-of-the-way place, don't you?"

"'Tis often lonesome, but I've got pretty well used to it, now."

"Why haven't you been to see me since I come here?" she demanded, with a sudden widening of her black eyes.

"I did come one day with Mrs. Denmak, but you was gone away somewheres."

"Dare say I was over to Mr. Crosby's, or out behind the hill huntin' my turkeys. Come again when you git back and tell me all about the fasherns. Good-by!" and away she fluttered, in such a nervous, elbowy manner that it was a real relief to see her git safe into the house.

We drove on down the hill and across a little bridge, where we met an old lady takin' her morning walk. She was dressed in black, and wore such a funny bonnit, coming up as much as four inches above her forehead, I should think, and was filled in with bright flowers, her little shrunken face looked so meek beneath them.

"That is Mrs. Fanham's mother," said John, after we had passed.

"Poor old lady!" says I. "How much more comfort she would take in a sunbonnit like mine! I don't mean to git a new bonnit, John, if I have got to have one like that." For I was wearing my sunbonnit to Stockton, intendin' to git a new one there.

"Oh! you won't find any like that in the city. That was in fashion five years ago, when Mr. Fanham's folks moved up here. They have 'em very different now," said John, with a sly larf coming round his mouth and in his eyes.

"What are they like now? Do tell, for I declare I never thought about fasherns changin' so all these years."

"You had best wait and see; I ai'nt no hand to describe such things, you know. Do you see how dusty the road is? We are in the main road, now, where the stages and big teams pass up and down."

This made me sit up strate and alert, thinkin' what I might see first, now I was in the great world again. What did happen I must tell you in another letter, for this is quite long enough, at least so thinks

Your friend, JANE PONDROUS.

FANCY and humor, early and constantly indulged, may expect an old age overrun with follies.—*Watts*.

THE thing in the world I am most afraid of is fear, and with good reason, that passion alone in the trouble of it exceeding all other accidents.—*Montaigne*.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

TOWEL HOLDER.

THIS is an article of German manipulation. We give the pattern, as it may possibly answer



some other purpose in a bedroom or nursery, and the stitch used for the crochet is so very novel and effective, that we strongly recommend our crochet workers to try it in wool or cotton for quilts, sofa covers, carriage rugs, etc. The directions are given for the towel holder as engraved; but, if wished for any of the things named instead, the crochet should be worked in stripes, making a chain of any number of stitches that will divide by three, adding one extra for the edge on the left side the stripe.

For the towel holder you require a quarter of a pound of coarse knitting cotton, a steel crochet hook No. 10 or 12, some red worsted braid. Make a chain 12 inches long, work two rows in double crochet, working throughout in ribbed or Russian crochet; this is worked from the back of the loop.

3d row, or the first pattern row. 1 dc on each of the first three stitches, * work 1 treble in the 5th dc of the first row of double crochet, working the stitch at the front of the other rows, and taking up the front half of the stitch

in that row, 1 treble in the 6th stitch of the first row, then 1 treble in the 4th stitch, so crossing over the other two stitches. Miss 3 dc stitches in the 3d row, work 1 dc in each of the next 3 dc; repeat from *, taking up the 5th stitch in the first row from the last used. At the end of the row make 1 ch, turn. *4th.* Work 1 dc on each stitch of last row, taking up the back of the loop at the end, 1 ch, turn. *5th.* * Work 1 treble in the 2d dc of the 3d row, 1 treble in the 3d dc, then 1 treble in the 1st dc, miss 3 dc of last row, 1 dc in each of the three next; repeat from *, taking care to work the treble stitches on the dc stitches in the 3d row, therefore between the treble stitches worked in that row. Repeat from the 4th row until you have worked 80 rows in all, and fasten off. You now bind the work round with worsted braid, and make a ruching of the same, which you put round the edge. The handles are crocheted, and sewn on firmly, and ornamented at the top with a bow of braid. For the handles make a chain of nine stitches, unite; on this work 9 dc, then work round and round in dc until you have made them 12 inches in length.

GIRL'S KNITTED COLLAR AND MUFF.

Materials.—Scarlet fleecy, white Shetland wool.

THIS collar and muff are knitted in a stitch which imitates fur. For the collar (Fig. 1), begin at the back edge; cast on 3 stitches with red fleecy, and knit plain in rows backwards and forwards, always increasing and decreasing

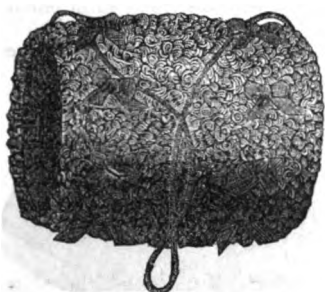
Fig. 1.—Girl's Knitted Collar.



ing at the edges, according to a good-shaped paper pattern; work in also 3 rows of loops with white Shetland wool, which must have been wound 20 times double. Fasten this wool on the wrong side, * work 2 stitches, place the wool on the right side, knit 2 more, make a loop two-fifths of an inch long with the skein of wool, and draw it back to the wrong side of the work. The loops must be alternated in

the following rows. When the knitting is finished, sew the loops down on the wrong side, so that they are not drawn out on the right side; then line the collar with scarlet silk, and bind it with red ribbon two-fifths of an inch wide. Sew on in front 3 lappets of red silk ribbon four-fifths of an inch wide, which are

Fig. 2.—Girl's Knitted Muff.



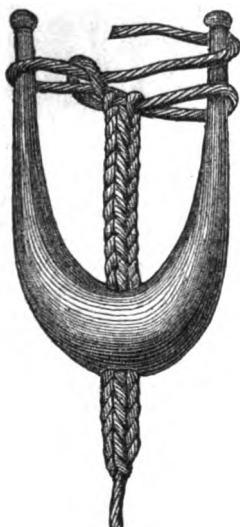
tied into bows. For the muff (Fig. 2), work in the same manner as for the cape a piece of knitting about twelve and four-fifths inches long, eight and four-fifths inches wide; sew the ends together on the wrong side; then quilt and line the muff, and ornament it with bows from illustration.

BLACK SILK WATCH-CHAIN.

Materials.—Black silk, lyre or luteal.

THIS mode of working watch-chains, and, indeed, of producing a thick braid, is an old style of work revived. It is exceedingly easy

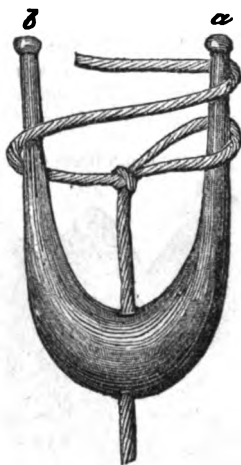
Fig. 1.



to do. The lyre or luteal, as it is called by some, is of wood or ivory. A slip-knot of silk is placed over one end of the lyre, as shown in Fig. 2; the end is wound round *a*; the loop

first formed is slipped over this thread of silk; the thread is passed over *b*, and the slipping re-

Fig. 2.—Detail of Watch-Chain.



peated until a sufficient length of chain is completed, which is kept in place by being passed through a hole in the lyre.

BOY'S CROCHET CHEST PROTECTOR.

THIS chest protector is crocheted in Tunisian cross crochet stitch with violet and reddish-brown zephyr wool, in a square design imitating plaid. Join the back and fronts on the sides by means of a narrow belt, which is crocheted in connection with the backs, and is buckled over on the fronts. Cut a pattern of



the requisite size of thin lining, then begin on the under edge of one of the fronts with the requisite number of stitches, with the darker wool, and crochet the first pattern row in Tunisian stitch, alternately four stitches with the darker and four with the lighter wool; the

thread of each color is run along on the wrong side of the work; in the second round of the first pattern row these four stitches are worked off with the same colors. The second and all the remaining pattern rows are worked in Tunisian cross crochet stitch, but in the second pattern row the order of the wools must be changed. Continue in this manner so as to work alternating squares. Begin the back on

fine silk braid. This bow consists of 4 *gros grain* loops bound with satin one-tenth of an inch wide; the sewing-on of the loops is covered under an ornament of silk braid of different sizes, on to which 4 silk tassels are joined.

Fig. 2.—Bow with crochet ornament. The bow consists of 5 loops of *gros grain* one inch wide, bound with a strip of satin one-tenth of

Fig. 1.—Bow with Braid Ornament.

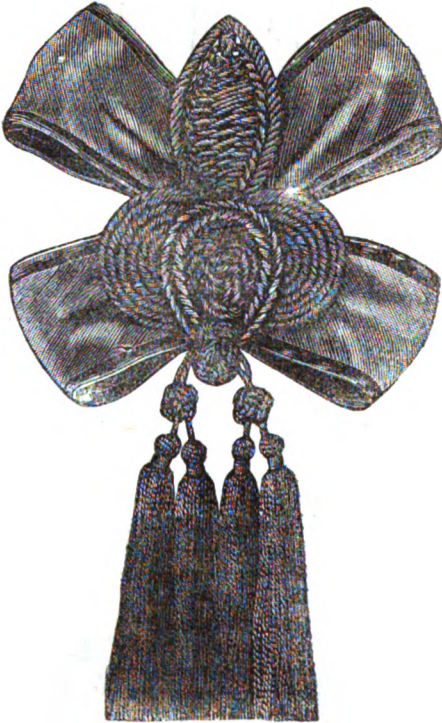


Fig. 2.—Bow with Crochet Ornament.



the under edge, and crochet it in the same manner. Join the shoulders on the wrong side with slip stitches, and crochet a neck binding an inch wide in the same manner. Edge the front of the left front, in the manner shown by the illustration, with two rounds of slip stitches of red wool, in working which the threads must lie under the work, as in tambour-work. This imitates a hem. Face the fronts with twilled muslin, set ornamental buttons on the left front, and sew button-hole loops on the under side. To correspond to these, sew little pearl buttons on the edge of the right front. Line the neck binding, and the upper edge of the back, and the belt parts, with drilling.

ORNAMENTS FOR MANTLES AND JACKETS.

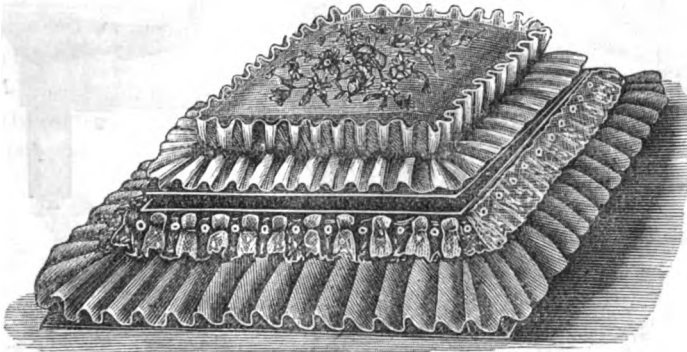
FIG. 1.—Bow with ornament of thick and

an inch wide, sewn on a round piece of stiff net. The sewing-on of the loops is covered under the following ornament worked in crochet with black purse silk. Make a foundation chain of 40 stitches, join them into a circle, and work 4 rounds of slip stitches, increasing so as to keep the circle flat. Then work on the foundation chain stitches, as well as on the stitch of the last round, always alternately 1 slip stitch, 1 purl (3 chain stitch 1 double in the 1st), at the outer edge miss 1 stitch under every purl, at the inner edge miss 3 stitches. The small circle fastened below the larger one consists of 2 rounds of slip stitches worked round a circle of 12 chain stitches, working 5 purl in the 2d round, as can be seen in illustration. This small circle is sewn on to 2 purl of the larger one. Then ornament the purl of both circles with jet beads, and fasten 5 small silk tassels on the purl of the small circle.

BOX PINCUSHION.

EITHER a soap or a cigar box would be suitable for this cushion; the box is convenient for holding jewelry and pocket handkerchiefs. It is covered with blue satin, and the lid is edged

makers. The petals are slipped over the wire and tied with a piece of green silk. The buds are formed of the small circles rolled tightly together, and finished with a strip of green tissue cut in four points at the top; this is con-



with a box-plaiting of blue satin ribbon; the sides are decorated with white lace and a ruching. The top may be either embroidered or decorated with gimpure d'art.

tinued over the stalks. Little knots of the yellow floss silks are fastened over the wire in the centre of the flower.

BAG FOR SKATES.

(See page 86.)

Materials.—*Toile cirée*, or American cloth, a piece measuring two yards and four inches in length, and a yard and nine inches in width; six yards of crimson worsted braid, one inch wide; narrow braid to match;

PAPER FLOWERS.—DOUBLE VIOLET.

Materials.—Leaves from a florist's; two shades of violet-colored tissue paper; green paper; yellow floss silk; fine flower-wire.

THE circles for the flowers are cut to the dia-

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

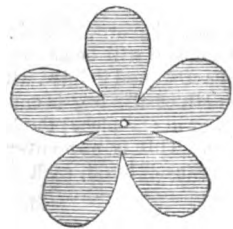
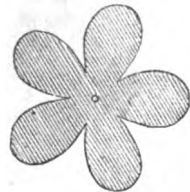


Fig. 3.



grams 2 and 3; the smaller are of the darker, the larger of the lighter shade of mauve paper. Each little scallop of the petals is rounded with a small wooden instrument used by flower-

chalk-white beads, crimson sewing silk; four brass rings, one inch and a half in diameter.

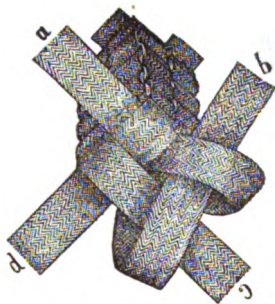
THIS bag, which is a German invention, is made of strong useful materials. As skating

Fig. 1.



is now a favorite exercise with ladies, we trust the model will be acceptable. Our model is of *toile cirée*, and is lined with canvas. The entire length of the bag is cut both front and back, being in one piece; the latter turns over with a flap. This is now covered with a trelliswork of crimson braid, each diamond being fastened

Fig. 4.



down with fine chalk-white beads. When this is completed, proceed to cut the sides, which are made of the same material. Before joining them to the front and back, cut a round hole at the top and three parts down, as shown in the illustration, put a ring into hole, and work

Fig. 2.

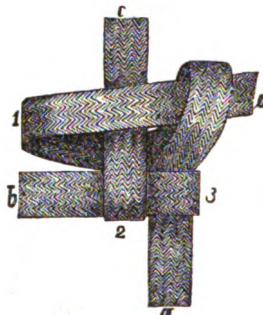


Fig. 3.

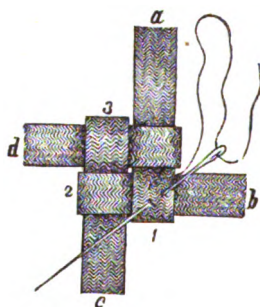
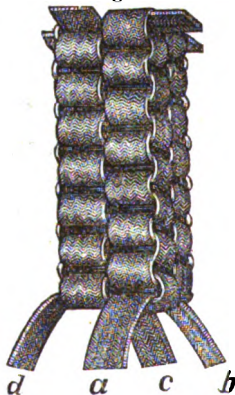


Fig. 5.



it over with button-hole stitches and a few beads. These rings are for the handle, so that when the bag is filled, the metal rings prevent the cloth breaking. Both sides are alike, and both are bound with braid, and ornamented

with beads. The handle, which is forty inches long, is made of braid, plaited according to the details, Figs. 2, 3, and 4. Commence with four pieces, and loop them together according to detail Fig. 2; make these loops firm by stitching, according to detail Fig. 3 (this is only done

to start with); fasten off the thread, and continue working as in detail Fig. 4. Fig. 5 shows a portion of the completed handle full working size. It is lastly stitched to the bottom of the side of the bag, the fastening being concealed with beads. It passes through the ring, and is again brought to the outside at the top. The same proceeding is observed on the opposite side, working downwards instead of upwards.

EMBROIDERED CLOTHES-RACK.

This rack is to hang up on the wall, and is

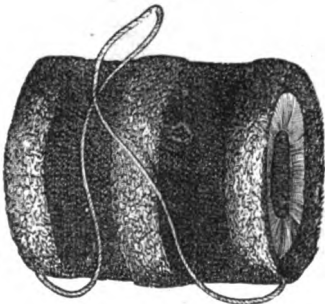
wool and knit with both threads 1 row plain; before knitting each stitch, the wool must be wound round a mesh measuring two-fifths of an inch round. Then knit 1 row with the gray thread only, without forming loops; after this draw the mesh out of the row of loops; repeat these 2 rows constantly till the strip is sufficiently long. Before working each row of loops, the wool must be begun afresh. When the strip is sufficiently long, cast off, cut the loops open, comb them out, and clip them. The strips are fastened on the muff as seen in illustration.



made of oiled walnut. The piece in the back is embroidered on canvas.

MUFF OF VELVET AND KNITTED STRIPS.

This muff is eight and four-fifth inches long, and measures nineteen inches round. It is



made of black velvet, with a quilted blue silk lining, and trimmed with 3 knitted strips, which imitate fur, as can be seen in illustration. The latter are worked with gray thread and gray fleecy, with fine steel knitting needles, in the following manner: Cast on 20 stitches with the gray thread, then take up the gray

BRUSH FOR SILK DRESSES AND MANTLES.

This brush is very useful for cleaning silk clothes. It consists of colored flannel strips

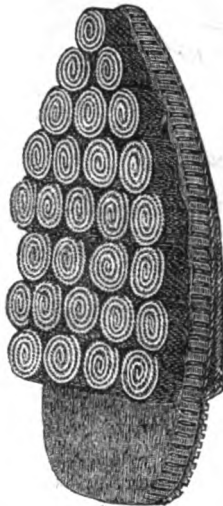


Fig. 1.—Under Part of Brush.

two-fifths of an inch wide, rolled up as seen on illustration, and sewn together; they are then

Fig. 2.—Brush for Silk, Etc.

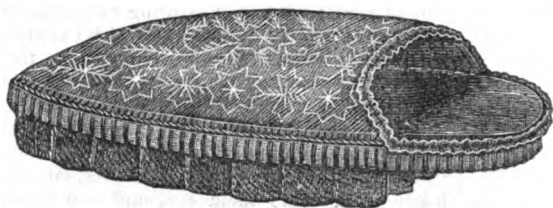


Fig. 3.—Roll of Flannel for Brush.

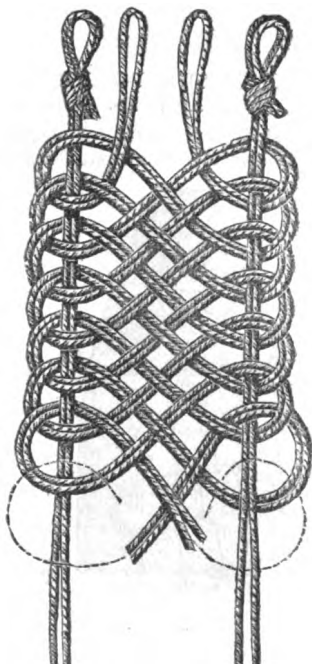


sewn on to a thick piece of felt, six and two-fifths inches long, three and three-fifths inches wide, rounded off at one end, and pointed at the other. At the edge, the felt part is covered with even stitches of red wool taken double; on the top sew a piece of red cloth, which covers the stitches with which the flannel strips have been sewn on. Another piece of cloth, forming a sort of bag, is sewn on the top of the brush; it is ornamented with point russe embroidery of black silk. Into this bag the hand is inserted while brushing.

BELL-ROPE OF CORD PLAITING.

THIS bell-rope consists of a plait of cord. Take 4 pieces of cord (taken double), over 2

Fig. 1.



of which you work, and with the 2 others of which you work the plait. The 2 pieces over which you work must be as long as you wish

the bell-rope to be; they are knotted together at one end, and form a loop, which is fastened on a lead cushion. The 2 other pieces of cord (taken double likewise) must be 6 times as long as the others, and are wound in a ball.

Fig. 2.



Fasten these cords on the lead cushion, and work the plait from Fig. 2. When it is sufficiently long, draw the cords over which you have worked through a wooden handle covered with thread, and fasten them round a circle from Fig. 1. This circle, which completes the handle, is also covered with thread. The other cords are also drawn through the handle, and fastened on the circle.

Receipts, &c.

ECONOMY IN COOKING WELL, ETC.

ECONOMY in cooking does not consist in the use of very little of what are called the necessities, but rather in always getting up, even the most common dishes, in such a manner as not only to relish, but also to present, at table, a good appearance. Some housekeepers who have come within the range of the writer's observation appear, in a remarkable degree, to possess this faculty. A poor meal is never seen on their table, or ever a time known when friends happening in at meal time put them out of sorts. The plainly-furnished table is always neat, the cloth white, and carefully spread, the knives and forks bright as brick-dust can make them, and the silver looking its very best; while the clean floor, well-dusted furniture, cheerful fire in winter, or pleasant breeze and vases of flowers in summer, wonderfully assist the appetite, and add greatly to the enjoyment of the plain but excellent fare. Cheerful faces, too, add to table enjoyment more than is generally supposed. What husband and father, coming from the drudgery of business, would not rather find at the head of his table a cheerful, happy-looking wife, neatly dressed, and pleasant children, with a plain, well-cooked, but simple dinner, than be seated at a sumptuous feast spread on an untidy table; the room in confusion, and everything betokening ill-humor; the wife heated, full of complaints of the fatigue of cooking; the children's faces and hair in anything but tidy order, reflecting, as children generally will, the unhappy state of their mother? It will, indeed, be a wonder if one or two are not sent from the table, or punished in some other manner, before the meal is over.

No matter with how much care the meal has been prepared, every article on the table may be perfect in itself, and perfectly cooked, and the only motive in getting it up may have been to give pleasure to the family, still, after all, we find the principal relish wanting; the only seasoning which gives enjoyment to viands, however costly, absent; the outlay worse than wasted, and the fatigue endured for naught. Many housekeepers fall here in making their table attractive, but do not realize the cause. No doubt often there are little trials, known only to themselves, which cloud the brow, but they should always make it the rule never to let such troubles be the cause of ill-humor in the family, especially at meal time. When the dress is changed for dinner, let it be the rule to clear the brow from all its clouds. If necessary, put on a cheerful air, and soon the spirit itself will pervade the soul, repaying fully the effort to subdue the evil by filling the bosom with joy and peace, and the next effort will be found much more easy. Perhaps this may be called digression, but the writer thinks not; her object is to benefit the young, whose habits as housekeepers are not fixed, but who have an idea of making home pleasant, they hardly know how, unless by cooking fine meals, etc. She wishes housekeepers with limited means to understand the economy of cheerfulness; it will cover the many defects of cooking, or mistakes of judgment, to which the young housekeeper is daily exposed; and we think, too, a cheerful-tempered lady will, in the end, make a more finished housekeeper than one who habitually gives way to gloom. Hope is everything in the family, and no member needs it more than the wife and mother. Be particularly mindful to cultivate this habit of mind if you find your husband inclining to despondency. Wives, even by silent influ-

ence, often uphold a sinking husband; many times all a man wants is courage, and a hopeful wife can impart all that he needs.

Be careful that every bit left is put to the best advantage; many times have we seen sufficient bread in the swill-pail to give a small family a meal. "Wifeful waste makes woful want." Not that, under any circumstances, we would advise the use of unhealthy food, such as sour bread or biscuit. When this accident occurs, which ought not to be oftener than once to any housekeeper, and for which there is no excuse, throw it away; better by far bake again than allow a family to eat sour bread. One of the rules given to servants should be, that if the bread is sour another baking must take its place immediately. We have found this to work well. Servants don't like to do work twice when a little care will save them the trouble. Dry and heavy bread can be used. Much waste is also experienced in the boiling, etc., of meats. Unless watched, the cook will throw out the water without letting it cool to take off the fat, or scrape the dripping-pan into the swill-pail. This grease is useful in many ways. Again, bits of meat are thrown out which would make good hashed meat or hash. The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, or the bread-pan left with dough sticking to it. Pie crust is left and laid by to sour, instead of making a few tarts for tea, etc. Cake batter is thrown out because but little is left. Cold puddings are considered good for nothing, when often they can be steamed for the next day, or, as in case of rice, made over in other forms. Vegetables are thrown away that would warm for breakfast nicely. Dish towels are thrown down where mice can destroy them. Soap is left in water to dissolve, or more used than is necessary. If Bath brick is used, whitening, rotten stone, etc., much is wasted uselessly. The scrub brush is left in water, palls scorched by the stove, tubs and barrels left in the sun to dry and fall apart, chamber palls allowed to rust, tins not dried, and iron-ware rusted; nice knives used for cooking in the kitchen, silver spoons are used to scrape kettles, or forks to toast bread. Rinsings from sweetmeats, and skimmings of syrup, which make good vinegar, are thrown out; cream is allowed to mould and spoil; mustard to dry in the pot, and vinegar to corrode the castor; tea, roasted coffee, pepper, and spices to stand open and lose their strength. The molasses jug loses the cork, and the flies take possession. Sweetmeats are opened and forgotten. Vinegar is drawn in a basin, and allowed to stand, until both basin and vinegar are spoiled. Sugar is spilled from the barrel, coffee from the sack, and tea from the chest. Different sauces are made too sweet, and both sauce and sugar wasted. Dried fruit has not been taken care of in season, and becomes wormy. The vinegar on pickles loses strength, or leaks out, and the pickles become soft. Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the sprouts are not removed until they become worthless. Apples decay for want of looking over. Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding. Hams become tainted, or filled with vermin, for want of the right protection. Dried beef becomes so hard it can't be cut. Cheese moulds, and is eaten by mice or vermin. Lard is not well tried in the fall, and becomes tainted. Butter spoils for want of being well made at first. Bones are burned that will make soup. Ashes are thrown out carelessly, endangering the premises, and wasting them. Servants leave a light and fire burning in the kitchen, when they are out all the evening. Clothes are whipped to pieces in the wind; fine cambrics rubbed on the board, and laces torn in starching. Brooms are never hung up, and soon are spoiled. Carpets are swept with stubs, hardly fit to

scrub the kitchen, and good new brooms used for scrubbing. Towels are used in place of holders, and good sheets to iron on, taking a fresh one every week, thus scorching at last nearly all in the house. Fluid, if used, is left uncorked, endangering the house, and wasting the alcohol. Caps are left from the lamps, rendering the fluid worthless by evaporation. Table linen is thrown carelessly down, and is eaten by mice, or put away damp, and is mildewed; or the fruit stains are forgotten, and the stains washed in. Tablecloths and napkins used as dish-wipers; mats forgotten to be put under hot dishes; teapots melted by the stove; water forgotten in pitchers, and allowed to freeze in winter; slops for cow and pigs never saved; China used to feed cats and dogs on; and in many other ways a careless or inexperienced housekeeper will waste, without heeding, the hard-earned wages of her husband; when she really thinks, because she buys no fine clothes, makes the old ones last, and cooks plainly, she is a most superior housekeeper. The old saying of our grandmothers is only too true, which says, "A woman can throw out with a spoon faster than a man can throw in with a shovel."

We are thus particular, in noting the little things in which housekeepers fail, because we know, from early experience, how necessary it is to know and feel the importance of economy in small matters. It is seldom that a lady can assist in any other manner in lightening the load of her husband, and, indeed, this should not be neglected, let her talents be what they may. The first duty of a wife is to make the home pleasant; if this can be done, and other labor accomplished, all is well; but that is an absolute necessity, never to be thought lightly of, or classed among the secondary duties of woman. "A word to the wise is sufficient." The duties of woman are everyday duties; we cannot let go awhile and pick up where we left off; it is like a stitch dropped in intricate knitting, it goes down and down, until the whole work is spoiled. Sometimes ladies go into the kitchen ill prepared, in dress, for the work to be done; it certainly is better economy to buy common dresses for such purposes, than to spoil one that would buy a dozen such. Large aprons, with sleeves, will be found convenient to put on for a few moments, when company is in the parlor, to assist in taking up tea. A novice in kitchen work will soil her clothes more in a half-hour than an adept in a week. Rings with stones must always be removed before putting hands in dough. This may seem superfluous advice, but the writer well remembers seeing, many years since, dough in the ring of a young housekeeper. When a lady first becomes a housekeeper, she is very anxious to do her best. She asks of this and that friend the advice she needs. Some are good advisers, and some not; and thus often mistakes occur. It is well to keep a record of all the mistakes you make, they will be less apt to happen again. When you make a good batch of bread, etc., write immediately in your journal the whole process; it will enable you to do the same again. Memory is not a safe guide for housekeepers more than others; it often fails, and this is one reason why there is such a difference in the everyday cooking in a family. If you possess a cook-book, mark every receipt you try; those you like with one, and those which do not suit with another mark. Always, in trying receipts, be attentive to copy the rule not only, but the directions. There is as much in putting cakes together as in getting the proportions. Many do not consider that the cake must be baked as directed to insure success; but that this is highly important experienced housekeepers are well aware, and a stove with a poor oven is pronounced a worthless appendage to the kitchen.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Coquilles, or Scalloped Meat.—In the English way of scalloping, the cold meat is chopped up, seasoned, and mixed with bread crumbs; rightly, the bread crumbs should only be placed upon the top. Take any kind of cold roast meat, cut it into exceedingly thin slices of about an inch across, season it well, pour over it enough wine, gravy, and melted butter to moisten, place it in buttered scallop shells, sprinkle bread crumbs pretty thickly on the top, and place them in a hot oven till well browned. Some sliced mushrooms are a great improvement. Cold rabbit, sweetbreads, poultry, calves' brains, veal, and different kinds of fish, are specially adapted for coquilles. Serve in the shells.

Dolpettes of Cold Meat.—Prepare the meat as for a hash—or some hashed meat that has become cold will answer the purpose—add to it some bread crumbs, enough to stiffen the consistency, mix it together with the yolk of eggs, shape it into small balls, dip them into egg, roll them in bread crumbs and grated cheese, and fry them brown. Glaze them, or serve them with tomato sauce.

Suits or Potato Soup.—Boil two or three pounds of potatoes, well mash them, add slowly good broth, sufficient for your tureen; let this well boil, and then add some spinach, sorrel, a little parsley, lemon, thyme, mint, and sage, all chopped fine. Boil all five minutes; pepper and salt to taste; just before taking it off the fire, add two well-beaten eggs.

Ham Toast.—Scrape or pound some cold ham, mix it with beaten egg, season with pepper, lay it upon buttered toast, and place it in a hot oven for three or four minutes. Dried salmon, smoked tongue, potted meats, or any other relishing viands, answer equally well upon toast.

Savory Sandwiches.—Boil some eggs hard, leave them to get quite cold, then cut them across into slices of moderate thickness; add a few slips of anchovies or some anchovy paste, and put them between slices of roll cut thin and buttered.

Scalloped Chicken.—Mince chicken with lean ham and a little pepper mixed, in scallop shells or a flat dish, add two large spoonfuls of cream, cover with crumbs, and set before the fire to brown, with a little butter on the top.

Scotch Woodcock.—Make some buttered toast, put it on a flat dish, boil two eggs hard, put a spoonful of essence of anchovy on the toast, cut the eggs (white and yolks), and lay them over the anchovy. Serve hot.

Oyster Sausages.—Chop a pint of oysters with a quarter of a pound of veal and a quarter of a pound of suet, some bread crumbs; season with salt and pepper; pound them in a mortar; make them into little cakes with an egg; flour, and fry them dry. Serve hot.

Breakfast Dish.—One pound of rich gravy beef cut up into small pieces, put them into a basin with a small lump of fresh butter; cover over with a plate, and place in an oven for about an hour; take out and bruise in a mortar, add salt and pepper to taste, and press all into a potting pot; pour over melted butter.

Rabbits.—Truss your rabbits short, lay them in a basin of warm water for ten minutes, then put them into plenty of water, and boil them about half an hour; if large ones, three quarters; if very old, an hour; smother them with plenty of white onion sauce, mince the liver, and lay it round the dish, or make liver sauce, and send it up in a boat. It will save much trouble to the carver if the rabbits be cut up in the kitchen into pieces fit to help at table, and the head divided, one-half laid at each end, and slices of

lemon and the liver, chopped very finely, laid on the sides of the dish.

Sweetbreads Full-Dressed.—Parboil them, and let them get cold; then cut them in pieces, about three-quarters of an inch thick; dip them in the yolk of an egg, then in fine bread-crumbs (some add spice, lemon-peel, and sweet herbs); put some clean dripping into a frying-pan; when it boils, put in the sweetbreads, and fry them a fine brown. For garnish, crisp parsley; and for sauce, mushroom catchup and melted butter, or anchovy sauce.

Kidneys.—Cut them through the long way, score them, sprinkle a little pepper and salt on them, and run a wire skewer through them to keep them from curling on the gridiron, so that they may be evenly broiled. Broil them over a very clear fire, turning them often till they are done; they will take about ten or twelve minutes, if the fire is brisk; or fry them in butter, and make gravy for them in the pan (after you have taken out the kidneys), by putting in a teaspoonful of flour; as soon as it looks brown, put in as much water as will make gravy; they will take five minutes more to fry than to broil. Some cooks chop a few parsley-leaves very fine, and mix them with a bit of fresh butter and a little pepper and salt, and put a little of this mixture on each kidney.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Soda Scones.—Take two pounds of flour, and rub into it four ounces of butter and a pinch of salt, then take a sufficient quantity of sour buttermilk (in a jug) to mix the flour into a paste, not too stiff. Mix with cold water in a teacup, until dissolved, a good-sized teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. When properly mixed, toss it into the buttermilk, which must be sour; stir it up quickly until it effervesces; mix the flour with the milk, in its effervescent state, roll the paste to about a quarter of an inch thick, stamp it out in small round cakes, and bake on a gridle over a nice clear fire. For "flour scones," the flour is merely mixed with water, rolled out very thin, and slightly browned on the gridle. They should be quite limp, almost like leather, and sent to table in a folded napkin to keep them hot.

Girdle Cake.—Rub six ounces of sugar into two pounds of flour, add a little salt, and make the whole into a paste with a sufficient quantity of milk, roll it out, cut into round cakes, and bake on a gridle.

Baked Apple Pudding.—This, when carefully made and well baked, is a very nice, wholesome pudding, the crust being remarkably light and crisp, though containing no butter. First, weigh six ounces crum of a light stale loaf, and grate it down small; then add and mix thoroughly with it three and a half ounces powdered sugar, and a very slight pinch of salt. Next, take from one pound to a pound and a quarter of russets, or any other good baking apples; pare and take off the core in quarters, without dividing the fruit; arrange them in compact layers in a deep tart dish, which holds about a pound and a half, and strew amongst them four ounces of sugar and the grated rind of a fine fresh lemon; add the strained juice of the lemon, and pour the bread-crumbs gently in the centre, then with a spoon spread them into a layer of equal thickness over the apples, making it very smooth. Sift powdered sugar over, wipe the edge of the dish, and send the pudding to a rather brisk oven for something more than three-quarters of an hour. Very pale brown sugar will answer for it almost as well as powdered.

New Year's Cookies.—Four fresh eggs beat with a pound of sugar one hour, the juice and rind of one lemon, one pound of flour, and one half-teaspoon of hartshorn. These cakes must be made in a cold

room, or they will be too soft; roll thin, cut them in squares, and impress them with any fancy mould; lay on the pans anise or caraway seed, instead of buttering; let the cakes dry from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, and afterwards bake in a very slow oven without browning. They will keep a year.

Pound Cake.—One pound of pulverized loaf-sugar, the same of sweet butter worked free from salt; beat the sugar and butter to a cream with the hand; separate and beat ten eggs as light as possible; mix the yolks with the sugar and butter, and afterwards the whites alternately, with one pound of sifted flour; beat well and bake without burning in round basins. It used to be thought vulgar to use pound cake when fresh; it ought to be three days old before cutting to serve with fruit cake at parties. A glass of wine improves it. Pound cakes should never be flavored; it is generally mixed with other cake, and if spiced, there is too little difference in the cakes.

Corn Starch Cup Cake.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, one of milk, one of corn starch, two of flour, the whites of seven eggs beaten stiff; mix in the flour and starch two-thirds of a teaspoon of cream of tartar, and half a teaspoon of soda; put together like bride's cake; bake quickly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Varnishing Leather.—We always found common spirit varnish has the best effect on rubbed leather, as it lasts much longer than any other preparation, and is quite inexpensive. It is to be procured at any chemist's.

Worms in Flower-Pots.—Stir some freshly-burned lime in water. When quite clear, use the water for the plants, and the worms will be expelled.

Prevention of Moth.—The best way of preventing moths is to wrap each article in stiff brown paper, secured all round, either with gum, paste, or close stitching; in fact, to make it as air-tight as possible. Put the packages in a box, and keep them tightly closed.

Cleaning Ivory.—Take a piece of common white chalk, scrape it to a powder, add as much water as will produce a paste, and apply this paste to the surface of the ivory. If the stains are very bad, two or three, or even more, applications may be requisite.

Starching Collars and Cuffs.—Let the collars be washed, blueed, and dried; then take two large table-spoonfuls of ordinary starch, and blend in cold water till there is about a breakfastcupful on it; dip your collars through it without going to the sediment; wring dry, and lay them in a clean towel for two or three hours; then draw them, and iron, and they will be stiff and glazed.

Camphor Ice for Chapped Hands.—Take of spermaceti four ounces, white wax (pure) eight ounces, oil of sweet almonds one pint. Mix together by a gentle heat, add of camphor (in small pieces) four ounces; when dissolved stir until partly cold, and add essential oil of bitter almonds and expressed oil of mace two fluid drachms, and pour into moulds.

Another.—Take of hard clarified mutton suet eight ounces, spermaceti, wax, of each half an ounce, camphor one ounce. Proceed as before.

How to Clean Oil-Cloths.—To ruin them, clean them with hot water or soap suds, and leave them half wiped, and they will look very bright while wet, and very dingy and dirty when dry, and soon crack and peel off. But if you wish to preserve them, and have them to look new and nice, wash them with soft flannel and lukewarm water, and wipe thoroughly dry. If you want them to look extra nice after they are dry, drop a few spoonfuls of milk over them, and rub them with a small cloth.

Editors' Cable.

THOUGHTS IN SEASON.

BEFORE we welcome the new year with that pleasing hope which always "springs eternal," it is natural to cast a glance over the history of the past year, in which so many hopes lie buried. The first subject on which our thoughts dwell must needs be the fearful war, in which two of the foremost nations of Christendom have been wasting the lives of their dearest sons, and carrying desolation to thousands of homes. Every one has felt that such a war, whatever its pretexts, was a disgrace to the civilization of the age. Yet, amid all its blackness and misery, some gleams of light have appeared, which inspire better hopes for the future. One of these is the merciful and truly Christian treatment which prisoners of war have experienced. Another, even more notable and encouraging, is found in the efforts which have been made by the people of other nations to mitigate the distress caused by the war. For the first time in the history of Europe, societies have been organized for this purpose, contributions have been raised, and medicines, provisions, and other needful supplies purchased and sent under the charge of surgeons and skilled attendants for the relief of the sufferers on both sides. The women of Paris, headed by the Empress Eugénie, devoted themselves to mitigate the sufferings of war. English, Americans, Belgians, Swiss, and Italians have combined in this benevolent work. In England alone, half a million of dollars had been contributed during the first three months of the war. The "International Society for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded in War" has its branches in almost every country of Europe; and on almost every battle-field its ambulances and surgeons, with their aids, bearing the "red cross" as their badge and protection, have been found on their mission of mercy. From Paris an expedition was organized by this society in conjunction with the American Aid Society; and we are told that "this friendly partnership between the surgeons of the two great branches of the English-speaking nation has excited warm appreciation in France." Surely, in view of these facts, we may feel that the world moves, and that the heaven of Christianity is steadily doing its appointed work.

In our own land, the history of the past year is mainly a history of peaceful progress. In particular, the efforts on behalf of education, and more especially for improving the education of women, have been noteworthy. The noble bequest of Mr. Simmons, and the admission of young ladies as students into several of our principal colleges, are among the signs which show how great is the advance already made in this direction. The large increase in the number of women employed as teachers in our public schools proves that their true mission as the instructresses of the young is becoming more generally appreciated. This must be regarded as a most cheering indication for the future of our country. Whatever evils may exist in our society—and, no doubt, they are many and great—we may reasonably hope that they will gradually disappear under the transforming effect of a system of education which places all the youthful minds of the community in the charge of teachers who, by precept and example, will inculcate lessons of purity, order, gentleness, and piety. In this well-founded hope, we may confidently

wish to every reader of the LADY'S BOOK "a happy New-Year," and many pleasant returns of the day. Let us add the experience of our trust that in the coming time, as in the past, the connection between the Book and its ever-widening circle of subscribers will be one of mutual satisfaction, and (if we may venture to use such terms in regard to so impersonal a subject as a magazine) of cordial friendship and good-will.

MICROSCOPY.

Who would have supposed, a few years ago, that a periodical entirely devoted to microscopic science would have a large circulation in this country? Yet this, we are assured, is the case with the *American Journal of Microscopy*, now published monthly at Chicago. It is right to add that such a circulation is well merited by its contents, which, though confined to the results of this special study, are of a nature to be interesting to readers of all classes, and particularly to housekeepers. Some persons, we are aware, have an idea that the revelations of the microscope in regard to the food we eat and the air we breathe will merely tend to excite unavailing dislikes and alarms. But it must be considered that the microscope not only brings to view the minute animal and vegetable existences about us, but also shows us how we may get rid of those which are found or believed to be noxious. As a striking example, it may be remembered that those fearful pests, the trichinae in pork, were not only made known in this way (after they had probably destroyed numberless lives), but it was at the same time shown that thorough cooking of the meat destroyed them, and prevented all injurious effects. The animalculæ, which startle us in examining a drop of water through the instrument, can, it is found, be expelled or destroyed by filtering, or distillation, or boiling. There are said to be at least a thousand fearful-looking little insects (the "*acarus sacchari*"), visible through the lens, in every teaspoonful of raw brown sugar; but refined sugar, it is found, has none of them, and is, we may add, not only the most wholesome, but really the cheapest for ordinary use. Thus, too, in a well-written paper in the first number of the journal just mentioned, Prof. E. M. Hale shows that while many of those vegetable substances which are in common use medicinally may be made worthless by the destructive effects of animalculæ or fungi on them, the microscope will readily discover these parasites, and thus enable us to avoid the use of such inert medicines.

This invaluable instrument has long been one of the principal aids of the druggist and physician, and is essential to the student of many sciences, such as chemistry, geology, botany, and physiology. Perhaps the time is not distant when every good housekeeper will think it necessary to be armed with one of these detectors, which will show at a glance whether the hams, spices, sugar, tea, milk, and other articles of food procured for the family are what they ought to be. A knowledge that these examinations were going on in many households would have a wholesome influence on all dealers in such articles, and might thus prove of much advantage to the health and wealth of their customers.

WORK IS HEALTH.

It is well known that few women have more laborious lives than those which the wives of missionaries commonly lead. The mere care of a household among a heathen and barbarous or half-civilized people is no ordinary charge. To this, however, most of these ladies add the duties of teaching the young, visiting, and explaining the Scriptures in families, attending the sick, and much other mission work. To some who have heard of it, this amount of labor naturally seems excessive and exhausting. They are struck with a few instances, like that of the Rev. Mr. Judson, of Burmah, and his three admirable wives, and their commiseration is excited. A recent writer declares that "probably not one out of twenty of the missionaries to-day in the field, that are of middle age, but has his second or third wife." In view of such an appalling state of things, this compassionate observer exclaims: "Women may well ask, 'To what purpose is this waste of noble woman's life?'"

This startling inquiry has aroused the different mission societies to investigation, and the result shows that the tender-hearted writer was far astray from the truth, and that the excellent ladies in question are rather to be imitated than to be pitied. The Presbyterian Board of Missions find that out of the one hundred and fifteen married missionaries on their list, who might be considered to have reached "middle age"—that is, who had been ten years and upwards engaged in the work—only twenty-five had been widowers. Furthermore, it was found that during forty-seven years there had been connected with the missions in Western Asia, where the women's mission work is very onerous, two hundred and forty-seven individuals. Of these, one hundred and twelve were men, and one hundred and thirty-five were women. Of the men, twenty-nine are deceased, or rather more than twenty-five per cent.; of the women, only twenty-five, or not quite nineteen per cent. The "American Board," who have more missions under their charge than any other American Society, declare that their experience is the same. In the missions of the Pacific Islands, for example, the total number of married men, from the beginning, has been eighty, of whom twenty-eight have died; and of women, eighty-nine, among whom the deaths have been only twenty-three. The statistics of the Indian missions yield similar results, showing that more men have died than women, and that very few of the missionaries (only five out of twenty-seven) had been married more than once.

But it may be thought that the work is, at all events, excessive for both men and women. Even this supposition proves to be incorrect. The American Board, after careful inquiry, are able to give the gratifying assurance that, according to their experience, "the average of life in the ministry at home does not much, if at all, exceed that of missionaries abroad and in this country." Considering that many of the missionaries reside in unhealthy climates, like those of Africa, India, and Southern China, this fact is indeed remarkable. It is a new evidence of the truth that our bodies and minds are both designed for useful work; and those who conform to this ordinance of creative wisdom find their natural recompense in health and cheerfulness, and in the "length of days" which these blessings bring with them.

LADY CANDIDATES FOR DEGREES.

WHILE some of our own colleges have been hesitating as to the propriety of granting degrees to women, the great English Universities of Cambridge and Oxford have settled the question for their coun-

try by admitting young women equally with young men to the examinations which persons not members of the University have to pass in order to obtain degrees. The report of the "syndicate" appointed by the Senate of Cambridge University, last year, to examine such candidates, has been published, and from this it seems that the ladies came off, on the whole, very fairly. Thirty-six presented themselves for examination in the English branches, the classics, modern languages, mathematics, and other studies. The examiner reports that, in English history and composition, nearly all the candidates "acquitted themselves extremely well." In the papers written, "there was hardly a touch of fine writing," and "there were not four words wrongly spelt." In arithmetic, six of the candidates did "very well," eleven others "creditably," and the others failed. As the examination in this study is said to be specially rigorous, this proportion of successful candidates must be deemed respectable. Twenty-four candidates in French presented themselves; two obtained marks of distinction, and only five failed to pass. There were three candidates in political economy, all of whom passed with some credit. In German, Italian, and drawing, about half the candidates passed.

GREAT MEN.

1.

"How old art thou?" the sage began;
—The boy, aroused from play,
Tossing his fresh-plucked flowers aside,
Sprang to his feet and gayly cried,
"I'm ten years old to-day;
What long, long days! Oh, how I wish
The years would go away!"

2.

A blush of conscious eagerness
Athwart his bright face ran;
"Thou'lt find it," the sage went on to say,
"When manhood comes, a shorter day,
When age, that life's a span,
What dost thou wish for now, my boy?"
"I wish to be a man."

3.

"What wouldst thou do, wert thou a man?"
"I would a traveller be;
And every curious thing I'd know,
And through all foreign lands I'd go,
And sail on every sea;
And I would visit mighty kings,
And they might visit me."

4.

"But kings spurn common men." The boy
Looked up with flashing eye:
"I thought that kings were good great men;
But I will be a monarch then,
And have a Palace high;
And none I see in all the world
Shall greater be than I."

5.

"But greatness is not happiness;
My son, an emblem see—
How lovely grow these lowly flowers
How peacefully they pass their hours,—
While yonder lofty tree,
That soared so high to reach the sky,
Was scathed most fearfully."

6.

The boy upon the blasted pine
 Gazed long in sober thought.
 "I'll pluck these flowers," at length he cried,
 "And they will die as that has died,
 And sooner, will they not?
 Nor bud, nor flower, nor leaf, nor stem
 Remain to mark the spot."

7.

"'Tis true," the old man said, "'tis true;"—
 His voice was low and mild;
 "The hand of man or Heaven's decree
 Alone can bow the great strong tree;
 The finger of a child,
 Or foot of senseless brute comes nigh,
 The flower is plucked or spoiled."

8.

"We prate of peace in lowly place
 —'Tis not in place it lies,
 Evil, whose shadow darkens earth,
 Must perish in its place of birth!
 But hope may seek the skies,
 The good must tend to the All-good,
 The soul that strives will rise."

9.

"Press on, my royal boy, press on!
 As brooklets form the flood,
 The thoughts that swell thy simple heart
 May guide thee to a glorious part,—
 But self must be withstood;
 And hold thou fast thy boyhood's faith,
 THE GREAT MEN ARE THE GOOD!"

NOTE.—This poem has never been published in the *LADY'S BOOK*. It may be found in Mrs. Hale's new volume "Love, or Woman's Destiny; and Other Poems," just published by Duffield Ashmead, Philadelphia.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

FREE RUSSIA.—In Russia, as everywhere else, liberty shows among its first fruits a desire for the elevation of woman. In Warsaw public lectures are to be provided for the Polish ladies. The subjects mentioned are natural science, technology, and political economy. It is further stated that, in order to assist in providing employment for women, the Directors of the Black Sea Navigation Company propose to employ them in future as bookkeepers, telegraph clerks, and accountants. If the experience of other employers is a test, the Directors will find their reward in the care and fidelity of the ladies whom they trust with these responsible duties.

WOMEN IN INDIA.—A movement, which is full of promise, is taking place in India in regard to the education of women. A normal school for native ladies and girls has already been opened at Poona. At the University of Calcutta two Hindoo ladies were going up for the entrance examination. In the same city a native gentleman has established a class, and given scholarships, for the education of native women as medical attendants of their own sex; and a similar class is to be established at Lucknow. It is pleasing to see such evidences that a beautiful land and an interesting people are rising into the light of civilization.

FROM "Companions of My Solitude." See Literary Notices, page 99.

"You labor under a retiring disposition, you are married, and you wish to retrieve the family fortunes. First, you must at once abandon all those

pursuits which depend for success upon refined appreciation. You must seek to do something which many people demand. Emigrate, if you like, and cultivate the ground. Cattle are always in some demand, if only for tallow. It is better to provide the fuel for the lamp than those productions which are said to smell most of it.

"Get, if you can, into one or other of the main grooves of human affairs. It is all the difference of going by railway, and walking over a ploughed field, whether you adopt common courses, or set up one for yourself. You will see most inferior persons highly placed in the army, in the church, in office, at the bar. They have somehow got upon the line, and have moved on well with very little original motive power of their own.

"DOMESTIC SERVANTS.—Their education is wretchedly defective. But, besides that, they are particularly liable to the slavery of conventionality: in fact, there are few people more subdued by weak notions of what is correct for them to have, and to be, and to do. They undergo, in an especial degree, the temptation of being brought near to a class superior to their own in breeding and niceness, and consequently they are very likely to be discontented with their own. Their efforts to save money should be aided and directed. Then masters and mistresses should recognize the fact that men and women love one another in all ranks; that Mary, if a pretty or comely girl, is pretty nearly sure at some time to have a lover. Let the master and mistress be aware of that fact, and treat it as an open question, which may be discussed sometimes with advantage. Instead of such conduct, one hears sometimes that such maxims are laid down as that "no followers are allowed." What does a lady mean who lays down such a law in her household? I could not bear to live with servants who were to see none of their friends or relations; I should feel as if I were keeping a prison."

COPYRIGHT.—It may be important to remind authors, publishers, and others interested, of the exceedingly favorable provision of the revised copyright law, which secures the exclusive liberty of publishing the work or article copyrighted for the term of twenty-eight years, with the privilege of a renewal for the further term of fourteen years, making forty-two years in all.

AMMONIA baths are becoming popular, particularly among those invalids who need, but cannot procure, the natural mineral-water baths. The ammonia bath is easily arranged. To one quart of tepid, soft, or even hard water of grateful temperature, add from one-half to one tablespoonful of aqua ammonia, as sold by apothecaries. The water should feel oily on the fingers, and have a slight odor of ammonia. Use a soft, absorbent cloth of cotton or linen, and bathe every part of the surface of the body successively, using a towel, or not, afterwards. Invalids may use this bath daily with benefit. Persons in ordinary health should not employ it oftener than twice in one week.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "The Poet's Dream"—"Charade—Misadventure"—"At Sea"—"Bessie's Visit"—"Louisiana Scenery"—"By the River"—"Ventures"—"The Widower" and "June Roses."

The following articles are declined: "Memories"—"Forever"—"My Midnight Watch"—"Waiting"—"Shadows"—"Hellebore" and "To E. S. R."

"The Road to Fortune." No letter, no stamps.

Every MS. must be accompanied with a letter, and stamps to return if desired.

Health Department.

BY DR. CHARLES P. UHLE.

HEARTBURN AND WATER-BRASH.

HEARTBURN, or *cardialgia*, as it is termed among physicians, consists of a painful sensation of heat running up in paroxysms from the pit of the stomach to the fauces. When this sensation is accompanied by the ejection of a watery-like fluid, it is called *pyrosis*, or water-brash. The two affections are the one and the same disease, the latter being the severer development of it.

Doctor Cullen, who saw a great deal of this complaint, gives the following description of it: "Its distinguishing characteristics are a burning heat in the epigastrium, with a sense of suffocation, as if a cloud of smoke was filling the passages in its journey from the stomach to the mouth, followed by the vomiting, or rather the eructation of a thin watery fluid, resembling saliva, but usually insipid and tasteless, and described by the patient as being cold. The paroxysms usually come on in the morning and forenoon, when the stomach is empty, and lasts for a considerable length of time. The first symptoms of their approach is a severe pain at the pit of the stomach, with a sense of constriction, as if the stomach were drawn towards the back. The pain is increased by raising the body to an erect posture, and therefore the body is bended forward. The pain is often very severe, but passes away with the discharge of the liquid."

It used to be represented that this liquid came from the stomach, and that it was from the excessive quantity of acid in this organ that it was discharged; but, with the increased knowledge that we have of these things at the present day, we have every reason to believe that it comes not from the stomach, but from the glands at the bottom of the oesophagus. For, in the first place, when thrown up without much effort, it is alkaline, and only when there is sufficient heaving to eject some of the contents of the stomach does it present an acid reaction; and, secondly, it presents under the microscope the same appearance as the secretion of the glands of the throat and oesophagus, gives the same chemical tests, and possesses the same power of turning starch into sugar. The attribution, then, of the fluid to the lower part of the gullet, is an obvious conclusion, and the probable *rationale* of its collection is this: "That from some preternatural irritation of the stomach—such as the persistence of food in it, the collection of mucus, or morbid sensitiveness of the nerves—the salivary secretion, which accompanies the food to this organ, and which continues afterwards, is prevented from entering it by an irritated constriction of the muscular tube only at these times. After the elapse of a certain number of hours, it is ejected, and the result is attained by that easy reversed action which is observed in the oesophagus, as distinguished from the severe strain of emptying the stomach from vomiting; and hence we have the easy eructation of mild fluid, constituting an attack of the symptoms in question." And this is just the long and short of water-brash. A spasm of the gullet detains the secretions of the salivary and oesophageal glands from entering the stomach except at meal times; these secretions are enabled during the absence of food to collect in considerable quantities as a consequence, and be thrown off when necessary by a simple reversed muscular action.

We have spoken of a sensation of heat or pain that

accompanies the eructation of fluid; but it must not be supposed that it is from the acrid, alkaline, or acid qualities of the fluids ejected that this pain arises, for this is not the case. A simple evidence of this is exhibited by swallowing again the liquid which rises into the mouth. Of course, if it was capable of giving pain by its chemical constituents, it would do so in going down as well as in coming up. But nothing of the sort is experienced, and it excites as little discomfort as saliva in its downward course. Besides which the sensation, or heartburn, as it is called, occurs without the eructation of fluid; indeed, it is by far most commonly dry, consisting only of a sensation like hot smoke rising in the throat, but bringing nothing up. In these cases, the most familiar ones to us all, either the spasm is not complete enough to stay the secretions, or not strong enough to bring it up, or that it has been exhausted by the recent digestion of a meal.

The causes of heartburn and pyrosis, though they are diseases of the oesophagus, do not lie in the oesophagus. Cancer, ulceration, stricture, and the most extensive diseases of that organ do not originate them in the majority of cases, whereas a little chronic inflammation, or, more commonly still, simply atony of the stomach, seldom exists long without them. They are not, then, the accompaniments of dangerous or fatal disorders, and this may be a consolation to those who suffer from them.

As regards the treatment, these affections are well known to be capable of relief by a considerable variety of remedies, and those in many instances of a very discordant character. When the pain is not very great, alkalies—such as carbonate of soda, chalk, and magnesia—afford considerable temporary relief. They do not act by neutralizing acid, as people generally believe; but by blunting the sensitiveness of the oesophageal and gastric nerves, just as lime-water, soda, borax, etc., will allay the pain of the skin in cutaneous diseases or an irritable blister. There is no positive evidence that there ever is an over-secretion of acid in the stomach, or that the stomach is pained by the acidity of its contents; and, besides, these drugs, when in large doses, give relief even where alkaline and neutral matters are ejected. They are, in fact, anodynes; and, like all anodynes, they have the inconvenience of requiring the frequent augmentation of the dose to keep up the same degree of efficiency. Given merely as palliatives, alkalies contribute but little towards a cure. If intended to produce the latter result, their administration must be much more frequent than the paroxysms demand.

Of palliatives to excessive pain, the best is opium, because it is the best known and the most manageable. It relieves the immediate pain and spasm; and, when combined with an astringent, as kino or catechu, gives a tone to the stomach and oesophagus that certainly is a step towards a cure. The subnitrate of bismuth is also an excellent remedy, and it has only failed in acquiring a character equal to its merits because people content themselves with too small doses. It is true that the ordinary quantity of ten or twelve grains is often sufficient; but very often it is not, and then half a drachm, or even a drachm, may be given without danger, and frequently with the best of results. In cases of atony or sluggishness of the stomach, either from debility or mental causes—such as anxiety, overwork, etc.—it is best treated by such remedies as relieve the general condition of the alimentary canal. Hence iron, nuxvomica, etc., are enumerated among the many remedies for its removal. The latter should not be used, however, without directions from a physician, as it is a powerful medicine, and may do irretrievable injury in the hands of the uninitiated.

Literary Notices.

From CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

TRAVELS OF AN AMERICAN OWL. *A Satire.* By Virginia W. Johnson. The vices and extravagances of Young America, together with the follies and absurdities of American *parvenus* abroad, are satirically delineated in this volume. It is entertainingly written, and illustrated by a number of silhouette pictures drawn by Augustus Hoppin, and engraved by Jasper Green.

A COMPLETE FRENCH CLASS BOOK. By Paul E. Girard, French Teacher at the Female Teachers' Institute, Philadelphia. Our thanks are due the author of this truly excellent class book for the copy now before us. From the examination we have made of it, we have no hesitation in giving it a hearty recommendation as a work which will meet every requirement of a book of its kind. In it are embraced four different books: An entirely new and complete treatise on French pronunciation; a progressive French reader, with explanatory notes; a French grammar, with exercises and dialogues; and a summary of French verbs.

THE ADVENTURES OF BIG-FOOT WALLACE, the Texas Ranger and Hunter. By John C. Duval, author of "Jack Dobell; or, a Boy's Adventures in Texas," etc. With portrait and engravings. "Big-Foot Wallace," says the author in his preface, "is better known throughout Texas as an Indian fighter, hunter, and ranger, than any one, perhaps, now living in the State. Few men now living have witnessed as many stirring incidents, had more 'hair-breadth escapes,' or gone through more of the hardships and perils of a border life." The book has been written out from notes furnished by himself, and told, as far as practicable, in his own language. It is a lively, stirring volume, full of all sorts of adventures and incidents of frontier life.

LITTLE MARY AND THE FAIRY. By Harriet B. McKeever, author of "The Pigeons' Wedding," etc. A pretty volume, with brightly painted pictures, which will catch the eyes of admiring little folks.

From PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

MOTHER GOOSE IN HER NEW DRESS. The publishers present this volume as a *fac-simile* of the original drawings, which were not designed for the public eye, but as a birthday gift from a daughter to her father, who occupies a high position in government. It was only at the earnest solicitation of friends that she consented to their publication. As the work of an amateur, the illustrations of this volume are really something creditable. The book is beautifully printed and bound, and is admirably suited for a holiday gift. Price, \$4 50.

From EVANS, STODDART, & Co., Philadelphia:—

CRUMBS SWEEP UP. By T. De Witt Talmage. A volume of brief pithy essays, written in a lively, pleasant style, and, without being profoundly wise, still containing enough of both wit and wisdom to give their common-sense views of men and things a more than common-place character.

THE GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK RECEIPTS AND HOUSEHOLD HINTS. Carefully Selected and Arranged. By S. Annie Frost. This is a work to which thousands of our subscribers will extend a hearty welcome. It will, we think, prove to be one of the best, most reliable, and most original cook-books be-

fore the public. Most of the receipts contained in it were contributed to the *LADY'S BOOK* only, and are not to be found in any other publications. They are all derived from the practical experience of old housekeepers, and were tested before they were brought before the public. The usefulness of the work has been greatly enhanced by the addition of a complete alphabetical index.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

MRS. HALE'S RECEIPTS FOR THE MILLION. Containing four thousand five hundred and forty-five receipts, facts, directions, etc., in the useful, ornamental, and domestic arts, and in the conduct of life. By Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale. This is a new edition of a book which should never be allowed to go out of print. Its information pertaining to domestic affairs is almost encyclopedical in character, and is complete and reliable. It is a book which should be in every family.

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN SIMON SUGGS, Late of the Tallapoosa Volunteers. By the author of "Widow Rugby's Husband." A humorous American book, containing a number of illustrations by Darley.

From MCKINNEY & MARTIN, Philadelphia:—

ALMOST A PRIEST. *A Tale that Deals in Facts.* By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, author of "Priest and Nun," etc. A writer always labors under peculiar disadvantages when he or she attempts to give the form of a novel to a controversial work. There is always the danger of being one-sided in the representations of character, and of being led away by prejudice in the statements of facts. This volume is as interesting as novels of this class usually are, though its author is better in invention than in execution. If she had made a plain narrative, and omitted her comments and personal appeals to the reader, her work would have been much improved.

From HENRY C. LEA, Philadelphia:—

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. Assisted by J. Minis Hays, M. D. October, 1870. Price \$5 a year.

From J. P. SKEELLY & Co., Philadelphia:—

TWO WAYS OF DOING IT. By Miss L. Bates, author of "Beginning." This little volume is made the medium for repeating many of the worn-out arguments against a wider sphere of labor and education for women. Such books as these can have very little effect except as they show the weakness and fallaciousness of the reasoning of the conservatives. As well attempt to beat back the rising tide, as to check the tendency of public sentiment in the "question of the day."

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE ORIGIN OF CIVILIZATION AND THE PRIMITIVE CONDITION OF MAN. *Mental and Social Condition of Savages.* By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M. P., F. R. S. This volume, the production of a writer who ranks among the most eminent anthropologists of our day, is one that will deeply interest, not only the scientific student, but the general reader as well. The design of the author has been to describe the social and mental condition of savages, their arts, their systems of marriage, and of relationship, their religions, language, moral character, and laws. A spirit of original and philosophic inquiry gives life to the book, which is thereby prevented from being a mere rehash of the purely narrative accounts of travellers.

VALERIE AYLMEY. *A Novel.* By Christian

Reid. This is the production of a new aspirant for literary honors; a story well and pleasingly written, but possessing no striking features either in plot or execution. Its author is a Southerner, and the scenes of the novel are laid principally in the Southern States, the period dating immediately subsequent to the civil war.

LAY SERMONS, ADDRESSES, AND REVIEWS. By Thomas Henry Huxley, LL. D., F. R. S., author of "Origin of Species," etc. This is the latest and most popular of the works of an English philosopher and scientist, remarkable alike for his bold spirit of investigation, and for the candor with which he enunciates the results of his inquiries. The present volume contains his recent powerful address on "Spontaneous Generation," an address which has excited the attention of the learned throughout the civilized world. Whatever opinion may be held in regard to the theological tendencies of Prof. Huxley's writings, no one, we believe, can doubt his reverence for the truth, his learning, or his ability to utter the most profound thoughts in language at once clear and elegant.

CORNELL'S PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By S. S. Cornell. This book contains nineteen pages of maps, and over one hundred diagrams and illustrations. Its system is in many respects entirely different from that usually adopted by compilers of geographies. Its information is far more varied and thorough. It is the last of a series of geographies; and is intended to convey knowledge to the student concerning the structure of the earth, the atmosphere, the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, volcanoes, ocean currents and river systems, wind zones and ocean routes, and much other matter that is entirely omitted, or only lightly touched upon, in other works.

APPLETON'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC for 1871. A beautiful pamphlet, with valuable and interesting reading matter and handsome illustrations.

From **ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York,** through **ALFRED MARTIN, Philadelphia:**—

"WHAT SHE COULD." By the author of "The Wide, Wide World." Notwithstanding the many books that have been given to the world during the last eighteen years, and the numberless ones that must have been read and forgotten, there are few readers who do not retain the remembrance of a novel noted for its beauty of style, purity of tone, and elevation of sentiment—a novel called "The Wide, Wide World." It was almost the first of a class which has since become numerous, and to which Mrs. Whitney and Miss Alcott have worthily contributed. "What She Could" is a story of the same type by the same author; not as interesting, we think, as her first production, but still well worth reading.

LIGHT AND TRUTH; or, Bible Thoughts and Themes. The Lesser Epistles. By Horatius Bonar, D. D. A series of brief sermons or essays, taking for their text some portion of the Epistles, beginning with Galatians.

CONANT FARM. By the author of "Squire Downing's Helrs," etc. A story of American life, pretending to no sensation, but quietly and naturally told. Though it is not likely to make a stir in the literary world, it should have plenty of readers.

HYACINTHE AND HER BROTHERS. By Joanna H. Mathews, author of the "Bessie Books." This is volume five of a series of stories on the commandments.

DOWN THE STEPS. By the author of "Squire Downing's Helrs," etc. This is the sixth and last volume of the "Ledgeside Series," of which "Squire Downing's Helrs" is the first. An excellent book.

THE YOUNG POTATO-ROASTERS and the Boy.

Guardian. By C. E. Bowen, author of "Jack, the Conqueror," etc.

FREDDIE FIGHTING HIS WAY. By Say Putnam, author of "Little Freddie Feeding His Soul."

Two pleasing little volumes suited for the family or Sunday-School library.

LAURENCE BRONSEN'S VICTORY. By the author of the "Golden Ladder Series," etc.

CHRISTY'S GRANDSON. By the author of "Laurence Bronsen's Victory."

ALLAN HAYWOOD. By the author of "Laurence Bronsen's Victory."

These three volumes belong to the "Drayton Hall Series," a series of stories illustrative of the Beatitudes. The first volume has for its motto, "Blessed are the poor in spirit;" the second, "Blessed are they that mourn;" the third, "Blessed are the meek."

From **J. B. FORD, New York,** through **J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:**—

OUR SEVEN CHURCHES. By Thomas K. Beecher, Elmira, N. Y. These lectures exhibit a truly Christian spirit, and, aside from their merely literary merits, are well worthy of being read and re-read for the sentiments of charity they present with so much earnestness and feeling. Starting out with the idea that "we must learn to love and respect our fellow-men and our sister churches," and that "every church can teach every other church something," Mr. Beecher proceeds to give an able and striking exposition of the best features of the seven great religious denominations in America—the Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Baptist, Congregational, and Liberal Christian. The book is a remarkable one, and will attract much attention.

CHRISTIAN HEART-SONGS. By John Zundel, author of "Modern School for the Organ," etc. A valuable addition to our collections of church music for congregational singing. Most of the tunes are original with Prof. Zundel, for the last eighteen years organist in Plymouth (Henry Ward Beecher's) Church, and a worthy pupil of the celebrated Bink.

From **SHELDON & Co., New York,** through **J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:**—

THE CASTAWAYS. *A Story of Adventure in the Wilds of Borneo.* By Captain Mayne Reid. Interspersed in an exceedingly sensational narrative of adventure in the Indian Archipelago is much really valuable and reliable information concerning the inhabitants, beasts, birds, and fishes of that latitude. "The Castaways" is a book that will instruct as well as interest.

WORDS AND THEIR USES, Past and Present. A Study of the English Language. By Richard Grant White. The papers embraced in this volume originally appeared under their present title in *The Galaxy*, where they attracted merited attention, and drew upon their author a great deal of harsh criticism that was not at all deserved. We may fancy that Mr. White is just a little priggish at times, but he has carried out the main purpose of his book—"the consideration of the right use and the abuse of words and idioms"—with a keenness of logic, grasp of knowledge, and mastery of expression, of which no other American writer on philological subjects is capable. His book is one that every student of our language should have within reach.

From **DODD & MEAD, New York,** through **CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAPPELFINGER, Philadelphia:**—

THE FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD BOOKS OF ROLLO AND LUCY. Poetry. Original and selected. By Jacob Abbott, author of "The Rollo Books," etc.

With original engravings. The first of these beautiful little books is made up of poetical pieces of a character so simple as to be within the comprehension of children too young to read themselves. The second embraces a somewhat higher range of pieces, and is intended for children either just learning to read, or who are able to read for themselves. The third book of the series contains, in addition to pieces not before published, a considerable number of specimens selected from the works of the most distinguished English and American poets.

THE JUNO STORIES. By Jacob Abbott. Vols. III. and IV. *Juno on a Journey and Hubert.* With these two handsome volumes the interesting series to which they belong is completed. The entire set consists of four volumes. "The Juno Stories," it may be as well to state, are intended to meet in part the present urgent demand for a higher class of Sunday-School literature.

NELLY'S DARK DAYS. By the author of "Jessica's First Prayer," etc. A sweet and touching little temperance story, of a religious character, and well adapted for Sunday-School libraries.

GEOFFRY THE LOLLARD. By Frances Eastwood. A story of the early days of the English reformation, the main facts in which have been drawn from that museum of horrors, "Fox's Book of Martyrs."

From **HARPER & BROTHERS**, New York, through **PETERSON & BROTHERS** and **LIPPINCOTT & Co.**, Philadelphia:—

WHICH IS THE HEROINE? A Novel.

THE VIVIAN ROMANCE. By Mortimer Collins.

Two interesting volumes belonging to "Harper's Library of Select Novels."

From **NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY** and **PUBLICATION HOUSE**, New York, through **J. C. GARRIGUES & Co.**, Philadelphia:—

ROY'S SEARCH; or, Lost in the Cars. By Helen C. Pearson.

HOPEDALE TAVERN, and What It Wrought. By J. William Van Namee.

Two temperance stories of moderate interest and unexceptionable morals.

THE PITCHER OF COOL WATER, and Other Stories. By T. S. Arthur, author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," etc. This little volume contains eight temperance stories written in Mr. Arthur's best style. They were intended originally for children, but will interest older persons as well.

From **CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co.**, New York, through **J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.**, Philadelphia:—

WONDERS OF ACOUSTICS; or, the Phenomena of Sound. From the French of Rodolphe Radare. The English revised by Robert Ball, M. A. With illustrations. This is a recent addition to "Scribner's Illustrated Library of Wonders." It will be found very entertaining and instructive, and is certainly the best available popular treatise on the science of sound.

From **LEE & SHEPARD**, Boston, through **CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER**, and **J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.**, Philadelphia:—

PIANO AND MUSICAL MATTER. By G. de la Motte. This is the third edition of a work which has already met with unqualified success. The first four chapters are intended for beginners, and will, if proper attention is given them, last the first six months of their studies. The succeeding chapters may be used with advantage to the pianist for years. The book is thorough in its mode of instruction, and

when its contents are mastered, the student may well claim a proficiency in the science of music.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE. A *Compilation of Choice Religious Hymns and Poems.* By the editor of "Chimes for Childhood," etc. This is a most judicious collection of poems selected from volumes, from newspapers, and magazines, and containing in its list of authors the names of the best English and American writers. The volume is neat and plain, yet beautifully printed and bound, and one that should receive special attention during the holidays.

WHY AND HOW. *Why the Chinese Emigrate, and the Means they Adopt for the Purpose of Reaching America.* By Russell H. Conwell. This is a very readable book, containing, in a comparatively small space, much interesting and useful information with regard to the natives of China, and their manners, customs, and national peculiarities.

THE SOCIAL STAGE. *Original Dramas, Comedies, Burlesques, and Entertainments, for Home Recreation and Public Exhibitions.* By George M. Baker, author of "The Mimic Stage," etc. These plays are especially adapted to the wants of home and social circles, where they can be produced with very little expense and trouble.

LETTERS EVERYWHERE. *Stories and Rhymes for Children.* With twenty-eight illustrations by Theophile Schuler. A charming little book, odd and fanciful, both in its letter-press and illustrations, and certain to become popular with the little folks.

THE HOUSE ON WHEELS; or, The Stolen Child. By Madame de Stolz. Translated from the French by Miss E. F. Adams. A lively story, illustrating the evils resulting from disobedience.

FIELD AND FOREST; or, The Fortunes of a Farmer. By Oliver Optic. Oliver Optic is so prolific a writer that we could hardly expect him to be uniformly excellent. However, his youthful readers seem to find no lack of interest in this volume, which belongs to the "Onward and Upward" series.

THE SPRINGDALE STORIES. By Mrs. S. B. C. Samuels. These stories, six in number, are entitled "Adele," "Nettle's Trial," "Herbert," "Eric," "Ennistellen," and "Johnstone's Farm." We asked a young critic, not yet in her teens, what these stories were like, and her answer was an unqualified "Splendid!" And we dare say her judgment is quite as good as ours in regard to what will please children.

THE BECKONING SERIES. By Paul Cobden. Two volumes of this series are now ready for the public—"Who Will Win?" and "Going on a Mission." They will prove pleasant and profitable reading for the young folks.

LITTLE FOLKS ASTRAY. By Sophie May, author of "Little Prudy Stories." The "Little Prudy Stories" were so popular among the children that they will not be at all sorry to see the same characters brought into another series.

From **LORING**, Boston:—

DAFFY DOWN DILLY AND HER FRIENDS. By the author of "The Fairy Egg." The opening volume of "The Fairy Folk Series," a series which promises to become popular among its juvenile readers.

From **NICHOLS & HALL**, Boston:—

FLORA'S INTERPRETER AND FORTUNA FLORA. By Mrs. Hale. A new edition of this favorite work is on our table. No book has superseded the "Interpreter" in the affection of the public. The first edition was published in 1832. It has been yearly revised and enlarged, and now makes a handsome volume of 288 pages, the most complete "Anthology" in the language.

From the AUTHOR, printed and sold at the WINSTED HERALD OFFICE, Winsted, Connecticut;—

A FREE AND INDEPENDENT TRANSLATION OF THE FIRST AND FOURTH BOOKS OF THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL. With illustrations by Thomas Worth. An amusing rendering of the original poem done up in doggerel hexameter and pentameter. The illustrations are spirited and in keeping with the humorous character of the book. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents. Address *Winsted Herald*, Winsted, Connecticut.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

JANUARY, 1871.

ANOTHER new year, and another new volume! And, to keep pace with the times, we have adorned our book with a new dress. A beautiful one it is, too, furnished by the North American Type Foundry of Messrs. Collins & M'Leester, whose reputation for casting beautiful-faced type is first class. Our readers will perceive by this that we are still progressing, and taking advantage of everything new to improve the magazine. The Book for the year just closed has been pronounced superior to any former years, and we feel that this improvement in its appearance will be recognized as another step towards perfection for the year 1871!

We will now speak of our illustrations for the month. Two steel plates—one, a handsome title-page, with five tableaux, illustrating the sports and pleasures of the holiday season; the other, "Looking for an Eclipse," which will be recognized as a truthful design of what is witnessed every time an eclipse comes round. Two beautiful wood-cuts—companion pictures—"New-Year's Reception" and "Where is the Key?" The scene, in the first one, is the old-time fashion of receiving our friends, now happily dying out. We have never recommended the custom of handing out the wine; coffee or good chocolate would be much better. Then there would be no missing night-keys on going home, as seen in the other picture. A splendid colored fashion-plate for January is also given, which can be compared with the best of the French plates, and will not suffer by the comparison, as it is executed by an artist of the French school. Besides the colored plate, there is the large extension sheet containing designs of a later date. We never take the trouble of having anything engraved for this sheet but what will be found really useful. The same can be said of the engravings in our work-department.

Our lady friends who take a delight in knitting or netting will find, accompanying this number, a presentation sheet, giving instructions in the art of guipure netting. We have been at great expense in having this sheet engraved and printed, and know that it will be appreciated.

The reading matter in this number we do not intend to eulogize. If such writers as Marlon Harland, Miss Dorr, Ino Churchill, Miss Frost, and others can be brought together in one number of a magazine, the publisher may well leave it to his readers to praise without his doing it.

CLUB RATES WITH OTHER MAGAZINES.—Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine, one year, \$5.50. Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine, one year, \$4.00. Godey's Lady's Book, Arthur's Home Magazine, and Children's Hour, one year, \$5.00. Godey's Lady's Book and the Children's Hour, one year, \$3.50.

We ask your attention to our advertisement for 1871, published on page 110. It is but an outline of our intention. Our resources are ample, and we shall continue our efforts to make the LADY'S BOOK—what for *forty years* it has been—the leading Book in America.

CLUBS! CLUBS!—In organizing your clubs, bear always in mind that the LADY'S BOOK is the cheapest magazine in the country—for the simple reason that you get more, and better for your money. Examine for yourselves. It has become a universal saying that it is "an evidence of the good taste of a family when the LADY'S BOOK is seen upon the centre-table." Any person with very little trouble can get up a club. The terms are low—within the reach of all who wish to subscribe. We firmly believe that there are many persons who would like to unite with one or more in procuring the Book, but require some one to ask them. Our old subscribers would oblige us very much if they would endeavor to increase their club lists this year.

In addition to our other specialties—such as cottage designs, drawing lessons, new music, etc.—we shall have a department for making children's clothes with diagram patterns.

A most delightful dessert may be found in the new article of food, Sea Moss Farine, which can be purchased for twenty-five cents a package, that will produce sixteen quarts of most excellent blanc mange, or a proportionate quantity of custards, light puddings, farina, creams, sauces, gruels, Charlotte Russe, etc. This seems almost incredible, but it is vouched for by ladies of the highest respectability, who append their names to their statements. The Company state at least fifty delicious dishes can be made from the Sea Moss Farine, and give, in their circular, the receipts for many of them. We consider Mr. Rand's discovery a highly important one for the millions, and, indeed, for all classes of society, in these stringent times.

COLUMBIA.

L. A. GODEY, Esq., Sir: Having been a subscriber to your excellent Magazine for many years, I feel and know its worth, and hail the time of its coming with great joy. To have GODEY fail to come, would be as much of a loss as a near and dear friend. L.

FREIGHT ON LETTERS AND PREMIUM ON DRAFTS.—Subscribers will please understand that when they send their letters by an express company they must pay the freight, and those who send drafts must pay the premium. We advise subscribers to remit a post-office order or a draft payable to the order of L. A. GODEY. The rates for postal money orders as established by law are as follows:—

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum, but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge will be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

In this number will be found an advertisement of the *Toledo Blade*, edited by the inimitable "Nasby." It is an excellent paper, and has an extensive circulation. As an advertising medium it will be found invaluable.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for January.—The new year opens with a very attractive holiday number. It contains a liberal quantity and an excellent quality of new and fashionable sheet music, to suit every taste of singer and performer. The brilliant player, as well as the young pupil in first lessons, will find something adapted to his capacity in every number of the *Monthly*. Our friends should not confound Holloway's *Musical Monthly* with the multitude of musical newspapers before the public. Ours is a monthly publication of real sheet music, furnishing elegantly printed music at a less price than any dime or half-dime music published. This is a fact which should be remembered by music-buyers who want elegance with cheapness. With the January number the *Monthly* enters upon its ninth year, and it is now the oldest and best periodical of its kind published. Let every one of our friends give it a trial for one year. We have reduced our club terms for 1871 as follows: Single copy for one year, \$4. Two copies, \$3.50 each. Four copies, or over, \$3 each. Single numbers, 40 cents. To insure a large subscription list for 1871, we offer the following unprecedented premiums:—

Music given away.—For every subscription, new or old, at \$4, we will send by return mail \$1 worth of music from our catalogue. Subscribers will state the kind of music wanted, whether easy or difficult, or songs or waltzes, &c. For every two subscriptions, at \$4 each, we will send five dollars' worth, the persons forming the club to select the music to suit themselves from our catalogue, which we will send on receipt of the money for the subscriptions. For every club of three, at \$4 each, we will send ten dollars' worth of music on the same terms. For every club of four, at \$4 each, we will make the unparalleled offer of sixteen dollars' worth of music free, thus giving two dollars for one—the amount of the premium equalling the principal. We make this offer for a short time only. Get up your clubs at once.

Holloway's Musical Monthly Free.—Any one ordering direct from us six dollars' worth of sheet music, will receive as a premium the *Monthly* for the entire year free. A fine opportunity to get the best musical periodical in the world for nothing.

Christmas and New Year Music.—Just published: While Shepherds watched their Flocks, beautiful anthem by W. H. W. Darley, 60 cents. Christmas Bells, duet and chorus, by Stewart, 30. Under the Mistletoe, by Glover, 20. Around the Fire, song and chorus, 30. Over the Ice we Fly, lively and pretty, 20. Skating on the Pond, charming song and chorus, by Mrs. Hackelton, 30. Now the Days are all Gone Over, song for the close of the year, 25. Another Year, New Year Song, 20.

Also, Kriss Kringle March, with portrait of the jolly old fellow himself, 50. Christmas Chimes, beautiful transcription by Brinley Richards, 50. Snow-flakes, by same, elegantly illustrated, 50. Holiday Hours, lively bagatelle, with beautiful title-page, 40. Snow Castles, by Ascher, 20. Kriss Kringle, divertimento, by Oesten, 20. Merry Yule Mazourka, by McNaughton, 30. Winter Waltz, easy and pretty, with handsome picture title, 40. Party Polka, 20. Frozen Rill Polka-schottische, 30. A selection from the above would make a choice holiday present from one friend to another. We will send by return mail, free of postage, any pieces ordered. Address all orders for sheet music, or the *Musical Monthly*, to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

We shall be pleased to receive some spicy short articles, poetry or prose, for our "Arm-Chair." We do not want any anecdotes of precocious children.

HUMORS OF ADVERTISING.—In the *Philadelphia Ledger* we have found the following:—

"A lady wants washing and ironing." Any one may want washing, but we think that all would object to being ironed.

"A woman wants a wash." This time it is a woman. Are we to infer that it is only the fair sex that want washing.

"A girl wants cooking." This sounds cannibalish. "A situation is wanted as saleslady." Formerly it would have been saleswoman, but since we have changed Fanny into Fannie, Sally into Sallie, and Molly into Mollie, all women have changed to ladies.

"A cook wishes a situation back of 211—St." Why so particular? Would not back of any other number and street do as well?

"A handsome gentleman's drag for sale." Here we have only the gentleman's taste on his personal beauty.

"Wanted, two men on ladies' gaiters." Goodness gracious—what for?

"Shoemakers wanted on lasters and heelers." This is technical, we suppose.

As the holiday will soon be here, perhaps we shall again hear of the palatial marble front, religious society, on Chestnut St., wanting a lady cashier at \$5 a week, she to be responsible for all counterfeit money taken.

"THE WREATH OF IMMORTELLS."—We are pleased to announce that we have made arrangements with the publishers of this splendid steel engraving, to furnish it to our subscribers at the same price we are able to send them "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," and "BED-TIME," viz: \$1 a copy.

It represents two children bearing a wreath of immortelles to lay upon their mother's grave; and is very sweet, and tender, and beautiful. All who have seen it are charmed with its beauty. As a work of art, it is of high excellence, being one of the choicest pictures of the season. The English print sells for \$6, and an artist would scarcely find any difference between the copy and the original.

We continue to have large orders for "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," and "BED-TIME," at \$1 each. They are elegant pictures, and all are delighted who get them at so trifling a cost.

In an obituary notice of a little Kansas baby, seven months old, we find the following grief-provoking stanza:—

"Our cottage, aye, is lonesome now,
We see the dress and bib,
But not the eye and noble brow
That filled her empty crib."

Now, if the eye of the deceased baby was so large, and her brow so expansive as to fill the empty crib, what an infant Hercules it must have been.

THOSE MISERABLE MURATS.—It appears by the intercepted documents of the Emperor Napoleon the III. that he spent millions upon millions of francs in paying the debts of this family, the head of which had not credit enough to get a breakfast in the neighborhood of Bordentown, N. J., where he resided. Set a beggar on horseback, etc.

DEAR GODEY: May our ever kind Providence spare to you a long-continued prosperity and happiness in sending forth to woman that true helper and blessing, the germ of American literature—our excellent *LADY'S BOOK*.
M. K. F., *Illinois*.

WHY is a watch-dog bigger by night than by day? "Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning."

DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR FOR 1871.

WE are again reminded of the approach of "seed time" by the appearance of this little annual which contains full descriptive lists of vegetable and flower seeds, plants, bulbs, and every requisite for the garden or green-house, with practical directions for the preparation of the soil, sowing, and cultivation, illustrated with a large number of engravings.

As usual, many new varieties are offered. Among vegetables, we particularly notice the *Trophy Tomato*. This is the celebrated variety which sold last year at \$5.00 for twenty seeds; it is now sold at 25 cents for about one hundred seeds. This is undoubtedly the finest tomato for size, solidity, flavor, and earliness ever offered. Mr. Waring, who introduced it, states that it is "the result of twenty-four years' crossing and careful selection." Several new peas from Europe. The *Cook's Favorite* (or *Hundredfold*) and *Saxton's Alpha* are superior varieties. A new lettuce of special merit, called the *Hanson Nonpareil Lettuce*, being the largest and finest head lettuce ever cultivated, is offered for the first time. The heads are solid, crisp, tender, of delicate flavor, and immense size—one head being sufficient for an ordinary family. Price per packet 25 cents. *Bastian's Perfection Turnip Beet*. This is also a great acquisition. "Extra early beets," of which the *Bassano* is the type, are all inclined to boll white. This variety has, by careful selection and hybridization, been so improved as to possess all the earliness of the *Bassano*, with a much better shape, and clear blood-color when boiled. Price 20 cents per oz. packet. The above are only a few of the many choice varieties found in Mr. Dreer's Garden Calendar.

Of *Flower Seeds* Mr. Dreer has an unusually large and fine collection; a specialty having been made of this department. The many visitors at his seed-farm at Riverton, N. J., during the past summer, were not only delighted but astonished at the perfection and cultivation of the immense beds of German Asters, Balsams, Carnations, Petunias, Double Portulaca, Zinnias, Verbenas, &c., cultivated for seeds. Also the acres of Dahlias, Roses, Gladioli, Lilies, and Tuberoses; and other plants in full bloom. But all who have a love and taste for flowers, and who has not? especially among the hundreds of thousand readers of the *LADY'S BOOK*, should send at once for a copy of *DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR* for 1871, which will be mailed by sending a postage stamp to his address,

HENRY A. DREER,
714 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

TRUE KINDNESS.—A Kansas lady, on retiring to her room one night, found it literally filled with martins, which had flown in during her absence. Instead of harshly turning them out into the cold, the kind-hearted lady captured nearly all the little creatures and had them served up the next day in a pot-pie.

SPLENDID CHROMOS at less than half the price asked in the stores. By a wholesale purchase we are enabled to offer the following superb pictures, which cannot be distinguished from very superior oil-paintings, at the following low prices:—

"Asking a Blessing." Painted by Professor Jordan. Size 20½ by 15½. Price \$3.00.

"Isn't She Pretty." Painted by the celebrated Lilly M. Spencer. Size 12¾ by 16½. Price \$2.50.

"Mount Merino"—Sunset on the Hudson. Painted by Arthur Ponton. Size 19¾ by 10¾. Price \$2.50.

We will pay the postage on all the pictures. These beautiful parlor ornaments must be seen to be appreciated. They far exceed any chromos yet published. Address L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

GODEY in the very front rank:—

As a ladies' magazine, GODEY's has long stood in the very front rank. Its plates, colored and plain, are very numerous and extremely fine. The amount of reading matter is unusually large, and very interesting and valuable.—*Courier*, Newark, N. Y.

The reading matter is excellent, and the receipts are invaluable to housekeepers. GODEY has always stood at the head of all similar publications. He cannot rise any higher, but his position he is determined to maintain.—*Journal*, Morrisania, N. Y.

We mean to try if we can't rise a little higher.

"GOOD EYE TO BUSINESS.—A Meadville (Pa.) paper keeps this advertisement standing: 'Cupid and Hymen—the little brown cottage at Cambridge, Pa., is the place to call to have the marriage knot promptly and strongly tied. Inquire of Rev. S. S. Whitcomb.'"

We would ask whether his knots are so strongly tied that an Indiana divorce court can't untie them.

THE model parlor magazine of America:—

GODEY'S *LADY'S BOOK*.—This beautiful magazine, though forty years of age, does not grow dim, but on the contrary increases in beauty with the years, until it is now universally admitted to be "the model parlor magazine of America."—*Southerner*, Darlington, S. C.

NORTH, South, East, and West pronounce GODEY the best ladies' magazine in the world.

GODEY'S *LADY'S BOOK*.—This great favorite with our fair ones is on our table. Of course, it is a splendid number, for it is always so. The press and people, North, South, East, and West, pronounce GODEY's the best ladies' magazine in the world.—*Times*, Calhoun, Geo.

"BRIDGET, in reply to a remark of her mistress, who said she had put too much garlic in the omelet, replied that she did it so that it would not taste so strongly of the eggs, which were bad."

Poor eggs! they have to answer for many bad jokes. Here is one of them, and not new, either. A man at a hotel asked for eggs. Waiter told him they had none. Presently he saw an omelet brought to another customer. "Halloa, waiter, I thought you said you had no eggs." "We have eggs, sir, good enough for omelets, but won't do to bile."

THE only legitimate fashion book:—

THE *LADY'S BOOK*.—L. A. Godey, proprietor, Philadelphia, Pa. The only legitimate ladies' magazine in America.—*Journal*, Newark, N. J.

THE mosquitoes were so plenty in the Adirondacks that they could not all get on a stranger at once, so they stood around in reliefs, and waited for their turns, like customers in a barber shop.

A WORD about fashion plates and the lady of the house:—

The fashion plates are, of course, the very best, for GODEY never has any other. Thousands of homes owe much of their beauty and attractiveness to suggestions drawn by the lady of the house from GODEY's.—*Free Press*, Lebanon, N. H.

CELEBRATION OF A WOODEN WEDDING.—The Charleston *Courier* says that a young widow of that place has just celebrated her wooden wedding by marrying a blockhead.

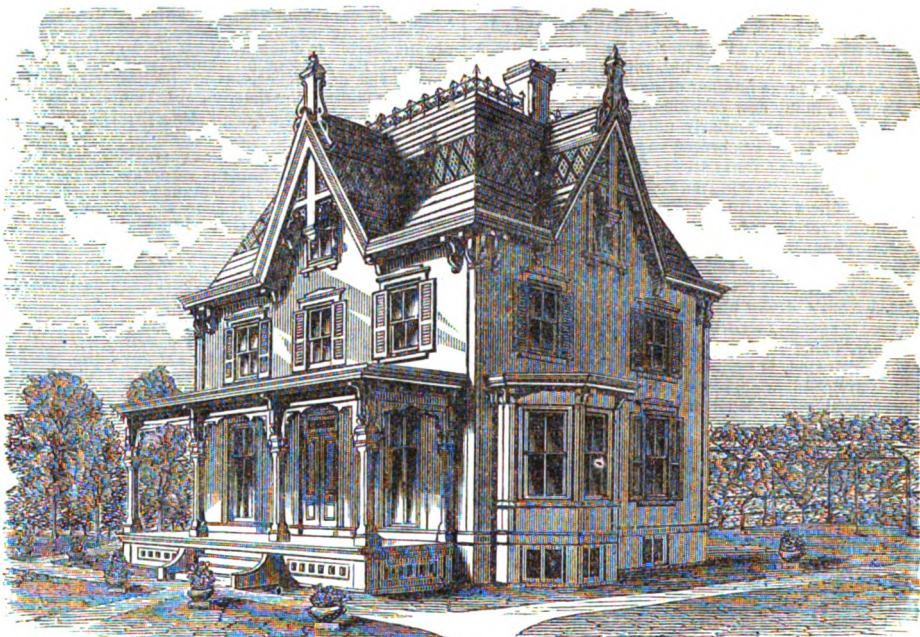
GENTLEMEN, listen to these appeals:—

Its plates are very fine, and the reading matter is extremely interesting. No husband who loves his wife will fail to supply her with this indispensable publication.—*Observer*, Erie, Pa.

MRS. WHITNEY, Teacher of Piano and Guitar, 622 Race Street.

A MODEL RESIDENCE.

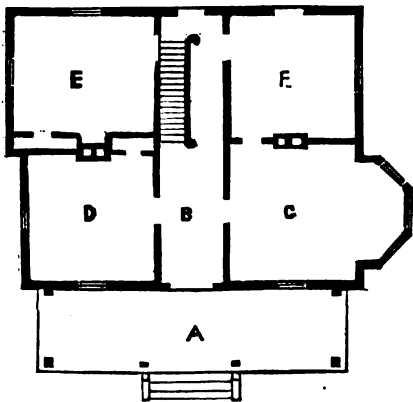
Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.



THE above is a design of a cheap building. Almost square in front, yet broken in such manner that will add to its size with trifling expense over a square house. The exterior has but little ornament, yet is made pretty by the use of proper proportion of its straight lines, showing that beauty is not dependent entirely on ornament, but on the relation of sizes, one to the other.

The plan contains four fine rooms on each floor, and without the loss of space in forming irregular shapes, as all of the rooms are square and provided

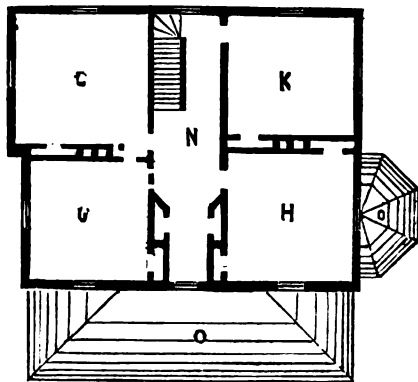
dining all together, the house could be built for between \$3000 and \$4000. We are anxious for the public good to abolish the miserable system of building and designing both being done by the carpenter, as their principle generally is to cling to the old and discard the new, and by this means adapt the same ornament to the cottage and mansion, stable or church, and use the same size cornice for the towering spire as the low porch of the cottager's home. This is all wrong, and it is about time the people of our enlightened age had discovered and discarded it.



FIRST STORY.

with the same requirements for comfort as larger and more expensive houses. The rooms are all well lighted by large French sash, and can be thoroughly heated and ventilated.

The porch across the front, and bay at the side, are indispensable for comfort and convenience, and give an effect to the building that is not obtained by any more expensive adornment which can be used. Ad-



SECOND STORY.

First Floor.—A front porch; B hall, 6 feet; C parlor, 12 by 16 feet 7 inches; D sitting-room, 12 by 12 feet; E dining-room 12 by 13 feet; F kitchen, 12 by 12 feet.

Second Floor.—H chamber, 12 by 11 feet 7 inches; I chamber, 12 by 11 feet 7 inches; K chamber, 12 by 11 feet 7 inches; L chamber, 13 by 12 feet 9 inches; N hall, 6 feet; O roof.

It is an old saying that the worth of a thing is what it will fetch. If that be the case, then Mlle. Nilsson's taking away from the city \$30,000, the proceeds of five concerts, is perfectly right; and yet we think it a great deal of money for a few songs. It is \$5000 more than the President of the United States gets for a whole year's worrying service, and six times as much as the Governor receives for one year. We are told that it is only once in a great while that such a singer is produced. Would nature stand still if one never appeared? When Dr. Johnson heard that the music sung by a celebrated singer "was very difficult," "I wish it were impossible," said he. We are told that a life-time is spent in cultivating such a voice. The largest part of her stock in trade was given to her—the voice—and it did not take long to get the cultivation. We are congratulated upon the fact that we did not act as foolish as the people in New York. We did not take the horses from her carriage and make asses of ourselves by dragging it. That feat was not necessary here, as all our papers took good care to proclaim that it was done in New York, and that answered for the whole country. Again, were it possible for an American lady to sing much better than Nilsson—and we are told that this is possible—she would have to use a foreign name to insure a \$5000 house. One of Mlle. Nilsson's advocates says there was "no Barnum and Lind humbug—no mention of a charity concert, in which she would sing for the benefit of various benevolent institutions of Philadelphia." There might have been humbug in this, but the charitable institutions benefited by it. Perhaps there is no use in an article like the above. The people will be humbugged, and there is an end of it.

HALL's Journal says:—

"If a man can sleep soundly, has a good appetite, with no unpleasant reminders after meals, the bodily habits being regular every day, he had better let himself alone, whether he is as big as a hoghead or as thin and dry as a fence rail."

This is a decided opposition to Banting's system. We agree with Hall.

A FEW Sundays ago, as Mr. Beecher was about commencing his sermon, a stout, fatherly-looking man was endeavoring to make his way through the crowd, to get within a better hearing distance of the distinguished orator. At that moment Mr. Beecher's voice rang out the words of the text: "Who art thou?" "Who art thou?" again cried out the dramatic preacher. The stout party, thinking himself in the wrong, perhaps, by pressing forward, and believing himself to be personally addressed, started the brethren and nonplussed their reverend chief, tain by sedately replying: "I'm a pig merchant from Chicago, sir. I hope you ain't mad. There ain't nary chair, or else I'd a sot down." Plymouth church didn't recover its serenity for ten minutes.

THAT prince of scoundrels, Major Yelverton, is now Earl of Avonmore. It is this same person who was twice married to Miss Longworth, and by a decree of an English court—sticking to family—pronounced not even married once. Bad as he was, what must we think of the woman, Mrs. Forbes, who married him, knowing all these facts. In a future number we may give all the particulars of this affair.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

ADDRESS "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town,

county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Miss M. W.—Sent articles by express October 22d.

H. R. M.—Sent pattern 26th.

Mrs. J. T.—Sent braid 26th.

Miss E. S. S.—Sent article by express 26th.

Mrs. C. E. S.—Sent article by express 26th.

Mrs. G. M. S.—Sent article by express 26th.

Mrs. R. L. C.—Sent article November 9th.

Lucie.—Benzine, and well aired after to get rid of the odor.

Essie.—The pearl wedding is at seventy years—few reach it.

Ione.—1. Don't know anything about the history referred to. 2. It is not true about the opal changing color. 3. That is a matter of feeling, and not a rule. Be governed by circumstances, which may differ much.

Louisa Watley.—A letter addressed to you at Jackson, Mo., has been returned to us.

Annie.—It matters not which, so you get into church.

Old Subscriber.—We published, within six months, an account of all the wedding celebrations. We are beginning to doubt the signature you have given. You will find it under same head as this notice.

G. A. B.—Address a letter, with stamp to pay return postage. Report in your letter the information you want, and we will try to give it.

Laura.—Long, straight overskirts looped up.

A Dreamy Subscriber.—We have that matter under consideration.

M. A. C.—We published in October number some specimens, and we have others in hand to publish in future numbers.

Addie M. A.—Colored overskirts over black are more worn than black over colored. Benzine will remove paint when fresh.

Linnie.—1. If in the street the gentleman should be on the outside, otherwise there is no rule. 2. Yes, unless introduced. 3. No, not if she desires to do so.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and matelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor the Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

The publisher of the LADY'S BOOK has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the LADY'S BOOK, the Fashion-Editor does not know.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Walking suit of dark blue cloth, made with two skirts, and trimmed with band of sable fur. Short sacque, with open sleeves trimmed to correspond. Blue velvet bonnet, trimmed with black lace and black and white feather.

Fig. 2.—Bride's dress of white corded silk, made with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with narrow ruffles of tulle, put on in scallops, and headed by a tulle ruche. The upper skirt is trimmed to correspond. High corsage, trimmed with tulle to simulate square neck. Wreath of orange blossoms and tulle veil. Satin sash.

Fig. 3.—Dinner dress of heavy black corded silk, made with one skirt, trimmed with white point lace and violet velvet. The front breadths are puffed. Basque waist forming an upper skirt, with low square neck, trimmed to correspond. Open sleeves, with deep plaited ruffle and cap on them. Hair arranged in puffs, with bow of violet velvet and lace in front.

Fig. 4.—Dress of Nile-green silk, made with two skirts, trimmed with narrow ruffles, white satin, and lace. Plain corsage, trimmed to represent square neck; open sleeves.

Fig. 5.—Bride's dress of white satin, trimmed with one ruffle headed by a deep point lace, with a tulle puff above it. The lace extends up the front of dress. Basque waist, cut open in front, with lace filling it in. Coat sleeves, with lace, fall at the hand. Illusion veil, fastened by a cluster of flowers on the forehead.

Fig. 6.—Suit for little girl of eight years old, of maroon-colored velvet, trimmed with white fur. Maroon color hat, trimmed to correspond; velvet leggings of the same color.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Evening dress of white silk, made with two skirts. The lower one is trimmed with two rows of wide point lace in front, and one in the back, headed by three narrow white velvet folds, with small bouquets of pink roses placed at equal distances on it. The upper skirt is trimmed to correspond. Plain low corsage, cut slightly heart-shaped, with lappels of lace and bouquets on the shoulders. Pearl necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets. Hair arranged in puffs, with pink roses, leaves, and grass with it.

Fig. 2.—House dress. The underskirt is of black silk, trimmed with three ruffles; the upper skirt is of black Cashmere, embroidered in gay colors, with a heavy silk fringe to match. Short sacque, edged with embroidery and fringe to match skirt. Hair arranged in braids, with small black velvet bow at one side.

Fig. 3.—Carriage dress of black *gros grain* silk, trimmed with black lace and velvet. Black velvet cloak, with tight-fitting waist, and the skirt laid in large box-plaits in the back, these plaits being trimmed with fancy pieces made of satin. The edge of skirt is finished with a very elegant chenille fringe. Open sleeves, trimmed with fringe and lined with satin. Black velvet hat, trimmed with velvet pink, rose, and black and white feather.

Fig. 4.—Walking dress of maroon-colored serge, made with two skirts; the lower one plain, the upper one cut pointed, and trimmed with fringe and two rows of velvet; it is looped at the sides and back. *Paletôt*, with long ends back and front, trimmed with velvet. Coat sleeves, trimmed to correspond. Maroon-colored velvet bonnet, trimmed with feathers and lace.

Fig. 5.—Walking dress of purple Cashmere, made with two skirts. The lower one trimmed with three narrow ruffles, and a plaiting of the same; the upper one trimmed with a fringe and plaiting. Short jacket, with deep basque in back, trimmed to correspond. Coat sleeves, with ruffles at the hand. Purple velvet hat, trimmed with jet ornament and feathers.

Fig. 6.—Visiting dress of green silk, made with two skirts. The lower one is trimmed with one plaited ruffle, headed by a band of velvet with white lace on each side of it. The upper skirt is trimmed to correspond. Short *paletôt* to fit the figure, cut *en revers* in front, and trimmed to match the skirt. Open sleeves, with coat sleeves underneath. Green velvet bonnet, trimmed with feather, aigrette, and lace.

Fig. 7.—Black Cashmere dress. The lower skirt is trimmed with two scalloped ruffles, headed by a heavy fringe. The upper skirt is trimmed with fringe and velvet. Plain corsage, with bretelles, and sash of velvet. Black velvet hat, trimmed with feathers and a small bird at one side.

Fig. 8.—Visiting dress of plum-colored *gros grain* silk. The skirt is made plain, with a long train. Metternich mantle of the same, trimmed with lace and lined with fur. Hat of plum-colored velvet, trimmed with *gros grain* ribbon and feather with small bird.

Fig. 9.—Little girl's dress of blue serge, made with two skirts, trimmed with a puffing and quilling of the same. Plaited waist, trimmed square with a puff. Blue velvet hat, trimmed with velvet and small plume.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Blue Cashmere dress. The trimming, which is somewhat novel in effect, consists principally of velvet ribbons of a rather darker tint than the dress. This ribbon is placed round the skirt in four rows, crossed at intervals by bows of satin ribbon of the tint of the dress. The trimming of the open tunic corresponds with that of the skirt. The bodice is high, and cut waistcoat-fashion. The sleeves, which become more open towards the wrist, have, like the bodice, trimming corresponding with that of the skirt. The undersleeves are of net and narrow Valenciennes, a fluted edging of which serves as a finish round the throat. With this Cashmere dress no collar is worn. The *toque* is of blue satin, with richly-polished steel ornaments; the veil is carried round the head, and falls behind; it is adorned with blue silk fringe. We have given a pattern of this jacket, body and waistcoat, on page 32. It is worn out of doors without anything else; it is trimmed the same as the skirt; the sleeves are loose, caught up at the elbow with a bow of satin ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Dress for young girl of green Cashmere, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with three plaitings, headed by bands of velvet; the upper one is cut in points, and trimmed to correspond. Short sacque, with trimming to match skirt.

Figs. 3 and 4.—Front and back view of hood for lady; it is made of blue Cashmere, ornamented with a braiding pattern in the back. The hood is edged all around with a narrow fringe.

Fig. 5.—Cloak of navy blue cloth, cut open at the seams, and trimmed with bands of velvet and fringe; open sleeves, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 6 shows the petticoat worn over the crinoline and tournure. It is gathered just under the tournure, and tied up with strings. Our pattern is of long cloth; it is trimmed with a scalloped-out border, edged with embroidery, and finished round the bottom with a fluted flounce.

Fig. 7.—Costume for little girl of six years, of gray Cashmere, made with two skirts; the lower one is trimmed with three rows of blue velvet; the upper one and waist trimmed with ruffles, bound and headed with velvet.

Fig. 8.—Jacket bodice for in-door dress, made of Cashmere, and trimmed with the same.

Figs. 9 and 10.—Black and white lace collarette and sleeve. This collarette is for wearing over a high

silk dress that is cut out at the throat, or it serves to make a low bodice into a high one. The foundation is double white Brussels net; it is trimmed with two rows of black lace insertion, and edged with black and white lace. It is crossed with bars of black velvet.

Fig. 11.—Hood for girl of six years, made of scarlet cashmere bound with black velvet.

Fig. 12.—Night drawers of Canton flannel for boy of three to five years; they can be cut with long sleeves if desired.

Fig. 13.—McFarlane cape for boy, made of heavy beaver cloth, bound with a silk braid.

Fig. 14.—Violet satin boot, lined with satin, and quilted; the fronts and tops are black leather; the lace is violet silk.

Figs. 15 and 16.—Dress protector for infant, made of India rubber cloth or muslin. Fig. 15 shows the shape open; Fig. 16 when ready to put on the child.

Figs. 17, 18, 19, and 20.—Different shapes of gentlemen's collars.

Fig. 21.—Bow of striped satin for boy.

Fig. 22.—Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with black lace and black and white feathers.

Fig. 23.—Gypsy bonnet of maroon-colored velvet, trimmed with *gros grain* ribbon and velvet flowers of the same color.

Fig. 24.—Bonnet of lavender-colored silk, trimmed with a darker shade of velvet and white flowers; the strings and tab in back are of velvet, edged with fringe.

Fig. 25.—Bonnet of black velvet of the gypsy shape, trimmed with ribbon and a half wreath of shaded green velvet leaves; strings of *gros grain* ribbon.

Fig. 26.—Bonnet of purple velvet, with a network of silk and fringe at the back; the trimming consists of feathers, flowers, and ribbon.

Fig. 27.—Hat of brown, turned up in the back, trimmed with brown velvet and ribbon, and crimson berries and brown leaves.

Figs. 28 and 29 (p. 28).—Front and back view of black velvet jacket, with open sleeves; it is braided with gilt braid, the edge being finished with a satin ruche and gilt fringe.

WALKING COSTUMES, ETC.

(See Engravings, Page 23.)

Figs. 1 and 3.—Front and back of walking costume of navy blue serge, made with two skirts; the lower one is trimmed with a side plaiting, headed by a band of velvet and fringe, put on in scallops; the upper skirt and waist are in one, and are trimmed to correspond. Velvet sash.

Fig. 2.—Morning dress of crimson Cashmere, made gored, the waist being covered with a small cape; the trimming consists of fancy velvet ribbon.

FANCY COSTUMES FOR CHILDREN.

(See Engravings, Page 31.)

Fig. 1. *Marquis of Carabas*.—Crimson velvet coat, trimmed with gold braid and velvet buttons. Short blue velvet trowsers, fastened at the knee; they are trimmed with gold braid and buttons. A striped satin sash is fastened at the left side. Velvet cap, trimmed with gold band.

Fig. 2. *The White Cat*.—White satin skirt, bordered with a two-inch band of swansdown; tunic cut out in four square openings, and trimmed with a similar band; low square bodice, with basques, edged with a crossband of white satin and a one-inch band of swansdown; small white *toque*, ornamented with a cat's head. White velvet round the throat, supporting a pearl locket. White gloves. White satin boots, terminating with swansdown.

The child has a small wand with three mice hanging from it.

Fig. 3. *Spring*.—Sky-blue satin skirt, ornamented with swallows cut out of black velvet. Blue gauze skirt, looped up at the sides with a bouquet of roses made of blue gauze, and studded with butterflies. Low square bodice, with basques, made of pink satin, and laced up the front with black velvet. This bodice is bordered with a cordon of daisies.

Fig. 4. *Peasant's Costume*.—Short skirt of striped Scotch cambric; second skirt of maroon foulard, looped up at the sides. Brown Holland apron, with bib, bound and trimmed with maroon velvet. Bodice to match the second skirt, with short tight sleeves of the same, and full white sleeves beneath. Muslin fichu. Black velvet, with gold cross round the throat. Gold ear-rings. Small lace headdress, with a can of milk at the top. Willow basket, filled with eggs. Scarlet stockings. Patent leather shoes, with gold buckles.

Fig. 5. *Tyrolean Sportsman, Boy from Ten to Twelve*.—Violet Cashmere jacket, without sleeves, and edged with velvet. It is open in front, and discovers the waistcoat, striped horizontally with three bands of velvet. Cambric shirt, with turned-down collar. Short black velvet trowsers, fastened below the knee, and ornamented on the outside of each leg with a band of velvet, edged at both sides with gold. Two small square ends terminate this band, and fall upon the stockings. Black boots and violet stockings. Black velvet Tyrolean hat, ornamented with a tuft of cock's feathers, fastened down in front with a gold buckle. These fancy costumes can be made in less costly materials than those described above, and still be very effective.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

It was predicted early in the season that furs would not be as extensively worn as on previous winters, but the rumor was only a rumor, for furs are far too comfortable to be easily discarded by the whims of fashion. Sable is the most popular fur for those who can afford it, but these are but few, for a set cannot be purchased for less than a thousand dollars. Bands of fur are used for trimming velvet and cloth costumes, and a very beautiful and effective trimming it makes. A costume of garnet-colored velvet, trimmed with a band of chinchilla fur, and an underskirt of garnet-colored silk was, we think, one of the handsomest costumes seen. Black monkey and martin furs are new furs, which, in a measure, take the place of mink sable, although the latter is still preferred by many. Sealskin retains its popularity for jackets and muffs; complete suits of it can be purchased, consisting of jacket or sacque, muff, hat, travelling satchel, and pocket book. Ermine is more used for evening wear than street costumes, as the tendency this winter is for all dark dressing. Children's furs are of plain white cony fur, which is made up into sacques and muffs particularly cunning for the little folks. Ermine, grebe, the useful gray squirrel, and gray Astrachan. We forgot the useful and serviceable black Astrachan cloak, muff, and collar for ladies in speaking of their furs; they can be purchased in real or imitation, and form a comfortable and useful fur for common wear.

It was predicted but few cloaks would be worn, but the cold weather made the costume much too cool for many, so cloaks have gradually appeared; the newest velvet cloaks are heavily braided with fine soutache in palm leaf designs. The leaf is not merely outlined by braid in the old-fashioned way, but is filled in with curled, fancifully arranged braid as closely as if embroidered, making a rich and elegant garniture. Passementeries, made in imitation

of this braiding, consist of small cords fastened together to show thick leaves and vines. These are very effective on velvet, silk, or cashmere. In lace there is nothing so pretty for velvet as Chantilly thread lace. The pointed leaf figure still prevails in guilpüre. It is the custom this season to sew on the lace above the edge of the garment, and without fulness. *Passementerie* is the usual heading. Guilpüre capes are also worn on velvet cloak; also lace sashes. The handsomest velvet Polonaise casaque seen this season has a row of Chantilly lace placed an inch or two above the edge of the garment. The lace is straight around the lower edge and pointed on top. Lace sash, with *passementerie* tassel. White point Duchesse lace underneath a black lace frill outlines a vest. For cloth garments, bias velvet, heavy *gros grain*, and *gros de Londres*, with fringes, are the trimmings. A cloth mantle for old ladies is invisible green beaver, made with square back and short rounded front. The trimming is alternate pipings of velvet and *gros grain*. German guilpüres, hand made and pure silk, but silk of inferior quality, are far cheaper than those of French manufacture. These are the most fashionable trimming for Cashmere. Velvet does not trim Cashmere effectively; we do not know why, but it is nevertheless so.

Sashes are greatly diminished in size. The lace sash before spoken of is the only novelty, held in loops by ornaments of *passementerie*. There is also a scarf sash made of *gros grain* sewed in below the seams under the arms and falling loosely to a point in the centre, where it is tied in a slip-knot and the ends left hanging. A large sash bow attached to the belt is already *passée*. The substitute is a small bow of loops and short ends, made of doubled *gros grain* sewed together on the wrong side and turned; the ends are ravelled to form fringe an inch wide.

Next in value after velvet cloaks are those of *faille* and heavy *gros grain*. These are made into *casques* or *paletots*, are warmly lined with gray and white cony fur (rabbit skin) or wadded. They are positively ornate with *passementerie* (as all gimp is now called) jet, and fringe. Silk and satin *paletots* exquisitely quilted in small diamonds, are especially admired by old ladies. One of black satin is covered with half-inch diamond quilting, stitched by machine. The trimming is a band of ostrich feathers, with a fringe of chenille, crimped silk and plain twist. By omitting the feather trimming, and using less expensive fringe or black marten fur, any lady, expert with her sewing machine, could make this garment at small expense.

We seem to be coming back once more to the long costumes, or at least many are made for the winter for riding. They are composed of a round skirt, and of an upper skirt, looped up a little on each side, so as to show the under part of the underskirt, but falling at the back into a long train. This is quite in the *moyenage* style, and extremely graceful. The train may be looped in back if desired for walking in. The underskirt will be of another color, and may even be of a different material than the dress. The latter will have none but plain trimmings, while the underskirt will be trimmed with one or more flounces. Velvet, satin, moire, and silk are employed for these costumes. This fashion will permit many ladies to make use of dresses a little out of date; we mean long gored dresses.

Suppose, for example, you possess a silk dress of this kind; trim it with a wide velvet border, placed a short distance from the edge, and trimmed on each side with a *ruche* of lace or ribbon. The dress must then be looped up on each side of the front part, which is rounded off like an apron, then a little more towards the back. This looping up gives a little fullness to the dress, but still it will be too plain in the

upper part for the present fashion. To obviate this defect, a jacket bodice must be worn, with plaited basques. This had better be of the material of the upper dress but may be of that of the under one. It should be observed that black materials should not be used for the underskirt of this kind of costume. There is only one exception to this rule; it is when the complete costume is black of two different materials, such as velvet and satin, or *faille* and *glacé* silk. In all other cases the underskirt should be colored, and of the brighter color of the two; black, gray, and other neutral tints being used for the upper dress. This style of dress always being very dressy, on account of the train, it will rarely be made of any but silk materials. Fine Cashmere for the upper dress will, however, be quite handsome enough with a silk skirt.

In these days of reform and economy in dress, it is quite possible for a lady to be stylishly dressed at a little expense. A number of walking-costumes may be arranged with a single black silk skirt, in combination with a variety of Polonaises. Almost any color looks well with black, and it takes but a small quantity to make an elegant tunic. The favorite materials for this purpose are Cashmere and *satin de Chine*, which should be trimmed with rich fringe with a heading, or broad bands of the material, edged with narrow guilpüre lace.

The most elegant morning wrappers are of a light quality of Cashmere, of pale color, lined throughout with silk of a darker shade. The shape is either gored or Watteau. A white Cashmere wrapper is lined with violet silk. The skirt has a deep flounce, headed and finished also at the lower edge with three narrow folds of violet Cashmere. Small hood, with violet lining. A drawing-string behind, with purple strings to tie in front, and a violet Cashmere bow behind. A second, also of white Cashmere, has broad *revers* of pink silk quilted, and edged with elderdown.

Round hats are so convenient and becoming that they will not be relinquished willingly, although fashion decrees the gypsy bonnet. The most dressy round hat is called the *Vespetro*. It is much like the *Pompador* of last season, with a narrow brim turned down over the front frizzes, and turned up behind above the *chatelaine*. This shades the face prettily, and combines the best features of the gypsy and round hat. A model in two shades of purple, pale violet, and deep purple has the dark purple velvet covering the hat plainly, with a cord of pale violet silk around it. A twist of the two colors combined surrounds the crown; and the principal beauty is two long slender ostrich feathers, of the two shades, fastened near the middle of the front, curling over the crown, and hanging down over the braids of hair. A frill of narrow black lace edges the front of the brim in a way which is universally becoming.

The newest shape gypsy bonnets have large square crowns, with broad flaring brims, and are called *La Republique*. One of black velvet has a band of finely-curved ostrich feathers for trimming, an *agrette* at the side, and strings of black and green ribbon reversed to show the facing. A second one is of plum-colored velvet, put plainly over the large frame, the edges corded with *gros grain* of the same shade; heavy corded ribbon is twined around the crown; a torsade of velvet for face trimming. A cluster of fine dwarfed dahlias, with brown foliage, is on the right side, near the front, and four small tips of bright canary-colored ostrich feathers are back of these. A small square veil of finest Chantilly lace is box-plaited across the back, to fall over the *chatelaine*. This is handsome for tall and matronly ladies.

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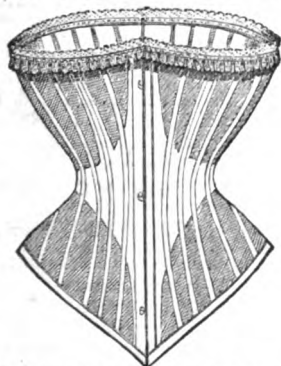


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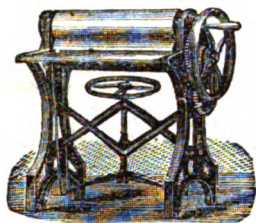
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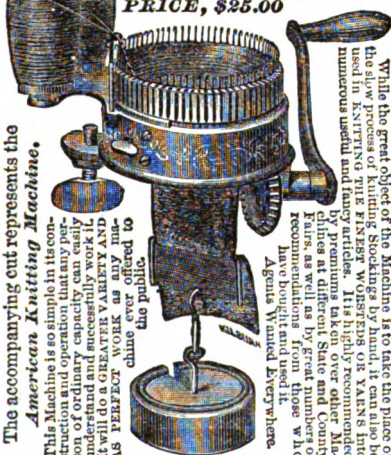
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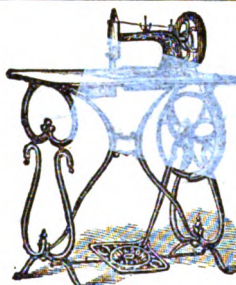
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Such a discovery was that of Carbolic Acid, and its wonderful HEALING PROPERTIES. Combined with soothing emollients, as in the CARBOLIC SALVE, it forms the GREATEST HEALING COMPOUND EVER KNOWN. There is no exaggeration in this statement, as the hundreds of letters received from those who have used it will amply attest. It has also the indorsement of some of the highest authorities in this part of the country.

Space permits me to give but two brief extracts here, one from the well-known President of the New York and Brooklyn Board of Health, and the other from Mr. H. S. Olcott, formerly connected with the *New York Sun* and afterwards with the *New York Tribune*.

NEW YORK, December 22, 1869.
JOHN F. HENRY, Esq.—DEAR SIR: I believe that Carbolic Acid is destined to work a marvellous good to the human family. I am equally sanguine that, as an *emollient*, combined with other substances, no known material compares with it. I have tested the salve made of this acid, by you, *chemically*, and the result I have submitted to several eminent physicians, who concur in saying that the Carbolic Salve is a most efficacious and safe remedy for all skin diseases. You are therefore justified in giving it as wide a circulation as your ample mercantile facilities will admit. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
GEO. B. LINCOLN, President Board of Health.

Testimonial from Col. H. S. Olcott, late Colonel and Special Commissioner of the War Department, and former Agricultural Editor of the *New York Tribune*:—

NEW YORK, July 30, 1870.
MR. JOHN F. HENRY—DEAR SIR: I have had favorable opportunities during the past year to become acquainted with the properties of your Carbolic Salve. I have used it myself, and have seen it used by members of my family, and among my acquaintances, and in every case it was thoroughly efficacious in effecting a cure. I applied it, in one case, to a very bad and deep burn, in which proud flesh had formed, and the wound was healed with extraordinary rapidity. Prof. Calvert, F.R.S., of England, the greatest authority in the world on Carbolic Acid, informed me recently in Manchester that the Surgeons in the principal European Hospitals were using the CARBOLIC ACID in various forms and combinations for the cure of obstinate ulcers and sores, with the most surprising results. Yours truly,
H. S. OLCOTT.

TO MOTHERS.

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CONSUMPTION CURABLE.



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STEPHEN FISK.

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FEBRUARY.

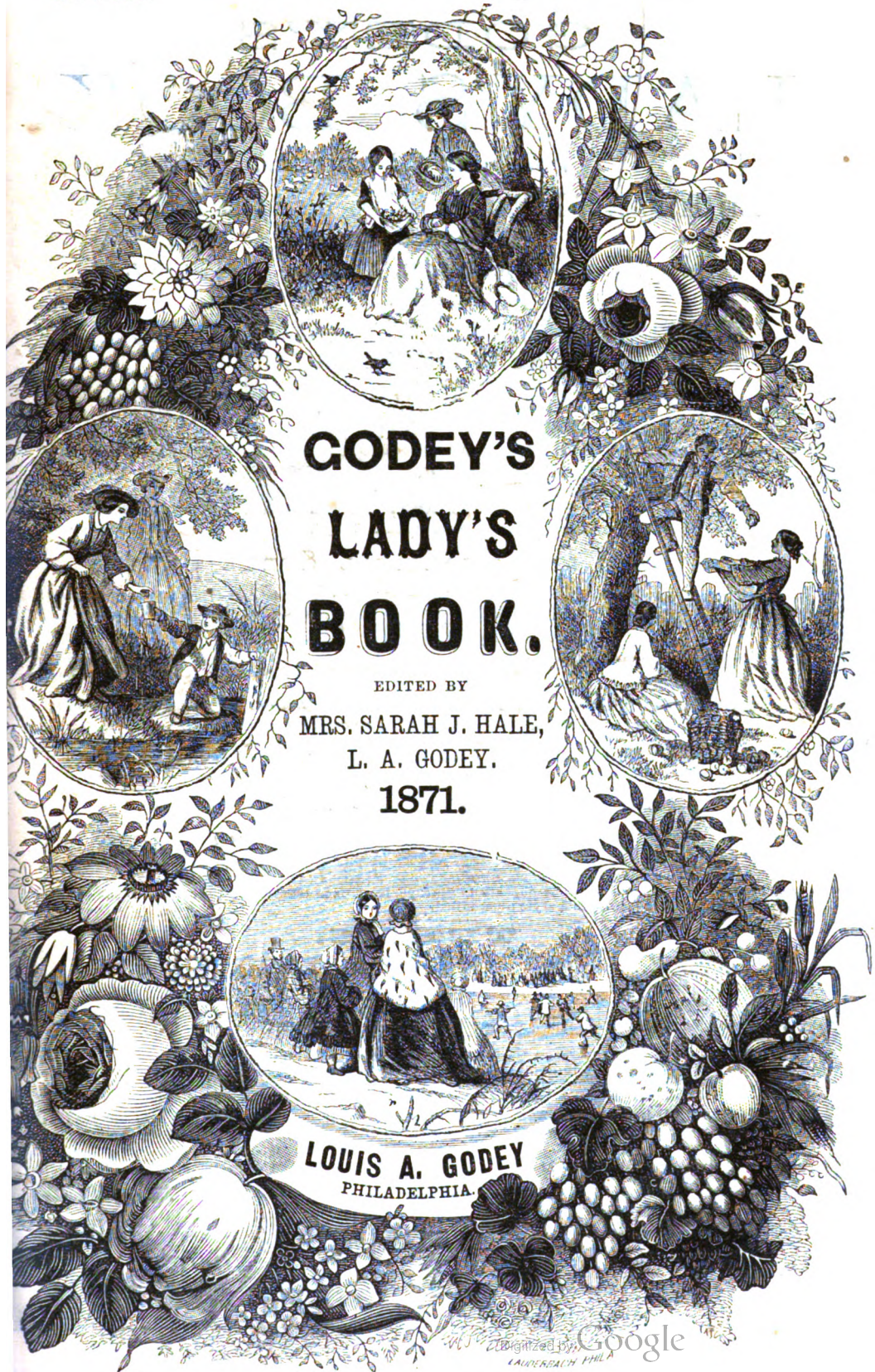
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Form another prominent feature of the Book. Executed by one of the best steel engravers in the world, they have won the praises of the best judges of the art. We give *fourteen* of them every year.

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**Original Music, Drawing Lessons, Model Cottages, Embroidery Sheet,
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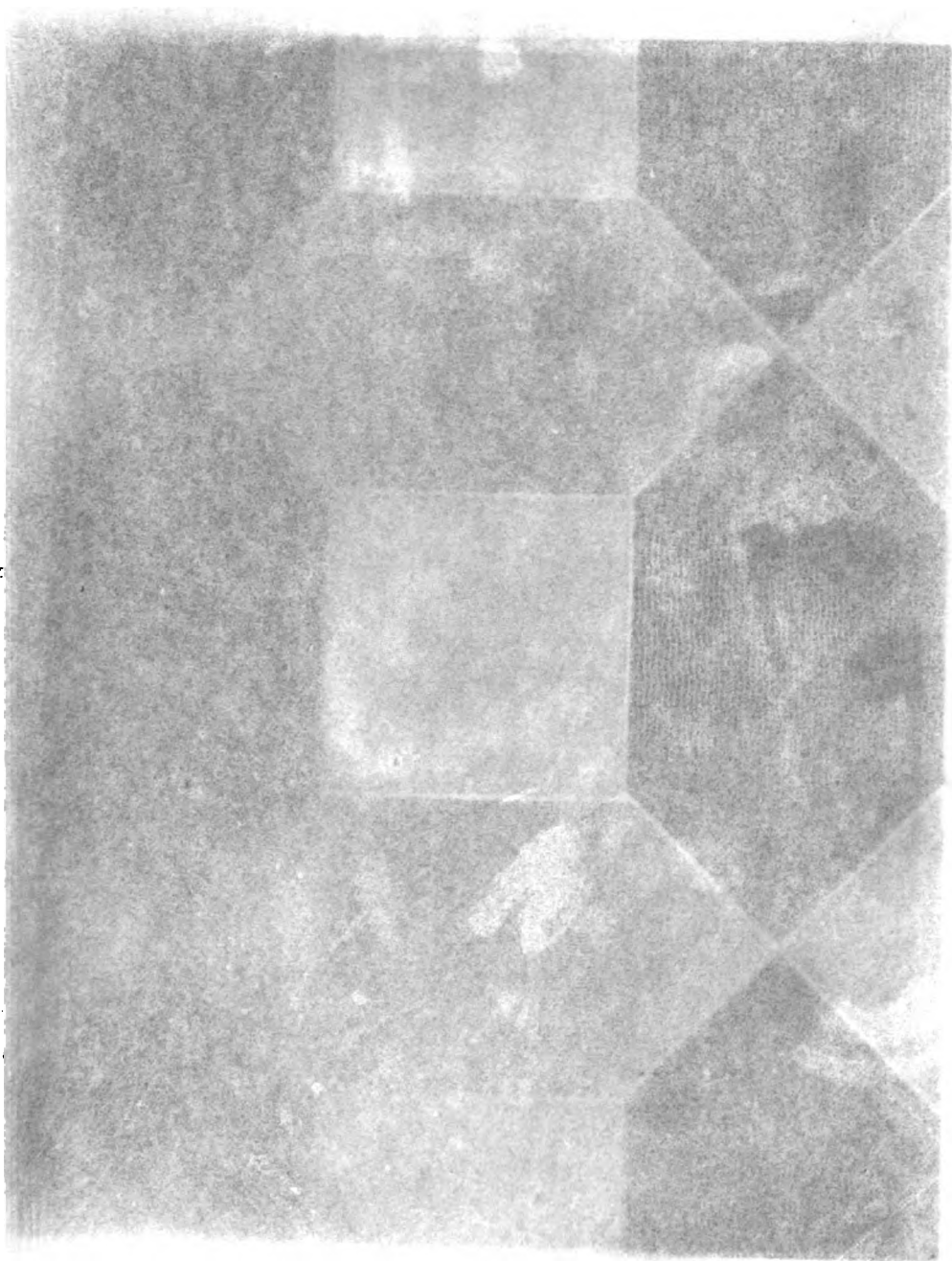
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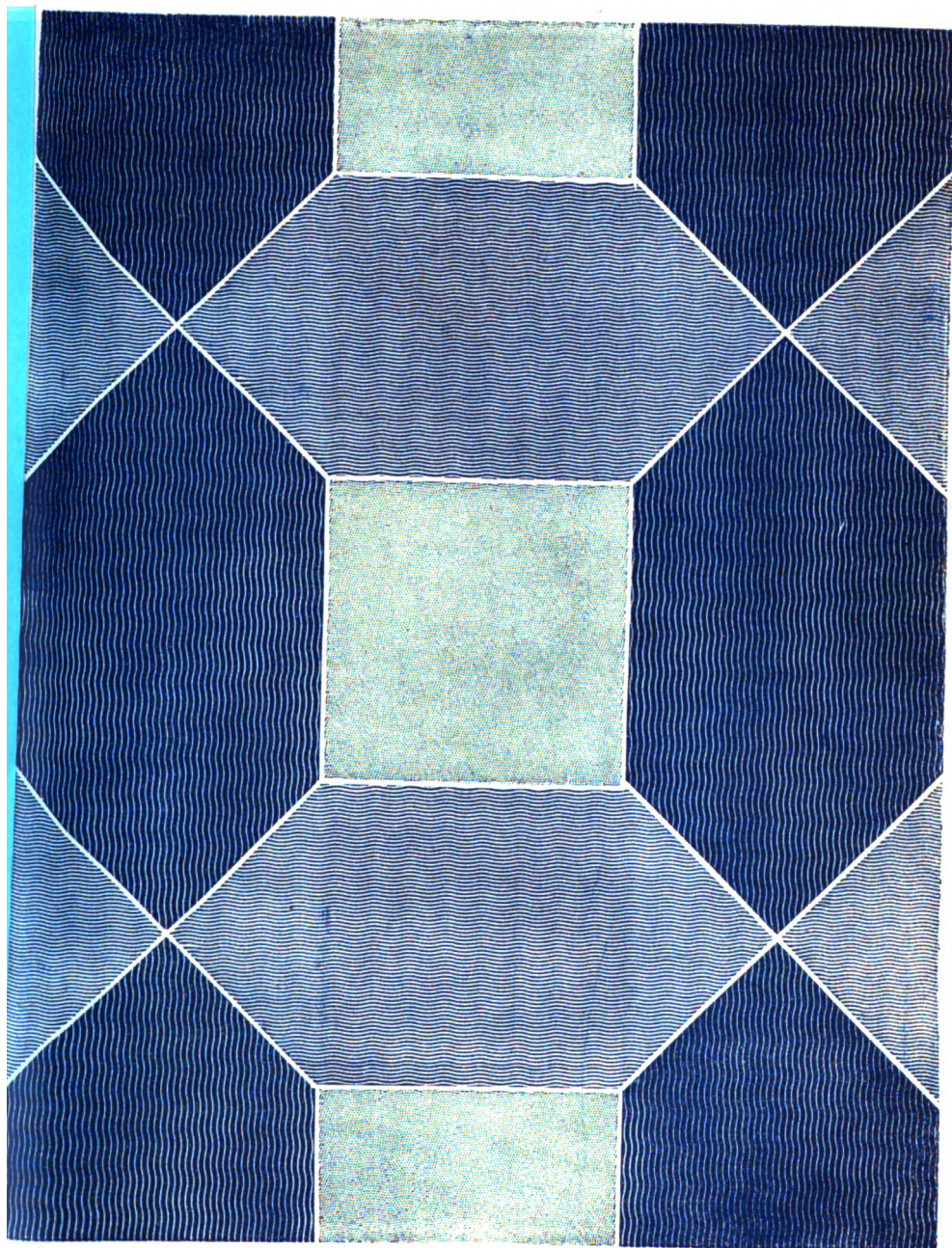
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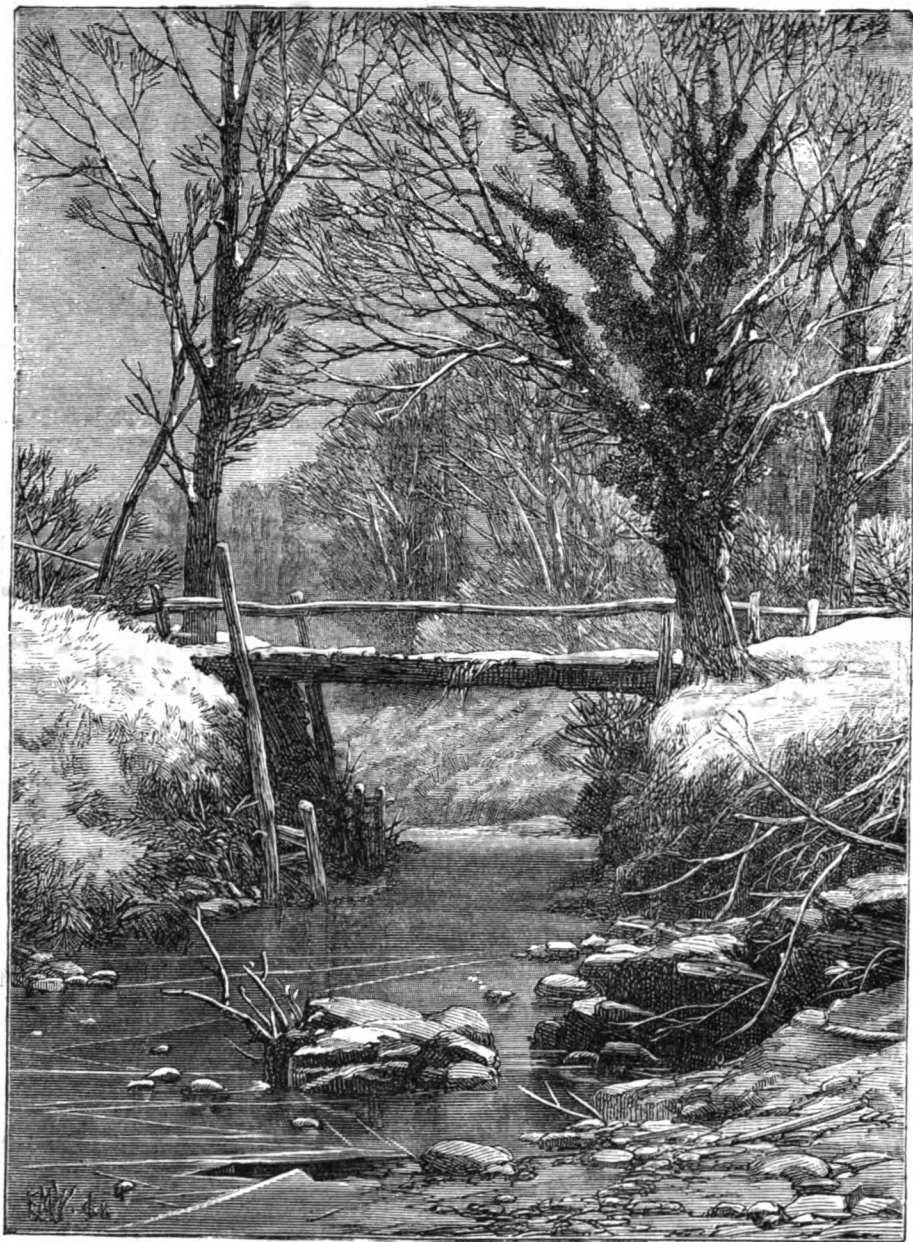


OUR BALLOON POST.





PATCHWORK



WINTER.

ALL THE SOUND I HEARD.

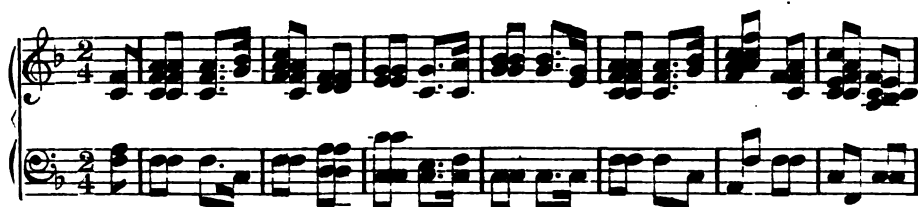
SONG.

MUSIC COMPOSED AND ARRANGED

BY JOHN T. GRAPE;

And dedicated to Miss KATE CURTAIN, Baltimore, Md.

Published by permission of J. STARR HOLLOWAY, 811 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.



ALL THE SOUND I HEARD.

Rit

pride, meek. In To si-lence lean'd we o'er the pan, And nei-ther spoke a
be so charm'd as I was then; Had ne'er be-fore oc-

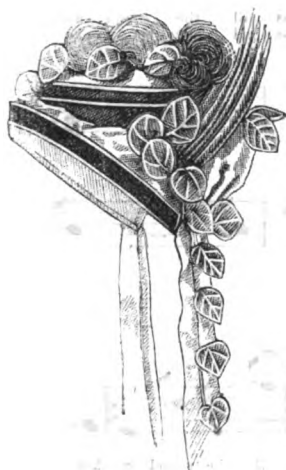
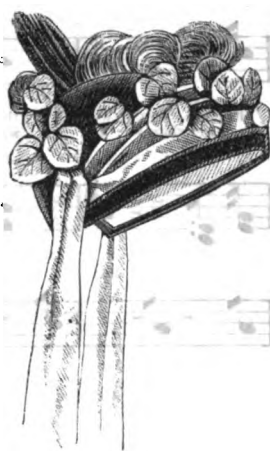
a tempo

word; curr'd, And the rat-ting of the beans, Kate, Was all the sound we
When the rat-ting of the beans, Kate, Was all the sound I

heard, And the rat-ting of the beans, Kate, Was all the sound we heard.
heard, When the rat-ting of the beans, Kate, Was all the sound I heard.

3. I thought it was not wrong, Kate,
When leaning o'er the dish,
As you snatch'd up a lot of beans,
For me to snatch a kiss.
A sudden shower made blind my eyes
I neither saw nor stirr'd,
But the rattling of the beans, Kate,
Was all the sound I heard.

HATS, BONNETS, ETC.
(See Description, Fashion Department.)



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXXII—NO. 488.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1871.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

BY MARION HARLAND.

PART I.

BEGINNING.

"Now, Peter!"

"Now Ellie!"

"You *know* I am perfectly satisfied—that I think we are delightfully settled. Why, there isn't another girl of my acquaintance who is better fixed, or so well. Of course"—and as she said it, the pretty wife established herself upon her husband's knee, and pulled his hair by way of emphasis. "Of course, I knew all along that none of them had got as nice a husband. I couldn't help thinking this morning, as we were walking to church, how splendid you were in your Sunday clothes."

"You'd like, maybe, to have me wear them all the time?"

"Nonsense! Do you know that is one advantage people like us have over rich ones? We enjoy our holidays and holiday rig. Theirs get to be an old story. One day is just like another, and they're tired to death all the time. I'd rather, by half, go back to the factory. If I did feel sometimes that it was kind of hard to be obliged to go, day in and day out, whether I felt like it or not, it was pleasant enough in some things. Our work was all planned and put into our hands. Our fingers were kept busy, but our heads and, if we did not idle, our tongues, might play as much as we liked. There was no responsibility: no anxiety to bother us out of work-hours. When the six o'clock bell rang, we were free as birds until seven next morning. And on Saturday evening the pay came in, regular as clock-work, all the better worth having because we had earned it. *That's* a pleasure rich ladies can't have."

"You think, then, you wouldn't care to be a fine lady, with nothing to do but count her rings, and order the servants around?" asked

Peter Wells, highly entertained by his bride's talk.

He was not fluent of speech himself, and, like all slow-tongued men, greatly admired women. Ellie's blonde ringlets danced in the energy of her negative gesture.

"I wouldn't be! Upon my word, I consider a fashionable woman the most wretched, useless thing the Lord ever made. There's Mrs. Guy Stuyvesant, now! My cousin, Jane Sharpe, hires with her as nurse and seamstress, and she often tells me she wouldn't exchange places with her for all her money and aristocracy. They think everything of their family, those Stuyvesants do, though I guess they came from Adam as well as we common people did. Jane says there's no end to the vanity and vexation of spirit in that house. *He* is out all day until the six o'clock dinner (think of it! six o'clock! when sensible people eat supper), and oftener than not spends the evening in his library, busy with law papers, or out at some business meeting. It's study, study, work, work, and for what? For victuals and clothes; nothing else. That's the common sense way of looking at it, no matter how much money he has over and above what it costs him to live. They don't *begin* to be as happy and as independent as we are. Why, Jane says Mrs. Stuyvesant never has a moment's rest. It's driving to the dressmaker's, or milliner's, or dry goods stores all day; or receiving calls and paying them; dinner-parties and balls; concerts and operas; dress, folly, and worry, until she hasn't time to sleep, or to play with her own baby. I was in to see Jane a few evenings before we were married, and she sent for me to come up stairs. She has a great many privileges, Jane has. You see these rich people folks have to trust so much to their help; they do anything almost to keep a good girl, and you'd be surprised to hear what they have to submit to sometimes. So, while I was sitting in the nursery, with the baby in my lap—a sweet, pretty child, as any mother would like

to have—and Jane was undressing the next youngest, who was about two-thirds sick with a cold, in comes Mrs. Stuyvesant, all decked out in a white silk dress, with a pink satin bodice and tunic, and such diamonds! They fairly made me wink. Her hair was dressed beautifully, with a white feather and a pink one, but she looked tired and worried enough. She is a tall woman, with black eyes, that go right through you when she speaks, and a thick, white skin, without a speck of color; not a bit handsome, to my eyes, but Jane says she is much admired in society. She frowned when she saw me.

“Who’s this?” says she to Jane.

“My cousin, Ellie Lane, ma’am,” says Jane, bold as brass, for she knew my lady daren’t run the risk of having her leave at a minute’s notice, and wasn’t scared at her high-strung ways.

“Oh!” and she went over to the sick child. ‘How is Guy to-night? More feverish, isn’t he? I wish I didn’t have to go out,’ and I really believe she was anxious, and wanted to stay with him. ‘But I must. Don’t touch my dress, dear!’ for the little fellow stopped fretting to stare at her, and began to play with the shiny silk. ‘You will soil it, darling! I will look in as soon as I come home, Jane, and see how he is getting on. If he shows any signs of croup, send Thomas for the doctor at once. Bathe his feet before he goes to bed, and give him two drops of nitre every hour in a teaspoonful of water until he is in a perspiration. Good-night, my son!’

“She stooped to kiss him, and patted the baby’s face, keeping her dress out of the way of both of them, and sailed off—to enjoy herself! She seemed to think she had done her duty by her child in telling a paid nurse what to do for him when he was sick. Oh, this fashionable life eats women’s hearts out and puts a stone in the place of them. Depend upon it, Peter, dear, I am happier this minute than she is. She is a slave to her riches and position, to society, and her own servants even. What other rich and stylish people do and say is the only law that governs her; the only one that any of her sort care for. Those who are content to live comfortable and plain, and do their own work, are the only real mistresses in the land. What would pay me, I wonder, to have two or three stuck-up women about my house, eating my victuals, and breaking my china, and ruining my nice clothes in the wash, and laying down the law to me as to what they *would* do, and what I *shouldn’t* do, and expecting the highest wages for plaguing the life out of me? I think I see myself at it!”

“You’re a spunky little woman, and a sensible one to-boot. I can’t put what I mean into words as smooth and pretty as you do, Ellie, but I do enjoy my home, and I wouldn’t give my wife for the richest high-flyer in the

land; and I’m glad you’re satisfied. I don’t ask to be rich; only to be able to give you everything you want and would like to have. It would come nigh to breaking my heart, dear, to see you fretting of what I couldn’t get for you.”

Impulsive Ellie stopped his mouth with a sudden kiss.

“I believe you, my darling, every word of it. But I shall never be so unreasonable. I shouldn’t care to live in more style than we do now if you were ever so rich. Where’s the use? Big houses and handsome furniture don’t benefit the people that own them. They’re just intended for others to look at and envy. And we owe other people nothing; can have our own way in everything. I couldn’t but think ~~this morning~~”—with a reverent cadence in her voice—“while the preacher was talking about the emptiness of this world’s pleasures, how much better contentment was than wealth—and how full my cup was—and oh, Peter, I do hope my blessedness will make me a better woman. I do try to thank my Heavenly Father with my whole heart, and in my everyday life as well as on Sundays, for all He has done for me, in giving me you and this sweet, sweet home.”

“She’s hit it now!” cried the admiring Peter, slapping his knee. “That was what I was trying to get out when I commenced talking. It’s been in my mind, in a way, ever since we sat down together after supper. It came to me, all on a sudden like, while I was a-smoking of my pipe and watching you a-clearing off the table and singing to yourself, with that blue dress on, and looking so like a plecter, and the fire a-blazing, and the wind whistling outside, and everything so snug, and altogether—I can’t justly word it—but I felt sort o’ solemn, and says I to myself, ‘I’d ought to be a good man for to show I’m thankful for all o’ this.’”

“We’ll try together, dear!” Ellie laid her cheek to his. “We shouldn’t deserve to be happy if our blessings didn’t draw us closer to Him who sends them.”

They had been married one month, and a week before had taken possession of their home, three rooms in the second story of a modest frame dwelling, in a new street, fully a mile from the extensive machine-shop in which Peter was a workman. Most of his comrades were desirous of living nearer; content to occupy meaner and narrower quarters rather than walk so far night and morning.

“But we’ll be comfortable and healthy, Ellie,” said sensible Peter. “The exercise in the open air won’t harm me. The smell of the coal, the dust, and close air down town will hurt you.”

He was very tender of her, as he might have been of a delicate fragrant blossom he had found blooming in one of the close, ill-smelling streets in which she lived when he first knew her. Her mother was a widow, so poor and so

lowly in her aspirations that she took in gentlemen's washing by the piece and dozen, and did not disdain to bear a helping-hand in the semi-annual house-cleaning of her richer acquaintances. She had a brave spirit in her small body, however, this American woman, and hard as she had to battle with want, kept her four children at school until her neighbors cried out upon her for her folly.

"The law gives 'em schooling free of cost to me," she would say, in reply; "and have it they shall, if I have to work my fingers to the bone for it. They'll pay me well for it some day."

At sixteen Fanny, the eldest, went into the establishment of a fashionable milliner as an apprentice, and a year later Ellie obtained a place in a hosiery factory—clean, easy, and comparatively profitable work. Jasper and James, at fourteen and a half, were bound, each in his turn, to a thriving machinist, the owner of the works aforesaid. The head man in the department to which the boys were assigned was Peter Wells, a good-looking, brawny six-footer, kind of heart as strong of arm. The boys became soon and warmly attached to him, and the friendly interest that repaid their affection led to his introduction to the widow Lane and her daughters. The whole family fell in love with him, and he in love with Ellie. She was twenty-two when they married, after an acquaintanceship of three years, and a betrothal of two. Mrs. Lane no longer took in washing, but kept her children's house, and was supported "quite like a lady," said her friends, by their earnings. They had half a house—two "flats"—to themselves now.

"But it wasn't such a home as this," Ellie had said to her husband, on this, their first evening in their own abode. "The house is dingier, and there is only water in the back-yard, and no drying-place except the roof, and no gas, and the neighborhood is odious! Factories all around, and only tenement-houses in the block; and what with the noise of the streets, and the steam whistles, and machinery, and the smell of the boiled oil, and leather, and soap-boiling—faugh! I wonder we could breathe. This is just Paradise in comparison. That was what mother said when she saw the water in the kitchen, and the gas, and the closets—three in the kitchen, and one in each of the other rooms!"

She drew a long, full breath of satisfaction, and surveyed her new surroundings and belongings with intensest complacency. They sat in their parlor all day on Sundays, and ate there as well. "We won't have a home that is too fine for us to use," was the wise resolve with which they set out.

The ceilings were of a good height; the three apartments of fair proportions, well-ventilated; the wood-work was painted white, and the walls of parlor and bed-chamber covered with

a neat, tasteful paper. Peter had done this at his own cost, and Ellie chosen the pattern. These two rooms were also carpeted with a serviceable ingrain, the same on both floors.

"It is always economical to get a whole piece," argued the prudent housewife. "It comes cheaper, and, when it is badly worn, you can certainly get one whole carpet out of the best bits."

The ingrain—fast colors—green ferns, delicately-shaded, upon a tan-colored ground, dotted with red partridge-berries, and here and there a spray of trailing arbutus, showing pinkish-white flowers through the green—went down, and a long breadth was left over for future emergencies, besides a couple of yards for a rug to lie in front of the kitchen dresser. The floor of the third room was painted yellow. The cooking-stove was a bright black, the table and dresser of new deal, and there were buff Holland shades at the windows, not to mention Ellie's thrifty geraniums and canary's cage. It was a blithesome room, altogether, and Peter secretly preferred it to the so-called parlor, Ellie's pride. She had excellent natural taste, and she had showed it by selecting cottage furniture instead of the showy mahogany Fanny and her mother had advised her to buy. The set in the bed-room cost but forty-five dollars, that in the parlor a hundred. The footstools, the table-cover of green cloth, and one low sewing-chair in the latter were embroidered by Fanny and herself. The knitted counterpane—shell pattern—and the patchwork quilt under it were the mother's gift. Jasper and James had given her a tea-set of white China, whereas she had expected to use granite-ware for, at least, ten years. Her own wages had bought bed and table-linen, window-curtains and the lounge-cover of striped chintz; her own hands made them up, during the two years of waiting, in the summer twilights and long winter evenings, the faithful Peter observant of almost every stitch she set. The lounge was a closed sofa-bed that could be unfolded for the accommodation of guests.

"I don't see what we could do with more room," said the satisfied mistress. "It suits me to a T. I can't imagine anything prettier and cosier."

"If Fanny marries that rich widower, he may give her a house that will put you out of conceit with yours," suggested Peter, conscious the while that he was stating an absurdity.

Which preposterous observation elicited a pouting "Now, Peter!" and the animated disclaimer that followed.

Ellie came around to the starting point again by and by. "I wonder what Fan means by letting that old man hang around her so. I wouldn't be pestered by him."

"He isn't old, dear. He isn't over forty."

"What's that but old, I should like to know, when she was but twenty-four last month?"

And he bald already on the top of his head. Jim calls him 'Old Uncle Ned,' and Fanny laughs at him herself. I don't see what she is thinking about, tolerating his attentions."

"I think," said Peter, very slowly, staring at the fire, "I think she intends to marry him—that is, if he asks her, and I guess he will. Widowers ain't apt to waste their time when they're looking for a second wife?"

"Good gracious, Peter Wells! Why should she want to marry that fussy, bald-headed stupid—a young, pretty, lively girl like her, who is earning a living for herself?" ejaculated Ellie, in extreme disgust. "I've no patience with such ridiculous talk. I believe you men imagine that all women are crazy for husbands."

"No-o-o, my dear, I couldn't exactly think that. I had to serve my time for you. Not that I grudged it. And I believe you would have worked in the factory all your life, rather than marry anybody you didn't love. But Fanny isn't you. I think, sometimes, it's the kind of business she's in—the finery, and the high-flying customers, and all that, you know—that puts notions in her head. Anyhow, they're there. She would like to be a fine lady, and Mr. Clark can make her one. Money and show goes a long ways in this world."

"I'd jump into the river before I'd marry a man I wasn't fond of, and didn't respect with all my heart, and soul, and strength!" cried Ellie, vehemently. "And didn't I tell you that Fan makes all manner of fun of old Clark? I sha'n't believe but she feels as I do, until she tells me she is engaged. I declare you've made me real nervous and miserable. I shouldn't sleep a wink to-night if I put any faith in what you've said."

For all her doughty assertions, her fears came upon her with tremendous force the next day, when, having "done up" the week's washing, cleaned the kitchen of tubs, etc., attired herself in a blue merino, which was her best last winter, and put a checked bib apron before her, she was interrupted in the work of sprinkling and folding the clean clothes by Fanny's entrance.

"My, Fan! you made my heart jump into my throat," she laughed, to conceal her trepidation. "How did you get away in the middle of the afternoon? Is anything the matter at home?"

"Not just yet."

Fanny sat down, and threw off her bonnet, uninvited. She was a fine-looking girl, on a larger and more showy scale than Ellie, but with less refinement of manner and speech. The one looked intelligent, the other shrewd.

"Not just yet," she repeated. "But there will be before long. I am to be married the second week in February."

"There! Peter said so!" Ellie turned red, then white, and finally threw her apron over

her face for a hearty cry. "I couldn't have believed it, Fan! How can you bear to?"

"Don't be a goose!" advised Fanny, philosophically cool. "It is a very nice thing to marry for love, I suppose, but it isn't every one who can afford it. I am tired of work and poverty. As the Biddies say, 'I want a change, mem!'"

"You are selling yourself;" Ellie was red-hot again.

"All right. I shall make a good bargain of it. Mr. Clark is well off, respectable, and disposed to do the liberal thing by me. He will be a millionaire before I am too old to enjoy life. When you see me riding in my carriage, you'll laugh, not cry, and come around to my way of thinking."

"Your carriage!" The idea was so novel it turned the tide of Ellie's reproaches.

"My carriage and my diamonds! You'll see them if you live five years longer. It is time, goodness knows, for some of the family to be getting on in the world. I don't mind a smart jolt to foolish, romantic prejudices, if it throws one out of the old rut in which we have been rolling since the days of Noah, for aught I know. I hope to see you follow my lead. Mr. Clark says Peter is an enterprising, steady fellow, who is bound to rise in his business. We may be able to help him in some way. Mr. C. feels most kindly towards my family."

Ellie's sensitive blood mounted again at the patronizing tone. "We are entirely satisfied with our condition in life, thank you. I was saying to Peter last night that I wouldn't alter it if I could. It is better to be happy than wealthy."

"Maybe so. I mean to try whether the money won't bring the happiness. I know poverty and misery go hand-in-hand. Mr. C. has as good as bought the new brown-stone front we were admiring the other day in Lawrence Square—the one with the bay-window. I am to go with him to look at it to-morrow to see if it suits us."

"To live in?" If he had meditated the purchase of Windsor Castle or Central Park, Ellie could not have been more astonished.

"Why not, chickadee? He lived plain in the lifetime of his first wife, and they worked hard. It is time he was getting some comfort out of his money. There are not many who know how much he's worth. He understands how to hold his tongue. We had a great laugh—he and I—last night, talking over what would be said and done when we made our big *epiurys*."

The affianced pair took tea with Mrs. Wells the next Sunday evening.

"I wish, for this once, we had a dining-room," said Ellie, while setting the table. "It is enough to take away visitors' appetites to sit so long before supper in sight of the cups, saucers, and plates, all ready for them."

"Is that so? 'Twould give 'em an appetite, seems to me. And a man couldn't have a nicer thing under his eyes than the one I'm a-looking at just now," rejoined Peter, gallantly.

Ellie smiled at the compliment to her and her board. The cloth was crimson; there were white crocheted mats for the dishes and plates, and the boys' China was on parade. She was serious again the next moment.

"I suppose Fanny will have real silver," she observed, polishing a plated teaspoon. "You have no idea what high notions she has. She wants me to go with her some day this week and get carpets. She fancies I have taste in such matters."

"I should rather think so," assented Peter, heartily. "A body has only got to look at this to be sure of that," staring at it, with his head on one side. "It's as good as a walk in the woods to step on and to see it. It always reminds me, somehow, of when I was a boy, and used to hunt wintergreen Sunday afternoons, when church was out, and we went 'cross lots home. I can a'most taste and smell 'em now."

"Oh, you dear old silly!" Ellie was not exactly petulant, but her mood was not in sympathy with his reminiscences. "Why, Fanny is to have Brussels in the bedrooms, and velvet in her parlors."

"Is she? She can't get anything handsomer than this. But I guess she's a better judge of velvet than you, seeing she's worked upon bonnets so long. And if Clark can afford to buy it for his floors, it's nobody's business. Though it does sound comical to me."

Ellie turned away in silence, and went into the kitchen. It was natural she should be slightly nervous the first time she had "invited company," but this need not make her dissatisfied, or cause her to eye the carpetless floor and deal furniture so sourly.

"Fanny knows we eat in here on week days," she thought. "That if the table wasn't set in the other room, her Mr. Clark would have to eat in the kitchen with his back close to the stove, the place is so small. When we move next time, I mean to have four rooms at the very least. I almost wish they weren't coming. They will have things so different."

She had the grace to blush at the remembrance of the complaint when she saw Peter look down at the thin, little man, who jerked his bald head back to meet the handsome giant's eye. There was something wholesome and refreshing, too, in Peter's round voice and deliberate articulation as compared with the shrill pipe and rapid speech of the sharp iron-monger. He was in high good-humor. His wooing had been energetic and eminently successful.

"I'm a business man, you see," he chuckled to his hosts, rubbing his lean calves, then his shins, with his restless hands. "And soon's I popped eyes 'pon her, one day, when I was

passing the milliner's shop at my corner, says I to myself: 'They don't make 'em nicer'n that. But ain't she a trig, tidy-built one? That's Mrs. C. No. 2,' says I. And I walked right in and bought a cravat of her, and began right off to make up to her. I give you my word I was interduced to her before two days was over. Hang it! I may please myself, I hope. My kin never give me a red cent to bless myself with—no more did Mrs. C.'s. It *would* be a joke for them to take on airs about my marrying anybody I'd a mind to, now, wouldn't it, Mrs. W.? As I says to Fan last night, says I: 'I'm a business man, I am, and I don't hold to long credit when there's nothing to be got by it. We're of age—both of us,' says I—and, by George! we'll be married when we like.' "

Ellie's fried oysters, her coffee, biscuit, cake, and plum preserves were irreproachable, and the small rich man vouchsafed to partake so heartily of all that Ellie marvelled how he had remained so thin if his appetite were always as keen.

"Hope Mrs. C. No. 2 will be as good a cook as her sister," he tittered, helping himself to a fourth piece of cake. "Though, for that matter, I don't mean her to spoil her complexion or her hands with kitchen or housework. Mrs. C. No. 1 was a dabster in that 'ere line—one of the best workers I ever see. But when I looked out this time, 'twas for a fancier article, you know—something real ornamental. And I ruther think I've got it. You won't know her, Mrs. W., when I've rigged her out complete. She'll be a stunner as will open people's eyes. I'd like to ketch one on 'em a-saying 'milliner's 'prentice' to her in two years from now. Nothing shortens folks' memories like a liberal use of the almighty dollar—and she won't want for 'em.' "

"I wouldn't marry him if he was made of solid gold, and frosted with diamonds," said Ellie, when the happy couple had departed. "Ugh! it made my flesh crawl to hear him talking as if he had bought her, body and soul. It put me in mind of the picture in the geography of the Turk master and the Circassian slave."

Fanny did not comport herself like one who wore manacles. She went bravely and blithely through the six weeks of preparation for the marriage, gallantly through the ceremony, and set off upon her wedding tour, becomingly attired, with a high head and bright face.

She was absent nearly a month, and it so happened that Ellie did not see her for a week after her return. Peter's little wife had a bad sore throat, and the weather being stormy, he positively prohibited her from going out of the house. It was a fine morning when the interdict was removed, and Mrs. Lane and her second daughter got into an omnibus, and rode across the city to Lawrence Square. It was a

fashionable locality, and the Clarks' house was not the least pretentious of the elegant dwellings that adorned it. The door was opened by a smart servant-girl, who stared superciliously at the visitors, when Mrs. Lane moved toward the stairs, with "We are Mrs. Clarke's kin, and we'll go right up."

Fanny met them at the top of the flight. Her Cashmere peignoir, the lace morning-cap set coquettishly above the puffs of dark hair, her supreme self-satisfaction—amounting to exultation—in her house and the other appurtenances of her new station, struck Ellie with a sensation of strangeness akin to awe. She could not talk, move, or look as usual; caught herself casting furtive glances about her at this and that; involuntarily accosted Fanny with the phraseology and accent she would have used to a superior; and was not surprised, while she was annoyed, that her mother more than once said, "Yes, ma'am," in reply to her first-born's queries.

Fanny smiled openly the second time this happened. "You make a mere acquaintance of me, mother," she said, in the patronizing way she had assumed immediately upon her engagement. "I am just the same Fanny I always was, and you must feel quite at home in my house. Mr. C. doesn't wish me to neglect my family, I assure you. He was willing I should bring you home anything I liked. This is what I selected; I thought it would be useful."

It was a black dress—a fine woollen fabric, suitable for the widow's wear, and she had also an "all-wool" delaine for her sister. The color was pretty, the quality good, but Ellie's treacherous cheeks heated into flame in accepting it.

"It is very nice. You were kind to think of me," was all she could trust herself to say.

"Oh, it is nothing, only a cheap trifle! But you'll find the lining and trimmings inside, and I'll pay for the making. I like to do things handsomely when I make a present. Now, let me show you some of *mine*. John never comes home without bringing me something. This was yesterday's surprise."

It was a camel's hair shawl—not a very expensive one, as such articles are valued, but Ellie's head reeled as Fanny named the price.

"Five hundred dollars!" she repeated, touching the fabric with the tip of her finger. "What makes it cost so much?"

"Because it is *real*, my dear little Mrs. Verdant Green. None of your low-priced shams. And this set of point lace was a hundred and twenty. And this pink coral breastpin and ear-rings a hundred and fifty. I often ask John if he is made of money. But he is doing a smashing, rushing business, and, as he says, 'most all these things were actual necessities.' I hadn't a decent article to wear."

Ellie sat in silent amazement. When Fanny's

trousseau had cost three times as much as hers, and was not two months old!

"I mean nothing suitable to my position," explained Fanny. "I must dress well, and live in style, not only to please my husband, who likes to see me dash, but for the sake of his business credit. Now, you'll take off your hats, and stop to luncheon—positively! Although, if I had known you were coming, I would have had something a little extra prepared." Fanny could not adopt the lady's language as readily as she did her garb, but she was happily unconscious of her deficiencies.

For the first time in her life Ellie ate with a solid silver fork, and sipped chocolate poured from a pot of the same material. Every part of the service was new and dazzling—cut glass, silver, China, and napery. "Mrs. C. No. 1" would have stared in horrified bewilderment at the changes in the establishment. Even her hard-earned and long-hoarded tea and table-spoons had been melted over and re-moulded. Ellie partook of the repast like one in a dream. Fanny's voluble chatter was, at times, in an unknown tongue, and her complacent visage was seen through a fog. As she emerged from the house, observing, in stepping gingerly upon it, the tessellated pavement of the vestibule, she recalled a phrase she had seen somewhere, she did not remember in what connection, "drunken with magnificence."

"I think that's what I am," mused Mrs. Clark's sister.

"Fanny is a lucky girl, a very lucky girl!" Mrs. Lane was saying when the fresh air restored Ellie's wits. "I don't mind of another in her set who has ever done so well in marrying, not by a long ways. But," recollecting herself, "you must try not to be jealous, my dear; somebody must eat the crusts, you know."

This to her who had protested to Peter that she had borne off the matrimonial prize of the season!

"I don't begrudge Fanny her finery, I'm sure, mother, and you have no right to hint such a thing."

It was unlike Ellie to retort so coarsely, but she did not know herself just now.

"She's welcome to her house and her clothes, and I'm certain I don't want her jack-in-the-box of a husband. Mine is worth a thousand of him."

"That's the best way to look at it," responded the mother, soothingly. "To be satisfied with what we have is a duty. And"—vaguely pious—"to rejoice with them as do rejoice. And Fanny's got reason for rejoicing if ever a girl had."

Ellie swallowed hard and bit her lip. It seemed as if the crusts had stuck in her throat. She was no longer in Paradise, if she *had* water in the kitchen and gas in every room, not to mention her fine capacious closets. She had

not raised herself a single step in the world by her marriage. Her mother talked to her as she had always done, with a touch of compassion in her accent just now. Fanny had not offered to send her bundles home, so each carried her own, Ellie longing to drop hers in the dirtiest gutters she crossed and leave it there.

"Just a cheap trifle!" she kept saying to herself. "But she knew it suited me. I have no position to support. What use have I for jewelry and laces?"

"I guess you've been a-treating yourself to a holiday, *Miss Wells*," said the social tenant of the lower "flat," meeting Ellie just inside the front door. "But you look clean beat out."

"I am."

Ellie mounted the narrow stairs, with their strip of gay carpeting down the middle, noting, as she went, the plain white walls and homely carpentry, marvelling she had never remarked until now how mean the whole building was, within and without. She unlocked her door.

"Exactly what I expected! the fire out and the rooms as cold as a barn; and I'm so tired I can hardly stand. It would be a comfort to be able to keep one girl to look after things a little. What I don't do goes undone."

She flung her bundle under the lounge, her shawl upon it, and fell to work with vicious energy, breaking a plate and upsetting the tea-kettle in the course of her operations.

"I wish it had scalded me to death," she muttered, while mopping up the hot water.

When all was ready, she sat down sullenly to wait until Peter came in to supper; did not stir from her chair even when she heard his step and cheery whistle in the hall. He always whistled the same tune, "Old Dog Tray," and to Ellie's nerves the roundabout melody was to-night simply exasperating.

"Ah, little woman! didn't know as you was in, being as how you didn't meet me at the door. How goes it?"

He laughed into her gloomy eyes in stooping to kiss her. What was it to him that Fanny trod upon velvet while her feet were chilled by the bare boards?

"You've been nodding, I guess," was his comment upon her sulky face and lagging step. "'Tis kinder tiresome waiting for a fellow, isn't it? What have you been doing with yourself all day? Did you get to see Fan?"

"Yes."

"Didn't make your throat worse, I hope, talking and walking?"

"No."

Ellie was setting supper on the table, and her laconics passed unremarked.

"Found Fan pretty well and bright, did you?"

"Very."

Peter mistook the meaning of the emphasis.

"I'm glad to hear it."

He was washing off the day's dust and grime in the basin under the kitchen roller, and turned his sunshiny face toward her, the water dripping from his bushy whiskers. He looked like a great, good-natured Newfoundland, fresh from a plunge.

"Real glad," he reiterated. "You see you borrowed trouble. I was in hopes she'd be better contented than what you was afraid she'd be."

"She'd be hard to please if she wasn't satisfied," said Ellie, aside.

Fortunately, Peter's head was buried in the crash towel, and he did not catch the murmur. Before supper was over, he was forced to acknowledge to himself that his wife was out of sorts. Not cross! He would not have admitted that had she brained him with a rolling-pin. But a trifle "dumpish," as he called it.

"You will be lonesome if I go out to-night," he said, "but Mr. Mansard wants to see me about some alterations he is going to make in the shop; some new plans for machinery, and the like. He asked me would I come to his house for an hour or so and I said yes."

"I thought your evenings belonged to yourself," replied Ellie, ungraciously. "That's the way the rich grind the faces of the poor."

"Mr. Mansard isn't one of that sort," Peter rejoined, mildly. "He's always been very friendly with me. But, as I started to say, s'pose you go with me as far as Mr. Stuyvesant's and sit with Jane till I come back. We can go in an omnibus, and the talk with your cousin will do you good."

It was, at any rate, a more agreeable prospect than moping in solitude, and they were soon on their way.

"A little down-hearted, or is it tired, eh?" queried Peter, when the stage set them down at the corner of the block on which was Mr. Stuyvesant's house, and he bent his head to peep under his wife's bonnet.

"Nothing is the matter," pettishly. "I do wish you wouldn't watch me so, Peter. Everybody feels sober now and then, I suppose."

"I watch you because I love you, Ellie."

She knew it, but sorely as her conscience smote her, she was too proud or sulky to apologize. At the servants' entrance to the Stuyvesant's mansion they parted.

"I'll be back as soon as I can, dear," said Peter, then, gravely and kindly, and Ellie carried a swelling heart, and eyes that ached from the pressure of unshed tears, up to the nursery.

Mrs. Stuyvesant had company to dinner; the baby was awake, and Jane unable to leave him. This was a crooked day, altogether, with our heroine. Her talk with her cousin was broken by the fretful infant, who insisted upon being carried in the arms up and down the floor until the nurse declared her feet were blistered and her ankles swollen.

"I wonder you will let yourself be so im-

posed upon. It is her duty to take care of her child when he's so troublesome," said Ellie, crossly. "I thought you had more spirit."

The words were upon her lips when Mrs. Stuyvesant entered, leading Master Guy, a fine boy of six.

"His father would keep him down stairs to dessert," the mother observed to Jane. "But he should have been in bed an hour ago. Undress him without delay. He is intolerably sleepy and cross."

"Can Katy come up and hold the baby, ma'am?" asked Jane, respectfully. "He will cry if I lay him down."

Mrs. Stuyvesant paused on her way to the door.

"Katy is helping Thomas pass the coffee, and cannot be spared. Cannot this person assist you?" glancing loftily at Ellie.

She was a woman of commanding presence, and before Ellie knew what she was about, she obeyed mechanically the behest of the authoritative look; held out her arms meekly for the baby, and began pacing the floor with him as Jane had done. But her blood boiled and surged within her heart until she seemed ready to suffocate.

"The most hateful woman that ever breathed!" she burst forth, in relinquishing the unwelcome charge to Jane, when Guy was in bed. "I wouldn't live with her for a hundred dollars a month!"

Jane laughed in malicious amusement.

"Oh, she isn't a bad one at heart. She only knows her own place, and wants other people to keep theirs."

Ellie was waiting down stairs for Peter when he called for her.

"Jane is busy, so you needn't come in," she said, tartly, interrupting the waiting-maid's cordial invitation to him. "I've been ready to go home this hour and more."

She rehearsed the history of her wrongs at the hands of mistress and maid by the time they were in the street.

"I'll never set my foot in the house again!" she protested, stormily. "'Person,' indeed! The haughty, horrid creature! As if I was the dust under her feet! And Jane enjoyed seeing me insulted! That was the meanest part of it all. *She* is no better than I am, if rich people do trample upon me!"

"Don't cry, my darling." Big Peter put his arm tenderly about her. "Nobody wants to trample upon you. I don't believe they meant to be unkind. I wouldn't think any more about it if I was in your place. I've got some good news to tell you that will, maybe, take the bad taste out of your mouth. Mr. Mansard has made me foreman in the shop, at double the wages I am drawing now, and next year it will be more. That's something like getting on in the world, isn't it, little girl?"

THE WIDOWER.

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

FOR years and years of a lingering hope,

A single year of wedded bliss;

A long, long walk on an upward slope,

At the end a single kiss.

And this is all of life at the best—

The morning opes with a promise fair,

And, behold! the sun sinks down in the west

Before we are aware.

Before we know it the shadows come,

And the light sinks down in the gaping sea;

The blight has fallen upon a home,

And the bloom from the fragrant tree.

The hopes, and visions, and rainbows bright

Are hidden behind the blackened cloud;

The day is swallowed up in night,

And the heart's high hopes are bowed.

Patient and loving, for weary years

She watched and waited for life's dear crown;

And who could number the bitter tears

She shed as the suns went down—

As the suns went down on her lonely days,

While she watched and waited for love to come?

And who could know what a golden haze

He brought, at last, to her home?

And how he was prized so much the more

For the patient years of expectancy;

And how all who entered within her door

Saw his light burn full and free:

How the earth to her was a Paradise—

A garden of Eden, fresh and fair,

And the light that shone from her husband's eyes

Made her star of evening there.

How the dream still lingered—the days flew on,

And the bright flowers bloomed, and the sweet birds sang,

And ever, ever, from dawn to dawn,

Life's softest chime-bells rang:

Till a dearer hope than she ever had known

Had gently stolen within her breast,

Had sung to her in its sweetest tone,

And built in her heart its nest.

When, dark, and bitter, and cold, and dim,

With thunderous mutterings, stern and low,

The black cloud gathered with frown so grim,

And with winds as cold as snow—

Gathered and fell on that mother's heart,

And fell on the little baby form,

Which now can never be torn apart

By the wildest earthly storm.

But for him who wanders on earth alone,

With his manhood's hope and love all crushed,

With as deep a sorrow as ever was known,

All his sweet home-music hushed,

May God, who tempers the winds and waves,

Bring to his spirit *her* peace and calm,

Till he passes beyond his loved one's graves,

And rests by *their* sheltering palm.

SOME relaxation is necessary to people of every degree; the head that thinks and the hand that labors must have some little time to recruit their diminished powers.—*Gilpin*.

He that does good to another man does also good to himself—not only in the consequence, but in the very act of doing it, for the conscience of well-doing is an ample reward.—*Seneca*.

ADELE WORLIE.

BY AGNES SERLE.

"THERE, Minnie, read that, and prepare yourself accordingly." And, as he spoke, my husband handed to me across the breakfast-table a daintily penned, delicately scented letter; adding, as I looked up in astonishment from its perusal, "but good-by; don't get jealous;" and before I could frame a question, scarcely a thought, his customary good-by kiss was given, and I was alone, looking wonderingly at the missive in my hand, and foolishly allowing my mind to dwell upon Harry's parting words.

Not that the letter was so peculiar in itself; harmless enough, it would have seemed, and Harry's teasing speech was but an effervescence of his fun-loving nature, and I knew it. Still knowing, also, so well all the circumstances of his former connection with the writer of the epistle, it served as a link between his past and present life that I had hoped were severed forever, and a path leading to the possibilities of the future. But, before going any further, I may as well acquaint the reader with the few lines that had raised so unusual a tumult in my feelings; addressed to my husband, it began:—

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: Do not be surprised (as I know you will not fail to be) at hearing from me, but remembering who it is, and how I am given to doing *outré* things, I know you and your sweet wife will excuse the liberty I take, viz: of inviting myself to your house for an indefinite length of time. You will, I trust, welcome me for the sake of "the days that are no more;" she, because it is to her that I particularly design my visit. For ever since your marriage, I have ardently wished to have more than an acquaintance with the woman to whom your love is given—to make a dear friend of her, perhaps. My present visit to M——, albeit one of business, will be the only opportunity I shall have for years, it may be, of accomplishing my wishes; therefore, I come to you. Look for me by the evening train of the 15th, and believe me, as ever, your true friend,
May 10th.

ADELE WORLIE.

And now that you have the letter, you must know more of us, who are so nearly concerned in it, the recipients of the proposed visit. Three years before this, Harry Sandford and I were married. He was young and gay in his disposition, nay, even boyish in many things, although nearly ten years my senior. The eight years he had passed in fashionable society had made of him, as far as was possible to his fresh and frank nature, a thorough man of the world. Unable to mar the honest upright heart within, the world had yet offered to him its wealth of both vices and pleasures; but while he grasped the latter with eager hand, vice could gain no foothold with him, and when its gayety ceased to attract him, as he expressed it, when we were married, "he was ready to

settle down into a most loving, exemplary Benedict." And so he proved to be; his ample means provided every desired pleasure for him and "the quiet little girl" he had so astonished his old friends by marrying, and he and I had just fallen fairly from their wondering attentions and settled to housekeeping and happiness, when this letter, that brought with it, to my mind, at least, so much of the past, and suggested so much of the future, ruffled the fair surface of our domestic life.

Loving my husband as I did, and perfectly free from jealousy as I believed myself to be of his past life and loves, of which he had freely made me the confidante, I could not account for the feeling of distrust I began to experience for our coming guest. She had been the last and best loved of his list; indeed, with her it had been real love, and an engagement of over a year's standing; broken by her at last through that love of coquetry, which fast developed itself after their engagement, and then the wild, passionate adoration he had given her burned itself out in a year's travel, and another passed in her "set" that he might prove himself; before the third was over, he had found, outside the whirl of society, "the quiet little girl" who believed him when he told her "that, after all, she had the better part—the love that would abide, outliving passion and personal attractions only."

Reassuring as had been that sentence when it was uttered, and firmly as I believed it still, it was with anything but an unclouded countenance with which I rose and went about preparing for Miss Worlie's reception. Her letter had been delayed, and it was already the 15th. So, really ashamed of my feelings, and, above all, of letting Harry know that I entertained them, I tried to work them down, and flew about the house in a most industrious manner; but never before did my little year old Harry seem so fretful, servants so neglectful, or I, to my own eyes, appear so utterly forlorn as upon this day. As at lunch we arranged that Harry should meet and escort our guest home for six o'clock dinner, I found myself more than once, as evening drew near, before the glass, mentally contrasting the appearance of my rather plain face and quiet dress with the brilliant beauty and fashionable woman I was momentarily expecting. A nursing baby, deep in the troubles of teething, is not conducive to any excess of beauty in the mother; and when I glanced from the thin plain cheeks to the undeniably too slender figure, clad in simple muslin, I almost sympathized with what I imagined would be Harry's mortification at my lack of style and good looks when compared to his old love. Altogether, I had worked myself into such a state of nervous excitement that I fairly counted the minutes until they should come, fearful of losing the little self-control I had managed to keep by me for her

reception. Truly glad was I to see, at last, the carriage drive to the door, and I watched, unobserved, the tall, elegant figure of Adele as she alighted, and, turning, looked at the house, remarking in her low, musical voice, "What a lovely home you have, Harry; how happy you ought to be!" Harry's reply I did not hear as they came in together, and I went forward to meet her, my poor heart bounding with that undefined feeling called up again at her familiar use of Harry's name.

My unwonted agitation must have added to my good looks, for with all the empressment she was capable of exerting, Adele proceeded to assure me "that I was looking better even than when a bride;" and when my baby came and was caressed and admired, and her manner was so devoid of anything that could foster my unkind feelings, I began to experience the fascination with which she was so fatally invested. The feeling of aversion, I might almost call it, with which all day I had looked forward to her coming, wore gradually away under the softening influence of her sweet voice and smile, now asking me "if ever in my life before I had been treated so unceremoniously;" and again telling Harry, laughingly, that "seeing him so happy a married man so impressed her with the emptiness of her present pleasures, that she was almost ready 'to go and do likewise.'" And when presently I took her up to her room, the spell had so deepened upon me that I looked in on Harry a moment on my way to have dinner served, and exclaimed, "O Harry, how beautiful she is! I'm sure, as you once told me, I shall like her in spite of myself."

Smiling at my unusual warmth of manner, and the open avowal of my sentiments towards Adele, he answered, just as she rejoined us, "Who knows but that I shall, too?"

If I had admired so much her beauty before, my admiration must have boundlessly increased in proportion to its enhancement by the change she had made in her dress. She had exchanged her short travelling dress for a sweeping white organdie, strewn with rose-buds, its purity adding fresh beauty to her dazzling face, and its flowing amplitude a more queenly dignity to her faultless figure; the golden brown hair that waved back from her forehead seemed a fitting crown above the dark-brown eyes and perfect features. To see her you would have imagined she had spent the afternoon in a reviving siesta, instead of a warm railway journey.

In my own admiration of her beauty, I ceased to think of the effect it might have upon Harry, and the evening passed in the enjoyment of her brilliant conversational powers, and found me at its close without misgivings, at Adele's coming to our house; nay, I only wondered that I had ever had them.

The witching power she held over me, lasted for some days; long enough, I suppose she

thought, to blind me to the real object of her visit, and then, though her manner to me was still the same, the knowledge came that it was assumed only to hide her steadily increasing demands upon the attention Harry had first shown her. I could see that he felt the difference; that sometimes his eyes sought my face to find if I had penetrated some little piece of her acting. But too proud to acknowledge to him then that I feared her, I gave no sign, and he thinking it "all right as long as I took no notice, and he saw through it," yielded more and more to the memories of "the olden time," brought constantly before him by the siren who had come here with the one purpose of bringing him to her feet again.

About this time I was relieved of the necessity of showing her any particular attentions; for little Harry, entering upon his second summer, and daily, by reason of his delicate health, requiring more of my time, kept me almost constantly with him. But as my husband's family lived very near us, I turned her over to his sisters for company on her shopping expeditions, and to them and him for her various amusements. I determined that neither she nor any one should imagine I feared her power. I said to myself that she should have full sway; and by secluding myself with my babe almost entirely, I left her free to exercise those wiles, which were destined to bring such bitter sorrow to me.

I think it was about the third week of her visit that she discovered that I had not been blinded by her attentions to me, but, instead of the revelation proving a stumbling-block in her march, she calmly left off her caressing ways and pretty speeches when with me, and, setting me aside with the utmost indifference, continued her sport with unabated zeal.

Dressed in the most charming of morning *negligés*, she followed Harry to the door in the morning to remind him of some one of her numerous commissions, or, perhaps, in the sweetly modulated tone she knew the use of so well, she would say "Good-by; will your business take you out to-day towards eleven? we may be down to-day," knowing full well I was not going with her, and that Harry would be out, as a matter of course.

Bitterly as all this stung me in my love and pride, it was as little compared to the remorse I began to feel at having let it come to pass. I felt that my husband loved me, and dearly, too, and had I spoken at first those words which would have forewarned him of his danger, he would have guarded against it. All these regrets I suffered when it was too late; when I feared nothing I could say would convince Harry now that he was wronging me, and in my long and quiet days, when attended by Harry, Adele was away upon some picnic or other excursion; or my night watches, with my sick child, when I could hear her magnifi-

cent voice from the parlor, giving pleasure to my husband as it was giving pain to me, my only thought was, "Will she never leave me in peace?" I felt that her absence was, perhaps, the only thing that could bring Harry once more to himself, and I prayed for it fervently. Every day that passed but rendered more impassable the barrier reared between him and me, and, in addition, the constant demand upon my feelings was wearing upon me; my looks told first upon me, and daily their tale was confirmed by my failing strength.

One afternoon, when Adele was entering upon the fifth week of her visit, having carried a brave face until she had gone out for her afternoon promenade, I broke down completely, and with a severe headache and fierce heartache, I lay in my darkened room, too miserable even to think. I heard the ring of the door bell, and knowing the servant had orders to admit no one, I was startled by the unceremonious entrance of my husband's youngest married sister, my dearest friend, and in a state, I saw at once, of most unusual excitement. She did not leave me long to conjecture its cause, for, seating herself by my couch, and caressing my hand, she began:—

"I'm sorry, Minnie, I came in just now, because you don't look strong enough to bear anything, and what I have come to say will, I know, pain you, and perhaps offend you; but, now that I am here, I must say it, if it does both. It can't be possible, Min, when we at home are so annoyed by it, that you are blind to what I am going to speak to you about, but your quiet way of taking it would lead one to imagine that you were. I know that it is because you love Harry that you are silent, and just because I do know this I take the liberty of coming to talk to you about his infatuation with that abominable woman, and *your* infatuation in letting it go so far."

I knew all that was coming now; and, too weak and miserable to attempt an answer, I covered my quivering face with my hands, to hide the burning tears that forced themselves from my eyes. I could hear tears also in her voice, as, stooping to kiss me, she resumed: "Don't think we are too hard on Harry, darling. You know how we all love him, but no love for him can excuse this weakness on his part that looks like wickedness, and that has caused you such pain. I come to you as much on his mother's behalf as my own, to tell you that you must do something to put a stop to it. You may know it has appeared seriously wrong, when our quiet mother has noticed his public devotion to that arch hypocrite—yes, and has even spoken to him about it, too. And what do you suppose his answer to her appeal was? The only disrespectful words I ever heard him address to her, 'That as long as Minnie did not see fit to lecture him, none of his family need trouble themselves to do it.'"

I felt as though her words would kill me—to think that my Harry could speak so coldly of so grievous a fault seemed bitterer than death to me, and I shrank back from the words as if from sharp knives. I had no heart now to seek to extenuate his conduct, and I nerved myself to hear all that Maggie had to say, and then I would try to resolve upon what was best to be done.

"I see, Minnie, that I am paining you deeply," she went on, "but sharp pain is preferable to the slow torture you have been enduring for these weeks that she has been here; and I verily believe, if I had not come in this afternoon, you would have gone on enduring, until it pleased her ladyship to release Harry from the enchantment she has put upon him. Now that you know that every one is beginning to whisper, you surely will take such measures that will make her understand that she must bring her campaign to a close. Just to show you how barefaced she has become, and how utterly regardless of the thoughts and feelings that may be entertained with regard to her, I may as well tell you what occurred not more than two hours ago. I was down in town, and just about to take the car for home when I met Adele. Supposing up town to be her destination, I said to her that we would ride together. 'Really, she would like to do so, but she had an important engagement.' Of course, I came on alone; but, the car being detained, whom should I see, as I passed Royal's, seated at a table discussing their cream, but Adele, and her cavalier was Harry. And now, Min," she went on, "don't think because I have talked so plainly to you that I fear any change in Harry's love for you. No one will despise his weakness, his inexcusable weakness, more than will Harry himself when the temptress has been routed; but we are not willing she should take her own time for surrender, and, above all, I can't allow her to make these pale cheeks hollower than they are now, or to give you one heartache more than you have already suffered."

And, having gone through with her task, Maggie undertook "setting me to rights," as she called it, and badly enough I needed it. My long imposed self-control had given way completely before the melting warmth of her kindness and sympathy; but the relief that the tears and her caresses brought to me, with the diversion she secured in the shape of my boy, whom she brought in "to cure his mamma," had partially restored my equanimity before Adele's return, when, kissing me good-by, she hurried down, on her way out to excuse me until dinner to my guest on the plea of my suffering from a severe headache.

Oh, the misery of that hour before dinner! The tortures I underwent in anticipation of the interview I must have with Harry—my darling that I had always so proudly confided in! It

seemed as if I could never bring myself into the presence of the woman who had wrought it all, and yet I rose and dressed for the meal with the conviction that it would all come right yet. My headache would account for my deathlike pallor and the dark circles about my eyes, and I was too proud to let Adele suspect the agony I was enduring by my absence from the table.

Harry was rather late to dinner, and I noticed his preoccupied manner when he replied to Adele's lively greeting. My heart beat quickly, as I thought perhaps the accusing voice of conscience was at last awakened, and I argued favorably for the effect of the appeal I intended making to him that night. And, when he noticed my distressed face, and inquired, in almost his old loving manner, the cause of it, I felt my reproaches and grief giving way, and my heart went out to him in love and sympathy, while a wild desire to trample upon the serpent who had coiled herself in my Eden took possession of me.

She was ill at ease, and by the occasional furtive glances she gave at Harry's averted face I knew she feared for the ascendancy she had gained over him.

Mutually pleased to escape from the restraints of the meal, we left the dining-room; I, to go to the nursery, passed quickly through the hall, where Adele, standing in the parlor door, looked in surprise at my husband, who, taking his hat, remarked:—

"You ladies must amuse yourselves to-night. I have a business engagement that may perhaps detain me until late."

She felt, as did I, that it was but an excuse, and again, as she turned away, I saw the wondering, baffled look upon her face that I had noticed at dinner; and as I said to her I would be back presently, and went slowly up the stairs, I saw that expression fade before one of contempt and anger blended, as, throwing herself upon a fauteuil in the dim light of the back parlor, she muttered beneath her breath: "The pitiful fool! Does he think of going back now, and for the sake of *that* crying pale face up stairs?"

How plainly I see her, now, as she reclined against the window, every outline of her perfectly moulded face and figure a model of grace, even the dress she wore—a pale green grenadine falling away from her in long undulations—the beautiful neck and arms bare, save where they were brushed by the golden ripples of her glorious hair, which, drawn back from her face, fell far below her slender waist, and the brilliant glow of those mischief-making eyes; all are before me now, indelibly stamped upon my memory the first of those pictures that made to me that night the most miserable of my existence.

Detained up stairs longer than I anticipated, I at last returned to the parlor, unwilling to

appear to hold myself aloof from her, and more particularly that, as I neared the open door, I heard voices, and supposed company had come in during my absence. Passing in by the front room, I approached the folding-doors as simultaneously I heard Adele's low tones as in a dream:—

"Oh, my darling! I *did* love you, and now we are separated forever," and the sight which forever stamped her words upon my mind greeted me. Her eyes were raised to my husband's face, as he sat beside her; her head rested upon his shoulder, her mass of hair sweeping his breast. As she spoke, he drooped his head towards her as though he would have kissed her lips. Then I heard, I saw nothing more; my heart swelled within me, and I thought I was dying; my one thought was to get out of that room. I turned, and then came oblivion.

When consciousness returned, I lay in a darkened room, and Maggie sat beside me—so childishly weak I only wondered what had happened, and it was only after some time that I collected mind and strength to ask for Harry and my baby. The memory of all the past was for the time obliterated from my memory; and, when Maggie enjoined silence, telling me if I would go to sleep a little while I should see them both when I awoke, I obeyed her as a child would, and, when I again opened my eyes, it was to find Harry kneeling beside me—but, oh! so changed, grown so old looking and careworn, that striving to think what could have caused it brought back all the events of that miserable night.

Forbidden to talk, he could do nothing but caress me; the great tears of joy falling from his eyes as he called me "his own precious darling!" and thanked Heaven for my recovery. And I was satisfied with this, until we were allowed to go together over the past, and only felt gratitude for the near approach I had made to death, since it had restored to me my husband's love.

When the first days of my rapid recovery had passed, and there was no necessity of absolute quiet for me, Harry came to me, and, going step by step over the time of Adele's fatal visit, I learned the full extent of the snare she had entered our doors to set. I learned all from Harry, marked as his recital was by bitterest repentance for his weak yielding to her subtle flatteries and the great suffering he had brought upon me.

Coming at last to that terrible night, he threw himself upon his knees beside me, covering my hand with kisses, exclaiming: "And now, darling, upon this evening, whose close I had intended should see me repentant, and forgiven my past weakness by you, to think I should have but added the crowning piece to my wicked folly! I had come home that evening to dinner with conscience aroused at last, stinging me

into remorse at my behavior; but, foolish, wicked as I had been, I knew that I had but to acknowledge my fault, and the love which does not fail me *even now* would shield me, and with your forgiveness the rest of my task would be easy—breaking with Adele, I mean. I could not bear the thought of a *tête-à-tête* with her while you were up stairs with Harry, and consequently made an excuse of a business engagement, thinking, with Adele in her favorite seat in the back parlor, I could return immediately unobserved, and, seeking you, could make my peace before being thrown again with her. I but walked around the square, and had entered the door again, when she called to me, 'What! back already?' and, weak fool that I was, I walked in to her 'for a farewell chat;' she said 'she had received a letter, and was going away to-morrow.'

"Then, with that weakness so fatally a part of my nature, I thought I could speak to you after she was gone, and blindly followed her, until it led to the disgraceful end you witnessed. We talked of old times, of the days of our engagement, and even when I knew well that her hand, and hers alone, had severed the bond, she spoke of her misery when, through her father's command, she broke it in order that she might engage herself to a richer suitor. Then pity and sympathy for her in the hollow, heartless life she described as having led since made me forget the black treachery she had shown me, and the blacker crime I was committing against you in listening to her; and I remembered nothing but that this bewildering, fascinating woman's head was upon my shoulder, her perfumed hair swept my breast, her eyes and lips both reminding me that I had loved her. Then, as in my utter madness I stooped to kiss those lips, I heard that quick-drawn breath of yours which told me you had been a witness of this, the darkest of my sins against you. Thank heaven! it came before my face reached hers.

"The despair upon your face made me forgetful even that she was a woman; and, throwing her off as I would a viper, I followed you, but not in time to save you from the fall that for the past two weeks has threatened to take your precious life, and leave me heart-broken. Oh, darling! it seems like a long, hideous dream, a dream that only your forgiveness has power to waken me from. Can you ever grant it, ever love me as you once did?" He bent over my hand, fairly sobbing, and with my forgiveness (which can you doubt I gave him?) I mingled tears of gratitude and thanksgiving for the love which, "purified as by fire," had returned to me.

Of Adele Worlie we heard nothing for some time (as she left our house the day after my injury), until, not long since, Maggie heard through one of their mutual friends that she spoke of her visit to Harry Sanford's as "hav-

ing been very pleasant; that she had seen very little of his wife, as she was occupied during her stay with a sick child; and, having accomplished her mission, which was the purchase and making up of her *trousseau*, she had retired, leaving her old lover to play the devoted to the 'yea—nay' piece of flesh he called his wife. For her part, she liked something a little more decided."

Maggie pointed out to me in the paper her marriage, remarking: "Probably she has found something 'more decided,' for her husband is 'most decidedly' old and ugly, though I suppose the weight of his gold counterbalances all that."

Harry and I, except to notice her marriage, have never spoken of her since our long conversation about her. Too terrible to us both were the effects of her visit for it to be touched upon lightly, and we are too grateful for the happiness we have since enjoyed to mar it by even the shadow of her name.

BY THE RIVER.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

At twilight, by the smoothly-flowing Hudson,
We stood—my love and I—
Beyond the hills the crimson clouds, and golden,
Lighted the western sky;
I silent, gazing on the gilding river,
So fair at twilight-time;
He, in a soft, clear cadence, low, repeating
An old familiar rhyme.
All nature seemed in one harmonious concord—
The rushing river's flow—
The sunset sky—the air with fragrance laden—
His words, so sweet and low.
He paused—then spoke again: "The river, gliding,
Speaks in sweet tones to me;
Tell to my heart, oh, truly tell me, Linda,
What does it say to thee?"
"It says, 'Oh, let thy life, in pure, grand current,
Like mine, unruffled, flow—'"
I paused, for his eyes, smiling down upon me,
Had caught the sunset glow.
It might not be the sunset, but more tender
And soft they seemed to shine;
My own, beneath his earnest gaze, drooped slowly—
Gently, his hand sought mine.
"Linda, the earth, the sky, the air, the river,
Sing the same song to me;
Ay, and my true heart joins the chorus ever—
'Linda, I love but thee!'"
His voice was eloquent with sweet entreaty,
I trembled—not with pain—
I knew his true heart sought my soul's affection,
Nor asked my love in vain.
Waiting he stood, the river's gentle murmur
The only sound we heard;
Raising my eyes, I gave his heart its answer,
Although I spoke no word.

FIRMNESS both in sufferance and exertion is a character which I would wish to possess. I have always despised the whining yelp of complaint, and the cowardly, feeble resolve.—*Burns.*

JACK AND THE BEAN STALK.

A FAIRY TALE DRAMA.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

*Characters.*MRS. TWADDLE, *Jack's mother.*HELPA LONG, *a fairy.*HORRIDHEAD, *a giant.*SCAREDTODEATH, *the giant's wife.*JACK, *a dreadful boy.**Costumes.*

MRS. TWADDLE. Short dress of striped chintz, overskirt of gay flowered chintz, white muslin apron, and sacque of red stuff, with white muslin kerchief. White muslin cap, buckled shoes, and black mittens.

HELPA LONG. Dress of white tarlatane, short and full; white satin slippers; wreath of white flowers; wand with a star at top. Dress, slippers, wreath, and wand covered with gold spangles. Hair in curls, or crimped and flowing.

HORRIDHEAD. A giant, made by carrying a pole under a long, flowing cloak of scarlet. The head may be made by the largest and ugliest mask to be found, and a wig of coarse black yarn in long locks. The cloak buttoning from throat to hem can cover the whole figure, but the legs should be stuffed, and the boots of a size to match the head and height of the figure.

SCAREDTODEATH. Dress of blue woollen, made short; kerchief, apron, and cap of white muslin; buckled shoes.

JACK. Jacket and pants of gray woollen, low shoes, blue yarn socks, straw hat with blue ribbons, scarlet necktie, and striped shirt.

SCENE I.—*A room in a cottage, poorly furnished.*

Curtain rises, discovering JACK seated on a low stool, whistling a stick. MRS. TWADDLE making a coarse garment of any kind. JACK is whistling a gay tune.

Mrs. Twaddle. Heigho! Dear me! (*Wipes her eyes.*)

Jack. When will dinner be ready, mammy?

Mrs. Twaddle. Dinner, you dreadful boy! Dinner! You know very well I gave you the last cent in the house to buy a peg-top.

Jack. And it split the first time I tried to spin it. I wish I had bought marble.

Mrs. Twaddle. Oh, dear! What are we to do?

Jack. I'm sure I don't know. I say, mammy, didn't father have any money?

Mrs. Twaddle. Hush! hush! Don't say a word about your father. Don't, don't, Jack. You frighten me to death.

Jack. I won't, I won't. Dear me! you are trembling all over. But to return to the dinner question. Is there nothing to eat in the house?

Mrs. Twaddle. Not a scrap of food. We ate the last loaf for breakfast this morning.

Jack. And no money?

Mrs. Twaddle. Not one cent.

Jack. That's a lively prospect. Nothing we can sell?

Mrs. Twaddle. Nothing but the cow. I suppose she will have to go next market day, if you won't work.

Jack. Work! I have an idea I was born to be a gentleman, for I hate the very name of work. (*Rising.*) Well, I will go sell the cow, and buy some dinner, for I am hungry.

Mrs. Twaddle. No, no. I'll sell her myself. You'll be sure to be cheated.

Jack. Nonsense! You'd look pretty selling cows. That ain't woman's work. I'll make a good bargain, never fear.

[*Exit JACK, whistling.*]

Mrs. Twaddle. Oh, dear me! He'll certainly be cheated.

Jack. (*Looking in at door.*) I say, mammy, are cows dear or cheap just now?

Mrs. Twaddle. (*Crying.*) Oh, you wicked boy! Your laziness and idle ways have brought us to beggary and ruin. Cruel boy! My poor, poor cow! To have to sell the poor thing breaks my heart, and you are making a jest of it.

Jack. (*Kissing her.*) There, mammy, don't cry. I'll be so industrious after this that we will live on turtle soup and pound-cake. Don't cry, that's a darling mammy. I'll sell the cow for present expenses, and I'll go to work to-morrow like a man.

Mrs. Twaddle. Will you, dear, really, really?

Jack. Really. There, now, cheer up. I'll go sell the cow.

[*Exit JACK.*]

Mrs. Twaddle. Dear fellow! He grows more and more like his poor father. If only he would go to work, now, we might, with my sewing, be quite comfortable. But who can blame him? Little did I think when he was a baby that he would ever be obliged to work. Heigho!

Enter JACK, with his hat in his hand, carrying it carefully, as if afraid of spilling the contents.

Jack. Oh, mammy, mammy, see what a bargain!

Mrs. Twaddle. Why, Jack, have you been to market already?

Jack. Oh, no, indeed! Just at the door I met a farmer, and he bought the cow.

Mrs. Twaddle. Bought the cow! How much did you get for her, Jack?

Jack. (*Showing his hat.*) All these beans.

Mrs. Twaddle. What! Beans! Oh, you bad, wretched boy! Sold the cow, our only cow, for beans!

Jack. But see, mammy, they are blue, and red, and white, and yellow, and green. I never saw such beautiful beans in my life.

Mrs. Twaddle. (*Rocking herself and crying.*) You'll break my heart! You'll kill me with your wicked ways! When we have cooked your paltry beans, we may starve to death.

Jack. Cook them! Cook my beautiful beans!

Mrs. Twaddle. No, you don't deserve any

dinner. There! (*Snatches the hat from JACK, and throws it out of the window.*)

Jack. Oh, mammy! Oh, my beautiful beans! (*Runs to the window.*) They are all scattered on the ground. Oh, how could you do so? (*Looks out for a moment, then cries suddenly,*) Oh, mammy, look, look! They are growing! Oh, see, see! The stalk is as thick as a tree and as high as the house already. (*Looking up.*) See how it grows.

Mrs. Twaddle. (*Looking out.*) O Jack, what can it be? They must be fairy beans.

Jack. Now the top is out of sight. I must climb up and see where it goes.

Mrs. Twaddle. (*Holding him back.*) No, no. You will be killed.

Jack. I must go. Let me go, mammy. Who knows but my fortune is at the top?

Mrs. Twaddle. No, you shan't go. Jack, you must not go.

Jack. I'll come back soon. I'll come back to-night. (*Breaks away from her.*) Good-by! (*Exit JACK.*) Good-by! (*Calling, his voice growing fainter and fainter, as if he was climbing up, till it is lost entirely.*) Good-by! I'll come back soon. Don't fret, mammy. Good-by!

Mrs. Twaddle. (*Who has been wringing her hands, and walking up and down.*) Oh, he'll be killed! O Jack, Jack! (*Crying and sitting down again.*) Oh, I'll never see my boy again! [*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—*A large, handsomely-furnished room, with a long sofa across background. (Two lounges, placed foot to foot and covered, will make a good sofa for the giant.) Curtain rises, discovering JACK looking about him.*

Jack. I wonder where I am. I began to think I never should get to the top of that bean stalk, and such a walk as I had afterwards. Not a tree, shrub, or living creature have I seen since I came to this strange country at the top of a bean stalk. When I saw this great castle, I came in, hoping somebody would give me a mouthful to eat. I am so hungry I could eat a live cat. Nobody here?

Enter HELPALONG.

Helpalong. Jack! Jack! Jack!

Jack. (*Aside.*) Oh, what a beautiful lady! (*Aloud.*) Servant, ma'am. (*Bows.*)

Helpalong. I will not ask you how you came here, Jack, for I am the fairy who promised at your birth to protect you, and I have myself guided you here.

Jack. Indeed, ma'am?

Helpalong. It was I who sent the beans to you, and I who made the giant bean stalk for you to come here.

Jack. Well, ma'am, now that I am here, may I inquire what you want of me?

Helpalong. I was about to explain that to you. Do you remember your father, Jack?

Jack. No, ma'am. Whenever I ask mother anything, she trembles and looks frightened,

and sometimes, if I repeat a question, she will cry and sob all day, and seem actually afraid to answer me.

Helpalong. She is afraid, and I will tell you the reason. Your mother cannot answer you, but I may. But before I begin my story, I require from you a solemn promise to obey my commands. I am a fairy, and, if you do not obey me, I will destroy you.

Jack. Oh, I'll do whatever you say!

Helpalong. Listen, then. Your father was a very rich and a very good man, and made it a rule every day to relieve some poor person. Once a week he gave a great dinner to people who had been rich and lost their money.

Jack. That was good.

Helpalong. The rich and great were very seldom his guests, but the poor were treated at his table as if they possessed both riches and honor. All his servants worshipped him, and, although he was only a private gentleman, he was treated and lived like a prince.

Jack. But how is it that we are so poor, then?

Helpalong. Patience. I will tell you. A very hideous and powerful giant, hearing of your father's wealth, resolved to gain possession of it. He was as wicked as your father was good, and determined upon a plan to kill and rob him.

Jack. The monster!

Helpalong. He was, indeed, a monster, as you will hear. He came to your father's castle, and represented himself as having lost all his possessions in a terrible earthquake, and as barely escaping with his own and his wife's life. Your father believed him, and gave him a home at the castle, treating himself and his wife like visitors of distinction.

Jack. Oh, what a pity! What did he do?

Helpalong. It was a long time before he had any chance to carry out his plans, but one day a terrible shipwreck occurred. Your father's castle stood at some distance from the coast, but with a spy glass vessels could be seen. The giant saw the shipwreck, and ran to your father, begging him to send relief to the coast. Every servant was sent, but your father was ill, and not able to join them. As soon as the house was empty, the giant went to the study, where your father was reading, and began to chat. Your father recommended some particular book, and reached up to get it, when the giant stabbed him in the back and killed him.

Jack. The wretch!

Helpalong. Wretch, indeed. You were then only three months old. Your mother had you in a remote part of the house; but, coming to the study, fancy her horror at finding your father lying dead and in a pool of blood.

Jack. The poor mammy! No wonder she cries so much.

Helpalong. The giant rushed upon her, and would have killed you both, but she begged so hard for your life and her own that the giant

consented to let you live. He made her promise in the most solemn manner never to tell you anything of your father, and threatened her with instant death if she did so. Your mother fled with you instantly, and she has lived in your present house ever since. The giant loaded himself with your father's treasures, loaded every cart in the stables and the horses, and then set the castle on fire, and also fled with his wife, leaving the people to suppose your parents and yourself perished in the flames.

Jack. But where were you?

Helpalong. Alas, Jack! your mother called for me in vain. Know that fairies have their laws and punishments as well as mortals. Just before your father's death I transgressed, and my power was suspended from that time until to-day.

Jack. What a pity!

Helpalong. A pity, indeed. But since I could not help your parents, I wish now to help you. You are the person appointed to regain your father's treasures and punish the giant. You came here by my magic power, and you must remain till the giant returns. You must not be alarmed, for I will aid you. Seize on all you can, for all in this castle was stolen from your father, and is rightly yours. Remember, while you obey me, I will protect you; but, as soon as you disobey me, I will severely punish you.

Jack. I will obey you. I long to avenge my father.

Helpalong. Courage, then, and farewell!

[*Exit HELPALONG.*]

Jack. I wonder what I am to do. She did not tell me how I was to regain these stolen treasures of my father's. Oh! if I could only give the giant what *he* deserves, I would not care for the treasure. But we are so poor, and the dear mammy frets so much, that it would be jolly to take her what belongs to her.

Enter SCAREDDEATH.

Scareddeath. A boy! A live boy!

Jack. Yes, ma'am. Is there anything very wonderful in the sight of a live boy? They were plenty enough where I came from.

Scareddeath. You wretched child! How did you come here?

Jack. You'll never guess, so I'll tell you. I came on a bean stalk.

Scareddeath. Do you know where you are?

Jack. I have not the faintest idea.

Scareddeath. You are where your life is not worth two cents.

Jack. Ma'am!

Scareddeath. You asked me if there was anything wonderful in the sight of a live boy. It is a most marvellous sight to see any human being within ten miles of this castle.

Jack. Indeed, ma'am. May I inquire the reason?

Scareddeath. Because this is the castle of the great giant, Horridhead, who has devoured all the people within ten miles, and who will walk fifty miles any day to get a nice, tender boy for dinner.

Jack. Oh, oh! Let me hide.

Scareddeath. Hide! I expect Horridhead in every moment. You will be sure to meet him if you run out, and I dare not keep you in here. He would kill us both.

Jack. Oh, please hide me! I will keep very still, and if he does find me, I'll never tell him you hid me.

Scareddeath. I dare not.

Jack. Oh, you won't send a poor little boy out to be eaten up for a giant's supper! Dear, good Mrs. Horridhead, please hide me! I'll be as still as a mouse.

Scareddeath. Oh, I hear Horridhead coming!

Jack. How the room shakes!

Scareddeath. That's his steps! Oh, he'll swallow you like a pill, and kill me for not cooking you! Here! hide under the sofa, quick! (*JACK crawls under the sofa.*)

Jack. I wish I was at home! Ugh! I'm scared almost to death!

Scareddeath. Stop chattering, and lie still.

Enter HORRIDHEAD.

Horridhead. (*Snuffing the air.*) Wife, I smell fresh meat.

Scareddeath. Oh, my love, it is only the man you ate for breakfast.

Horridhead. I tell you I smell fresh meat.

Scareddeath. Oh, I remember, now! The crows left a piece of sheep on the roof this morning.

Horridhead. I tell you I smell fresh meat here, in this room! I'll find it, too! (*Begins to hunt about the room.*) It's here!

Scareddeath. It must be outside, my dear. You can find it in the morning.

Horridhead. Well, bring me my money bags, and my harp, and my hen. I'll eat my supper after I have had a nap.

[*Exit SCAREDDEATH.*]

Jack. (*Peeping out.*) Oh, what a monster! If he should find me, I'm a dead boy.

Horridhead. (*Sitting on the sofa.*) It is very curious what a strong smell of fresh meat is in this room.

Enter SCAREDDEATH, with a hen (or any large stuffed bird), two bags, one marked silver and one gold, and a small harp.

Horridhead. (*Putting them on a table, which he draws near to him.*) Ah! here is my pretty hen! How many golden eggs has she laid to-day, wife?

Scareddeath. Fifteen.

Horridhead. Good hen! Have you counted the money to-day, wife?

Scareddeath. Yes. It is all right.

Horridhead. Then go and cook my supper.

(Exit SCARED-TO-DEATH.) I'll have some music, and take a little nap. (*Lies down on sofa.*) Where is my harp? Ah, here you are! Play! (*Soft music behind the scenes, during which HORRIDHEAD covers his face and seems sleeping. When the music ceases, JACK creeps out.*)

Jack. Is he asleep? Sound as a rock, I believe. (HORRIDHEAD snores.) Ugh! thunder is nothing to that noise. I must be off now before he wakes, and these little articles, I presume, are mine. My friend, the fairy, told me to take all I could carry, so I will appropriate these. A hen that lays golden eggs is surely a good commencement for a poultry yard, and will console dear mammy for the loss of her cow. (*Takes the hen under his arm.*) Then these bags of gold and silver will not come amiss for present expenses, and I could never leave a harp that plays without fingers. (*Takes the bags and harp.*) Good-night, Mr. Horrid-head! Pleasant dreams to you! (*Runs off.*)

(*After a moment, a voice behind the scenes calls Master! Master!*)

Horridhead. (*Jumping up.*) Who calls? That is the fairy in my harp!

Voice. Master! Help! Master!

Horridhead. What is this? My hen gone! My money not here! My harp stolen! Thieves! Murder! Thieves! I'm coming! I'm coming! (*Runs off stage.*) [*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.—*Same as Scene I.* MRS. TWADDLE *discovered splitting some wood with an axe.*

Mrs. Twaddle. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What has become of my poor boy? Why did he ever try to climb that dreadful bean stalk? I'll make a fire, and cook the beans I picked up from the ground, for he's sure to come home hungry.

Enter HELPALONG.

Helpalong. Mrs. Twaddle!

Mrs. Twaddle. Oh! who is this? Jack's fairy godmother! Bless me, ma'am, I was afraid you had forgotten us.

Helpalong. Not at all. I saw Jack this morning, and sent him to avenge his father.

Mrs. Twaddle. Sent my boy to that dreadful giant! Oh, he'll be killed to a certainty! Oh, miserable woman that I am.

Helpalong. He won't be killed. He is on his way home now. Hark! he is coming down the bean stalk.

Enter JACK, with the hen, bags, and harp.

Jack. Here, mammy! Look what I have got! (*Throws them down.*) Where's the axe? The giant is on the bean stalk, and I mean to bring him down faster than I came. (*Takes the axe and runs off.*)

Mrs. Twaddle. What do I see? My husband's magic hen! The fairy harp he gave me for a wedding present! The bags of money he kept for charity! O Jack! Jack! But he said the

giant was on the bean stalk! Oh, if he comes here, we are ruined!

Helpalong. Never fear; Jack is chopping down his ladder. (*Sounds like chopping behind the scenes.*)

Jack. (*Behind the scenes.*) I'll have him down presently, mammy. Never fear. He won't eat any more tender little boys for supper. (*A heavy crash behind scenes.*)

Mrs. Twaddle.—Oh! what's that? Oh, I am frightened to death.

Helpalong. Brave boy! He has brought down the giant.

Enter JACK with HORRIDHEAD'S head.

Jack. Huzza! Here's the head of Horrid-head! He'll do no more mischief.

Helpalong. Jack!

Jack. I beg your pardon, ma'am. I did not see you before. I hope I have pleased you!

Helpalong. You have obeyed me faithfully. Be dutiful to your mother, and try to follow the noble example of your father, and count upon my assistance and friendship. Your enemy is dead, and you will soon have immense wealth. Be just and charitable. Farewell! (*Soft music.*)

[*Curtain falls.*]

LOVE AND TIME.

BY LOUDON ENGLE.

Love and Time a race would run,
For the mastery;
From dawn of day to set of sun
Ran they eagerly.

But Time's strength was falling fast,
Lagged he in the rear;
When Love, as he by him past,
Whispered in his ear:—

'Courage, comrade, come along!
Is thy strength so frail?
List! I'll cheer thee with a song.
Haste! look not so pale.'

But Time sat on the wayside,
Tired, drooping, wan;
Ran he more he must have died—
All his strength was gone.

Love the goal reached, and came back,
Light as any bird;
Time, still sitting sad, alack!
Not a finger stirred.

Would you know why Time with Love
Never can compete?
Learn that one is heaven's dove—
Nothing is more fleet.

Love is of the heavens born,
Time is of the earth;
Life to Love is ever morn,
Brimming full of mirth.

Time, grown old with age and cares,
Back to earth must fall;
Love knows not the flight of years,
Age, or death at all.

AN OLD MAID'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY L. MAUD M'CALEB.

AND so you wonder, Jennie, why I never married? Well, for your gratification, I will open the long-closed volume of my youth, and tell you why I am now a lonely old woman, instead of having the ties and affections around me that surround all the associates of my girlhood. It is twenty-eight years ago since the book of love was read and closed forever to me. *Twenty-eight years!* How long the time seems, and yet every incident of that dream is fresh before me; and, without an effort, I seem to pass over that vast vista of years, standing once more—a light-hearted girl of nineteen—under that old beech-tree that grew by the brook which ran through our garden, looking at Charles Wilmer as he stood cutting my name into the bark of that old tree! It seems so foolish for a woman of forty-seven years to cry over the remembrance of a love affair; but I never recall the time, when I dreamed that bright love-dream, without feeling a choking sensation in my throat, and my eyes filling with tears. Do not laugh at me, Jennie, for, although an old maid's love affair may seem a ridiculous story for you to listen to, it was to me the dawning and closing of life. Since my awakening, I have lived on, not caring how soon God called me from this cold and barren world. I pray, child, you may never have to pass through a similar ordeal—like that which blasted your aunt's heart, and made me a bankrupt of love.

I was, as I told you, nineteen years of age when Charles Wilmer—a young physician—came to practise his profession in our neighborhood. He was a young man, only twenty-four years old, but with a mind well stored with useful knowledge, and possessing a face and form of rare manly beauty. Do you wonder, then, that I felt attracted towards him? Ah! later, when I knew the sterling worth of that man, I made an idol of him. When he first came among us, he was so superior in appearance and intellect to the young men that had grown up in our midst that the entire neighborhood seemed leagued to make a "lion" of him.

Many bright eyes grew brighter at the approach of Doctor Wilmer, and he seemed a universal favorite, excepting with one person, and that person was my most intimate friend, Josephine Grey. Josephine was two years my senior, and greatly my superior in mental culture. I loved her too dearly to ever feel either envy or jealousy toward her, and, when I heard others speak of her beauty and talent, I felt as proud as though I myself had received the compliment. I did not dream that treachery and falsehood were a part of Josephine Grey, and little thought I that it would be from her

hand that my happiness was to receive its death-blow. From the moment that Doctor Wilmer was introduced to Josephine Grey, there seemed to exist a mutual antipathy between them, and when I would speak of Doctor Wilmer's elegance and attractions, she would smile so scornfully that I would feel quite abashed, and hastily speak of some other subject.

But to go back to that evening when he cut my name on that old beech-tree. (The last time I was at your Uncle Thomas's, I went down to that old tree, and saw the name there still, although time has almost obliterated it.)

"There, Minnie"—he was the only one that ever called me that name; every one else called me Minerva—"is not that well done? Now, little one, I want that to be a record for something; and, if you will answer as I wish, I will put the date there, and it will be a memorial of my happiness."

I stood by him, wondering what he could mean, when he turned to me, and, taking my hand, said:—

"Minnie, do you not understand me? Don't you know what I would ask? I love you, little darling, better than all the world, and want you to learn to love me. Will you not try to love me a little, Minnie?" And his great black eyes seemed flooded with love that language failed to express.

I stood, without saying a word, for some moments, when I was recalled from silence by a pressure of the hand, and "O Minnie, have you nothing to say to me?" Then the truth would have its sway, and I leaned my head on his breast, and told him that I would not have to *learn* to love him, for it was a sweet lesson that had stolen unconsciously into my heart.

Ah, how blessed even is the memory of that evening! Every incident connected with my brief but happy courtship is painted indelibly on my memory's wall, and the portrait of my lost and now dead love that is engraved on my heart is brighter and dearer to me than all living beings. But I go into reverie, and the time is rolling on, and your curiosity is still unsatisfied about your aunt being an "old maid," when everybody tells you I was such a bright and beautiful girl.

Well, as I told you, Josephine Grey (I lived to hate her as much as I had once loved her) always seemed to dislike Doctor Wilmer, so it was with some misgivings that I went to confide my love affair and engagement to her. I wanted her to approve of my choice, for I could not be perfectly happy until Josephine—my *best friend* and confidante—shared my secret with me. She seemed to change in her manner towards Doctor Wilmer from the time that I confided my engagement to her, and I was too happy in his love to distrust any one, especially my dearest friend. On the contrary, I was well pleased to see her treat my lover with

greater kindness and attention, for I blindly believed she did it on my account.

Shortly after our engagement, an old bachelor uncle of Doctor Wilmer's died, leaving him a fortune of sixty thousand dollars; but I, in my blind confidence in Josephine, never thought that she desired to supplant me in the affection of Doctor Wilmer, and make herself mistress of the elegant home he was having prepared for me. Ah, how happy I was in those days! My father and mother called me their "singing bird," for I was so blithe, and merry, and so joyous that I wanted to see every one as happy as myself. Sometimes, Jennie, when I see you so trusting and confiding toward your friends, I almost shudder with dread, and pray that you may never be deceived as I was.

Doctor Wilmer often chided me for my romantic devotion to Josephine Grey; for he seemed to distrust her, and would tell me not to confide so entirely in her, that now I need have no confidante but himself and my mother. Then I would grow vehement in her defense, and tell him he did not understand her; that she appeared cold and selfish to the world, but I knew her better, and would trust her blindly. He would smile at my eagerness, and then make me happier than ever by his caresses and affection. Frequently he would come and ask me about the house he was having built for our home, and insist on my suggesting any little change that I thought would be prettier, or that would suit his "little Minnie" better. I would often include Josephine in these conversations, and urge her to assist me in suggesting improvements, and would adopt any advice she would offer on the subject. We had concluded to be married early in October, and about the middle of August a cousin of mine—Willie Wilde—who was practising law in a distant city, came to spend a few of the hot dog-days at "Magnolia Grove," our pleasant farm.

Willie was my mother's great nephew, and was a universal favorite with all our family, for he was a most worthy and honorable man, deserving our confidence and esteem. He was a remarkably fine-looking young man, and very intelligent, but poor, and had to carve his way to fortune by his own exertions. Willie had a widowed mother and an only sister almost entirely dependent upon him for a support, and he had also been engaged for two years to a most lovely and excellent girl, but, like himself, Carrie Garland was poor. Her father was a prosperous merchant, but with a large family, of which Carrie was the eldest child, so all that Mr. Garland could give his daughter Carrie at her marriage would be her *trousseau*. For this reason they had put off their marriage, waiting until Willie should get established in his practice. Willie and Carrie were devoted to each other, and expected, at the time Willie came to see us, to be married early the following winter; but this fact was

kept secret between them, and only confided to me in return for my confidence in him about my own engagement. Willie spent three weeks with us. He often met Doctor Wilmer, and admired him very much, and congratulated me upon my choice, but Doctor Wilmer never seemed at ease with Willie. However, that appeared such a trifle that I did not think it worth while to say anything to him on the subject. Ah, Jennie, Shakspeare was right when he wrote:—

"Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of Holy Writ."

Little did I imagine that Doctor Wilmer was jealous of Willie Wilde, and that jealousy fostered in his breast by the continued falsehood of Josephine Grey. At the end of his visit of three weeks to us, Willie returned to his home in the city; and a few hours after his departure a note came to me from Doctor Wilmer, saying only, "You have deceived me, but I have loved you too well to reproach you now. Henceforth let us be as strangers." I was almost stunned when I read those cruel words, but I read and reread them, until they seemed to burn themselves into my brain.

From the moment that cruel note was perused by me, a blight seemed to fall upon my life, and I have never been gay and light-hearted since. I felt that I had changed from a merry, happy girl to a sad-hearted woman in that hour. In novels and romances, Jennie, the severed, but loving ones, are always, by some happy freak of chance, reunited; but I am telling you a true story, and no such happy *denouement* came to me.

My mother's health, always delicate, now began to fail rapidly, and I read in her careworn features the ravages of consumption, and felt that her sands of life were nearly run. I was my mother's favorite child, and to me she was my earthly idol; and now, since my bitter disappointment, her constant but silent sympathy was my greatest consolation. When I felt that the wings of death were fanning her brow, I clasped my love for her more closely to my heart, and never left her to any one's care, but nursed her constantly, and this was a good reason for my retiring from society, consequently I never met Doctor Wilmer after receiving his note bidding me farewell.

Just five weeks after the breaking of our engagement, he was quietly, and unexpectedly by all their acquaintances, married to Josephine Grey. When they told me of this marriage, I felt that the last sod had fallen on the grave of my happiness.

Doctor Wilmer and his bride left immediately after the marriage ceremony was over, on a bridal tour, and I felt glad to know that I would have sufficient time to learn self-control before their return, and prepare myself to meet my two false ones. They were absent a little

over three months on their "tour," and when they returned, my mother's rapidly failing health prevented me from going into society at all, but I heard frequently of them, and of Josephine's grand entertainments. Shortly after the Wilmers' return to their home, the greatest grief and sorrow of my life came to me in the death of my beloved mother. Oh, those long days of anguish and despair that followed my saintly mother's death! It seemed as if there was not one ray of light left for me in life, for at that time I had not learned to seek for guidance and consolation from that Being who has said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It was three years after my troubles came that the lamp of religion burned for me, and though I was late in seeking its comforting powers, since it has been lit in my heart, I have not felt so lonely and desolate.

Josephine Wilmer did not live long to revel in her falsely acquired wealth, for when she had been a wife of only six months, she and her husband were going to visit some relatives in a northern city, when one of those dreadful railroad accidents occurred, which terminated Doctor Wilmer's life almost instantly. The only words he ever said after that accident, were, "Tell Minnie that I died loving her to the last, and praying for her forgiveness for the wrong I did her."

Josephine's injuries were fatal also, but she lingered almost two weeks after that dreadful catastrophe. She sent an imploring request to me to come to her before she died, and some secret power urged me to comply with her wishes. So I went to her as she lay upon her death-bed, and it was then she confessed the cruel wrong she had done me by telling Doctor Wilmer that I had long, but secretly, loved my cousin Willie Wilde, and had never revealed the fact to any one save herself and Willie; but that since Willie was too poor for us to marry, I had accepted Doctor Wilmer's proposition, never intending to consummate our engagement had I not had a new impetus added to my motive by the fortune bequeathed him by his uncle. Josephine managed in a most skilful manner to undermine all his trust and confidence in me, and when he demanded proofs of my falsehood to him, she treacherously forged them, and they answered her ends well, for, in his anger at my apparent falsehood, he wrote me that cruel note, and then offered the shattered remnants of his (as he thought) deceived love to Josephine Grey. Thus she accomplished her twofold purpose, by forever separating us, and making herself mistress of the house that Doctor Wilmer had commenced erecting for me.

"Doctor Wilmer and I did not live happily together, Minerva," Josephine said, "for we never loved each other. He knew that I had married him for his money, and one day

taunted me with the knowledge, when I, in a moment of anger, confessed the truth about the way in which I had deceived him in regard to you. This occurred only two days before his death, and after I acknowledged that fact to him, he seemed a changed man, and I do not think he was sorry to die. I could not die in peace, Minerva, until I had cleared the memory of the dead from all intention of wrong towards you, and with the approach of death, came also the yearning for your forgiveness."

I told her that I hoped I spoke the truth when I said that "I forgive you," and then rushed from the room, fearing the wild thoughts that were surging up in my heart would find expression, and make wretched the dying hours of that wicked woman.

Since that time I have never felt the least unkindness towards the memory of Doctor Wilmer, but have sorrowed for him more than the woman he called his wife could ever have done had she survived him. She lived only a few hours after her confession to me.

Other suitors asked for my hand, but I had one answer for them all, and that was, that I could never give my heart away again, and consequently would never marry. Now I look forward to that blessed time when God shall call me hence, and I shall be reunited in heaven with the one who was separated from me on earth by treachery, falsehood, and deceit.

Now you have my heart's history, and in conclusion let me add: Take warning by my experience, and never let a life-time happiness be wrenched from your grasp without an effort to detain it, for when that cruel note reached me, if I had only asked an explanation, perhaps my heart's anguish and life-time sorrow might have been averted, and I been a loved and loving wife, instead of an unloved and lonely "Old Maid."

TO W. F. COOKE.

BY FAITH DERECK.

Farewell! If human love could win
A blessing that would prove most sweet,
If prayer and tears could purchase it,
I'd lay it at thy feet.

Farewell! we may not meet again;
Indeed, I feel 'tis best we part,
For thou, alas! didst never know
The worth of my true heart.

Life had been sweet, a boon too dear,
If thou hadst treasured, fond and well,
The lonely one, whose latest prayer
Is this sad parting knell.

God keep thee, guard thee, save from ill;
Be unto thee a tender friend,
Who never, never will forsake
Until thy life shall end.

Ah! cannot language teach some tone
With which to weave a parting spell;
O'er ruined hopes, a broken heart,
No language fails. Farewell! Farewell!

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

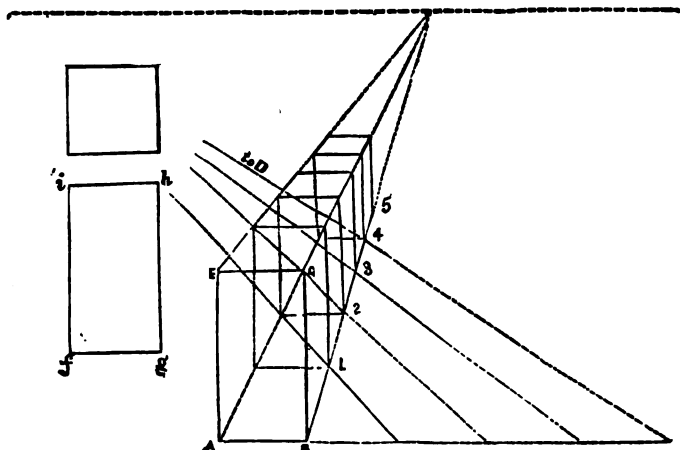
LESSON XVI.

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING. (Continued.)

By the combination of horizontal with verti-

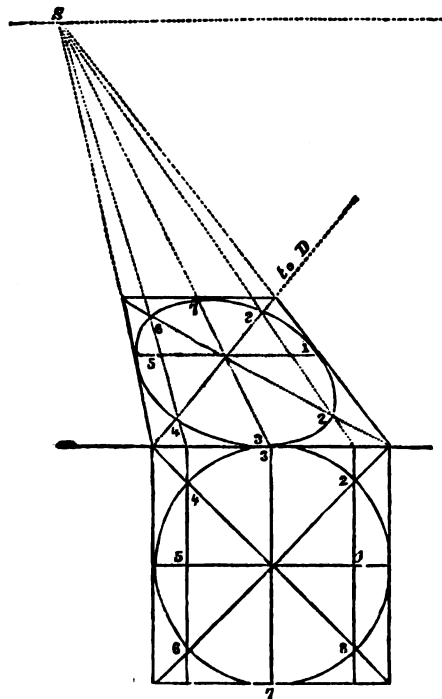
given in Fig. 11; also an elevation of their sides; and let the distance between them be equal to one of their sides. With the width of the base, on the base-line, draw by preceding rules three square horizontal planes, representing the bases of the three pillars, and shade them for the sake of distinctness. On the base

Fig. 11.



cal planes, we arrive at the perspective delineations of rectangular solids. Let it be desired

Fig. 12.



to show in perspective a row of three square pillars of equal size, a plan of their bases being

A B erect perpendiculars A E, B C, equal to f i, g h, which connect at the top by E C parallel to A B. Draw visual lines S E, S C; at the points 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, erect perpendiculars parallel to B C, meeting the visual line S C; and from their intersections with that line, draw lines to S E parallel to E C. These lines, in connection with the visual lines S E, S C, will denote the horizontal planes forming the tops of the pillars; and the perpendiculars B C, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, in connection with the visual lines S C, S B, will denote the vertical planes, forming the sides of the pillars.

The same rule will apply to the forms of houses, boxes, and numerous other objects, whose external shapes may be considered as simple rectangular solids. On observing an object with a view to its perspective representation, the student should consider what geometrical figure it most resembles, and treat it accordingly. As he may now be supposed to have become sufficiently familiar with the parallel perspective of squares and rectangular figures, he may, therefore, proceed to that of other regular figures; and will first be introduced to the circle.

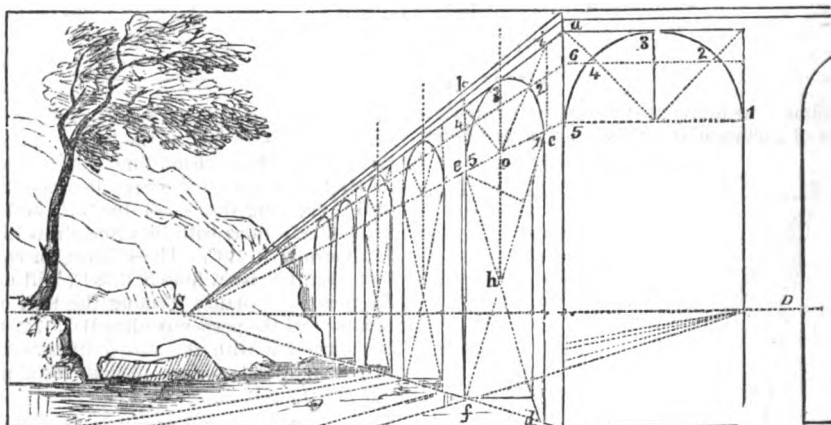
Every circle may be inscribed in a square (Fig. 12), touching it at four points, 1, 3, 5, 7, of the circumference, and cutting its diagonals at four other points, 2, 4, 6, 8; and if the perspective positions of these eight points be found, a moderate proficiency in drawing and command of hand will enable the learner to draw such a figure through them as shall represent the perspective circle. These points are

found by the method shown in Fig. 12, and called "squaring the circle." The diagonals 2 6 and 8 4 are drawn on the plan, and also the diameters 1 5 and 3 7. The two lines 4 6 and 2 8 are also to be drawn through the points at which the circle intersects the diagonals; and the square with its lines may now be put into perspective by preceding rules, by which means the perspective positions of the points 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, through which the circle must pass, will be found at the intersections of the corresponding lines. The squares, diagonals, diameters, and other lines, being only drawn in order to obtain by their assistance the points 1, 2, 3, etc., may be obliterated as soon as the perspective circle is inked in. The above eight points will, in drawings of ordinary size, be sufficient guide to the hand in drawing circles; but for circles of very large dimensions, the principles may be extended, and twice the number of points easily found by doubling the number of cross-lines, 2, 8, 4, 6.

ing of the arch; draw the visual lines $S a$, $S b$, $S c$, and the others denoting the top and bottom lines of the viaduct. To ascertain the perspective point representing the top of each arch, draw the diagonals $e d$, $c f$; their intersections will be the perspective centre of the vertical plane $c d$, $f e$, through which $g h$, drawn parallel to the side of the picture, will cut the visual line $S a$ at the top of the arch. Produce the two sides of the rectangle $c d f e$, to meet the line $S a$ at i and k . Draw the lines $i o$, $k o$, intersecting $S b$ at 2 and 4. The perspective semicircle may now be drawn through the points 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, thus obtained. Proceed in the same manner with each of the arches, using the same visual lines $S a$, $S b$, $S c$, by which, with the aid of similar diagonals, they may all be completed.

Gothic arches of pointed form may be drawn in perspective by the same rule, varied only to suit the change in their form. The object of squaring the semicircle in the last figure was to

Fig. 13.



The last figure gives the perspective circle in a horizontal plane; the same rule applies to its projection on a vertical plane, with this difference only: that in the latter case it must be squared against the side of the picture, instead of against the base-line (Fig. 13). This rule being highly useful in drawing bridges and viaducts with semicircular arches, an example is given, with a description of the process. The arches in the annexed viaduct being semicircular, the upper part only of the circle is to be squared by diagonals, diameters, and cross-line, as in Fig. 12, by which means five points in the semicircle are obtained. Find the perspective lengths of the arches and piers by settling off the real lengths on the base-line, and drawing diagonals to the distance-point intersecting the visual line $S D$. At the intersections erect perpendiculars to the base-line denoting the piers. At the side of the picture set off $d c$, the height of the piers to the spring-

obtain certain points of its outline, which, drawn in their perspective positions, would guide the hand in forming the perspective outline; and points in any other curve will, in like manner, denote the perspective outline of such curve. In Fig. 14 the elevation of the arch is drawn against the side of the picture, as before, and points are found in its outline by a similar process. First join the two lower corners by a line $a b$; draw the diagonals $a c$, $b d$; from that intersection draw $e f$, passing through the centre of $a b$ at g . Draw $f a$, $f b$; divide each of them into three parts, and through each division draw lines from a and b to the opposite side of the arch; seven points, $a k l f n m b$, will thus be found. Produce $l m$ and $k n$ to the side of the picture. From the points thus obtained at that side, draw visual lines to the point of sight; find, as before, the perspective point, f , of each arch by diagonals; draw the perspective lines $f a$, $f b$; divide each of them into three

Fig. 14.



parts; through the divisions draw lines from *g*, intersecting the visual lines at points which will denote the perspective curves. ✓

WEDDINGS.

THERE are all sorts of weddings and marriages; it would take many pages to register them; from the marriage of true minds to that of a couple of money bags. Sometimes the bride and bridegroom are two masked figures, tricked up and disguised, so that it would be hard to say which is the most deceived in the other. Sometimes it is a living creature united to a shadow. Have you ever known a man married to a doll? He chose her out and paid for her. What a sweet face it is! What high-bred calm! And then, again, come the happy lovers two and two; as they pass before the high altars, the long white veils of the brides sweep along the gray aisles of the churches; their happiness lightens up the faces looking on. Then, perhaps, some blooming young girl comes up, bringing a crutch and a bronchial wheeze; and it now and then happens that a youth appears, leading a wig of false plaits, a set of artificial teeth, and half a century of bones to the altar. The disparity is not so great as you might imagine. There may be a heart beating still beneath all these adjustments, while the bridegroom, for all his youth and good looks, has not one single drop of warm blood in his body. So bad, good, and indifferent, they pass their way. Sometimes it is Peace and Goodwill who go by hand in hand.

What does it matter if Goodwill's beard is grizzled, and Peace has crow's feet round about her loving eyes? Sometimes it is Pride and Vainglory that go sweeping past down the long church, out into the churchyard beyond. They are a fine-looking couple as they sail along, and they look to see their reflection in the eyes of the bystanders. Sometimes—and this is no very strange phenomenon—it is only the past of one of the contracting parties that is united to the present of the other. They find it out too late.

THE SECRET.

BY ANNA CLEAVER.

What is this my heart doth say,
Whisp'ring, whisp'ring all the day,
Words as sweet as minstrel lay?

What fond secret would it tell,
With its sweet, bewitching spell?
Ah! I know the secret well.

What is this the zephyrs say,
As amid the flowers they stray,
Strewing rose leaves on my way?

Kissing oft the plain gold ring
On my finger, as I sing,
Oh! the precious, priceless thing?

What is this the sunbeams say,
As around my feet they play,
Lighting all my dreary way?

Ah! we know, my heart and I,
For love's brightest roseate dye
Colors all our earth and sky.

LONG AGO.

BY MRS. HOPKINSON.

GENERAL REUBEN ELLIS had no idea corresponding to an English country house when he bought two thousand acres of land in Walton, and prepared to settle on it and to bring up a family. Like all settlers, he regarded trees as twofold enemies, and, therefore, to be cut down without mercy. They were the haunts of savages, human or bestial, and they were barriers to that universal civilizer and health-giver, the sunshine. So the first thing done was the cutting away the death shadows of mighty pines and great oaks from a rise of land that was almost a hill, and the next, to place a log-house on the highest point of rock. Then he built dwellings, many, large, and convenient, both for brutes and for substance. Barns, cowhouses, sheepfolds, and cornhouses. These were spacious and roomy. But the farm-house itself was no larger for its inmates than a nest is for the young ones of the bird. The family must needs have stifled, stowed away so thickly at night, but for the wholesome cracks and crannies through which the pure air whistled in the winter, to say nothing of the snow-banks that often penetrated into the big garret through the end windows, and lay lightly on the bed-covers of the sleepers. In summer, of course, the air came freely in from both door and window. Never during the general's life would he demean himself by sleeping behind a locked door, insisting it was the way to make thieves.

Mrs. Ellis loved to tell, and Ruth to hear, of the one fearful adventure that had nearly happened from this over-confidence in humanity. In telling it, she always chose a bright winter evening, when the blaze lighted up every nook and corner in the kitchen, where any listening robber could lurk and hear such a story of himself.

It was a dreadful story, and would make anybody jump that had a fancy for sound sleep. It happened the week after they moved into the new house, and this robber of Mrs. Ellis's was a wayfarer whom they had, according to their hospitable custom, taken in, fed, and comforted. Think, then, how disagreeably startled for her to open her eyes in the dead waste and middle of the night, and find the traveller leaning over the bed, shading the candle with one hand, and actually looking at her! Then, the impossibility of waking the general, who slept like the enchanted princess. It was horrible, this utter helplessness under this mysterious look. To be sure, the robber muttered something about a toothache, and Mrs. Ellis told him to look on the shelf for a phial of laudanum, when he withdrew. But could Mrs. Ellis, or anybody else, ever expect to sleep under such suspicious circumstances?

Mrs. Ellis did try, and did sleep, and did waken. She woke to see the same face bending over her again, and looking at her again. This time she awakened the general somehow, perhaps by pinching him, and the traveller had to tell another story to account for his being where he was; he called it sleep-walking. But he went back to bed, and the general went out into the barn, where he found the traveller's horse, or perhaps one of his own, all saddled and bridled, and ready for flight. In the desk were all the family papers, deeds of the estate, and whatever money the general kept with him. So it was a mercy they were not all robbed and murdered in their beds. The moral of this story is, that General Ellis continued to sleep with open doors; and when, long after, a bag was brought to him holding ten thousand dollars in gold, which belonged to a bank somewhere, and he was requested to take charge of it for one night, what does he do but put the bag into a closet under the stairway, and sleep as soundly as ever, with the doors wide open, telling Mrs. Ellis, when she timidly suggested more caution, that if he shut his doors that night, every thief in the county would suspect he had something to steal.

After years had passed over the Ellis farm, and changed the forests into wide clearings, broad meadows, and fields of waving grain; after the deep solitudes had been succeeded by a thriving and busy community, and the township of Walton had a point of common interest called the Four Corners, General Ellis enlarged and improved even the new dwelling, and added another story, as befitted his increased wealth and importance, but at this time there were only three rooms below, and a long garret above. One of the three was a spacious kitchen, which extended through the whole house at the back, leaving the other two for bedrooms and sitting-rooms. In the kitchen, all the family gathered of an evening in the winter. In the summer, they all went to rest with the sun, so weary were they with the day's labor. The evening kitchen fire in the winter was a noble piece of furniture, glorifying all around, from the burnished pewter pans to the shining human faces, and inciting to cheerful reminiscences, as well as hopeful prognostications. Here were gathered, on one platform, the employer and the employed. The six hired men of the summer dwindled into two in the winter, and with Earl Hyde, the school-master, and Phil Forbes, from the Red Tavern, formed a pleasant addition to the family party. For the benefit of any modern reader, the winter fire shall be briefly described, and it can then be seen why and how it was the cheerfulness, briskest sight in the world, as much more stirring to the spirits and the tongue than to-day's contrivances for warmth, as its own ascending columns of flame and smoke exceeded in interest the motionless glare of anthracite,

or the "social hole" in a modern parlor. In the kitchen chimney were struggle and triumph. In the construction of the fire there was evidence of massive strength of material, both animal and vegetable; for no pigmy hands could have rolled in that back-log, full two feet in diameter, with its back-stick a-top fiercely charred to a red coal by the day's burning, and the fore-stick half as large, and lying across the iron dogs that support four or five great sticks of oak or walnut. Mrs. Ellis sweeps up the broad stone hearth for the fiftieth time, and this time she places before the hot fire a half-loaf of rye and Indian bread. She knows the general's taste, and that he thinks nobody can prepare his evening meal like his woman. To him she is the woman of all the world, though he never speaks to her except as Miss Ellis, and then very briefly. But she knows how to toast the brown bread to a delicious crispness, peeling it off from the loaf as one would an orange, and dropping it in large appetizing flakes into the thick rich milk. And she couldn't do this so well if she did not perfectly understand and sympathize with him. So she does, and there is no more need of talk between the two than there was when they were lovers. That was such a long time ago! When he was a soldier, and walking on the walls of the fort, saw her, a sixteen year old girl, looking just as Ruth does now, and said to himself then, "That girl shall be my wife," and, of course, in time she was. When a person determines on a certain action, it is generally his own fault if he does not succeed.

Of the two young men already mentioned, an observer might have thought Earl Hyde and Phil Forbes had both determined on their course of action, but from the nature of things it was not likely that both could succeed.

Earl Hyde was a young gentleman from Boston, and a student of Harvard, who had been engaged with fear and trembling by the school committee, at the recommendation of the college President, to teach the town school in Walton. The committee had found no literary deficiency in the young fellow, but his extremely delicate appearance caused great doubts of his physical ability to fill the place. In algebra, geography, and spelling, he seemed adequate to all emergencies; how he would manage in a contest with Jack Higgins was quite another matter. In less than a week from Master Hyde's installation, however, he showed himself master of the situation. The very first day, and on the first symptom of insubordination, he quietly took up a heavy chair by one leg, and holding it aloft by sheer force of muscle in his right arm, carried it down the aisle between the desks, and after standing on it to drive a nail into the wall over the door, returned it to its place in the same muscular way. Every eye in the crowded school room was on him, and every mouth was

open with astonishment. The next day came the contest with Jack Higgins. The school expected it. Last winter, Jack Higgins had headed the procession which took the school-master out of town on a rail.

The school went on fairly enough for two hours in the morning. Every appearance of insubordination in the young scholars being met with cold surprise from the calm blue eye of the master, and his gentle tones somehow inducting a corresponding gentleness on the part of the scholars. All felt, however, that insubordination was scotched and not killed. Not killed, as long as Jack, heavy Jack, brutal Jack, ignorant Jack, fighting Jack Higgins was in the school, for had he not publicly asserted that he would not only not mind the master, but that he would put him out of the school? It was difficult to make a quarrel with a man who did not notice him, and Jack was obliged to begin offensive operations himself. He began, therefore, by walking out from his seat at the back of the room, and placing himself in a defiant attitude in front of the master.

"Take your seat, or leave the school," said the master, in cold, gentle tones.

"I won't take my seat, and I won't leave the school! You come out here and I'll put *you* out!" roared Jack Higgins.

Earl Hyde was a lamb-like looking youth, with a pink and white face, light hair, and a form which, though tall, was so lithe and supple that it would seem an easy matter to toss him over a fence any time. So, at least, Jack thought, as his roar changed in the end more into contempt than rage. Nevertheless, the young master only walked calmly out into the aisle, between the long rows of expectant faces, and uttered the monosyllable, "Try."

At his very first onset, Jack was met by a scientific blow, which laid him out on the school-room floor a stunned giant.

"Take him out, some of you," said Mr. Hyde.

Forty Lilliputians laid hold of Gulliver and dragged him outside.

"Now to your seats and your lessons."

Earl Hyde saw Jack Higgins from the school house window slowly walking off. But when the school was over, and while the master remained to look over lessons and sums, the door softly opened and the giant reappeared. He had dismissed his swagger, and really seemed an inoffensive and extremely curious beast. He walked up the aisle to the desk where Hyde sat impassive, and said, scratching his bushy head:—

"Master!"

"Well?" said Mr. Hyde, coldly.

"Du tell heouw ye did it! I swan! if ye'll larn me that, I'll promise to larn all the rest, and never give you no more trouble! Come, don't be put out!"

"Is it a bargain, Jack? You're upon honor, you know. If you mean to stand to your word, give me your hand."

Jack delightedly stood to his word, and from that moment never ceased his open-mouthed admiration of the schoolmaster. To the rest of the school, the fall of Jack Higgins was as wonderful and supernatural as if he had been touched by an angelic spear, so sudden was the demon's tumble, and so lightly and Gabriel-like had stood the slender Earl, whose unerring hand sent the blow.

After that encounter there was never any need of a harsh word in the school. Here was a born commander, and both scholars and committee made haste to show their sense of his value. The same qualities made him influential in society, for Walton had a society. But he was not popular, nor was he much liked. If a question were asked him, he paused before he answered, and that gave him a double advantage, which people feel as an injury, without knowing why. He had time to think what to say, but the speakers also had time to hear the echo of their own words, which, being spontaneous and unstudied, often did not please them at the rebound, and oppressed them with a sense of unfairness in the game of conversation. Then he was a perfect sponge in talking, making people talk of themselves and their own affairs, and so learning, in a short time, everything about every body in Walton, while no one knew anything about Earl Hyde, except that all the Hydes were Tories.

Walton had a society. It was gathered from far and near, to be sure; but, as every man owned at least one horse, and poor, indeed, must a family be who had not a wagon or cart, distance was annihilated as effectually as it is now in railroad days. When Earl Hyde first came to Walton, he had wondered, as well he might, where his scholars were to come from, for not a house was in sight of Parson Pratt's, where he boarded. However, they did come, as parson said they would, as inevitably, as abundantly, and as mysteriously as the travelling juggler's eggs out of his tightly-fitting sleeve.

"Ye better make parson agree not to give ye salmon for dinner more 'n four times a week," the laughing mail-carrier had said to him, just before he lifted out the trunk of the master from the only public conveyance that Walton boasted. And Earl learned very soon that the broad Connecticut poured her fiscal bounties into Walton laps in such profusion that it was made an article of agreement in the hire of labor to have salmon for dinner "only so often." However, Parson Pratt was a reasonable being as well as a stern theologian; also he knew well what a good mug of flip was. He enjoyed shouldering his Harvard crutch, and showing how honors were won in his day, and comparing the present degenerate times with his own.

The evening hours, sometimes varied with a checker-board, went placidly, if not merrily, over the head of this man, who had been educated in all the learning of the Rabbis, only to pour out weekly commonplaces and platitudes to a congregation quite too weary with week-day work to listen to him. "It was good to stir up old memories even with this stick of a collegian," he thought.

"How do you exist here, sir?" said the youth, after one of these talks.

"I have come, Mr. Hyde, to feel that men are better than books, and the ordering of daily conduct the best study of the humanities. Besides, this place, that to you seems so empty and lonely, is crammed full of originals that are excessively interesting to me. Separated from all the assimilating influences of social life, each man ripens his own personality of character, and even appearance, independent of his neighbor, and each wears outwardly the sign of the inward man. This makes Walton a gallery of living pictures; all suggestive to me, who know them, of a certain course of experience, of which I have also knowledge and sympathy. I live a hundred lives in Walton, where I used to live one in Cambridge."

Still, Mr. Hyde, being but a youngster, pitied the old minister, and longed for the day when he should get back to civilized life, and put on his intellectual harness once more. Parson Pratt did not pity Mr. Hyde, but saw in him the stuff to make a distinguished man of, some day or other; and he saw also many traits which would mellow with experience and the pommelling all get in time. Mr. Hyde never talked any at table, nor ever with Mrs. Pratt, but he listened well, especially to any accounts of General Ellis's family. Mrs. Pratt often spoke of Ruth Ellis, and said it was expected that Ruth and Phil Forbes would make a match. At the Dorr huskings, Phil had given her the red ear. General Ellis was well to do, and Phil was a forehanded fellow. It was said that the general could give Ruth five hundred dollars clean, and not feel it. Mr. Hyde's delicate face often suffused and lightened under these interesting disquisitions. Perhaps he too began to comprehend that persons are good in their way as well as books. But he said nothing, and only fixed his handsome blue eyes on the slices of salt pork, which, swimming in a sea of their own fat, alternated with pickled salmon at their pleasant breakfast-table.

Earl felt that he had been warned about Ruth, but a young man of nineteen finds it very natural to occupy his leisure with such ideas as filled Earl Hyde's brain, as from Sabbath to Sabbath he had occasion to look at General Ellis's pew. It kept him awake more effectually than hartshorne to glance over across the high railings, where, demure in her Sunday's best, Ruth bent her hazel eyes on the

hymn-book, or raised them from time to time as Parson Pratt droned on to the "seventeenthly" of his lengthened discourse. Why Parson Pratt persisted in reading such long sermons, when his flock were all asleep, it is impossible to guess. Perhaps for the same reason that some people will tell over old stories, though assured that the facts are familiar. Perhaps he knew that the town wanted its money's worth.

One night Earl Hyde had played on his flute under Ruth's window. And one day he had given her some verses from Thomson's "Seasons," like these:—

"Without the smile from sparkling beauty won,
Oh! what were man? A world without a sun."

Ruth said, when she read it: "My! what pretty poetry!" They were pretty lips that said so.

Earl wandered out on one of the warm Indian summer afternoons to enjoy the hazy landscape and the wide loneliness of the Putney road. He knew he could let himself go on for miles without being lost, and that the right-hand turn would bring him back into Walton. So he walked dreamingly on, talking to himself, sometimes aloud, that he might see how well his thoughts sounded. He had been thinking how different Walton was from Boston, and how character seemed here to be in the ore, and sometimes very rich ore, too. The daily talk was of oxen, to be sure, and yet he could not help feeling that in men like Josh Hubbard and General Ellis, under all their roughness and coarseness, was the sturdy strength of principle on which a republic could thrive. They cared not for what other men thought of them; they were a law unto themselves, and gave laws and steady support to the weak-minded. They were not open to corrupt influences, like citizens whose interests rub against each other till they become too burnished to reflect anything but what is good for themselves. And here Earl got into a muddle of figures, and stopped uttering to himself aloud. Indeed, when he began thinking of Ruth Ellis, he was always quiet.

The night shadows fell one after another down before his eyes, unheeded by him. His tall, spare figure and slightly-bent head was the only living thing in motion; for the herds were long ago gathered into their several folds, and silence brooded over the great meadows and the still, flowing river. Without knowing it, Earl had come within forty rods of the Ellis farm, passing close to a ruined out-building which had once belonged to the first log-hut, before the new house was built. He stepped so lightly that his tread did not disturb a person who stood on the farther side of the ruin, and whose low voice Earl distinctly heard. His heart stopped as well as his foot, for there was no mistaking Ruth's voice. But,

then, "What did she here?" was, of course, the obvious and foremost question.

Stepping cautiously forward, and hiding behind a pile of logs and old boards, he listened for the sound of her companion's voice. He did not care what the two said, only he wanted to be sure who it was. And, besides, Earl had the chivalric sense of honor which belonged to an army officer's son. He did not think of listening, nor mean to listen to a conversation. To one soft, musical, mysterious voice he listened eagerly, intently.

"I wind, I wind,
My true love for to find,"

said this voice.

Leaning forward, he saw Ruth's form indistinctly through the gathering darkness. She was quite alone, and winding on a ball of yarn, the other end of the thread being in the cellar of the old building. She continued to wind on, softly repeating the words as a spell, without any trembling of the voice, and quite unconscious of the neighborhood of the listener. As the last thread was wound on, the maiden turned her face to the full moon, which rose from the horizon, and flooded the valley with light. Earl stepped forward then, and said, in his usual quiet tones:—

"What Runic rhyme are you spelling, fair maid?"

Ruth gave a little shriek of surprise. Whether real or affected did not appear, nor whether he happened to be in her thoughts at that moment.

"Oh! how did you come here? Why, you stepped as still as a ghost. How did you happen?"

"The fates must have sent me, I think, miss. It certainly was not myself, for I was perfectly unconscious of my whereabouts until a minute or two ago. But you have not answered me my question about your incantations, and I am very curious. Have mercy on me, I beg of you."

"Don't ask me. It is nothing but a silly superstition about—about the full moon."

She turned her head bashfully away from his eager gaze, and by the bright moonlight Earl saw the crimson that flushed over her throat.

"I must go home," she said, hastily. "I hear the horn sound for supper."

"Let me go with you as far as the door," said Earl, in the same quiet voice, though his head was dizzy looking into her lovely moonlighted eyes. "I shall not go in, to vex your father. But are you not afraid to be out here alone?"

"Afraid! Of what?" said Ruth, surprised.

"Of everything!" replied the young man, drawing her arm into his, with the sweet sense of protection that is one of the foremost elements in a man's love. "Of cattle, wild Indians, wild beasts—everything?"

"Good gracious!" said Ruth. "Why, there hasn't been a bear about the place these five years, and there's nothing else I am ever afraid of, but rattlesnakes. Indians! They're the quietest creatures in the world; they won't hurt you, bless your soul!"

She turned her face full towards Earl with such a conviction written in it that he needed her assurance of safety from these unknown dangers, especially savage ones, that the young man burst into a hearty laugh.

"I assure you, Miss Ruth, that I have not the smallest fear of an attack from any wild beast, from an Indian to an alligator; but I did think it quite possible that *you* might not be able to defend yourself from such a danger."

"My grandmother defended her house against the wild Indians," said Ruth, proudly, "and I have some of her blood."

"On the other hand, did you not tell me that you were always frightened at the sound and sight of a gun?" said Earl.

"Yes, I did. And I am. But I can't be expected to go walking about with a gun. I think I have fight in me, for all that, and I should seize on whatever came first. However, all this is nonsense. The Indians are as quiet." She turned again towards him her assuring face, but this time he did not laugh. He was irritated. He wished that he looked more like a buffalo and less like a lamb.

"What a blind, unjust thing a woman always is!" said he to himself.

They were very near the house now, and Mrs. Ellis stood on the kitchen door-stone, looking for Ruth. Earl bowed formally to Mrs. Ellis and Ruth, and went his way.

"I do wonder what makes your father hate the sight of the master so," said Mrs. Ellis, musingly, as she gazed after the erect, springy figure going down the road. "He has desperately fine, pretty manners; I always think of Sir Charles Grandison when I see him."

"He looked dazed-like when he said good-by," said Ruth. "Father hates all Tories, anyhow, mother. But I think he has something of the same feeling that I have about Earl Hyde. If once he puts his mind on a thing, he will have it, and he will do it. I suppose father's afraid of—but he needn't be."

Mrs. Ellis looked quickly at Ruth without speaking. She had read Earl's eyes, but not her own child's.

"Mother, do you believe in rolling a ball? You know what I mean—the trick."

"I can't tell ye, child. Sometimes I do, and oftener I don't. They do say if you go down cellar with the looking-glass at midnight, you'll see the man you've to hev; but I never tried it," added Mrs. Ellis, with a little laugh, "because I was suited, and didn't want to inquire further. Why?"

"Oh, nothing! Tricks are nothing but nonsense. I've tried a dozen, and ne'er a one

come right. Here comes father and the rest." She shot into the house and up stairs, from which she did not come down again, until Phil Forbes had gone to the Four Corners. She was quite certain of his absence, having watched him spring upon Trotter, and gallop till the hill hid him from sight. Then she heard Persis Flint tell fortunes from tea-grounds, and the day for her was done.

Earl mistook the nature of the bright blush on Ruth's cheek. She was not thinking of him, but of something and somebody else. It is a pity, but a great deal of good material is always wasted in making up characters, and Earl wasted many heart-throbbings as he retraced his way from the Ellis farm to the turn-pike.

While he was making that farewell bow, so gracious and graceful, and so like Sir Charles, a strange thing happened to Earl. It was a vision, only a second long, but vivid and complete; and for the instant that it occurred his brain obliterated the forms of Ruth and her mother, and gave his face the unseeing expression which Ruth remarked.

As if he had received a slight blow on the side of his head, which changed the position of the atoms there, there slid before his eyes a certain parlor in a house in Boston, in the then fashionable quarter called the North End. Every part of this high-studded, deep-corniced room was familiar to him from childhood, from the faded crimson window-drapery to the tiled chimney slabs and the brass andirons three feet high, which glanced at each other in the light of a wood-fire. On the faded Turkey carpet sat an erect, spare, pale man, who spread out his old, thin hands to catch the warmth of the blaze. His powdered hair was tied with a black ribbon at the back, and his aspect showed him to be one of that perennial band called gentlemen of the old school. It is to be presumed that he was not stiff and tiresome, since a young lady stood smiling at him, and looking highly interested. She had heavy-lidded eyes and flaxen hair, with eyebrows of a darker hue. Dressed in the rich fashion of the period, which, among the English and Tories in America, still clung to brocades and paduasoy, and despised the classic draperies introduced by a loose democracy in France, Lillian Devereux would have been well placed in the picture to which she was pointing, and which was a family group by Copley. Her satin dress was as shining as the painter's own, her velvet as rich, her jewels as sparkling; while her flesh and blood, though of the palest, was much more real looking than his. She was saying something of this critical sort to the cold old gentleman, and he had answered her, "Yes, yes!" as people do when they mean "No, no!" for he thought a Copley quite superior to a reality.

Earl looked at the snowy arm and slender fingers that pointed to the pictured group, and

curiously scanned the falling lace from the sleeve, and the soft shadow of it on her arm. He knew, without looking, that she pointed to his own boyish portrait, leaning against the lap of the stately lady in red, and with her powdered head turned proudly away in a two-thirds view. Also he knew, without seeing, that the youngish looking man in the picture, with bluish-white silk legs crossed, and a military undress costume, was the oldish looking man here present; only he knew very well that, whatever change might be in the outside, the interior man was precisely the same as then, having, indeed, been fossilized at the age of twenty-one. Earl heard his father's answer to something Lillian had said. It was this:—

"I have no fear that my son will be led into any acts or opinions unworthy of his name."

Then Earl knew, of course, that they were discussing the possibility of his getting into a country entanglement, and that they had been reading his last letter, which, indeed, lay on the mantel-piece, by the foot of one of the three-branched silver candlesticks.

Then Earl remembered what his father had told him so often, and which, in Walton, he had fairly forgotten, that he was a lineal descendant of a brother of Anna Hyde; of Anne Hyde, the queen; of the daughter of the great Earl; of Anne Hyde, whose children sat on thrones which crumbled away beneath them, and buried all of that blood in the ruin. Of course, no mention was made in this retrospect of dead glories of any ancestral washerwoman. Anne Hyde herself ignored her grandmother, and Earl never would have known about it but for Parson Pratt's library, where he found the story. Something, it might have been this atom of association, displaced the picture in Earl's brain; the Turkey carpet, the tiles, the old Copley, even pale, tender Lillian Devereux faded out, and, as he looked about himself, he found he had not yet completed his bow, and so had not lost time in his daze.

Pondering on the singular optical illusion which, for a moment, had occupied his brain, and had so vividly reproduced the past, Earl found himself irresistibly impelled in one mental direction. Taking Lillian as she looked in his momentary dream, he ranged the two girls side by side in his waking fancy. They were as unlike each other, he thought, as a flowering lily-branch is unlike a luscious peach. How faded seemed that water-colored shadow of a high civilization compared to the glowing richness and deep tone of this redundant nature! All his own lacks cried out to this bounteousness of free thought and action, which might help him to fulfil the high possibilities of his being without the cramp and obstacles of a civilized conventionalism. These conventionalisms as pronounced, and inevitable as the street pavements, his father's intense conservatism, the close air of his ideas, his obstinate

clinging to the dead past, regardless of the new world of thoughts that were springing continually from below its tombstone; the family alliance, projected from childhood, and which was to fill the Hyde purse with Devereux gold—all these thoughts, reminiscences, and aspirations oppressed and almost suffocated Earl. He sprang over the low stone wall that marked and bordered the turnpike road, and, running all the way across the great meadows, found Parson Pratt tranquilly reading Sir Thomas Browne.

Earl sat with him, silent, and refreshed by the contact.

"What do you think of unequal marriages?" said Mr. Hyde to Parson Pratt, a few days after the waking dream he had had.

"I should ask you what you mean by unequal."

"Unlike, perhaps, I ought to say. Between persons whose education and associations are entirely different."

Parson Pratt took the tongs, and laid the brands straight on the iron fire-dogs. Without glancing at Mr. Hyde's face, which was of a delicate crimson, he spoke, meditatively and moderately:—

"I should say they are to be avoided."

"But don't you think, sir, that a discrepancy of temper and disposition should be more avoidable than one merely of circumstances or manners?"

"Oh, yes!"

Mr. Hyde thought of Mrs. Pratt, and wondered for the thousandth time why her husband had married her, and whether it was possible he ever loved her. Mrs. Pratt was cross-eyed, freckled, a little deaf, and not fond of books.

To show how little one person can judge for another in matters of the heart, nay, in appreciation of the intellect and character, it is enough to lift the cover of Parson Pratt's Diary, which, in common with other wise men of his day, he kept faithfully. In it were all the interesting items of the parish and farm, for, of course, the parson was expected to work on a farm, to eke out his living. Just after the account of the weekly "payment of one and sixpence to Betty Price for housework and spinning," came these words within brackets: ["Her voice is ever soft and low, an excellent thing in woman. Her fingers are quick at needle-work, and nimble in all a housewife's cunning. She is slow of heart to understand mischief, but her feet run swift to do good. And she is simple with the simplicity of girlhood, and wise with the wisdom that cometh only of the Lord—cometh only to the children of the kingdom. S. P."]

To be sure, this bit of sentiment was sandwiched in between Betty Price and "pig-killing on the 24th," but it showed that the thought of his wife and helpmeet mingled sweetly in all

the details of his everyday life; that to him she was much. Besides this, if Mr. Hyde had only known it, she was not deaf when she was married, and Parson Pratt chose her rather than her sister, who was unfreckled and straight-eyed. Partly it was suitableness. She fitted his needs and his faults, he said. She was patient and ready, and complemented with her good sense and discretion all the deficiencies in his parochial career. He it was who originally made that often-quoted epigram, that he "wanted a wife and not a colleague." Mr. Hyde was still young, and did not know that people get to doing without love, in his sense of the word; life being so supplemented and crowded even with duties and occupations that many men never stop to think how they feel, and take their own sentiments as well as principles for granted. It is a good and healthy mental condition when daily habit has thus fossilized into character, and when impulses are to be depended on, having been rooted and founded on principle so long that introspection is not necessary to verify their purity.

"Don't you think women very easily take on themselves a certain polish, if circumstances make it necessary, so that they are able to suit themselves to an entirely different condition of life?" pursued Earl Hyde, with ill-dissembled eagerness.

"To some extent, yes. I should say, however, that would only apply to manners, not much to feelings or opinions. There must always in such cases be a discrepancy, an inharmoniousness. It depends on how great the difference is in station and opportunity. Our Mrs. Abigail Adams, country-born and bred, is doing us all credit at the English Court."

They were silent for a few minutes. Mrs. Pratt brought in some boiled chestnuts, and they grew into personal talk.

"You came to Walton partly for your health, you told me, Mr. Hyde. Do you find the mountain air good for you? Have you quite got over your pain in the side?"

"Quite. I am strong in body, but grievously puzzled in mind. I suppose there is a time in every young man's career when he is pulled in two or three different directions."

"While some outside influence is acting. I think our tendencies are generally settled early enough. We puzzle ourselves afterwards, calling a transient temptation to divergence, a real uncertainty as to fitness."

"Did you always choose the ministry, sir? Were you never tempted to law, or medicine, or the army, or navy, or mercantile pursuits?"

"Fortunately, never. I liked my profession, and my wife liked it. Directly, perhaps, I shall not do much good with it. Indirectly, I hope to do a little. One cannot measure the benefit or advantage of a cultivated centre in a community, and we all do a great deal of both good or evil that we never dreamed of doing.

That is always a pleasant excitement, even in a dull place. You are doing something by your example, perhaps for good, while you are in the way of daily duty."

Parson Pratt never asked many questions; partly because, living among a reticent and undemonstrative set, he had learned to define looks, slight gestures, and vocal inflections. Now that Earl Hyde avoided communicating his thoughts, except indirectly, and felt quite sure that his secret was within his own breast, Parson Pratt read him like a book, and answered the questions he never asked. He thought it more than likely the young man's friends had ambitious hopes and intentions for him, possibly political ones. There was not much talk of politics between them; but, at all events, a country love entanglement would not be acceptable to the aristocratic relatives of the boy. A boy he was—only nineteen—though with the maturity of manhood in many respects.

They ate the chestnuts, and then Mrs. Pratt asked Mr. Hyde if he were going to the Ellis quilting. He did not know whether he was, and did not know what a quilting was. Parson Pratt laughed.

"We haven't had one since you came. They never have them until after the annual ball and the huskings are over. Then, between them and the sleigh-rides, comes the quilting. And the quiltings at the Ellis's are of the highest order for hospitality. We shall have dancing and roast turkey."

"And do you attend them, sir?" asked Mr. Hyde, whose Boston experience had given him no guide for pastoral dignity in these matters.

"Always. Mrs. Pratt and myself are of the first consequence in all merry gatherings. I don't think General or Mrs. Ellis would allow any mirthful meeting that wasn't sanctified by prayer. Besides, the presence of the minister and his wife keeps the young fellows steady, and is a wholesome restraint on the frolicsome girls. You'll go with us, of course."

"You haven't much of the old Puritan spirit here in Walton," said Earl, smiling.

"Modified—a good deal modified. If a man, let alone a minister, wants to do any good among such a parish as this, he must be in and of them, that by all means he may save some. To tell the truth, if you won't think me a gormandizing old abbot, I will confess to a liking for both turkey and toddy myself. All in decency and order, mind."

"I don't believe you will ever be accused of exceeding the bounds of either, sir," said Hyde, laughing.

Then the three moderate drinkers took a half-mug of flip between them, and retired with easy consciences.

And Earl Hyde never knew the skeleton that was in that house, ay, in every room of it. For in every room had sounded the sweet

young voice that would be heard there no more forever. From that quiet, God-fearing roof had gone forth a graceless son to mortify and distress his parents by his life, and to give them a certain relief at hearing of his death in foreign parts. After hearing that, they slept soundly. For twenty years they had started in their sleep with the hope or the fear of his coming; and now the parents never spoke of him and his sweet childhood, lest the sympathizing hearer should ask another question. If one looked at this old pair, knowing these facts, the writing was plain on their sad eyes and the deep lines of their mouths, where tears had worn channels; but none of the parish ventured to speak of Robert Pratt to the parents, and by degrees he was forgotten.

It was the skeleton in almost every house in the parish that gave Parson Pratt his perpetual interest and loving sympathy with the somewhat rude and unpolished farmers there. Rude they might be, yet one or another had drunk each their cup of bitter in life; and the parson knew how to lay his hand softly on their hearts like a blessing, and to weep heartily with those who wept, as well as to rejoice unaffectedly in all their joys.

To the "Ellis quilting" came young women from far and near. The quilting was finished, and the frames all put away long before night. Then the two large square rooms were made as empty as possible. Every article of furniture—such as beds, bureaus, the old high desk, and the scalloped mahogany tables—was taken out into the lean-to. Only chairs were placed as thickly as possible round the edges of the two rooms and in the small square entry. In the long kitchen the ample table was set for every luxury which the climate produced. Every variety of cake and pastry, every kind of pickle and sweetmeat, and every sort of cold meats. Flanking each plate was the ample toddy glass and the mug for the sparkling cider, and on a side table stood apples and pears in rich and rosy perfection, with shelled walnuts and butternuts.

When the young men should arrive, the hot turkey would be served; after that were to be dancing and games. Every thing was in readiness. General Ellis himself walked through the rooms with a satisfied air, feeling sure that his wife was an unfailing refuge for hungry men, and beginning to wish for the rest of the guests, since the workers had all dined sharp on the stroke of twelve, and it was now full six o'clock.

Ruth came in from the lean-to, where she had been stowing away some last things, crossed the kitchen, and sprang up lightly on a chair to wind the clock. Not a mahogany-cased, ornamental article of furniture this clock, such as one sees now-a-days occasionally, preserved on a front stairway as a relic of by-gone splendor. This clock was a droll-looking

anatomy of Yankee invention, being composed by one Eli Terry, who drove his cart and his clocks himself through Walton, and left one first at General Ellis's, afterwards at every house at the Four Corners. This primitive timekeeper, made simply of wood, and finished up in the process of manufacture by Eli's own cunning jack-knife, won the reverence of all Walton for its sterling qualities, though its outward seeming never ceased to be ludicrous, and Mrs. Ellis continually threatened to put a gown on it, to make the skeleton look decent. For, first, there was the moony face of the dial-plate looking quite lively, and from that descended cords bearing heavy weights, and counter cords with other heavy weights, which alternately rose and fell. Eli had promised that it should faithfully keep time, if it was faithfully wound up, and that in fifty years it would be as good as at the first day. So Ruth undertook the clock-winding as her special duty; and a pretty sight she was, every day at six o'clock, when her light figure poised itself gracefully in front of the odd-looking machine, and looked into its moony eyes. To-night she was prettier than ever, with her round, dimpled arms raised, her rich color melting over her lovely neck, and the pleasant excitement of expectation making her feet tip-toe in the chair as she stood to the tune she was humming. Old Dan was to play the violin, and she would be right glad when the supper should be over, and the proper business of the evening begun. In the "square room" were huddled the belles of Walton, Dummerston, Walpole, and Weston—the choicest collection that could be culled. Rosy-cheeked, tall, finely-developed girls they were, too. Grace Crawford, stately and grand, with great soft eyes and gentle movements; the three Misses Clay, each fine-looking in her own way, and all with the supple lightness of wild animals; Relief Patten, short, dark, and plain, but so cheery and good-natured as to be a universal favorite; and a dozen more as healthy, happy, and vigorous girls as ever ripened in mountain breezes, or caught grace from twirling spinning-wheels.

Slowly, and one by one, came in the young Vermont giants. Their day's work first finished, then the unwonted toilet made that stiffened them all into discomfort and uneasiness, then the drive with open wagons, or the ride with pillions behind and prospective enjoyment over the long hills by the light of the late autumn moon. Last of all Phil Forbes from the Red Tavern, just as handsome and comfortable in his best as in his worst dress, being, as the parson remarked, a person of so just a make, and so perfect a proportion, that he couldn't move unsuitably or ungracefully. Close behind Phil drove Parson and Mrs. Pratt with the schoolmaster. The signal was given to the turkey, which appeared in all the dignified promise of a sixteen-pounder, and,

after kind greetings to each person in the square room, the festivities began.

First of all a blessing was asked for by the minister in fervent and brief phrase, and then the company partook of the bounties before them with praiseworthy alacrity. So fully, indeed, doing justice to the feast, that even Mrs. Ellis did not complain, in her usual eager and hospitable way, that "nobody seemed to eat anything." Certainly, on this quilting night, everybody seemed to eat everything. It was pleasant to see even a Yankee housewife satisfied.

Old Dan's violin wouldn't be ready till he and Cely had refreshed themselves; so the company adjourned to the other rooms for some quiet games, preparatory to the dancing. And now there was an opportunity for Earl to have a private word with Ruth. Taking an auspicious moment, when she stood quite alone at a window, he ventured to ask her hand for the first contre-dance.

"Yes!" she said, with an eager blush that thrilled him, for in general her manner was cool. She left the window, however, at once, and went into all the hospitable proprieties incident to the occasion and to her part as the young lady of the house. Earl watched her with ever-growing delight.

"Suppose we have some singing, first of all?" said she to Grace Crawford, who led the treble in the Walton meeting-house.

"Agreed!" resounded on all sides.

Nobody sung songs in Walton. There were two kinds of music known—sacred and profane, and the profane was in the shape of old Dan's fiddle. So the young people began the hymn:—

"The Lord into His garden comes,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive,"

which they continued with all their hearts to the end, and then added "Coronation" and "Old Hundred." By that time old Dan's dark, shining face appeared, and the dancers arranged themselves.

Earl Hyde could not get over his astonishment at the curious mixture in the social life of Walton. He did not appreciate the independent and individual life of country folk, removed so entirely as they were from metropolitan influences. In Boston the lines were drawn with much more precision between allowed and unpermitted amusements. Indeed, an amusement often served to indicate a whole class of doctrinal opinions. He felt he had still much to learn from these lineal descendants of the Pilgrims, who held as their most precious privilege the right to think as they pleased. Eventually the assertion of this right broke Walton up into sects; but at this time the flock were in peaceful union under the sway of Shepherd Pratt, and he was most of all desirous they should keep so. At nine o'clock the pastor

left the merry-makers, who kept up their exercise until ten or eleven, and then set off on their overland routes for home, some of them eight or ten miles away. These social gatherings for mutual help, whether for raising house-frames or quilting bed-covers, are among the pleasantest features of a new settlement, and serve to bind the population by a twofold cord. More than ever Earl Hyde felt to-night how nearly and intimately people are connected in country life, and how different it all was from anything in his city experience. Every family knew the heart happiness and bitterness of its neighbor, and so sanctified with sympathy and real interest the curiosity and trifling that is so objectionable a feature in small communities.

This evening had been one of peculiar and exquisite happiness to Earl. His consciousness of possessing a somewhat superior style and ease of manner to most of the rustic youths assembled gave him a freedom as unusual to himself as it was surprising to those around him; while the excitement of the music and motion gave fluency to his tongue, and brightened the languor of his blue eyes. Vanity served to console him, in some ways, for his lack of burliness and strength; if he could not be as big as Alpheus or Elizur, he felt himself, in other eyes as well as his own, twice as ready and graceful in the Virginia reel or the mysteries of money-musk. It was in one of the long "down the outsides," when the parallel lines of dancers reached from one end of the house to the other, that Earl promised himself that he would raise a smile and a blush on Ruth's face which should be decisive. His heart beat so hard, as he *chased* up the rooms, that he was nearly choked. It was the third time Ruth had danced with him. She looked so radiantly lovely! The thought of Boston and all its objections left him for a moment, and gave him breath to whisper, as they went like a flash of light "down the middle," only these words:—

"Tell me, can you say the words of your namesake?"

Ruth's roses could not be deeper, but she dropped her bright eyes, and said, bashfully: "I don't know what you mean."

Perhaps she did not. If she had, it would have been all the same, for the womanly instinct is always to evade and deny in such answers. It was easy for her to avoid hearing another word, and so to twirl, moulINETTE, and balancez as to require all her senses, as well as her partner's, to bring the figure out properly.

Phil Forbes danced with everybody, and was the lightest, readiest, gracefulest of all the merry throng. If he danced oftenest with Grace Crawford, it did not seem to disturb Ruth's serenity. Two or three times Earl looked anxiously at her to see if she cared when Phil and Grace "brought down the

house" in rapturous plaudits at their light pigeon-wings or intricate double-shuffles. But, no, the crimson on her dimpled cheek was no deeper, the sparkle from her eye had no anger in it; on the contrary, a beaming content, a fulness of happiness radiated from her whole figure, which was a perpetual puzzle to Earl. He could not quite make himself believe that this happiness was in the perception of his own devotion.

When he said good-night to all the Ellis's, he clasped Ruth's hand in his very closely, looking in her face for some answer to the thoughts she could hardly fail to read in his. But Ruth dropped her eyes so persistently, and fluttered out from his hand so like a bird, that Earl was fain to wait for another opportunity to win the one little word he waited for.

For now Earl was almost sure that he could be quite happy in the country and living on a farm. So it must be, if he would marry Ruth. Visions of faded splendor ceased to haunt him, or of coming greatness to inspire him. His only thought was of the long summer days, when he and Ruth should wander among the hay fields, and, loitering beside the brooks, whisper ever more and more fondly their love for each other. And General Ellis? Oh! he must set them up somehow—on one of his farms, perhaps. And there would always be books and pictures, and the annual visit to Boston. Lillian! How would Lillian like the country? Would she come to them for the summers? And would Ruth like the city in the winter? And—and what would Lillian think of Ruth? But why should he care?

Then, with the thought of Lillian, came the thousand luxuries and elegancies to which he had all his life been accustomed to look forward. He thought of the handsome Devereux carriage and the high-stepping horses; of Lillian, leaning back against the blue velvet lining, and playing with the silver tassel against her little white hand; of Lillian, with silk attire and siller to spare; of Lillian, haughty, delicate, and sensitive as the "true princess," sweeping into the governor's large parlors, talking with foreign statesmen and politicians—all with the same stateliness and *air superb* that he had so often admired in her, and which had made him feel that whatever distinguished position fate might have in reserve for him, Lillian would grace and crown it with her own dignified and classic person. It is very odd, but the more Earl thought of Lillian, the surer he felt that she would never spend a summer with Ruth and himself. Then, ought it not to be a question with him whether wholly to give up all connection with his family? With these thoughts thronged a thousand more, confusing and disturbing his feelings and his nice sense of honor.

When he had been in the daily habit of seeing Lillian and her luxuries, he had thought nothing of them. But the long absence from

anything like Boston social refinements and conveniences, had brought his ideas all into rustic shapes, and he had measured every thing and person by another standard. The bare or sanded floors, the tallow flaring candles, the coarse surroundings, the limited conveniences and furnishings of Vermont farmers, had accustomed him to a different standard of even female beauty and grace. He said to himself always, how much nearer nature, how much more statuesque, even, were the simple garments and unstudied gestures of these mountaineers; how much more truly artistic than the stiff courtliness of the city gentry. But he also said to himself, twenty times over, before he fell asleep after the evening of the quilting, "Could I ever introduce Ruth at Boston assemblies? What would my father and Aunt Devereux say to her little brown hands, and her nasal twang? Could that ever be changed? Will she ever cease to say 'ceouw?' A man should be proud of his wife. He must not blush for her." So Earl had tossed in mind as in body, till he fully concluded that if he took Ruth, her people must be his people. And then he fell asleep.

"I wish I were a Catholic, Mr. 'Pratt!'" said Earl, suddenly, as the two were sitting by themselves in the minister's study the next day.

"The faith suits some of our weaknesses wonderfully," answered the parson, glancing at Earl's excited face.

"If I were a Catholic, now, I could make you my father confessor, and I would! A person who is not an interested party can judge so much better what is the best way to go," said Earl, wistfully.

"Only he cannot tell exactly how deep or strong feelings are. I should be afraid to take the responsibility of directing any one's path, except, of course, that of duty and honor. But that, we take for granted, is every one's intention."

He looked keenly at Earl as he spoke, and saw that his eyes drooped, and the delicate, womanly suffusion came even to his brow.

"You will not understand me!" he said, impatiently, "and yet I think you might. You must have seen enough in your early life to appreciate some of the difficulties in the way of a decision which must be for life. That's the worst of it!"

"Yes, that is the worst of it," replied the minister, seriously. "We might deal in generalities an hour longer, but I hesitated to make our conversation direct or personal, not knowing how I could help you. If I understand you now, there is a conflict in your mind between ambition and love. Is it so?"

"I have not put it in that shape," said Earl. And then he poured out in one half hour all the circumstances, feelings, and conflicting

reasons connected with this decision for life, and his utter inability to fix on a line of conduct which would be honorable and satisfactory. His excessive and habitual reticence gave way entirely before this good, honorable, true-hearted man, and he sat with a humble face, waiting to be directed in his duty by one whom he felt to be infallible.

"You think your father would be much grieved and disappointed to have you break your engagement to Miss Devereux?"

"That I am sure he would. But there is no heart about that matter. Lillian does not love me particularly, I think. I doubt much if she would love any one. It is precisely as I have told you. On one side, duty, ambition, self-indulgence, luxury; on the other, self-denial, love, obscurity. Was ever anybody so puzzled? Is not it exasperating?"

"You are more puzzled than I am," said the parson, smiling at him. "May I ask you to say, frankly, did you ever, have you ever, loved your cousin Lillian?"

"I thought so until I saw Ruth."

"And you were satisfied to marry her?"

"Until I saw Ruth," he repeated.

"And now?"

"My dear sir," said Earl, impatiently, "why does Satan enter into the heart of a man? Can you tell me that? Why am I entirely delighted and happy at the thought of marrying a woman, and the moment the thought becomes familiar, why do I begin to cavil? to find fault? to wish she were otherwise? It is the same with both of these beautiful persons. The question is only, in what shape, and for which idol, shall the human sacrifice be made? To tell the truth, there are times when I heartily wish I had never seen either of them."

Parson Pratt smiled at him. "What a child you are!" he said. "But such as you are, I have learned to like and love you, and I see your purity of intention. If you should marry Ruth, I am sure you would devote your life to making her happy. You must renounce all your dreams of diplomatic distinction, and devote yourself to country life and employments. Learn to work with men who work with hands instead of heads, and get your bread by the sweat of your brow."

"Yes," said Earl, slowly, in answer to this catechism. "But then, I dare say, I should be wretched after the first year. Probably I should add my own discontent to the disappointment of my father and friends."

"Yet you are not willing to give up Ruth?"

"That is it. If I could win her! but you know how it is; you have been young," and here Earl paused in some confusion at the thought of Mrs. Pratt, who by no figure of his fancy could be made an attractive or bewildering person.

"Yes, I have been young," said the minister, with a far away look in his eyes. Then he

seemed to collect himself, and spoke, in a low voice to the young man beside him. "Perhaps I can help you with my experience. Before I went to college, I pledged myself to the woman who is my beloved and honored wife. You can see that she must always have been plain, but to me she was sufficiently comely, and I loved her very affectionately. She was not literary, as you see. But she loved me very heartily and truly."

He paused, and sighed. So deep a sigh that Earl started to hear it. It was laden with so much of sadness. Looking at the minister's face, he was surprised to see the working of the thin features and the air of grief in the whole person. He was, as it seemed, bowed down with some sudden recollection of the past.

"Don't distress yourself, sir; don't tell me," said Earl, with earnest sympathy.

"I think you will understand me, my dear boy," answered the minister, coming to his usual manner with a sort of rousing mental shake, "and I would rather tell you; in confidence, of course. But it is so long since I have lifted the stone of this sepulchre."

In a minute or two he spoke calmly.

"While I was in college, I kept up a correspondence with my betrothed wife, but I saw her unfrequently, as she lived far in the country. Meanwhile, I made the acquaintance of a very beautiful young girl, with whose mind, as well as person, I was enraptured. I use this word, because it expresses better than any other the emotion that the sight of her always gave me. She was fair and angelic-looking, with a grace of manner and a mental culture that I never saw equalled. Of course, I have seen more profound scholarship, but never such a charming balance of literary attainment and intellectual vivacity. She was all alive with sympathy, with wit, with the ready understanding of other minds, that made her conversation a delight and instruction. I say instruction, because women have great fields of taste, thought, and sentiment, that are never traversed by men, unless a woman leads them. Then, indeed, it is over paths of flowers. In these paths I trod for months, entirely unconscious of danger. You can partly guess with how much delight, for I was not introverted in my mental habit, and had no idea how much I enjoyed or felt. I was awakened from this blissful trance all at once, by hearing of the dangerous illness of Elinor. And then, her father came to me, and with tears and strong crying, besought me to save his daughter's life. It seemed that the family had inquired and learned all about me, and, of course, of my betrothed. The news struck to the heart of Elinor. I need not tell you that she loved me as unconsciously as I did her, until this news, which was terrible to her."

Here the minister stopped talking, but turned and laid his hand on Earl's shoulder. Evi-

dently it had been a relief to express his pent-up grief to this sympathetic and refined young man.

"Tell me, my boy, was it not hard to decide which was right?"

"I need not ask you, of course, which way you did decide," said Earl.

"I went to West Southwark. I did not go to Elinor until I had first seen Sophia. Walking with her in the garden the evening I arrived, I asked her what she should do if I were to die, or be unfaithful to her? She said, after a little pause, for she was never demonstrative, 'If you die, dear, I must bear it; it will be the hand of God. If the other way—no, I don't think I *could*.'

"I shall do neither, I hope and trust, and so we won't think any more about it," I said; for my way was as clear now as that of the Hebrews behind the fiery pillar."

"Did you not see Elinor, sir?" said Earl.

"I saw her, yes. Just before she died, I went to see her; she sent for me. It was no infidelity to Sophia when I took the poor withered rose in my arms and held her close there, her arms about my neck, her dying lips blessing me, and begging me to remember her. I was clasping an angel, and not a woman."

"It must have been agonizing to you. How you must have been torn and tried! I am ashamed that I should ever have troubled you with my comparatively small trials."

"I should not have told you, only that you might feel how very slight, indeed, they are, my dear; for your very heart of hearts, I think, is not even touched. Only your fancy, your taste, your love of the unusual and the picturesque. If you should ever really, deeply, heartily love, there will be no conflict of ambition with it. There will be no mistake about it in your mind; no uncertainty as to what is your duty, on the whole."

Earl looked hesitatingly at the good face before he answered.

"But you, too, had a divided heart!"

"Not after I fully understood myself and Sophia. With the consciousness of her entire affection and trust, came also my own fidelity to that trust, and the happiness that God has given us to feel in acting rightly. It sounds coxcombical to say it, but here were two women whose lives were so bound by their affections that neither would outlive their disappointment. Honor settled the matter at once in my mind, though I will not deny that life has had a deep pain in it. But there are worse pains than that, Earl. Do not disappoint your father, nor your Lillian."

The minister said what he felt about "worse pains."

"I cannot tell you, sir," said Earl, "how very much I feel this kind confidence of yours, nor how much good it has done me. I feel already years older. But I must ask you, tell

you something else. Will not Ruth expect some more explicit declaration? Will it be honorable in me not to say anything further to her? and her father, too?"

"My dear boy, her father hates Tory blood, and, of course, he hates yours. You couldn't win his consent, if you brought Golconda on your back."

"Is it possible he is so absurd? But Ruth?" and here the man's love of conflict came into his face again with a bright flush and sparkle. He thought he could win her, father or no father.

Parson Pratt only said very quietly, for, indeed, this all seemed childish and unreal, in the light of those dead sorrows which lay ever at his heart, and of which he had spoken with such a deep pang, "Phil Forbes is to marry Ruth Ellis. Didn't my wife tell you that was an understood thing? And the time was agreed on only day before yesterday. I don't know what the little coquette would be up to if she had a chance, but if you are the sensible lad I think you, she won't get it."

The boy looked affectionately at the old man, who for his good had been willing to uncover a past so full of sadness.

"I shall never forget this kindness of yours, sir. I need not say how sacred every word will always be in my heart. Even the name of her you lost is very dear to me. My Aunt Elinor Hyde was just such a lovely being as you describe. We have her picture at my father's."

"You look like her sometimes, my dear. Often your eyes light up as hers did. You guess now, why I wanted to have you come here; and how dear and important your honorable and dutiful conduct must always be to me. But it is best that this should be our last talk on this subject. Let the dead past bury its dead."

Earl had lived several years in the last half hour. In the light of the minister's experience, his own way became clear. So clear, that no dancer at Ruth's wedding was gayer than he.

GOLDSMITH thought people should write their own flattering epitaphs, and then live up to them.

THE covetous man makes a halfpenny of a farthing; and a liberal man makes a sixpence of it.

KEEP IN GOOD HUMOR.—It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality; it is always foolish and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; but even that noble rage seldom mends the matter.

ONLY A TRIFLING MISTAKE.

BY S. A. F.

"WELL, little lady, are you prepared for a rainy day?"

"Yes, indeed. We cannot order holiday weather, unfortunately, especially in February. I brought knitting and sewing, so I shall manage very well till you return."

"I won't be home before six o'clock, but you will go to dinner with Mrs. Clarke."

"I will wait for you, and dine late."

"Very well. Adieu, then."

An affectionate kiss, and Mr. Smith left his little daughter to a rainy day in a New York hotel, while he went out upon business.

There was nothing very romantic or uncommon in the situation. Papa had come from Utica upon business for a week in New York, and papa's only daughter had begged for a holiday and come also. This was the first rainy day, so Mary Smith opened her trunk and fished up from a lot of clothing a most dainty little work-box. A few minutes were given to a crochet collar, and then:—

"There! I'll write to mamma! She won't expect a letter, but it is just the day to write one. I'll tell her about our meeting Meta Clark on the train, and how nice it is to have a lady friend here, and I can ask her about my new silk, too. I'll write."

Pen, ink, and paper being produced by a waiter, the young lady went to work.

"Let me see, what day of the month is it? The fourteenth. Why, it is St. Valentine's Day! I wonder if any Valentines came for me!"

Two minutes more of writing, and then a short, sharp rap on the door interrupted the letter.

"Come in!"

Only a bell-boy, with a snowy envelope in his hand.

"Miss Mary Smith?" he inquired, showing that address in a bold masculine hand on his letter.

"Yes."

"Letter for you," and off he went to deliver the remainder of a postman's package.

"Now who is that from?" speculated the young lady. "It's not John's hand, nor Harry's. It is stiff, too; feels like a card; and sealed! Who can seal a letter now-a-days? Two doves kissing. Oh, it is a Valentine! Can it be for me? 'Miss Mary Smith, Metropolitan Hotel, New York.' That's all right. I'll open it!"

Not a letter, not a fanciful picture, or a copy of sentimental verses; only a photograph. A photograph of a gentleman, young, good looking, with a mass of curling hair, pleasant eyes, and good features. Under the portrait, one

line of pencilled writing: "Can you guess who I am?"

Miss Mary Smith gazed and wondered. Mentally she passed every masculine face she remembered in review, from her cousin Adolph's down to the milkman's, but the one before her did not answer the call of memory.

"Can you guess who I am?" she read, after vainly endeavoring to identify the features. "No, Mr. Impudence, I can't, but I'll find you out some time and pay you for your saucy Valentine. I believe I won't write home, after all, but finish my collar. Oh, it is going to clear up! I'll go and see if Meta Clark will go to walk if the sun comes out, and we can decide upon the silk. Stewart has just the one I want!"

Meta Clark and the sunshine both being propitious, the bright little brunette was soon equipped, and the shopping undertaken.

"You know papa has given me *carte blanche* for a new evening silk to figure at brother John's wedding."

"Are you bridesmaid?"

"No, indeed! 'Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride,' and I was bridesmaid for Henry's wife and for cousin Hattie, so this time I declined with thanks."

"You superstitious little goose. I was bridesmaid six times before I figured as bride."

"I won't peril my chances in that way," was the gay rejoinder. "Why, there he is!"

"Who? Don't stare at that young man in that way, May. Who is he?"

"I don't know. It certainly is him!" was the odd answer. "I don't believe he knew me."

"He did not look as if he did. What possessed you to stare so? There, he has vanished. Who is he, May?"

"I don't know. I certainly never saw him before in all my life," was the emphatic reply, but mentally Miss May added, "That is certainly the original of my Valentine. He didn't know me, I am certain. What did he send me his picture for?"

Evening silks and the relative merits of corn color, orange and pink for brunette complexion and hair, soon drove the Valentine from May's mind, and the recollection of May's odd conduct from that of her young friend.

"You are coming home for the wedding, Meta?" said May, after the important choice was made.

"I am going home on Wednesday. I only came to keep Charley company. He hates coming to New York alone, and declares he won't do it now he has a wife."

"Oh, you turtle doves," laughed May. "Wait till next year."

"I'm sure we've been married nearly a year now," was the half-pouting reply. "By the way, I'll delicately suggest to Charlie that I

want a new dress for the wedding. John, you know, disappointed me awfully. I was sure he was my devoted slave, when I was thunder-struck to hear he was engaged to Louise."

"How long had you been engaged?"

"You horrid girl, I was not engaged till a month later. What was I to do? Deserted by John, I accepted Charlie."

"I'll tell him so."

"You wretched little mischief-maker. I have told him so forty times already."

"And he believes it?"

"Certainly. So if I faint at the wedding, he is quite prepared to catch me. By the way, May, when are you going to have a wedding?"

"Never! Henry married, John soon to be so; I shall stay at home to comfort papa for his sons' desertion."

"Nonsense! Henry lives at home, and John won't be far off."

"Daughters-in-law are not daughters," said May, decidedly. "Papa relies upon me."

"Of course he does. Poor papa!"

"Where are you going next summer, or don't you form plans so far ahead?"

"O May, how odd you should ask. We are going to a new place. I have a friend here, Mrs. Williams, who went last summer to a delightful place, a farm in Western New York. She is forming a party already for next year, her idea being to secure all the rooms for her own friends, and so guard against unpleasant strangers. Won't you go? Charlie has given me permission to engage a room for two months, while he goes to Chicago."

"Does he go there every summer?"

"Yes. Come, May, join us."

"If papa is willing."

It was no difficult matter to win papa's consent to any scheme for his little daughter's pleasure, so summer found May one of a gay party assembled at C—— for two months of country life. There were numerous introductions, and amongst others, a tall, stately blonde was brought to the little brunette and introduced.

"Miss Mary Smith, Miss Mary Smith. We shall have to call you Albany and Utica," said Meta Clark, as she made the introduction. By the way, May, you were nearly introduced last winter. Mrs. Williams says Miss Mary had just vacated your room at the Metropolitan when you took it. Have you a pet name for convenience sake, Miss Mary? We call this fire-fly May."

"Then Mary will do for me," was the reply. "I have no pet name."

"When is Mr. Sanderson coming?" asked Mrs. Williams.

"To-morrow week, probably."

It was a merry party. Such as were not old friends speedily became good ones, and the two Marys were inseparable.

"I hope you will like Carroll Sanderson,"

said Mary to May the evening before that gentleman's arrival. "I mean to make him give you all the time I can spare him myself."

It was evening when the gentleman arrived, and the party were on the porch in the summer evening's half light. It was soon evident that the new comer was a valuable addition to the circle. Jest and merriment received a new impetus from his lively conversation, and he made friends with Miss fire-fly May at once, the two tossing repartee and gay sallies one to the other, till all were amused to listen to the playful warfare.

"You will have your namesake jealous," said Meta to May as they at last broke up to retire.

"I want to see if he is as handsome as he is pleasant," said May. "It is fortunate that he is appropriated, for my heart will be safe."

"May, May, look! There he is under the hall lamp! I've seen him before, somewhere. Why, May, he is the very gentleman you stared at in the street last winter in New York."

"You must have stared, too, or you would not recognize him."

"Certainly, I did. I wanted to see what sort of an orang outang you were looking out of countenance."

How the summer days speeded on, I have no space to tell you. May was intensely happy for the first four weeks, and then—then May began to ask herself what made the summer days so short and pleasant, and her heart answered, Carroll Sanderson. Believing him engaged to her namesake and friend, her loyal little heart was appalled to find she was growing to love his bright face, pleasant voice, and lively manner. His position in society was defined by his admission to Mrs. Williams' select circle. He was in business in New York, and he certainly admired her. As she drew back, he became more earnest and pressing in his attentions, till the poor child almost resolved to run away to get rid of him. It was while affairs were in this position that a discussion on the subject of photographs one evening called forth a remark from Mr. Sanderson:—

"I like vignette style best of all. I had some really good likenesses taken in that style last winter. Don't you think so, Mary?"

"Did I see them?"

"Now, don't tell me you never looked at the one I sent you at the Metropolitan."

"It is the first I knew of it."

"Then it is there still. I wonder which of the chambermaids is passing my phiz off for a portrait of her darling Mike!"

"Not one," said May. "I got the picture by mistake, and would have restored it before, but I left it at home."

"May!"

She had gone alone to a corner of the porch away from the others, and started at the voice.

"May, will you keep that picture?"

"It belongs to Miss Smith."

"But I would rather have it belong to you."

"But her claim!"

"Pshaw! I'll give her a dozen if she wants them, but I want you to keep that one."

"Mr. Sanderson, you know I cannot. Mary may not like the portrait of her *fiancé* in my album."

"Her what! Is it possible you do not know Mary is my half-sister?"

So that trifling mistake rectified, "papa" had to allow another visit to New York for May's trousseau.

AT SEA.

BY FLORA L. BEST.

On an ocean's foaming surges,
Lone and dark,
'Mid the wild wind's dreary dirges,
Drifts my bark;
And the distant storm-king speaking,
In his pride,
Sends the sea-bird homeward shrieking
O'er the tide.

All things toward some home retreating,
I, alone,
'Mid the billows' busy beating,
Sit and moan;
Now the avenged lightning quivers,
Keen and fast,
While my good ship shrinks and shivers
In the blast.

From the sky no star-gleam falling,
Lights the sea,
And a phantom voice seems calling
Unto me;
Phantom hands are grasping, clinging
To my soul.
Are the waves a death-song singing,
As they roll?

List, my heart, for somewhat ringing,
Deep, yet clear,
Weirder than the wild waves' singing,
Soundeth near;
Spirit bells are wailing, sobbing,
'Neath the sea;
Courage, heart, the knell that's throbbing,
Tolls for thee.

Waveless calm shall soon enfold thee,
Tempest-tossed,
To the warring strifes that hold thee,
Ever lost!

Down in rainbow lighted bowers,
Thou shalt be,
With the bloom of sea-born flowers
Over thee.

Now the bells sob slow and slower—
Faint they toll;
And the sea moans low and lower
To my soul;
Through my being thrills a sweetness,
And my breath,
Fleeteth with a quickened fleetness,
Welcome death!

THE foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman.—*Landor.*

WET BLANKETS.

Do we not know them, those wet blankets who come down on our pleasant little fires and extinguish them, with no more ruth than the rain feels when it pours on the encampment of the merry picnic party, or floods the tents of a flower show? What offence was it to them that we nursed our pleasant little fires, and heaped up this bright coal and that yule log, laughing as we watched the blaze and spread our hands to its warmth? Why could they not let us enjoy ourselves in our own way? which was not a way that interfered with any other person's, that trod on no one's toes, shouldered no one out of place, and did no earthly damage to friend or foe. All we asked for was leave to nurse our own small fire by our own hearth-stone—leave to laugh, to sing, to feel hopeful and joyous—when down fell the wet blanket and extinguished every spark and every flame, leaving us as cheerless, cold, and melancholy as before we had been bright. What is that miserable quality in some people which cannot let others be happy? Is it jealousy? is it the mere love of meddling? or is it that cross-laid temper which can never put itself in line with any other temper, but must cut in at all sorts of angles and prove its own rightness by demonstrating the wrongness of every one else? Whatever the cause, there is the fact; and we might as well attempt to shut our eyes to the fact of the sun, or of the night, as to that of the existence of a set of people who are always at cross corners with every other set of people, and who specially are never happy when others are happy—whom, moreover, they never let remain happy if they can help it.

Sometimes, however, wet blankets themselves can be as bright as the best; but—have you never observed it?—they are bright only when things are at their worst, and all the world about them is in despair; and almost the only time you hear them express a cheerful certainty, or prophesy an eventual escape from a bad pass, is when no one else has a shred of faith remaining, and the most sanguine has given up his last hold on hope. Then the wet blanket flutters about in quite rollicking spirits, declaring that none of you have any cause for the smallest fear; that despondency is a crime, and hope the first virtue of humanity; and that everything is perfectly safe at this present moment if you would but think so, and sure to come patently right in the end. Your child going to die? Pooh! they knew a child who had diphtheria in a far more aggravated form, and it lived. Your son going to the dogs? Nonsense! A young man will be young, and though to be sure those bills are awkward, and that check which you swear you did not sign—well, that is not nice!—but, Lord bless us! when did you ever see old heads on young shoulders? and are not the best men prover-

bially those who have sown the largest crop of wild oats in their youth? If, on the contrary, you have many reasons, and all of them good, for believing that things look worse than they are; if, having experimental knowledge of certain ways of escape from the Slough of Despond into which your affairs are plunged, and which ways are not open to all the world, you are less cast down than you might be; if you have a real and not an affected hold on hope, and think that no game of life, as no battle, is lost till it is won, and that, therefore, no one need despair until his enemy's knife is in his heart; and if, more especially, you are in such straits that cheerfulness and courage and the energy which comes by hope are the only chances of salvation—then your wet blanket no longer prances about with a brisk and cheerful air, but stalks solemnly and mournfully across your path, with condolences and surety of evil at the merest beginnings of mischance. Ravenlike, he croaks your dirge before you have even owned yourself ill; and talks to you about your child's funeral—for he is sure it will die—when the doctor assures you that in a week's time it will be playing about your knees as if nothing had ever ailed it. And then these wet blankets are so dreadfully knowing! That is how they frighten the inexperienced and oppress the sensitive as they do. To believe them, they have had, either personally or through their friends, every experience that can befall humanity; and they have found out, therefore, the rottenness of all the stays to which you are trusting, the reed-like qualities of all the props on which you are leaning. They have been in more griefs, more perils, than any one else of your acquaintance, and they have assisted at more tragedies. It is this knowledge of life, they tell you, which makes them more than doubt your ability to ultimately clear yourself of your difficulties—which makes them despair of your position, and feel so sorry to see you buoy yourself up with false hopes as you do. "At all events," they say, with an appearance of condescending to your weakness so far, "there can be no harm in being prepared for the worst;" and they advise you to prepare yourself for the worst, and then you cannot be disappointed. Of course, the advice is not absolute nonsense all through, else it would have no effect; but we can scarcely call it wise to live always by an open grave, and to contemplate the fact of our funeral to come on the day of our marriage. The grave has to be filled, the funeral day has to come and be gone through; but there are flowers to pluck, and songs to sing, and glad hearts to make blessed in the present, and the time for all things includes also the time for mirth—when wet blankets are out of place.

Among the trials of the young, we may count the wet blanketry of their elders as one of the very greatest. For the young have

their trials, poor bright-eyed martyrs; and it is very well for them that they have the elasticity, the ignorance of coming evil, and the forgetfulness of past sorrow, which are the characteristics of their state. Still, while it is on them, they suffer from wet blanketry as much, and, indeed, more, than others. They are radiant with some bright, hopeful anticipation; they are happy in their guileless way about some silly little pleasure that only youth can enjoy; down comes the wet blanket, and either saddens them by the most gloomy forebodings, or, if in a position of authority, finds something at which it may gird, and scold, and torment, and so breaks up the innocent "run" of gewgaws and rootless flowers in which the young soul was taking its unoffending pleasure, like a pretty little bower-bird dancing before its tinsel treasures. There was no kind of reason why that poor human bower-bird should not make itself happy over its bits of tinsel and broken mirror, its fluttering ends of ribbon and shining wealth of colored glass; it might be all mere rubbish in the more experienced eyes of the elderly wet blanket; but why say so? and oh! why find fault? Let it have its hour of pleasure; let it think its colored glass the finest jewels of the mines. The day will come quite soon enough when its bright eyes will get opened to the relative worthlessness of its former nest—when it will laugh, with a half sad surprise, at the rubbish it once found sufficient for its delight. But while it can believe in the loveliness of its "run," in Heaven's name, let it! and keep that wet blanket of yours, dear madam, safe under your cloak, and sacred to your own wearing for this time, at least. You have had your day of bower-bird happiness; now let your young people have theirs. Remember what you felt when the wet blankets which extinguished the fires and knocked to pieces the pretty nests of your own youth fell pall-like about you, and have pity on these, for the sake of what you yourself once suffered. But when did experience ever teach the cross-laid sympathy or tenderness? How should it, indeed? Is not the very core round which the wet blanket has wrapped itself, the core of selfishness and want of sympathy? And you might as well look for blood from the traditional stone as weeping with those who weep, rejoicing with those who are glad, or pitiful interest in the pleasures of the young, and a tender care not to destroy them, from the wet blanket, who likes nothing so much as to chill and overset.

The fortunes of war play us many curious tricks in our lifetime, and chance fits in the various pieces of the great mosaic we call human society as often ill as well. The grave are mated with the gay, the sober with the dissipated, the home-staying with the runagate, the humdrum with the ambitious, the dishonest with the scrupulous, the idle with the indus-

trious, and so on. But about the most misfitting of all these personal rights and lefts is the one made by the light-hearted and sanguine when mated with wet blankets. And about the greatest amount of heroism that can be shown in a quiet way is that which enables this same light-hearted and sanguine nature to keep its head above the dreary waters which the wet blanket pours out again, and to retain anything of its brightness, anything of its hope, in the presence of so much sodden misery and foreboding. Day after day, year after year, the wet blanket drips its petrifying showers; day after day the bright smile is frowned away, the happy impulse checked, the innocent pleasure cut down at its roots; and can we wonder, then, if the heart sinks heavy as lead under the influence of the killjoy associated with it? and if life becomes a bitter thing, even to the young and loving? So bitter, indeed, that they run away from it whenever they have the chance, taking refuge in the houses of sympathizing friends when the home drip is more petrifying than usual, and on the first occasion that presents itself, giving to a stranger all the love and hope and life that finds no room for growth at home. Parents often lament the ease with which their daughters give themselves away to strangers; but none do it so readily, with such grievous gayety of heart, as the daughters of wet blankets, who are not allowed to be innocently happy, and whom it is the habit of the house to suppress and subdue. There is not much use in bringing up children as if there was no maturity, no beyond—as if all life was a meadow full of daisies and lambkins and pretty little boys and girls with shining hair, and leave to love like the birds; but neither is there much use, or good, or beauty, in bringing them up as if all life was a funeral procession, and our daily walk among uncovered graves, with the snake who ruined Eve in Eden gliding ever at the roots of the melancholy flowers on the brink. The youth time of life is short enough at its best, and we need not make it substantially shorter by premature jeremiads; so of the joy time, whether of youth or maturity. While we can be happy—anywhere outside a fool's paradise—it seems hard that we are not let to be happy; and when we make sunshine for ourselves out of our own love, our hope, our gayety of heart, why should the wet blanket come down upon us and put out our fires, darken our sunshine, root up our flowers, and destroy the poor little bower-bird "run" we have made for ourselves, wherein to escape from the storms of life, and enjoy an hour's dream of hope, and maybe love?

—♦—

WHEN any calamity has been suffered, the first thing to be remembered is, how much has been escaped.—*Dr. Johnson.*

PONDROUS PAPERS—NO. 2.

WE didn't come to no houses for a long ways; and I missed the fences each side the road, as they used to be back home (in the Eastern States, I mean), and I missed the woody hills we had there. Here the hills are bare of trees, exceptin' here and there a live oak; but, it being May when we started on our trip, the land hadn't got dry, but was still covered with grass and flowers, though the flowers are much more plenty in March and April than in May. Why, in March and February, too, some of the hills round our house are jest yellow with California gold poppies, and some are blue with bluebells, and some are white and sweet with minyonets; and then again there are fields where there is a mixture of all kinds—larkspurs, prince's feather, buttercups, and daisies, and hosts more that I don't know the names of.

When my little boy and girl was alive, they brought in nosegays every day as long as the flowers lasted. And Mr. Pondrous brought some rosebushes and plants from town, and set out for a posey bed. But first the grasshoppers come and eat 'em all up before they were fairly started, and next time the flood washed 'em away, so he said 'twas no use gittin' any more.

If there had been any of Plumbolt City left when we had that flood, 'twould have been washed away, too; for it stood on lower ground than our house, and the water filled our lower rooms half full, and the surging of the water made the house shake so we was afraid all one night that 'twould be taken away. Oh! the darkness, rain, wind, and flood was dreadful, and there was plenty of broken windows and parts of houses strewed along the shore we found afterward to tell us some houses went down.

But, there! this ain't tellin' about our tower, is it? Well, bimeby we come to where four roads crossed each other, and there was sort of a gide board, and I was jest readin', "8 miles to Croft's Ranch," "14 miles to Walton's Ferry," and so on, when we saw a man on horseback ridin' cross the fields. He seemed to beckon to us, so we waited till he came up. He looked kind of surly, and wanted to know if we had seen a woman and two little boys ennywhere along the road.

"No, we hain't," says John. "How big was the boys?"

"Wall, I don't know exactly, but I reckon one's 'bout eight and t'other six."

Just then another horseman come along, and the same inquiry was made of him.

"No, I haven't met any one," said the last comer. "Were they your wife and children?"

"Yes," says Mr. Surly. "They just cleared the coop, sure's yer born, and they're a right smart piece ahead, now, I reckon, for the y

crossed yon ferry jest as it was plum dark last night. They was a footin' it, and I reckon I ken overhaul 'em if I git the right track."

"They'd be likely to take the shortest road to Stockton, I suppose?"

"I ain't right sure of that. My old woman know'd a heap. She was raised in York State, and was mighty homesick; she'd take the road I'd be least likely to foller. She was bound for her old home, now, *sure*; she telled me she'd go, but I didn't b'lieve it."

"You seem a bit vexed, stranger," said the second horseman; "but, if you overtake her, don't be rough with her, for"—

"I don't want none of your jaw. I reckon it's none of your sore corns that's got trod on, no how. Ef yer had the shoe on your foot, yer mightn't feel quite so peart."

"Stranger, my wife left me once, and I brought her back with many rough words, and in two weeks she died. When I overtook her, she was sitting on a rock by the roadside. She was frightened at my angry face, but begged me to let her go on."

"Jemmy," says she, 'do let me go on! I sha'n't live long, nohow, and the ranch is hateful to me. I want to die in my old home, and I thought you wouldn't care after I was once gone; for you never minded much about me, never asked me to ride. Why, I have not been even to the nearest village for more than two years.'

"That's your own fault," says I, crossly enough. 'If you wanted to go, why didn't you tell me? I never refused to let you go when you asked, did I?'

"I suppose I was too proud for my own good, Jemmy, for I thought if you cared for me you would think what was for my health and pleasure yourself.'

"That's right—go on—lay it all to me. You'll be saying, next, that I beat you.'

"You never scourged me with anything but your tongue, as you are doing now," said she.

"And you don't deserve it a bit, now, do you?" says I, fiercely. "Come, *will* you go back?"

"And I took her back, and she died, as I told you, and I can never forget how she sat by the wayside. No matter what I am doing, I hear it over and over again, 'Jemmy, I am so homesick, do let me go on?' And I hear again my own fierce words, and I say to myself, why couldn't I have been kind to her when I saw she was half-crazy with homesickness, and longing for the friends that honored her and treated her kindly? I didn't honor her. I always let her see that I had a perfect contempt for her opinions. She was better educated, more accomplished than I was, and I was afraid she would feel herself above me; so I never conversed with her as though I had any admiration for her in the least, but I made her afraid of me, and I kept her down."

He jest bent in his saddle, not to us, but as though sorrow made him bend, and I heard him moan, and then of a sudden he touched his horse with his spurs, and was over the hill before I could wipe the tears from my eyes, for I was jest cryin' for the poor dead child.

Mr. Surly was a-hanging his head, and seemed to be afraid we would accuse him of being unkind to his wife, for he said:—

"I allers treated my wife well, though we had a right poor house, only two little rooms in it, and I promised to build her a better one last year, but I took the money to build fences with instid. We needed the fences a heap more'n we did the house, now, sure as yer born. Thar's a right smart chance of houses in this yare state no better'n our'n, and she know'd it. But I must go on; and ef you uns come up to her, I'd take it kindly ef ye'd bid her come back. Tell her she shall have a new house right soon."

"Will you really build?"

"I will that, and 'pears like I feel better now I've said it; I do so."

Then we parted; and I told Mr. Pondrous we'd seen three unhappy folks, and I hoped we'd meet some happy ones soon. We was in the main road now, and began to meet big teams—monstrous waggons, monstrous wheels to their waggons, monstrous hubs to the wheels, and the six or seven span of mules were driven by rough, dirty-looking men, most of them swearing and whipping the poor jaded brutes with their monstrous whips.

Pretty soon we came to a house with a large yard near it, where these teams halted to feed, or to stay through the night. The house itself was a tidy little home, and, as we stopped at the waterin' trough, John said perhaps we'd better go in and git some dinner. Just then a merry little woman came runnin' out, and says she:—

"How de do? I was jest wishin' somebody would happen along, for my husband, Mr. Baily, has brought home some of the nicest strawberries you ever did see, the first we've had this year. And sez I to him, sez I, 'I do wish somebody would come—I wouldn't care if they was travellers—and I'd ask 'em to dinner with us.' And I looked out the winder, and there you weré jest as though the faries had sent you."

"Well, you're real kind," says I.

"Yes, I told Mr. Baily I wished somebody would come that I liked the looks of; and, I declair, you look jest like an aunt of mine back home in New Hampshire."

"Do you th?"—

"Think so? Yes, indeed. O Daniel! don't she look jest like Aunt Kezzia?" calling to ner husband. And, then, as he came: "This is Mr. Baily, Mrs."

"Pondrous," says I.

"How do you do, Mrs. Pondrous and Mr.

Pondrous?" said he, shaking hands with me and John.

"Don't she?" says Mrs. Bailly.

"Well, yes, I must say she does look considerably like Aunt Kezzy. I must say that is so, wife."

Mr. Bailly spoke very slow, Mrs. Bailly very fast.

"Thought so minit I set eyes on her. Now, come to dinner, and you're not going to pay for it, either, coz you are my company and I've asked you. Run away, children, and set down still as mice. Take off your bonnit. Um! um! hair jest like hern for all the world. Declair! I shall be callin' you Aunt Kezzy haff the time."

She trotted about, settin' a plate for John and me, happy as a bee. Buzzing all the time, about how she had teamsters to dinner some days, and some days she didn't, what a nice lot of peach-trees they had set out, how many chickens she raised, and how good her children were.

We had a nice dinner, and stopped about an hour afterwards to git well rested.

"Be sure to stop again, if you ever come this way. I shall want to see you, you look so much like Aunt Kezzy."

After we left here, the houses wasn't so far apart, and bimeby we came to a little village, and, oh! my dears, we came to a garden. There was a pretty house in it, but the roses they seemed to cover it. They climbed up the porch clear to the roof, and they were so bright, so perfect in their buds, so perfect in their blossoms!

I said: "Stop, John!" and I was out of the buggy, and through the gate, standing by the roses, scarcely knowing how I got there. And I put my old hands about them, and my old face down to them, and I cried, for, oh! my dears, I hadn't seen roses since the minister brought some to put in my children's coffins.

I looked about the garden, and it was so beautiful! There were shade trees and flowers too many to name, but I hugged their beauty in my heart, as it were, to keep it forever. All the paths were paved with smooth cobble stone, and every little plat for the different flowers was marked into diamonds or circles with the same stones. And there was the neatest summer-house, covered with honeysuckle and passion flowers, and there were roses like a wreath trained up and over the arched doorways. A little away from it on each side were oleanders as much as ten feet high; the branches drooped, and to look at them they were a perfect fountain of flowers—pink as the inside of a sea shell, and almost as sweet as pond lilies.

And I don't know how long it was, but all at once I felt some one was near me. I looked up, and there was John and a lady. He had

been up to the house to ask if I might pick some flowers. The lady had the kindest face; and, when she knew I hadn't seen garden flowers for years, she went about cutting ever so many for me, told me all their names, and I went away with my hands full.

We drove through the town, and there were other gardens, but none so beautiful as the one we visited, and I never have seen one like it before or since.

JANE PONDBROUS.

AT THE MILL.

BY L. S. C.

UNDER a canopy, bending low,
Of willow, and oak, and chestnut bough,
With the wooded mountain's rugged wall
In grim reliance surrounding all,
Stands a busy mill, whose pond'rous wheel
Groans as it labors, and seems to feel
The coming on of a good old age.
The brook, that christened the gray-grown sage
Long years ago, and was hoary then,
Leaps the rocky fall, as lithe as when
The mill, with its solid masonry,
Was counted among the things to be.
Within the floor had been cleanly swept,
And the hopper humm'd, as if it kept
Time with the laughter and dancing feet
Of lads and lassies, long used to meet
In the web-draped mill, to while away
The noon-tide hours of a sultry day.
A dark-eyed boy and fair-haired girl
Withdrew from the merry, noisy whirl,
And together sought a distant nook,
O'erlooking the wheel and cheery brook.
The maid remarked, in womanly phrase:
"The stream will mourn when the wheel decays;
They work together with so much ease—
The wheel to guide, and the brook to please."
The manly impulse, the boy possessed,
Caught the suggestion with eager zest;
And, leaning down on the worn sash low,
He answered: "Indeed, they seem to know
Their usefulness in their union lies;
One's power, the other's need supplies."
Then, looking into her half-turned face,
He asked, with a bashful, boyish grace:
"If you were the brook, and I the wheel,
Would you toil with me through woe and weal?"
Blushing, she roguishly made reply:
"You now are useless, and so am I;
If you can guide, I'll essay to please,
And we'll turn life's mill with greater ease."

TO ONE WHO WILL KNOW.

BY HENRY LORNE.

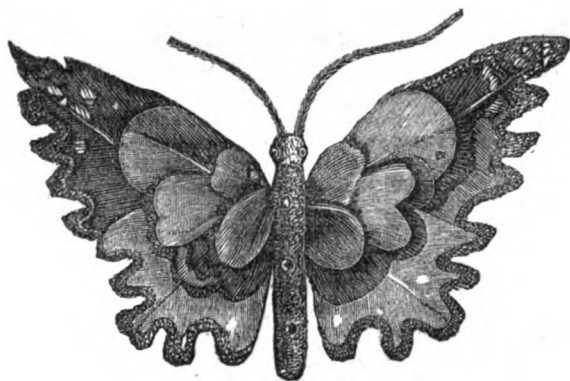
WHEN grace and virtue ceased to be admired,
And goodness of the heart hath lost its charm,
Nor longer holds us captive; when the hand
Of human sympathy, its mission here
Accomplished, is outstretched to man no more;
When manners gentle win us not; and all
That now makes woman lovely, to be loved,
Forgotten, disregarded lies, ah! then,
Then may we cease to love thee, only then!

WORK DEPARTMENT.

FEATHER TRIMMINGS FOR BALL DRESSES, ETC.

SOME of the newest and most uncommon trimmings of the present season are composed of feathers arranged in a variety of ways, either as ornaments for the hair, in separate shapes, or in continuous rows forming a border of any desired width, very suitable for trimming ball dresses—ostrich, pheasant, and even partridge feathers being called into requisition. Ladies residing in the country, and keeping fancy and other poultry, may easily make a collection of useful and effective feathers for the purpose, while those living in towns may obtain them from their poulterers. The white poultry feathers are particularly useful, as, by the aid of dyes, they may be made to assume any tint required to match or contrast with any ball dress. From the Magenta dye a beautiful rose pink may be obtained by putting in a small quantity of it. Scarlet, cerise, mauve, violet, yellow, blue, orange, gray, and many other colors may be had. For dyeing the small feathers, pour into an earthen basin two quarts of boiling water, and let the feathers soak in it for a minute or two, then lift them out with a perfectly clean quill pen or piece of stick, and pour in a little of the dye. The quantity must depend on the shade required; but it is better to put in too little than too much, as it is easy to add more if requisite. The feathers must never be allowed to remain in the basin while the dye is poured in. When the dye is thoroughly mixed with the water, put the feathers

Fig. 1.



in, and stir them about well with a pen or stick in each hand, that the color may take effect equally. When the feathers are of the shade you wish, take them out of the water with your little implement, and hang them to dry. We will now proceed to describe the various trimmings, illustrations of which are given in

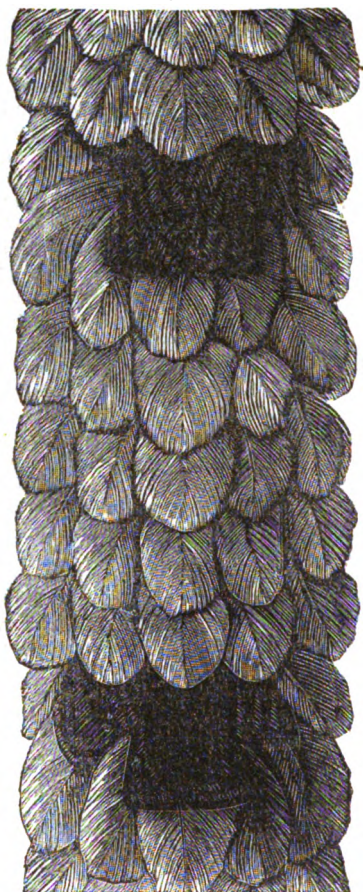
Figs. 1 to 7. Fig. 1 is a pretty ornament for the hair, and looks extremely well with lace, ribbon bows, or flowers. It admits of great variety in the combination and arrangement of the colors; and, after describing the manner in which it is made, we must leave each lady to exercise her taste and ingenuity in the matter, merely remarking that the feathers of all kinds of foreign birds are very available for this purpose, as they need only match each other in pairs. For the foundation take a piece of rather thin Bristol board, three-quarters of an inch in depth and one inch and one-eighth in width; slope the outer corners towards the centre, leaving one-quarter of an inch in the middle for the body, which must be sloped and rounded at the extremities, and slightly fold the card-board straight across, depth ways, on each side of this. This piece is for the support of the wings (it is better to be colored black on the under side), and to it the feathers composing them must be fixed with strong gum-Arabic. For these, feathers having a larger and stronger shaft than those forming the trimmings hereafter described must be selected; those for the two upper wings cut to about an inch and three-quarters in length, and for the lower ones an inch and a quarter; these last must overlap the former, part of one side of the feather being cut away that they may not do so too much. The feathers for the upper wings must also be shaped with the scissors, and sloped to meet the under ones, and both sets notched at the edge. Scarlet looks well for the upper wings,

and buff or sulphur color for the lower ones (but these can be varied in any way); white spots may be painted on the scarlet with body or oil color, and black on the buff with lampblack, with which also the notches may be edged. The breast feathers of pheasants are very pretty for the centre, arranged something in the manner shown in Fig. 1, their natural markings coming in to great advantage. The very small neck feathers of the peacock, too, may be advantageously used for the same purpose. Having arranged the wings to your satisfaction, proceed to cut the shape of the butterfly's body in the Bristol board,

about an inch and three-quarters in length, rather pointed at one extremity, and rounded at the other for the head; paint the under side black, and cover the upper with black velvet gummed on; but, before doing so, put between it and the former piece of card-board two of the thinnest filaments of a peacock's feather

(or, if not thin enough, cut them narrower), about one inch and three-quarters in length, for the antennæ; these, being so very light, are the best things for the purpose, as they

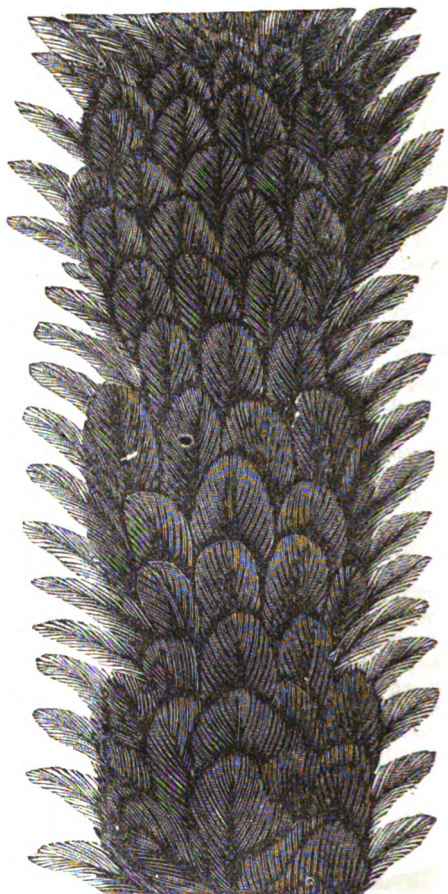
Fig. 2.



move with the air, and give a more natural appearance. Now insert into the centre of the under piece of card-board a short length of fine wire (such as is used for artificial flowers)

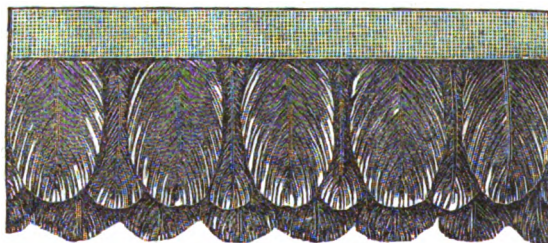
put through the loop in the wire fastens it to the hair in any required position. Figs. 2 and 3 are well adapted for bands to loop up the tunic of a white tarlatane or crape ball dress.

Fig. 3.



A foundation must be made by folding a double piece of the same material as the dress, rather narrower than the feathers will cover, and on it, for Fig. 2, are to be fixed a row of five

Fig. 4.



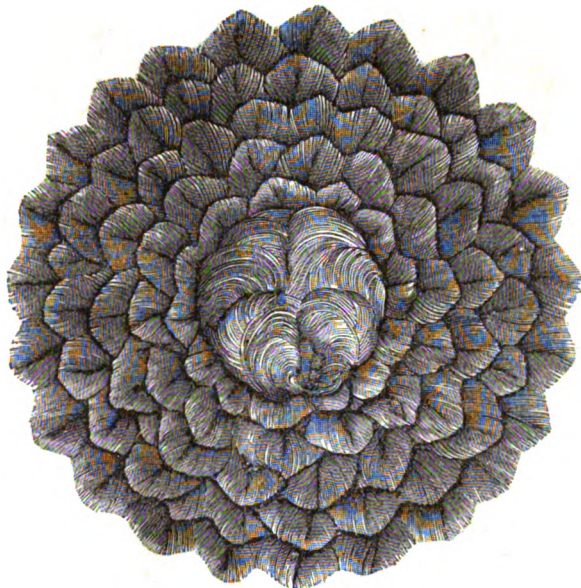
twisted round a knitting needle, and make a small loop at the disengaged end; it only remains now to gum on the body in its proper place, and the butterfly is complete. A hairpin

feathers in breadth, of any light or bright color preferred, placed not quite straight across, but in the manner shown in the illustration. There are to be five rows of the same feathers also in

height, as distinctly seen in the illustration, and then by way of contrast the tip of a large dark green and black cock's feather, or a peacock's eye, which would have the best effect at

the same purpose, for a mourning dress, is composed entirely of black feathers, arranged in the form there shown, and edged with very light narrow ones. Some gray feathers might

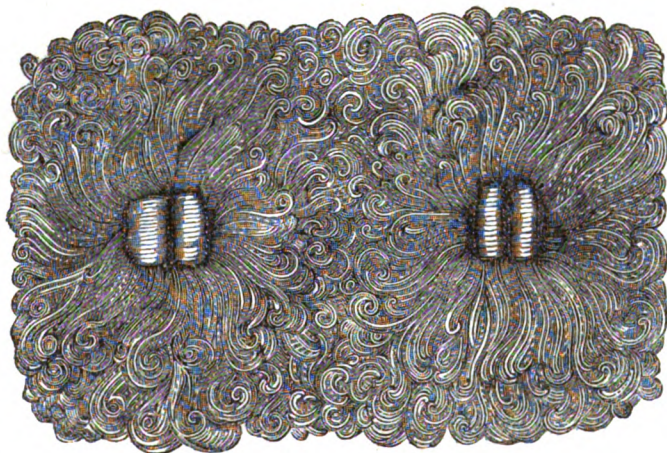
Fig. 5.



night, with a very small feather of the same color as the rest on each side of it to make up the width. There are two ways of fastening on the feathers. Some people fix them with very strong gum-Arabic at the quill end of

be intermixed in any way preferred to lighten this trimming; and, in order to adapt them to any desired shape, all and any of the feathers may be cut with sharp scissors to give them the proper form and make them fit in where re-

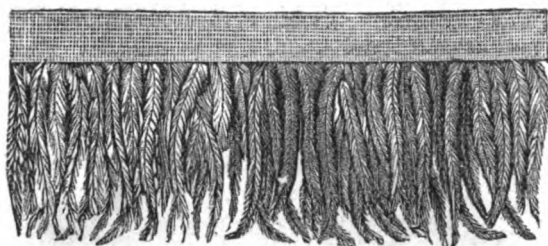
Fig. 6.



each, but the most secure way is sewing over every feather twice on each side the top of the quill. The peacock's feather and the smaller colored ones are to be repeated in the manner shown in the illustration till you have the required length. Fig. 3, which is intended for

quired. Fig. 4 is a narrow trimming for the edge of the tunic, to correspond with the looping up, and, in the choice and arrangement of the colors, must be made to match the others. Fig. 5 is a rosette, which may be used for many purposes, composed of single white or colored

Fig. 7.



feathers, which, being rounded at the tip with scissors, are arranged in circles on a foundation of stiff tulle; the centre is filled up with a few longer, slightly curled feathers, prepared before fixing with the back of a heated knife. Fig. 6 is peculiarly adapted for trimming the low bodice of a ball dress, like a bertha. It is composed entirely of the single barbs of white ostrich feathers, curled as before directed, arranged in the manner shown in the illustration in a kind of continuous row of rosettes, which appear as if tied together by loops of white floss silk placed in the centre of each. Ostrich feathers, which have become worn at the tips, or otherwise damaged, may be made available for this trimming, which is to be repeated in a narrower width round the short sleeves; and Fig. 7 is a fringe for the edge of the tunic to correspond. Strong gum-Arabic will be the most expeditious way of fastening these barbs to the foundation either of stiff tulle or tarlatan. The same trimming looks still lighter and more delicate if made with marabout instead of ostrich feathers.

CROCHET BANDS FOR LINEN.

THE bands for tying the linen together, of which Figs. 1 and 2 show a part about the real size, may be knitted, crocheted, or made of soft cotton tape, with a simple pattern in *point Russe* worked on it with Turkey red cotton. Those of which illustrations are given, are crocheted with white and red cotton, about one yard and five-eighths in length, and form a loop at one end. For Fig. 1, make a chain of the required length, and join to the 40th stitch to make the loop. Work on each side of the foundation chain (but only on the outer side of the loop part) a row of dc, taking up every chain, and in the round part at the end of the loop putting two stitches in one, so as to keep it flat. Then, still going round, a row of trebles (thread once over the needle), with 1 ch. between, and missing 1 of the last row; when the round end of the loop is reached, 2 ch. or 3 ch. between (still only missing the 1 stitch) as may be found necessary to keep the outer row flat; and, having completed the row by joining to the commencement by a single stitch, fasten off. With the red cotton, work a row of close scallops all round the edge, thus

(taking up every stitch of last row): * 1 dc, 1 treble, 2 long (twice round), 1 treble, 1 dc, and repeat from *. The other band, Fig. 2, is commenced with the red cotton, making a chain of the required length; join in a loop as before and work on both sides, except at the loop, 1 dc., 1 ch. alternately, missing a stitch. On

Fig. 1.

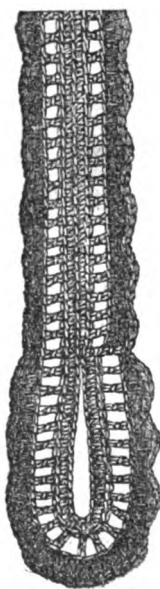
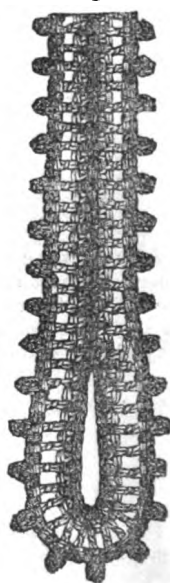


Fig. 2.



both sides of this centre strip, dc. round each ch. 1s to be worked, in white cotton, and 1 ch. after it; repeat. Then follows a row all round of trebles, with 1 ch. between, missing 1 of the last row, keeping the end of the loop as before; and, lastly, a row of picots, with 2 dc. between, with the red cotton, each picot consisting of 4 ch., and dc. into the first of them.

TRAVELLING-BAG.

THE pretty bag made with a strap to hang over the shoulder—the practical arrangement of the inside being shown in Fig. 2—is, in our model of glazed holland, made up with a somewhat darker embroidery of silk braid stitched on, and silk stitches, a cord of the same color going all round, and tassels. A skilful hand

will find no difficulty in the making up of such a bag; we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to the most needful directions. The front, hind parts, and flap of this satchel, eight and a half inches high, ten and three-quarters inches wide below, and seven and a quarter inches above, are of one piece of the stuff taken double.

On the front, plain half of the bag, three-quarters of an inch from the upper edge on the upper layer of the stuff, must be put a pocket, which, as seen, stitched with brown and made in single stuff, being four and a half inches long, five and a half inches wide at the top, and four and a half inches below, is stitched on in two rows. A similar pocket, yet somewhat larger, is to be sewn for the inside space to the inner stuff layer of the hind wall. After the two stuff parts have been finished so far, they are then joined to the flap by a run and fell, and, for the bottom part are stitched six divisions, each half an inch from the outer edge for the putting in of whalebone.

Fig. 1.

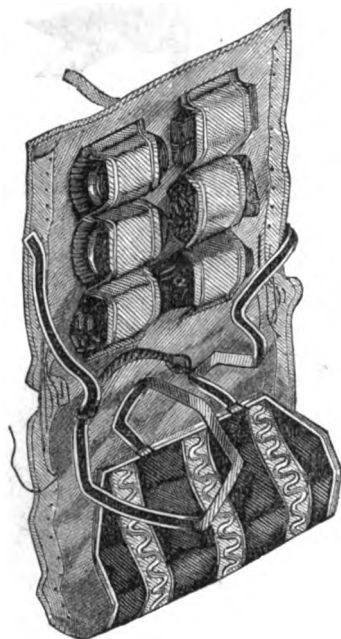


The upper edge is to be turned over as a hem and arranged by the stitched-on lining to put in two pieces of whalebone; three lines of stitching for two smaller pieces of whalebone mark the upper edge of the hind wall. The rounded folding sides, each at the top with a piece of whalebone cracked in the middle, of double stuff, and two and three-quarter inches wide, are next to be joined to the lined part by a run and fell and to the largest part by the side stitches. Brown silk cord edges round the folding sides and the bag flap.

The two straps for bearing the bag, with each a button-hole at end—the pointed ends of which

lead through each of the button-holes of the flap—make at the same time the end straps two and a half inches long of the inner bag; and of double stuff are each twenty-eight and a half

Fig. 2.



inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide, decorated with two rows of braid stitched on, and to be button-holed with brown silk at the lower pointed ends. The place where each strap is securely fastened in the button-hole of the flap is hidden on the outside by a gimp-button.

A small steel buckle lock, of two parts, joins in the manner usual for leather-bags; the two straps may be made longer or shorter, the part going under having a cord strap to slip through the other strap, with a silk tassel attached. Two tassels put on the flap finish the decoration of our model.

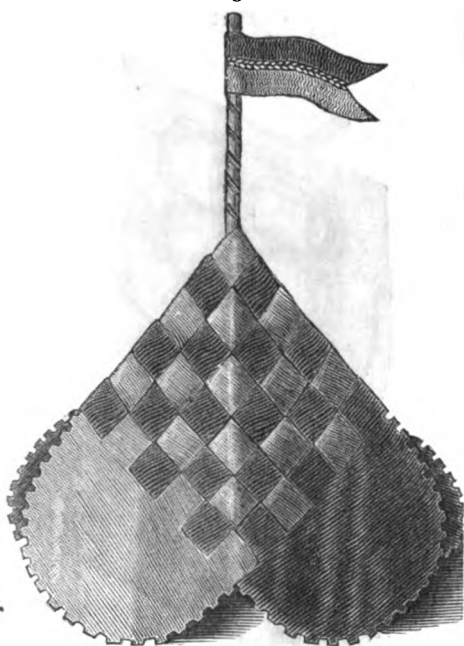
TENT PENWIPER.

Materials.—Red and black leather, and some black, stiff muslin.

THE outer covering of the little tent consists of two equal parts of different colored leather, plaited into each other, as represented in the design. Fold a red and a black strip of leather, each measuring one inch and five-eighths broad and six inches long, in the middle, to three inches in length. From the folded size make five straight cuts, one inch and five-eighths, so that there are six equal narrow strips. These somewhat rounded ends may be cut in corners, in round or pointed scallops. Then plait the pre-

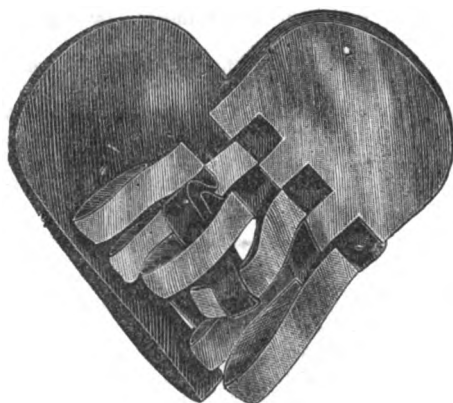
pared leather parts into each other, so that the closed side of one strip incloses the open side of the other (see Fig. 2), beginning from the under

Fig. 1.



plain ends. When the plaiting is finished, cut the inner double muslin leaves (a little smaller than the outer part). In order to support the leather walls, a kind of stick of rolled pasteboard, gummed together, two and three-eighths

Fig. 2.



inches long, and nearly half an inch in diameter at the bottom, and tapering at the top, is pushed in at the point of the tent, and fastened there, together with the points of the muslin leaves. A stick, two inches long, the under end of which is hidden in the pasteboard-stick, is cut out of wood, around which red silk is

twisted, and upon it is placed a black, red, and white silk braid flag.

GOLD POCKET WITH BELT.

THIS pocket is intended to hold gold, jewelry, and similar articles, and will be found very useful in travelling. The original is made of a double piece of linen sixteen inches long and eight inches wide; the top is cut slightly convex, while the bottom is rounded. In the middle of the upper piece, cut a slit five inches and a half long, beginning about three inches from the top. Work the edges of the slit in button-hole stitch with red cotton. Work the edges of the pocket in the same manner, putting the



needle through the double material of the pocket. Bind the top of the pocket between the linen band, in doing which, catch the end of a red cord ten inches long, the other end of which is attached to an oval ring drawn over the pocket. For this ring, take three pieces of bonnet wire, and over them work button-hole stitches with red cotton. A brass ring worked in single crochet may be used instead. Sew hooks and eyes to the belt for fastening.

COVER TO BE PLACED OVER DISHES, FOR KEEPING EGGS WARM ON THE BREAK- FAST TABLE.

THIS cover is made of white linen lined with red flannel, which has previously been slightly quilted. A square of guipure d'art is sewn into the linen on the upper part of the cover; a lace border to correspond, one inch and one-fifth wide, is sewn on all round. Cut two pieces of linen, or stiff gauze, and of flannel, each ten inches square; quilt each flannel part, stitch it through in diamonds, and line the cover with them. The upper part of the cover is ornamented from illustration with a square of

gimpure d'art; the latter consists of a centre of plain netting, five and three-fifths inches square, darned in *point d'esprit* and darning stitch. The upper half of the cover is then ornamented with lace; work a row of herring-bone stitch with thread along the outer edge of the cover, and a similar row with red wool along the inner edge. The netted square is likewise

shown, and labels on each, the sheets, tablecloths, or whatever it may be, fastened together by the bands, of which we give an illustration. The labels for the packets of linen are cut out in card-board in the form shown in illustration, and covered with shirting—calico or linen—previously ornamented in front in point russe with ingrain red cotton; the initials worked in

Fig. 1.

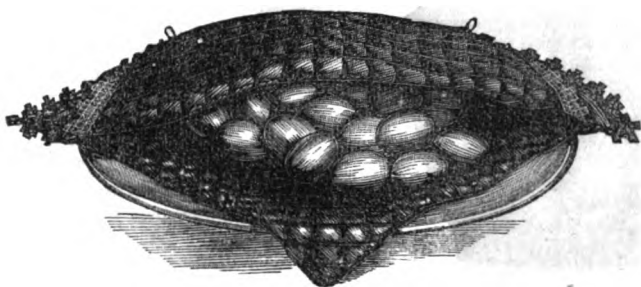
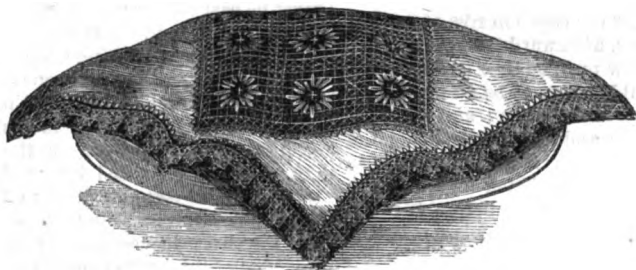


Fig. 2.

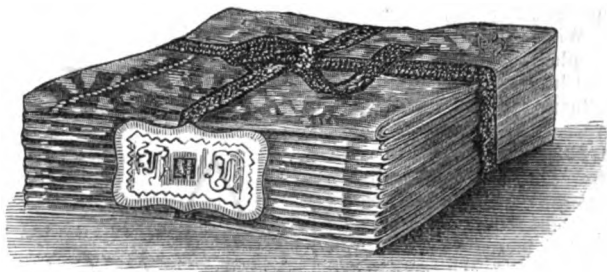


edged with a herring-bone stitch row, worked with thread. Sew both parts of the cover together along two sides; sew on loops and buttons round the two other sides, as can be seen on illustration.

satin stitch, adding the name of the article contained in the packet, either in single point russe or in marking ink. For the table linen it is well to give a more particular description, such as "Tablecloths for twelve," "for eighteen," etc. Two slits are cut horizontally in front of the label, of the length requisite to allow the crochet band to pass through, and these slits are worked over with long overcast stitches

LABEL FOR PACKETS OF LINEN.

KEEPING a linen closet in order is such an



important branch of housekeeping that we give our readers this month a plan, which, if followed, will save much trouble. Have a shelf devoted to each suit of articles, with covers, as

(not close together) with the red cotton, and the outer edge of the label is ornamented round in the same manner.

LADY'S UNDER BODICE WITH SHORT SLEEVES (KNITTING).

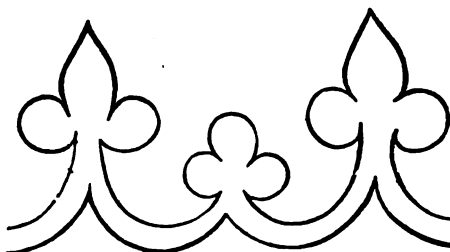
Materials.—One ounce and a half of single Berlin wool in half ounce skeins, of any color preferred; five wooden or bone knitting needles, No. 10; a bone crochet hook to suit the wool; and six mother of pearl shirt buttons.



COMMENCE the bodice at the wrist, by casting on loosely 120 stitches, divided on 4 needles, 30 on each. It is knitted in rows backwards and forwards, first (for the edge) in ribs of 2 plain, 2 purl, for 12 rows, afterwards alternately one row plain, one row purl, so that the right side of the work should appear to be all plain knitting. The 13th row is pl'n; and continue knitting backwards and forwards to the end of the 24th row. 25th row. 16 plain, increase in the following stitch by knitting a plain and a purl in it; 14 plain, increase as before, 56 plain, increase, 14 plain, increase, 16 plain. 26th to 28th. Without increase. 29th. 17 plain, increase, 88 plain, increase, 17 plain. 30th to 32d. Without increase. 33d. 18 plain, increase, 14 plain, increase, 58 plain, increase, 14 plain, increase, 18 plain. 34th to 36th. Without increase. 37th. 19 plain, increase, 90 plain, increase, 19 plain. 38th to 40th. Without increase. 41st. 20 plain, increase, 14 plain, increase, 60 plain, increase, 14 plain, increase, 20 plain. 42d to 44th. Without increase. 45th. 21 plain, increase, 92 plain, increase, 21 plain. 46th to 48th. Without increase. 49th. 22 plain, increase, 14 plain, increase, 62 plain, increase, 19 plain, increase, 22 plain. 50th to 52d. Without increase. 53d. 23 plain, increase, 94 plain, increase, 23 plain. 54th to 56th. Without increase. 57th. 24 plain, increase, 94 plain, increase, 24 plain. 58th to 60th. Without increase. 61st. 25 plain, increase, 94 plain, increase, 25 plain. 62d. Purl. 63d. The armhole begins. Knit the first 42 stitches backwards and forwards without increase to the 80th row for the right front. 81st. To give width on the shoulder, increase as before in the last stitch but one, and do the same in the 87th, 93d, and 99th rows. 100th to 106th. Without increase. 107th. Cast off the first 8 stitches, knit the rest plain. 108th. Purl. 109th. Cast off the first 3 stitches, knit the rest plain.

111th and 113th. Like the 109th. 114th. Purl. There should now be 29 stitches left. 115th. The shoulder-piece commences, for which knit the first 6 stitches plain; turn back, and purl the same 6 stitches. Knit 12 plain, turn back, and purl the same 12 stitches. Knit 16 plain, turn back, and purl the same 16 stitches. Knit 21 plain, turn back, and purl the 21 stitches. Knit 27 plain, turn back, and purl the 27 stitches. Knit 21 plain, turn back, and purl the same 21 stitches. Knit 16 plain, turn back, and purl the 16 stitches. Knit 12 plain, turn back, and purl the same 12 stitches. Knit 6 plain, turn back, and purl the same 6 stitches; then knit a plain and purl row with all the 29 stitches of the right front piece. Knit the second front in the same way to correspond exactly with this one. The middle stitches for the back must then be knitted straight backwards and forwards for 16 rows. In the 17th row, after the 1st stitch, and before the last, increase in the same manner as before, and do the same in the 23d, 29th, 36th, and 42d rows. After the latter 12 more straight rows follow; then the outer stitches of the back on each side must be cast off, on the wrong side, with those of the corresponding front, putting the two needles together, knitting a stitch from each at the same time, and passing one over the other, as in the heel of a stocking. Knit the stitches remaining in the centre of the back for 6 more straight rows, increasing in the 1st of them after the 1st stitch, and before the last; when the 6 rows are completed, cast off, and sew the ends of this narrow strip to the shoulder-pieces. For the short sleeves, pick up 66 stitches from the edge of the armhole on 3 needles, and knit them for 15 rounds in ribs of 2 plain, 2 purl, like the top of a stocking, then cast off loosely. Round the throat and down both sides of the front a strip of 7 or 8 rows is to be worked in double crochet (either with the same wool or a contrast, as may be preferred), taking up both the upper threads of the stitch. In the 4th row six buttonholes are to be made in the right front, at equal distances, by making 2 chain and missing 2 stitches of the former row. If a smaller-sized bodice is wanted, use steel needles No. 12.

BRAIDING PATTERN FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



Receipts, &c.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF VISITORS.

WHEN inviting company never undertake more than you can perform with credit to yourself; understand your resources, and what ought to be expected of you in your circumstances. Do not aim to an equality in entertainments with more wealthy people.

To Serve a Good Dinner for a Party of Gentlemen who do not Use Wine.—Unless the table is very handsome, it should first be covered with a colored tablecloth, after which a white cloth must be spread evenly over the table. If twelve guests are invited, set fourteen plates, as directed, with knife, fork, tablespoon, napkin, goblet, and salt; place the knife with the handle towards the right; the fork on the left, with the handle towards the edge of the table; napkin and goblet on the right; spoon between goblet and plate; and salt on the left. A side table should be spread, containing water, a plate of bread, extra napkins, fourteen large and twenty-eight small plates, also fruit, nuts, and fruit napkins; as many large and small knives and forks as there are small plates.

The bread should be cut in squares, and a piece laid on each napkin. The castor should be placed in the centre of the table, jellies and relishes at the corners, spoons put on tastily in places convenient for the dishes. When dinner is ready, the lady of the house may inform her husband. The soup should be placed before the lady of the house, the soup plates having been placed beside her plate when the table was laid; a waiter should fill the goblets while the soup is passing, which should be offered to every guest, commencing at her right hand, without remark. The host in the mean time should notice if any guest refuses soup; if so, he will serve them with fish, which stands before him. The waiter must notice when the guests are through with soup, take the plate immediately, and bring him fish if desired. The hostess must help the host last, and the host the hostess in like manner. When the fish has been served, remove soup, fish plates, knives, and forks. A boiled turkey is placed before the host, oyster sauce on his left, with the handle of the ladle towards the edge of the table; potatoes on the right, which should be mashed; and turnips on the left. Another platter containing beef may be placed before a guest, who is requested to carve; and another to balance on the other side, with duck or some other fowl, may be set before some other guest, who should also be requested to carve. If ham or beef is on the table with the turkey, it will be all sufficient, but two distinct varieties of meat are absolutely necessary for a genteel dinner. When the guests have finished with this course, the table must be entirely cleared, and the first cloth removed; the pudding should then be placed before the hostess, and the relishes before the host. She commences at the right as before, and passes a piece to each guest, the host passing the relishes. When this is finished, the waiter brings on the fruit, nuts, &c.; the plates, napkins, knives, &c., are placed before each guest with as little parade as possible. When the dessert is finished, the lady gives a signal to the host, and rises from the table, taking the arm of her escort, who should have been seated at her right, and leads the way to the parlor, where coffee should be immediately served, unless served at the table as a last course.

Directions for Evening Parties.—It is quite fashionable now to spread a table in the dining-room, to

which the guests are invited for refreshment. Much taste can be employed in decorating the table; where flowers are plenty, nothing is more beautiful than well-arranged bouquets. A few articles are deemed essential for parties; chicken salad, ice cream, whips or flummies, jellies, fruits, nuts, coffee and tea, sandwiches, cakes, and fancy confectioneries.

The large dishes should stand at the head and foot of the table, fancy dishes in the centre, to balance each other, and smaller in groups. Any person of taste can arrange to suit themselves much better than they can be directed. If you wish good coffee, don't allow it to be put on the fire until just before time to serve the refreshments; it is quite common to smell coffee two or three hours before it is served.

If possible, have all your arrangements concluded early, that you may not look jaded or care-worn. Do not appear anxious if any accident occurs, take no notice of it, or pass it lightly; don't ask if this or that relishes, or if the evening has passed pleasantly; take it for granted your guests are happy; nothing embarrasses visitors more than a fussy anxiety, fearing they are dull, &c. Be easy yourself, and your guests will feel the same. In your dress be simple, not pretending to make a show, that no person may feel that you are better dressed than themselves. Spend but little time with each guest, that all may receive your attentions; let your manners be quiet and dignified. If any guest brings a stranger uninvited, be particularly polite to them; if a gentleman, introduce him first to your husband, and then to others near; if a lady, introduce to the host, who will introduce her to others. In short, act the lady, and you will succeed in making your entertainments pleasant for your guests.

How to Treat Accidental Company.—In the first place, make your friends welcome; but do not make a fussy parade or show in doing it. If you can possibly do so, avoid cooking on their account; it makes a person feel uncomfortable to find themselves the occasion of extra trouble. Better by far give them without comment the best the house affords ready prepared, and spend the time of the visit in their society. It is generally supposed our friends are not obliged to make visits to supply the deficiencies at home; and we are to take the visit as a desire for our society rather than the costly viands with which we might load our table. When friends come from a distance, be particularly careful not to have them imagine their visit ill-timed; do not complain of poor help, or want of room to make them as comfortable as you would wish. If you have a good room, give it them; if, on the other hand, your accommodations are not such as you would desire on their account and your own, make no apology, do not let them see your mortification, but act as though you felt satisfied with yourself and the world. If you have all you need, and your friends have hardly as much of this world as would be for their comfort, be careful not to wound their feelings by an ostentatious show of the comforts you happen to be blessed with, but appear as though your friends were accustomed to every luxury, and these trifles were only a matter of course. When a friend arrives, it is expected they need the refreshment both of toilet and table; as soon as congratulations are over, and their luggage arrived, show them to their rooms. Be sure that every article needed is there before you go up. Do not be obliged to call for water, towels, &c., but let them think the room was in order for company before their arrival. A bit of meat relishes well after a journey, if it can be obtained without too much trouble. Do not hurry your guests at their toilet, but be ready as soon as they have finished their toilet to serve refreshments.

Allow them to propose retiring at night, instead of

saying yourself, "Our friends must be fatigued after their journey, and we will retire early on their account." If convenient, their room should be put in order while breakfast is serving; if not, as soon as possible after. Do not allow a guest ever to feel that you are putting yourself to trouble on their account. If you make changes, do it quietly, that it may not be noticed. It is much more agreeable to a guest to be treated to plain fare than to feel they are making needless trouble.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Lamb Cutlets (a French dish).—Cut a loin of lamb into chops. Remove all the fat, trim them nicely, scrape the bone, and see that it is the same length in all the cutlets. Lay them in a deep dish, and cover them with salad oil. Let them steep in the oil for an hour. Mix together a sufficiency of finely-grated bread-crumbs, and a little minced parsley, seasoned with a very little pepper and salt, and some grated nutmeg. Having drained the cutlets from the oil, cover them with the mixture, and broil them over a bed of hot, live coals, on a previously heated gridiron, the bars of which have been rubbed with chalk. The cutlets must be thoroughly cooked. When half done, turn them carefully. You may bake them in an oven, instead of broiling them. Have ready some boiled potatoes, mashed smooth and stiff with cream or butter. Heap the mashed potatoes high on a heated dish, and make it into the form of a dome or bee-hive. Smooth it over with the back of a spoon, and place the lamb cutlets all round it, so that they stand up and lean against it, with the broad end of each cutlet downward. In the top of the dome of potatoes, stick a handsome bunch of curled parsley.

Veal Loaf.—Take a cold fillet of veal, and (omitting the fat and skin) mince the meat as fine as possible. Mix with it a quarter of a pound of the fattest part of a cold ham, also chopped small. Add a teacupful of grated bread-crumbs, a grated nutmeg, half a dozen blades of mace powdered, the grated yellow rind of a lemon, and two beaten eggs. Season with a salt-spoon of salt, and half a salt-spoon of cayenne. Mix the whole well together, and make it in the form of a loaf. Then glaze it over with beaten yolk of egg, and strew the surface evenly all over with bread raspings, or with pounded cracker. Bake it half an hour, or till hot all through. Have ready a gravy made of the trimmings of the veal, stewed in some of the gravy that was left when the fillet was roasted the day before. When sufficiently cooked, take out the meat, and thicken the gravy with beaten yolk of egg, stirred in about three minutes before you take it from the fire. Send the veal loaf to table in a deep dish, with the gravy poured round it. Chicken loaf, or turkey loaf, may be made in this manner.

Veal Olives.—Take some cold fillet of veal and cold ham, and cut them into thin square slices of the same size and shape, trimming the edges evenly. Lay a slice of veal on every slice of ham, and spread some beaten yolk of egg over the veal. Have ready a thin force-meat, made of grated bread-crumbs, sweet-marijoram rubbed fine, fresh butter, and grated lemon-peel, seasoned with nutmeg and a little cayenne pepper. Spread this over the veal, and then roll up each slice tightly with the ham. Tie them round securely with coarse thread or fine twine; run a bird-splint through them, and roast them well. For sauce, simmer in a small sauce-pan some cold veal gravy with two spoonfuls of cream, and some mushroom catchup.

Sweetbread Croquettes.—Having trimmed some sweetbreads nicely, and removed the gristle, parboil

them, and then mince them very fine. Add grated bread, and season with a *very little* salt and pepper, some powdered mace and nutmeg, and some grated lemon-rind. Moisten the whole with cream, and make them up into small cones or sugar-loaves, forming and smoothing them nicely. Have ready some beaten egg, mixed with grated bread-crumbs. Dip into it each croquette, and fry them slowly in fresh butter. Serve them hot, standing up on the dish, and with a sprig of parsley in the top of each. Sweetbreads should never be used unless perfectly fresh. They spoil very rapidly. As soon as they are brought from market they should be split open and laid in cold water. Never attempt to keep sweetbreads till next day, except in cold weather. Similar croquettes may be made of cold broiled chicken, or cold roast veal, or of oysters, minced raw, and seasoned and mixed as above.

A Beef Steak Pot-Pie.—Remove the fat and bone from two pounds or more of fine, tender beef steaks, and cut them into small pieces. Season them slightly with a very little salt and pepper; put them into a pot with a piece of fresh butter rolled in flour, and just water enough to cover them. Let them stew slowly (skimming them as soon as the water comes to a boil) for an hour. Boil in another pot some white potatoes (a dozen small or eight large ones), cut into quarters. While the steak is stewing, make a paste of finely minced beef-suet and flour, in the proportion of a pound and a half of suet to three pounds of flour. For a large pot-pie, you should have more than the above quantity of paste; the paste being always considered the best part of the pie, and much liked by those who eat it at all. Having rubbed the minced suet into the pan of flour, add a very little salt, and as little water as will suffice to make it into a lump of dough. Beat the dough hard on both sides with the rolling-pin, to assist in making it light and flaky. Divide the dough into two portions; roll out one sheet thicker than the other. Line the sides of a clean iron pot about half-way or two-thirds up with the thin paste. Then, having poured a little of the gravy into the bottom of the pot, put in a layer of the half-stewed beef; then a layer of the thick paste, cut into long squares. Then a layer of the quartered potatoes; then meat; then paste; then potatoes, and so on till the whole is in. Pour on the remainder of the gravy, and add also a pint of warm water. Cover it well with a sheet of the thin paste, so as to form a close top-crust, uniting it round the edges with the paste that lines the sides. Then fill up the pot with boiling water, and place it over a moderate fire, and boil it slowly for an hour or more. Send it to table on a large dish—the meat, and potatoes, and soft crust in the middle, and the hard crust cut into pieces and laid round. Serve up the gravy in a boat. A pot-pie of fowls or rabbits may be made as above. If you prefer butter to suet for making the paste, allow half a pound of fresh butter to each pound of flour. Cut up the butter into the pan of flour, rub it fine with your hands, wet it with as little water as possible, beat and roll it out as above.

Fried Celery.—Take fine large celery, cut it into pieces three or four inches in length, and boil it tender, having seasoned the water with a very little salt. Then drain the pieces well, and lay them separately, to cool on a large dish. Make a batter in the proportion of three well-beaten eggs stirred into a pint of rich milk, alternately with half a pint of grated bread-crumbs, or of sifted flour. Beat the batter very hard after it is all mixed. Put into a hot frying-pan, a sufficiency of fresh lard, melt it over the fire, and when it comes to a boil, dip each piece of celery *twice* into the batter, put them into the

pan, and fry them a light brown. When done, lay them to drain on an inverted sieve with a broad pan placed beneath it. Then dish the fried celery, and send it to table hot. Parsnips and salsify (or oyster plant) may be fried in butter according to the above directions. Also the tops of asparagus cut off from the stalk, and the white part or blossom of cauliflower. Cold sweet potatoes are very nice, peeled, cut into long slips, and fried in this way.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

A Light Seed-Cake.—Take the yolks of six eggs and the whites of three, beat them well for half an hour; then put in six ounces of powdered loaf-sugar, mix it well with the eggs, add gradually seven ounces of flour and a few caraway-seeds; stir the whole well together, and put it into a pan or dish for baking. If the oven is hot, half an hour will bake it. The moment it is taken out of the oven, turn it out of the mould, and let it lie upside down until quite cold. Great care should be taken in the baking.

An Excellent Cake.—Rub two pounds of dry fine flour with one pound of butter washed in plain, and afterwards in rose-water; mix it with three spoonfuls of yeast in a little warm milk and water. Set it to rise an hour and a half before the fire; then beat into it two pounds of currants, one pound of sugar sifted, four ounces of almonds, six ounces of stoned raisins chopped fine, half a nutmeg, cinnamon, allspice, and a few cloves, the peel of a lemon chopped as fine as possible, a glass of wine, the same of brandy, twelve yolks and whites of eggs beaten separately; add orange, citron, and lemon. Beat the whole for half an hour. Bake in a quick oven.

Jumbles.—Take half a pound of flour, the same weight of loaf-sugar grated, two ounces of butter, rubbed in to the flour, one egg, and a dessertspoonful of brandy; make it up into a paste; if more moisture is required, add a spoonful of cream; drop it on tins with a fork.

Quaking Pudding.—Scald a quart of cream; when almost cold, put to it four eggs well beaten, one spoonful and a half of flour, some nutmeg, and sugar; tie it close in a buttered cloth, boil it an hour, and turn it out with care, lest it should crack. Serve with wine sauce.

Dame Jones's Pudding.—One pint of cream, eight yolks and five whites of eggs; melt a quarter of a pound of butter in a little of the cream; then mix in a quarter of a pound of sugar; when cool, put in a quarter of a pound of fine flour and the eggs. This quantity will make eight puddings, baked in small basins, at the bottom of which put a tablespoonful of currants well washed. Bake half an hour, and pour over them brandy or wine sauce.

Rolls.—Break an ounce of butter in very small pieces into a pound of the best flour, and add a little salt. Mix half an ounce of fresh yeast, and a little pounded sugar in a teaspoonful of lukewarm new milk, make a hollow in the centre of the flour, and pour this in gradually, stirring in sufficient of the flour to make a thick batter; strew more flour on the top, cover the pan with a thick cloth, and let it stand in a warm kitchen to rise. In about an hour, if it have risen considerably, mix a lightly whisked egg with another teaspoonful of warm new milk, and make the mass into a smooth dough. Cover it over as before, and in about half or three quarters of an hour, turn it out on a pasteboard, and divide into twelve portions of equal size. Knead these as lightly as possible into small round rolls, make a slight incision round them, and cut them once or twice across the top, placing them on slightly floured baking sheets a few inches apart. Let them remain a quarter of an

hour or twenty minutes to rise, then wash the tops over with yolk of egg, mixed with a little milk, and bake them in a brisk oven for ten or fifteen minutes.

Orange Jam.—The following is an excellent receipt for preserving sweet oranges with rhubarb or apples: Put the oranges whole into cold water, boil them until the skins are tender, take them out, throw them into cold water, and leave them till the next day; weigh them, then cut them in quarters, take out the pips, and add two-thirds the weight in rhubarb or apples (the latter must be pared and cut into quarters). Melt an equal weight of sugar in a little water, add the fruit, and boil on a quick fire until the syrup is tolerably thick.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

The following receipts were contributed by a lady of Wisconsin:—

Southern Cake.—Four eggs, four cups of flour, two of syrup, one of butter, one of milk, one and a quarter pound of dried peaches, scalded and dried; a teaspoonful of soda.

Soft Gingerbread.—Four eggs, half a pound of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one pound of flour, one cup of buttermilk, a teaspoonful of saleratus.

Lemon Cake.—Two cups of flour, one of butter, one of milk, three of sugar, six eggs, one large lemon, one teaspoonful of soda.

Cup Cake.—Three cups of flour, two of sugar, one of molasses, one of butter, one of milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, spices to taste.

Foam Sauce.—One teacupful of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one teaspoonful of flour, beat smooth, place over the fire and stir in three gills of boiling water, a little lemon. Vanilla or orange adds much to the sauce.

Dover Cake.—One pound of sugar, one pound of flour, one and a quarter pound of butter, half a pint of milk, eight eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, spices to the taste. Eaten with the above sauce.

Sour or Buttermilk Pudding.—Stir into one pint of milk one small teaspoonful of soda, then add four eggs, having beaten the whites and yolks separately; add eight teaspoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one grated nutmeg. Bake quickly.

Groundnut Cake.—One pint of groundnuts, beaten fine, one pint of sugar, the white of five eggs whipped up, flour enough to make them stick together, then bake in little pans or on white paper in moderate oven.

Whitewash.—To a bucket of whitewash add one pint of varnish.

Corn Batter Cakes. (Good).—One pint of meal, one pint of buttermilk, one egg, a teaspoonful of soda, two spoonfuls of flour, add soda to the milk, and mix the flour in last.

Chocolate Custard.—One quarter of a pound of prepared cocoa to one quart of milk, mix the milk and scraped chocolate to a thick paste, boil a quarter of an hour, while warm stir in three tablespoonfuls of sugar; set it away to cool; beat eight eggs well, and stir into this mixture. Bake in cups, and when cold, serve with macaroons laid on each cup.

Croton Cake. (Nice Cake).—One pound of sugar, one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, six eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, to be sifted in the flour, the soda to be dissolved in a cup of sour cream or milk; beat the eggs separately.

Pineapple Custard.—One pineapple, three eggs, one pound of sugar, a cup of butter, and a cup and a half of sponge cake.

Editors' Table.

A NOBLE BENEFACTION.

THERE are many excellent seminaries for young ladies, both public and private, but, with the exception of two or three medical colleges and schools of design, there is no institution in which women can acquire what may be termed a professional education. Such an institution seems about to be supplied by the munificent bequest of a merchant of Boston. This gentleman, MR. JOHN H. SIMMONS, had, we are told, occasion to employ in his business many women in various capacities, and he had been much impressed with the defective training which most of them had received for their duties. He was thus induced to entertain the desire of making a provision which should enable women to prepare themselves for the necessity, which might come to any of them, of earning their own subsistence. By his will he has bequeathed property considered to be worth now not much less than a million and a half of dollars, and likely soon to be increased to nearly two millions, for the purpose of endowing a college for young women, in which the pupils are to be taught "medicine, music, designing, telegraphing, and other branches of art, science, and industry best calculated to enable scholars to acquire an independent livelihood."

This is, indeed, an act of noble and well-directed benevolence. We are glad to observe that the terms of the bequest are large enough to enable the trustees to furnish that professional education which all women ought to possess. This expression may surprise some persons who have not given the subject the attention it deserves. The need of professional training is commonly supposed to be limited to men and to those women who, as teachers, physicians, or artists, have to obtain a livelihood for themselves. This, however, is a grave mistake. It may truly be said that women in general, with so few exceptions as not to be worth mentioning, require this training even more than men. For, while men have usually only one profession or calling in which they are required to be adepts, women are expected to be proficient in four or five.

Every woman is expected to be qualified to take the office of housekeeper, either in her own household or in that of a kinsman or an employer. Every woman should be fitted to be a teacher, if not in a school, at least for her own children or others nearly connected with her, who may derive from her their earliest and most important instruction. Every woman is expected (in our country, at least) to be a dressmaker. Every wife and mother should, if the health of her husband and children is to be preserved, have some knowledge of medicine. And, finally, no one is qualified for the expenditure of the household moneys, which usually falls to the office of the wife, if she have not a knowledge of accounts.

Here are five professions—those of housekeeper, teacher, dressmaker, physician, and accountant—the duties of which every woman who undertakes the care of a household ought to be qualified to discharge, and which involve an acquaintance with the elements of several sciences and arts. How slightly women in general are prepared for these duties at the outset, and through what troubles, mistakes, sorrows, and losses—often the loss of the health or lives of those dearest to them—they struggle into the partial acquisition of this precious knowledge, are

facts but too well known, and which most of our readers will be ready to attest from their own experience or observation. A young wife, who is certain that her husband has been thoroughly trained as a lawyer, engineer, mechanic, or merchant, sees him go out to his daily avocations with an assurance that they will be performed by him in a proper and profitable manner. But what assurance has the young husband, who places his bride in sole control of his household affairs, that she will not waste their common means, and injure the health of both and of the other members of their family, by mistakes which a proper education for her duties would have enabled her to avoid? That wealth and poverty are in the hands of the mistress of the house is an old experience. "He that would thrive must ask his wife," says the time-honored adage. If we rarely see half-trained professional men or tradesmen successful, how can we be surprised that in so many households all the labors of the hard-tasked husband cannot avail against the incompetency of his life-partner, who has undertaken the duties of her office with no better training than that which she could obtain from an equally ill-taught mother, and in many instances with not even that advantage?

Yet men have no right to be surprised at this result, while they deny to women those opportunities of scientific and systematic education for their future duties which are always open to men. Let the example which this clear-sighted and large-hearted Boston merchant has set be followed, not only by benevolent men, but by the public authorities throughout our country, and one of the greatest moral and social benefits which a people can enjoy will be the result.

LADY NURSES.

MUCH has been lately said of the benefits that would follow if the calling of sick nurse were elevated to a profession which an educated lady might adopt without a sense of derogation, either on her own part or in the estimation of others. A writer in an English periodical suggests that this result could be brought about by raising the scale of remuneration in the case of such lady nurses. He adduces the instance of the surgeon, who was formerly a mere mechanical assistant of the physician, and frequently combined the office with that of barber, but who is now a gentleman, receiving as high fees and held in the same estimation as other members of the medical profession. It appears evident, however, that the writer mistakes the effect for the cause. The surgeon of the present day is not respected because he receives high fees; but he obtains these fees because he is respected, and he is respected because he is a well-educated and thoroughly-trained professional man.

There can be no doubt that the duties of sick nurse, to be properly performed, require an education and training little, if at all, inferior to those possessed by members of the medical profession. To leave these duties to untaught and ill-trained persons is as great a mistake as it was to allow the office of surgeon to be held by one whose proper calling was that of a mechanic of the humblest class. The manner in which a reform may be effected is easily pointed out. Every medical college should have a course of study

and training specially adapted for ladies who desire to qualify themselves for the profession of nurse; and those who had gone through the course, and passed the requisite examination, should receive a degree and diploma, which would at once establish their position in society. The "graduate nurse" would in general estimation be as much above the ordinary nurse of the present day as the professional surgeon of our times is above the barber-surgeon of the last century.

It would not, however, be necessary that the professional nurse should be educated in a medical institution, although the degree or diploma should in all cases proceed from one. In this respect the example of the English universities might be followed, in awarding degrees to out-students who are found qualified to pass the requisite examination. Physicians (either doctors or *doctresses*) might receive pupils desirous of qualifying themselves for the profession of nurse. If the pupil had already a good general education (which would be absolutely essential), a year devoted to the special studies of medicine and science, and another year of reading and practice combined, would probably be sufficient for this object. It must be borne in mind, however, that in this profession, as in all others, there would be no short road to proficiency, and that the higher the qualifications the better, as a general rule, would be the remuneration.

When once the value of the "graduate nurses" becomes known, there is no doubt that the demand for them would be very great. Every village of a thousand inhabitants would, with the country about it, give occupation for two or three, at least. In any case of severe and protracted illness, their services would be called for as a matter of course, when the circumstances of the family allowed it. Every physician would be glad to recommend an assistant, on whose intelligent co-operation he could rely, and who would be too well informed to interfere with his treatment, as uneducated nurses are apt to do. There are many diseases in which the patient must owe his recovery chiefly to diet, regimen, and careful attendance. In all such cases the graduate nurse would be invaluable. In committing the control of the sick room into her hands, the family would feel the same sense of relief and security as is felt by the passengers in a ship, when, in stormy weather off a dangerous coast, an experienced pilot comes on board to take charge of the vessel.

There would be the further advantage that the nurse would not be an ignorant and unrefined person, with whom association would be unpleasant, but an educated lady, who would form an acceptable addition to the family circle during a period of anxiety and trouble—one who could give useful counsel on many subjects besides those of the sick chamber, and who would know how to economize not only her own health and strength, but the health and strength of the household, which are apt to be taxed too severely when any member of it is ill for a long period. In short, whenever such a profession is once established, it will soon be deemed as useful and respectable as any other; and, to revert to our former comparison, we shall wonder as much that we could have done without its members as we now wonder that our ancestors were content to allow the operations of surgery to be performed by a hair-cutter.

WOMEN IN SCHOOL BOARDS.

THERE is one field of public life, if such it may be called, which women may well desire to occupy. It is, indeed, a province which may be said to belong to them. Many years ago, Mrs. Emma Willard, who accomplished so much in raising the standard and

improving the methods of education, was accustomed to urge the importance of establishing boards of management, composed of women, to superintend the discipline and internal arrangements of schools, leaving the financial affairs to the "school trustees," who (as their title seems to imply) would be men of business. This idea, which appears to us an excellent one, has never been fully carried into effect. But the new school law of England, which promises to make a great improvement in the educational system of that country, specially provides for the admission of women as members of the elective School Boards which the act creates. At a great public meeting recently held at Greenwich, to prepare for the election, Mr. Stuart Mill, who presided, declared that, in his opinion, "it was of the utmost importance that there should be a proportion of women in the board," a declaration which was received by his audience with applause. Mr. Mill went on to give his reasons for his opinion in his usual terse and clever language. "In the first place," he said, "we have girls to educate, as well as boys; and a national education for girls, directed solely by men, would be an absurdity on the face of it. Moreover, women, as the principal domestic teachers, have more experience, and have acquired more practical ability in the teaching, at least, of children. Almost every mother of a family is a practiced teacher, and even beyond the family. For one man, not a teacher by profession, who has given much of his attention to teaching, or to the superintendence of teaching, there are many women who have done so." If the distinguished orator had been speaking in this country, he might have added that as the great majority of the school teachers are women, it would be in every way most proper that they should have superintendents of their own sex to direct and sustain them. It would seem that Mr. Mill's views met with general acceptance, as three ladies were afterwards elected as members of the London Board, one of them receiving more votes than any other candidate.

It will be observed, however, that this is not exactly the system which Mrs. Willard, as the result of her long experience, suggested. Her committee of women would have been a separate board, bearing much the same relation in its duties to the board of trustees that the wife bears to the husband in household affairs. This would seem to be a natural arrangement, and it is to be hoped that American legislators, incited by the example which has been set by the Parliament and people of conservative England, will adopt the system in this improved form. In that case, some other mode of forming the women's committee than election may possibly be preferred. A wife is not elected, but selected. The board of trustees might be empowered to choose their helpeest committee from among the ladies of their district whom they should judge best qualified for the office. The powers and duties of the committee would be fixed by the law, and should include especially the care of the school-house and the government of the pupils. If several respectable matrons were required to visit frequently the buildings in which these children and those of their neighbors were confined for five or six hours every day, we may be sure that they would not long allow the little creatures to inhale a poisonous atmosphere, or be oppressed with excessive tasks, or tortured with cruel punishments; nor yet would they permit them to be left in idleness and disorder.

We cannot but think that American women in general, even those who are most eager in demanding what they deem the "rights" of their sex, have failed to comprehend their duties in regard to the schools in which their sons and daughters are educated.

This English school law, however imperfect, may serve as a lesson and an incitement to something higher and better in the same direction.

BOOKS FOR HOME READING.

We have spoken so often of Jean Ingelow's poetry that our readers will not be surprised when we add her new volume to our Household Library. There is no topic of her verse which will not accord with the feelings and desires that cluster around the home. This book (*Poems of Love and Childhood*) has just been published by Roberts Brothers, of Boston, and will, no doubt, be a popular gift book for the holidays. It has Miss Ingelow's sweetness and poetry of thought, though here and there are obscurity and a strain after effect, of which she must beware. We quote a poem called "The Long White Seam:"—

"As I came round the harbor buoy,
The lights began to gleam;
No wave the land-locked water stirred,
The crags were smooth as cream;
And I marked my love by candlelight
Sewing her long white seam.
* * * * *

"I climbed to reach her cottage door:
Oh, sweetly my love sings!
Like a shaft of light her voice breaks forth,
My soul to meet it springs.
As the shining water leaped of old
When stirred by angel wings.

"Fair fall the lights, the harbor lights,
That brought me in to thee;
And peace drop down on that low roof
For the sight that I did see;
And the voice, my dear, that rang so clear,
All for the sake of me.
For O, for O, with brows bent low,
By the candle's flickering gleam,
Her wedding gown it was she wrought,
Sewing the long white seam."

The other book which we would place in homes is a book for boys. It is called "The Adventures of a Young Naturalist," and is published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The scene is laid in Mexico. Little Lucien is the son of a scientific explorer, who makes long journeys on foot through the Mexican forests to collect rare specimens of plants and insects. When he is about to start upon one of these expeditions, Lucien begs to go with him, and after some hesitation his petition is granted. The other members of the party are a fellow Naturalist, an Indian servant, and a dog. Their adventures are numerous and exciting, and are so told as to illustrate the habits and instincts of the animals who people those tropical latitudes. The ground is almost new, for we believe that Captain Reid has never taken his young readers into Mexico; and this volume has the great advantage that it does not attempt long and labored descriptions of natural objects, but condenses into a few telling words all that a boy need know of them. Of course, Lucien and his companions meet with a more constant succession of adventures than would fall to the lot of an ordinary party, but that no boy will object to. The book is well written, though occasionally the phraseology is too ambitious. Whether it is a translation from the French we do not understand. The author is Lucien Blart; it is edited and adapted by Parker Gillmore. We commend it to any parent who desires that his son shall be instructed and amused by the same volume. The boys will read it eagerly, and will not have to strain their eyes over it in the winter evenings; the type is large and clear, and the pictures are excellent. No better idea could be given of tropical scenery than is furnished by these numerous illustrations.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

A NEW CHARITY.—The First Annual Report of the "Woman's Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" is now lying before us. This society could never have been formed but in an advanced state of civilization, when sympathy for the weak and suffering had become a powerful motive. The Report of the President, Mrs. Richard P. White, shows how grievous are the evils to be repressed. Horses and dogs, the humble friends and helpers of men, are maltreated every day before our eyes. This society is doing what it can for the dumb races that we so torment. It has put up drinking fountains throughout the city. It is erecting a pound for dogs, to save them from the slaughter caused by the present ordinance of councils; and it has agents stationed in the busiest localities to arrest and bring before a magistrate the ruffians who abuse their power. Twenty-three arrests were made from December to April last, and almost all the offenders were convicted and fined. It seems eminently fit that women should be foremost in so good a work. Their natural tenderness should display itself in shielding the helpless and shaming the cruel. We hope that many of our readers will enroll their names in this noble society. The office is at 1320 Chestnut Street, where Reports may be procured, and the names of members are enrolled.

The movement did not originate with ladies. The society has been doing its good work for many years. In April, 1869, the Woman's Branch was organized, by the earnest desire of the gentlemen of the association. The Mayor of Philadelphia, and several others were prominent in the movement; and the Woman's Branch has gone on and prospered steadily.

LONGEVITY.—The statistics of deaths at different ages in England and Wales, for the year 1868, show that there were 561 deaths registered of persons aged 95 years and upwards. Of these 561 persons, 178 were males and 383 females. Among them there were 63 persons—that is, 11 males and 52 females, who were a hundred years old and upwards. The oldest man was aged 111, and the oldest woman 114. It is stated that the registrars do not appear to have taken any steps to verify the representations as to the age of the persons returned as dying at these advanced ages.

MEN AND WOMEN CRIMINALS.—In the New Jersey State Prison there are 575 prisoners, including 26 females.

THE munificent bequests of Miss SOPHIA Smith, of Hatfield, Mass., for the establishment of a female college were made in a spirit manifested in the following words of the donor: "It is my opinion that by the higher and more thorough Christian education of women, their wrongs will be redressed, their wages adjusted, their weight of influence in reforming the evils of society greatly increased; as teachers, as writers, as mothers, as members of society, their power for good will be incalculably enlarged."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Decoration Day"—"Tennessee"—"Autumn"—"Maiden with Soft Locks of Gold"—"How it Happened"—"Yearning"—"Dost Thou Care?"—"Doubts"—"Brother Nat's Ring"—"Grandma Dusenberry"—"Mother's Balm"—"Charade—Daylight"—"Soliloquy of Humphrey Gray, Bachelor."—"To Katie"—and "Sadness."

The following articles are declined: "My Haunted Room"—"Werner's Lament"—and "Sweet Tidings." "M. H.," Newburgh, O. Send a three-cent stamp. "The Face in the Crowd." No letter, no stamps. Will the author write us.

Health Department.

BY DR. CHARLES P. UHLE.

PAINFUL DIGESTION.

THE conditions of a healthy digestion are these: The food should be masticated, mixed with the saliva, and swallowed into the stomach; in the stomach it should be reduced to a semi-fluid consistence, and converted into a uniform pulp, called chyme; this chyme should be transmitted through the pylorus (the lower opening of the stomach) into the duodenum (the upper part of the bowels), and then mixed with the bile, the pancreatic juice, and the intestinal mucus; the whole should then be separated into two parts—the chyle, or the nutritious portion, to be taken up and carried to the blood, and the excrementitious portion to be conveyed through the intestines out of the body. When any of these conditions are wanting, when obstacles of any kind interfere with these processes, we have disordered digestion, or, as it is more generally termed among the people, dyspepsia, or painful digestion. Now, as it must be evident to every intelligent mind, these events occur from a variety of different causes, some directly, and others indirectly, influencing the process. And, in order to treat our subject properly, it will be necessary to examine them as they present themselves. We will commence at the mouth, and follow the food in its course through the body.

The first rupture of our "conditions of healthy digestion" we find exhibited in the very first act of the process, that of mastication. As a general rule, people do not chew their food as they ought. They eat in too much of a hurry, bolt it down in handfuls, and fail to mix it properly with the saliva. The starchy portions of our food *must* be converted into sugar before it is digested. All substances containing starch, such as flour, potatoes, pass through this process; and, when not thoroughly saturated with saliva, they lie in the intestinal canal, undissolved or incompletely so, until they pass well down its length and meet the pancreatic juice, when the process is completed. This decidedly disarranges the digestive process; for, although the pancreas was undoubtedly intended to perform part of this work, it was not put there to do the whole of it, or, at least, the greater part. We know a journeyman printer who was once much tormented with indigestion. Everything he ate at meal times "lay like a lump of lead" upon his stomach, and was the cause of much inconvenience and discomfort. In the course of events he was necessitated to change his residence, when his entire dyspepsia left him. He remained free from it until again compelled to move, when it returned as bad as ever, and no apparent cause could be discovered. Upon changing again his digestion began to improve, and soon became as sound as could be wished. This was for some time a great mystery. It was at length ascertained, however, that his indigestion depended not upon the locality in which he resided, but on its distance from the printing house. When far off, he ate his dinner with his family rapidly, having only time enough to walk home and back again within the hour. When he lived near, the time otherwise spent in walking was occupied in eating, or in cheerful converse with his wife and family. In other instances, where, by the loss of a lower lip—salivary fistula—or the dirty habit of spitting, the food is deprived of its natural quantity of saliva, we also witness its injurious effects upon digestion. Insufficient mastication and insalivation, therefore, is one great and common cause of dyspepsia.

The second condition of healthy digestion, as we have stated, is the breaking down or dissolving of the food in the stomach into a substance called chyme. This process is termed chymification, and is accomplished, first, by the action of the gastric juice, a watery-like fluid, which oozes forth in minute drops from the mucous coat of the stomach when the food or some solid substance is swallowed into it; second, by a churning or revolving movement of the stomach, which keeps its contents in constant motion, and secures its intimate admixture with the digestive fluids; and, third, by the action of the biliary, pancreatic, and intestinal juices, by which the process is completed.

These three digestive fluids—the gastric, biliary, and pancreatic juices—act in a different manner upon the different articles of food. The former operates more especially on the albuminous, and the latter upon the fatty compounds, while the biliary separates the excretory matters from the chyme, renders oleaginous matters more suitable for being absorbed, prevents the too rapid decomposition of albuminous food, and facilitates the assimilation of the nutritive portions of the food in general. Now, dyspepsia may be induced by any cause which increases, diminishes, or in any way interferes with the secretion of these three fluids.

When the gastric juice is in excess, we have a "sour stomach," as it is called, one of the most common causes of indigestion among scrofulous and consumptive patients. This excess of acid is often so great as to neutralize the alkaline action of the pancreatic juice, and render it incapable of emulsifying fatty matter. On the other hand, the gastric juice may be diminished in quantity, as it frequently is, from the effects of continued gluttony, drunkenness, mental work, or any thing which weakens and wears out the nervous energy of the stomach and digestive organs. A sense of load after eating is generally indicative of slow digestion from this cause.

When the pancreatic secretion is deficient, or wanting from obstruction of the pancreatic ducts, the fatty portion of the food remains undigested, a source of pain and inconvenience, and passes through the body unchanged.

When the bile is insufficient in quantity, the bowels become constipated, gases form in the intestines, oleaginous matters do not dissolve readily, and disordered digestion is sure to arise as a consequence. When it is secreted in excess, it acts as an irritation to the intestines, produces frequent alvine discharges, accompanied with much distress in the stomach and bowels, and puts digestion (below the point where it enters the intestines) entirely at a standstill as long as it continues.

But there is another sort of indigestion that must be noticed in this place, and that is the impediments—direct and indirect—to the natural and healthy contractile movements of the stomach and intestines. The organs of digestion, it must be remembered, are highly endowed with nervous susceptibility. The *pneumogastric*—a nerve, or rather a large bundle of nerves, emanating directly from the cerebral mass—passes downwards through the neck, and distributes branches to the pharynx, larynx, oesophagus, lungs, heart, and finally to the stomach, liver, pancreas, duodenum, and other organs concerned in the office of digestion and assimilation. This nerve supplies these parts with motion and sensation; every movement they make, every impression they receive, is transmitted through it from the great nervous centre, the brain. It is evident, therefore, that whatever cause disturbs the harmony of these proceedings—whether it be through the medium of the brain itself, or more directly through injury or accident to

the nerve—interferes proportionately with the digestive process. The experiments of physiologists have shown that section of the pneumogastric, by arresting the contractile movements of the stomach, permits only that part of the food in contact with the secreting coat of the organ to be digested. This fact at once explains the reason why it is that mental emotion, hard study, or other absorbing mental occupation, is productive of indigestion. It calls off the nervous energy of the stomach (by concentrating it strongly elsewhere), depresses its nervous powers, and retards or checks entirely that important process of securing the thorough admixture of the food with the digestive fluids. The same effects are produced by the habit of tight lacing, so common among the ladies, although, of course, in a different manner.

We now come to the third and last mentioned condition of healthy digestion—that of the absorption of the nutritious, and removal of the unnutritious portions of our food. The former need not occupy our attention in this place, the only immediate effect of its perverted action being a loss of flesh, or *anæmia*, from a deficiency of nutritive materials. The latter, however, is of more importance, for, whenever the process is temporarily effected, that of digestion is interfered with in proportion.

We shall resume this subject in the next number.

Literary Notices.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

DOROTHY FOX. By the author of "How it happened," etc. A readable novel of English life, in which the heroine, a pretty little Quaker girl, is admirably drawn.

FERNYHURST COURT. *An Every-day Story.* By the author of "Lettice Lisle," etc. We like this story well. It is pleasantly written, and its characters are all well conceived and well delineated. Its illustrations are numerous and creditable.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

BESSY RANE. *A Novel.* By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," etc. Mrs. Wood may not be the most brilliant of writers, but her stories are always entertaining, while their moral tone is unexceptionable. Indeed, for that part of the reading public who do not demand high literary merit, we know of no English writer whom we can more heartily recommend.

THE DEAD SECRET. *A Novel.* By Wilkie Collins.

THE STOLEN MASK. *A Novel.* By Wilkie Collins.

A reprint of two of the earlier novels of the best English sensational writer. Every one should read Wilkie Collins's stories.

A RENT IN THE CLOUD. By Charles Lever. One volume of Peterson's edition of Charles Lever's works. It is not, perhaps, as full of roystering merriment as some of his Irish stories, but is, to our mind, quite as pleasing.

ROSE DOUGLAS. An entertaining Scottish story, which will, no doubt, be new to most of our readers.

MAJOR JONES'S COURTSHIP. *Detailed, with other Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures, in a Series of Letters by Himself.*

THE CHRONICLES OF PINEVILLE. By the author of "Major Jones's Courtship."

The Messrs. Peterson are issuing a "Library of Humorous American works," to which these two volumes belong.

MRS. HALE'S RECEIPTS FOR THE MILLION.
MRS. HALE'S NEW COOK BOOK.

A new edition of these valuable books has just

been published by Mr. Peterson. They are too well established in public favor to need a word of commendation.

MISS LESLIE'S NEW COOKERY BOOK.

MRS. GOODFELLOW'S COOKERY AS IT SHOULD BE. *A Manual of the Dining-room and Kitchen.*

Two standard works on cookery, by ladies who years ago were authorities in culinary matters.

From J. P. SKELLY & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE BUILDERS. By Miss L. Bates, author of "Beginning," etc.

FLOSSY LEE AT THE MOUNTAINS. By Faith Wynne, author of "Flossy Lee."

Skelly's publications are always characterized by their pure moral tone, so that no parent need fear on that score to introduce them to their children. These are both pleasant and instructive stories, and we can recommend them.

From TURNER & Co., Philadelphia:—

TURNER'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE for 1871.

From ALFRED MARTEN, Philadelphia:—

THE GREEK MAID. From the German. By L. C. Shelp.

ANNE'S BEACH PARTY. By Mary A. Denison.

We are glad to see that so many of these little books are printed now a days in large clear type. Mr. Marten's publications are a pleasure to read. "Anne's Beach Party" is a pleasant little story which we can commend without reserve.

From A. WINCH, 505 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

THE OLD FRANKLIN ALMANAC, NO. 12, for 1871.

From DUFFIELD ASHMEAD, Philadelphia:—

THE HOME MANUAL. By Elizabeth Nicholson. This is a small, strongly bound, and convenient cookbook and housebook, designed to meet the thousand emergencies of a housekeeper. It contains a number of blank pages for MS. receipts.

THE MOTHER'S LEGACIE TO HER UNBORN CHILD. By Elizabeth Joceline. From the edition of 1825. Edited, with an Introduction, by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. Square 16mo., cloth, extra bevelled boards, red or gilt edges. Price \$1 50.

LOVE; OR, WOMAN'S DESTINY. *With Other Poems.* By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. Square 16mo., cloth, extra bevelled boards, red or gilt edges. Price \$1 50.

These new books of Mrs. Hale's are uniform in size and style, and are handsomely bound and printed for the holidays. They make suitable companion volumes, and may now be found in all the bookstores.

From the AUTHOR, Philadelphia:—

AN ADDRESS COMMEMORATIVE OF THE VIRTUES AND SERVICES OF ABRAHAM B. HUTTON, Late Principal of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Delivered, at the Request of the Directors, on the 4th of October, 1870. By James J. Barclay, Secretary of the Institution.

From GEORGE W. CHILDS, Philadelphia:—

THE AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE AND PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR. *Christmas, 1871.* This number of the *Gazette* is really a handsome book. There is a copious list of illustrated gift books, and a picture from each, executed in the highest style of engraving. We are glad to see the continued success of the *Gazette*. It fills a place among periodicals

which no other could supply. All who are interested in literature, or who are curious to hear the forthcoming announcements of the next season, will do well to take this Journal. It is published by Mr. Childs, in the *Ledger* Building.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS and LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

WOMAN'S RECORD; or, *Sketches of all Distinguished Women from the Creation to A. D., 1868.* Arranged in four Eras. With Selections from Authoresses of each Era. By Mrs. Hale, authoress of "Northwood," etc. Illustrated by two hundred and thirty portraits. Third edition, revised, with additions. This is the most complete and comprehensive work of its kind ever issued, and has only been prepared and compiled after vast and exhaustive research. It is a work that has already become a standard and a recognized authority. The editor of a work published in London, who has made up his own book chiefly from "Woman's Record," frankly confesses his obligations to the American work. He says, in his preface, "Such a complete record of womanly excellence and ability cannot fall of being highly interesting and useful; and it must be evident to all that the task of its compilation must have been one of great labor and research; far more, indeed, than the present editor can claim credit for—his work having been chiefly that of condensation from a large and costly volume published in America, and entitled 'Woman's Record,' by Mrs. Hale, who states in her preface that it cost her three years of hard study and labor—a volume which in itself is a striking example of feminine ability in authorship."

MY APINGI KINGDOM: *with Life in the Great Sahara, and Sketches of the Cobra, of the Ostrich, Hyena, etc.* By Paul Du Chailly, author of "Discoveries in Equatorial Africa," etc. This book, written especially for youth, is equally interesting for adults. It is in some sort a sequel to "Lost in the Jungle," as it takes up the story of Du Chailly's adventures where that volume leaves them. Though based upon actual facts and occurrences, the narrative reads as interesting as romance. This class of books is an especially desirable one to place in the hands of our children.

THE WARDEN and BARCHESTER TOWERS. By Anthony Trollope. Everybody should read the series of novels by Anthony Trollope of which "The Warden" is the opening volume, and "The Last Chronicle of Barset" the concluding one. Mr. Trollope is, to our thinking, the very best living English writer, because the healthiest in tone, the most free from sensation, and the truest to life. His style is sometimes a little prosy, but then one can always "skip" the dry part pages in reading him.

IN DUTY BOUND. By the author of "Mark Warren," etc.

FROM THISTLES—GRAPES: By Mrs. Elioart, author of "The Curate's Discipline," etc. Two excellent stories of English life worthy the attention of the novel reader.

WILLSON'S NEW SPELLER AND ANALYZER. *Adapted to Thorough Elementary Instruction in the Orthography, Orthoepy, Formation, Derivation, and Uses of Words.* By Marcus Willson.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE SONG OF THE SOWER. By William Cullen Bryant. Illustrated with forty-two engravings on wood. This is the most beautiful book of the season. The binding is elegant, it is printed on tinted and hot-pressed paper, and every page contains a hand-

some illustration. The work is alike creditable to author, artists, engravers, and publishers.

AUTUMN DREAMS. By Chiquita. The author of this little book of poems modestly says: "There is not a thought entertained of its *instructing* any; only a faint hope cherished that, as there is nothing which can offend the taste or feeling of the most delicate, it may, from its simplicity and mayhaps tenderness of sentiment, find its way to hearts not yet cold or worldly." The poems are pleasant, and filled with tender thought and sentiment, which will win for them many admirers.

From CARLETON, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

AT LAST. *A Novel.* By Marion Harland, author of "Alone," etc. This talented authoress again makes her appearance before the public, who is already well acquainted with her literary merits, though she is not so voluminous an author but that she takes time to prepare carefully, thoughtfully, and well whatever proceeds from her pen. The scene of this latest novel is laid in Virginia. It touches the "woman question" in a manner, and, as Marion Harland is a woman of advanced views on this question, she has made this novel to a certain extent the medium of giving them to the public. The particular point she touches is that relating to the subserviency of woman to man. Her heroine's happiness is destroyed and life marred by blindly yielding obedience to the will of a domineering, selfish, and arrogant brother. She also touches incidentally the subject of marriage and divorce.

ADRIFT WITH A VENGEANCE. *A Tale of Love and Adventure.* By Kinahan Cornwallis. This is certainly a sensation novel "with a vengeance." It is in the form of an autobiography, in which the author first introduces himself to us as a child of unknown parentage, and in the most unfortunate circumstances. He passes through dreadful scenes, among not the least of which is witnessing the murder of a man and subsequently assisting in disposing of his body by dissolving it in boiling potash—a novel suggestion, by the way, to murderers who are troubled how to dispose of the "body." The end of the book finds him, however, happily married, and no less a person than the "Earl of Huntingdon, of Huntingdon Park, Gloucester," England. It seems that this ambitious writer could find no position in this country sufficiently elevated to satisfy the cravings of his aspiring nature, so he is welcome to his earldom if its shadowy possession is any gratification to him.

THE CLOVEN FOOT. *Being an Adaptation of the English Novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," to American Scenes, Characters, Customs, and Nomenclature.* By Orpheus C. Kerr. Of all the plottings, plannings, surmises, and imaginings which the unfinished state of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" has been the occasion of, this is the most amusing, if not the most plausible. It is undeniably witty, and is not unworthy the pen of one of our best American humorists.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

WONDERS OF BODILY STRENGTH AND SKILL, in All Ages and Countries. Translated and Enlarged from the French of Guillaume Depping by Charles Russell. With numerous illustrations. In these days, when "muscular Christianity" is so popular with nearly all classes of people, a book which treats in systematic form of bodily strength and skill will find abundant favor. The book gives a history of wrestling, boxing, etc., from earliest times down to the present, with accounts of feats of strength and

skill. The last third of the volume is devoted to the "Skill of the Eye and Hand."

From SHELTON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

WITH FATE AGAINST HIM. By Amanda M. Douglass, author of "In Trust," etc. An entertaining American novel, by an author who is fast acquiring favor with the public. This is her last and best work.

From DODD & MEAD, New York, through D. ASHMEAD, Philadelphia:—

LABOR STANDS ON GOLDEN FEET. *A Holiday Story.* By Heinrich Zuchokke. Translated by John Yeats, LL. D. "This little work," says the preface, "exhibits, with characteristic energy and fidelity, the development of those principles which Zuchokke believed to be the basis of all true civilization. The influence of home training is powerfully portrayed; in the history of a family through three generations, individual and social progress are happily illustrated; the purpose and scope of national instruction are clearly shown; manual labor is seen at issue with machinery; throughout the work maxims of prudence and precepts of piety are interspersed, such as an old man of seventy-five—a patriot, poet, philosopher, and historian—was willing and anxious to bequeath to posterity."

From NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY and PUBLICATION HOUSE, New York:—

HOW COULD HE ESCAPE? *A Temperance Tale.* By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, author of "John and the Demijohn," etc. A story which, while it will entertain the reader, cannot fail to exert an influence for good.

From MUNN & Co., New York:—

THE UNITED STATES PATENT LAW. *Instructions How to Obtain Letters Patent for New Inventions.* By Munn & Co., Solicitors of Patents, No. 37 Park Row, New York.

From J. S. REDFIELD, New York:—

THE USES OF WINES IN HEALTH AND DISEASE. By Francis E. Anstie, M. D., F. R. C. P., Editor of the *London Practitioner*, Assisted by the Editorial Staff.

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through ALFRED MARTIN, Philadelphia:—

HYMNS OF FAITH AND HOPE. By Horatius Bonar, D. D. Three series. Doctor Bonar enjoys a wide reputation among Scotch Presbyterians as a hymn writer, and we are glad to see these three little volumes. Some of the hymns are familiar to many; such as "I lay my sins on Jesus." In this season of gift books, it is well that those who prefer religious to secular literature should have an opportunity of giving and receiving enjoyment such as is offered to them by the publications of the Carters.

CHRISTIE ELWOOD AND HER FRIENDS.

ROSE'S TEMPTATIONS. PINKIE AND THE RABBITS. These two belong to the "Floweret" Series, by Joanna H. Mathews, authoress of "The Bessie Books."

From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

ESSAYS WRITTEN IN THE INTERVALS OF BUSINESS; to which is added, an *Essay on Organization of Daily Life.* By Arthur Helps, author of "Friends in Council," etc. These essays are divided into two parts. The first part includes among its subjects, "On Practical Wisdom," "Aids to Content-

ment," "On Self Discipline," and others, all relating more or less to self and individual training. Those of the second part refer more particularly to business life, and intercourse with business men.

TEN TIMES ONE IS TEN; *The Possible Reformation.* A story in nine chapters. By Colonel Frederick Ingham. A story involving lessons of Christian life and labor, written at the persuasion of the late Doctor Wayland, of Brown University.

JOHN WHOPPER, *The Newsboy.* With illustrations. A wonderful story of the adventures of a newsboy, which will amuse young and old alike. Let every one read it and laugh over it.

PUCK'S NIGHTLY PRANKS. Translated from the German of Ludwig Bund. By Charles T. Brooks. Illustrated by Paul Konewka. The little poem which this book contains is amusing, but the chief feature of the volume is its silhouette illustrations, which, for beauty and grace of outline and composition, exceed anything of the kind we have ever yet seen.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO GOETHE'S FAUST. Designed by Paul Konewka. Those who remember among the holiday gifts of last season the graceful silhouettes of Konewka for the "Midsummer Night's Dream," will welcome a new series of similar illustrations from his pencil. The book now before us is in every respect a more considerable volume than its predecessor. Instead of the tricks and frolics of elves, it deals with the joys and sorrows of men. Faust and Margaret, Mephistophiles and Martha, Valentin and Wagner, are marvellously represented in the black outlines, so that we hardly miss the expression of the eye, upon which most painters so much rely. The pictures of Mephistophiles singing, of Margaret after her betrayal, and of Valentin, are especially fine. The typography and binding of the book combine to render it a most beautiful present for the holidays.

POEMS OF LOVE AND CHILDHOOD. By Jean Ingelow. This new volume by our favorite poetess will no doubt find thousands of readers and admirers. We have spoken of it at length in the "Editor's Table" (see page 190). We need only say here that it is got up in Roberts' Brothers best style with luxurious type and paper.

From LORING, Boston, through PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

THE WONDERFUL BAG, AND WHAT WAS IN IT. By the author of the "Fairy Egg." Illustrated by C. G. Bush. The third volume of the pretty little series of books called "The Fairy Folk Series."

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through TURNER & Co., and PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

DOUBLE PLAY; or, *How Joe Hardy Chose his Friends.* By William Everett, author of "Changing Base," etc. As the best description of this book, we quote the author himself: "I won't keep them long. It is just to explain why I don't make my boys all the time on the strain with fearful sensations and hair-breadth escapes; where lads, aged eight, plunge head first in the water, and save a rich stockbroker's rosy-cheeked daughter; or build them a boat out of kindlings and slabs, in which they make voyages and catch soft-shelled crabs, and lay the foundations of fortune and glory—I know that's the style of the popular story; but it's not in my line, and I humbly submit that it's not like the life of our youngsters a bit. The boys that I know, all have lessons to learn, geography, figures, and Latin, in turn; and if I'm to write about boys and their ways, I prefer to describe how their actual days are passed, and the troubles they really go through, and not awful sensations to make you turn blue."

PRUDY KEEPING HOUSE. By Sophie May, au-

thor of "Little Prudy Stories," etc. The prettiest, most entertaining, and amusing book for the little ones we have seen this season, as those who are familiar with the "Little Prudy Stories" will not need to be told.

LOST IN THE FOG. By James de Mille, author of "The B. O. W. C." etc. Illustrated. The third volume of the "B. O. W. C." series, an entertaining set of books for boys.

THE TONE MASTERS. A Musical Series for Young People. By Charles Barnard, author of "Mozart and Mendelssohn," etc. Illustrated. This volume puts in story form the lives of Handel and Haydn. It is the second of the series.

From HENRY HOYT, Boston, through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAPPELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

INTO THE HIGHWAYS. By Mrs. C. E. K. Davis. CHARITY HURLBURT. By C. C.

SNAIL-SHELL HARBOR. By J. H. Langille.

Three pleasant moral and instructive stories for young people. Their outward appearance is exceedingly attractive, and the books are every way well suited for holiday gifts. We trust they were not overlooked during the past holidays.

From NOYES, HOLMES, & Co., Boston, through PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

EVERY DAY. By the author of "Striving and Gaining," etc. A quiet, attractive story of home life, possessing, perhaps, no remarkable degree of literary merit, but then, on the other hand, equally free from blemishes, either in style or sentiment. It is a book for a quiet hour.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

FEBRUARY, 1871.

OUR FEBRUARY NUMBER.—Our steel plate—"The Fight Interrupted"—tells its own story. Seven figures in our colored fashion-plate, an improvement on our former plates. A beautiful design in patch-work printed in blue. And to show our patrons the difficulty experienced in procuring them the fashions, we present them with a picture of our Paris balloon. We will not attempt to particularize our other novelties; our readers can see for themselves.

THE JANUARY number of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is worthy of these, the best days of that veteran of magazines for women. The literary contents are good, of course. But too much cannot be said in praise of the fashion articles, and the various departments concerning fancy work, household work, receipts, etc. etc. The illustrations are numerous to bewilderment. There is also a "Supplement of Gulpure Netting," presented to the subscribers, which will set thousands of them to work at the pretty business.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE Transatlantic is the title of a magazine published in this city. The contents are the cream of the English magazines; the skim milk is left. The selections are truly excellent, and show remarkable taste in the editor. We recommend it highly, and to give our readers an opportunity of procuring this admirable magazine at a cheap rate we offer it and the **LADY'S BOOK** for \$4, which is a saving of two dollars.

WEDDING parties in New York complain that churches are so crowded when the wedding is celebrated. It is their own fault. Why do they give the flash papers notices when and where the wedding takes place?

A FOOD TREASURE FROM THE SEA.—Editors, physicians, and newspaper correspondents in all parts of the country seem to have investigated the merits of the **SEA MOSS FARINE** (made from pure Irish Moss or Carrageen) pretty thoroughly. It has been subjected to the experimentum crucis in numberless kitchens, and to the criticism of numberless epicurean palates, and the result, as far as we can judge, is a universal verdict in its favor. It has been placed, so to speak, in the front rank of our food staples, and all that has been said of it by the patentee (Mr. Rand), and the Company interested in its sale appears to be approved and confirmed by public opinion.

THE Philadelphia North American holds forth follows:—

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The Christmas GODEY comes with a title where the open-portal church in the distance, swallowing many, yet leaves a crowded foreground for traffic in holly and evergreen; Santa Klaus upholding his immemorial tree on one side against laughing children on the other. A Berlin bird, as many-hued as Jacob's coat, screams among flowers, challenging committal to wool. A great page of shining fashions; a little one of the benevolence popularly attributed to the occasion: costumes, hair-dressing, music—these and others like preface the stories, and sketches, and poems, and receipts, and crowded work-department, and literary notices, and arm-chair, and juvenile games, and architecture, that will furnish amusement and edification to hundreds of thousands. Godey has fairly trumped his own hand this time, and closed the eighty-first volume so that every possessor will hasten to secure the eighty-second.

"MICHAEL EDMONDS, of Moundsville, Va., claims to be the oldest freeman in the United States. He is one hundred and four years old, and has constantly used tobacco for ninety years."

What are we coming to? Used tobacco for ninety years, and lived to one hundred and four! The *London Lancet*, the great medical authority of Europe, has come out decidedly in favor of tobacco. Another question arises. How long would the old gent have lived if he had not used tobacco?

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Godey launches into the new year with great vigor and freshness, considering the fact that it has been queen of the fashion world for well towards half a century; and still everybody says, long live Godey.—*Herald, Dubuque, Iowa.*

In the next number we commence our new department of "How to Make Children's Clothes." This will be very useful to mothers.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is, as usual, fully up to the standard of a *Superior Magazine*. The splendid engravings, Colored Fashion Plates, Costumes, Music, etc., together with its high toned literary character, make this the cheapest and most interesting Magazine in this country.—*Pioneer, Leon, Iowa.*

DRAWING LESSONS and MODEL COTTAGES will, as usual, be given throughout the year. Our receipt department is considered the most reliable for families. A lady writes us: "The cake made from your **LADY'S BOOK** receipts took the premium at our county fair."

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.—We continue to get numerous orders from our subscribers for the three large and splendid steel engravings, "BED-TIME," "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," and "THE WREATH OF IMMORTALITES," pictures of a class and excellence that range in price from \$5 to \$10 each at the print stores, but which, by special arrangement with the publishers, we can send to the **LADY'S BOOK** subscribers at \$1 each. We have already sent away a large number of these charming pictures, and in all cases they have surprised and delighted those who received them. They are high-art pictures in all respects.

NEBRASKA, December, 1870.

DEAR FRIEND GODEY: You see I have moved from Illinois, away out to this "western wilderness;" but I have not forgotten you nor your Book. I do not send you a club this time, but have given my name to a young lady who will send it. I commenced taking the LADY'S BOOK in 1856, and have been a subscriber every year since. Two years in that time I presented it to friends, but had the reading of it; the rest of the time I took it in my own name, and I don't mean to live a year without it. I consider the editorials worth the price of the Book; then the tone is of so much higher and finer grade than any other ladies' magazine published. I wonder every year what we shall do if your broad shadow would disappear. So, my dear sir, take care of yourself, and live for ever, as you certainly will in the hearts of your friends. Wishing you many happy New-Years, I remain yours, truly,

R. A. H.

INDIGESTION is the remorse of a guilty stomach. Why is an overworked horse like an umbrella? Because it is used up.

FROM present appearances, GODEY will be ahead again this year. This is a compliment to the veteran of forty-one years.

WE ask your attention to our advertisement for 1871, published on the cover. It is but an outline of our intention. Our resources are ample, and we shall continue our efforts to make the LADY'S BOOK—what for forty years it has been—the leading Book in America.

"THE Boston police have an alleged 'German Count' in custody for such a small matter as neglecting to pay hotel bills, and having bricks instead of clothing in his trunk."

That is one thing decidedly in favor of the count—that he carried his bricks in his trunk and not in his hat.

WE have received a large number of letters and newspaper notices about the beauty and worth of our December and January numbers. They are two numbers that any publisher may be proud of—pictorial or literary. We think this number is equally as good as its two predecessors; and it is in our power, and we mean to make as good numbers throughout the year. That is one advantage that our subscribers have: they do not get one or two catch numbers during the year, but all are good. An experience of forty-one years has taught us that ours is the best policy.

A CORRESPONDENT asks where she can find a woman who practises going out by the day to cook or make pastry. We shall be glad to have this answered, as such a person is much wanted in this city, and, if a good cook or a good pastry maker, she could find constant employment.

CLUB RATES WITH OTHER MAGAZINES.—Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine, one year, \$5.50. Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine, one year, \$4.00. Godey's Lady's Book, Arthur's Home Magazine, and Children's Hour, one year, \$5.00. Godey's Lady's Book and the Children's Hour, one year, \$3.50.

In Massachusetts the band at "horse trots" now concludes the proceedings by playing "Old Hundred."

Would not 240 be more appropriate?

THE commencement of the story on page 207 is inserted as an advertisement.

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for February.—This is a beautiful number, containing a very attractive list of music, arranged for the piano, and for the piano and voice. Two fine songs are given, as well as three piano pieces, a spirited march, a waltz, and an exquisite little fantasia, An Alpine Farewell, by Riche. There is always something in the *Monthly* for players and singers of every grade, and its variety and adaptiveness are only equalled by the elegance of the publication. With the January number the *Monthly* entered upon its ninth year, and it is now the oldest and best musical periodical published. Every music buyer should give it a trial for 1871. We have reduced our club terms for this year as follows: Single copy for one year, \$4. Two copies, \$3.50 each. Four copies, or over, \$3 each. Single numbers, 40 cents. January and February numbers, as samples, for 75 cents. Premiums as follows:—

Music given away.—We repeat the liberal offers of last month. For every subscription for 1871, at \$4, we will send by return mail \$1 worth of new music from our catalogue. Subscribers will state the kind of music wanted, whether easy or difficult, or vocal or instrumental, etc. For every two subscriptions at \$4 each, we will send \$5 worth, the persons forming the club to select the music to suit themselves from our catalogue, which we will send on receipt of the money for the subscriptions. For every club of three, at \$4 each, we will send ten dollars' worth on the same terms. For every club of four, at \$4 each, we will give the extraordinary premium of sixteen dollars' worth of new music, thus giving two dollars for one—the amount of the premium equalling the principal. Stamps to the amount of 34 cents must accompany this club to prepay the postage on the music. This offer we make for a short time only. Get up your clubs at once.

Holloway's Musical Monthly Free.—Any one ordering direct from us six dollars' worth of sheet music, will receive as a premium the *Monthly* for the entire year free. A fine opportunity to get the best musical periodical in the world for nothing.

New Sheet Music.—Just published: The Twilight Meeting, very pretty new song and chorus by Coralie Bell, 30 cents. Watching on the Shore, by Krauss, 30 cents. Francis Belle, very pretty, 35. Nearer to Thee, my Saviour, beautiful sacred solo, 30. Far from my thoughts, for choir or social circle, 50. New edition of Mrs. Hackelton's exquisite songs, viz: Handsome Davie Brown, 35. Jennie Came to Meet me, 30. Lettie's Tryst, a gem, 35. Mary, my Beautiful Angel, 35. Only Thee, sacred quartette, 30. Skating on the Pond, lively and seasonable, 30. Susie Morne, song and chorus, 30. The Beautiful City, duet and chorus, 35. Thou and I, song, 30.

Also, Party Polka, easy, 20. Royal Polka, 20. Lotie Mazourka, by Mack, 30. La Chatelaine Polka Mazourka, 30. Golden Wedding March, 20. Stream of Life Polka, 30. Pure as Snow, fantasia, 35.

O. Ditson & Co., Boston, publish: The Requisite, showy song, by Blumenthal, 60. Come to me, I'll Comfort Thee, Keller, 40. Apart, pretty song, by J. R. Thomas, 40. The Fisherman's song, for contralto or baritone, 40. You Know How it Was, comic, sung by Lydia Thompson, 35. Jolly Brothers Galop, easy, 30. Le Crepuscule, exquisite Andante, by Sydney Smith, 40. Ring on, Sweet Angelus, brilliant transcription, 60. Labitzky's Natallen Waltzes, arranged by Cesten, 40. Orders filled by return mail. Address all orders for sheet music, or the *Monthly*, to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

RURAL WEDDING IN SWEDEN.—I will endeavor to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer-time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom, with yellow hair, arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and the horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that has to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighboring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand and monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber, and then to horse and away towards the village where the bride already sits and waits. Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some half-dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers and ribbons and evergreens; and, as they pass beneath it, the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a black jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the wagon, and, after eating and drinking and hurrahing, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighboring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this the last replies: "Yes, were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome; and in token thereof, receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and, riding round the Maypole, which stands in the centre, alight amid a grand salute and flourish of music. In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt round her waist; and around her neck strings of golden beads, and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. Oh, thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart. Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet thou art rich; rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of heaven be upon thee; so thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying, in deep, solemn tones, "I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy King Erik gave." The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The spokesman delivers an oration, after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible, and invites the savour to be present at this marriage feast, as he was

at the marriage feast of Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerily on. Punch and brandy pass round between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but, as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the last dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavor to break through the marriage circle and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her bodice is unlaced and her kirtle taken off; and, like a vestal virgin, clad all in white, she goes, but it is to her marriage chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.—*Longfellow.*

THE following has been sent to us, and as it may possibly be of use, we publish it:—

HINTS TO PERSONS USING SEWING MACHINES.—**MESSRS. EDITORS:** It is a fact known to all who use sewing machines that the prevailing difficulty is the breaking of the thread. Nearly all other little disarrangements that occur can usually be overcome by any person of ordinary ingenuity, even though they have had but a few weeks, or, perhaps, days' experience in the use of a sewing machine.

This breaking, which is mostly with the *upper thread*, may occur from an imperfect adjustment of the tension. With new machines this is invariably the cause; but with those that have been in use several months, the breaking (when the tension is right) is produced by the threads wearing into the guides, so that when a swelled place in the thread reaches the narrow groove which is worn to the exact width of the regular size of the thread, not being allowed to pass through, the thread breaks.

Of course, this break may take place anywhere from the point of the needle back to the grooved guide which caught it. As it is usually at or near the end of the needle, the *real cause* is very generally overlooked. Many have been so troubled with this continual breaking that it has been necessary for them to lay aside their machines, when, if this cause had been known to them, by simply smoothing the guide holes with a small round file, their trouble would have ended.

No doubt, sewing machine manufacturers are on the lookout for the first Yankee invention of a guide which *will not be worn* by the passage of thread through it. If this can be accomplished, a monopoly of it would probably be of but little less value than that of a needle with an eye in the point. **OBSERVER.**

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY.—Nothing can be more lightning-like than the manner in which one lady will catch the dress of another, even when simply passing in the street. Here is something like it, only this young person had the whole time of church service at her disposal:—

"Mary, my love, do you remember the text of this morning?" Mary—"No, Pa, I never can remember the text, I've such a bad memory." Mother—"By the way, did you notice Susan Brown?" Mary—"Oh, yes, what a fright! She had on her last year's bonnet, done up; a pea-green silk, a black lace mantilla, brown boots, an imitation Honiton collar, a lava bracelet, her old ear-rings, and such a faw, O, my!" Mother—"Well, my dear, your memory is certainly bad."

HOW TO LIVE WELL.—"How does she live?" inquired one laundress of another. "She lives very well, I can tell you." "Ay, indeed?" "Yes, indeed. She has half a pint of beer every day at dinner."

WHAT IS THE difference between a man who is cold and a hot dog? The former puts on his coat and the latter pants.

SILHOUETTES CUT IN BLACK PAPER.



THESE silhouettes are cut out of black glazed paper, with a fine pair of scissors, and partly with a sharp



penknife. They form ornaments for albums, the tops of boxes, etc.

DIAMONDS.—It was thought that the great discoveries of gold in California and Australia might lessen the value of that precious commodity; but it can scarcely be said that the result has justified the opinion. Will the multiplication of diamonds materially affect their price? The political changes and commotions on the Continent may throw many of these gems into the market, and, as after the first and second French revolutions, they may sell for smaller sums. At this moment we have not only in operation the causes just referred to, but another in the extraordinary reports which reach us from South Africa. The *Asiatic* says that an officer in her majesty's service, having obtained leave, visited the "glittering" country, and on his return, highly delighted, formed a partnership with three friends, resigned the service, and by the last accounts the party had \$125,000 to their credit. Mention is made of a cottage plastered with mud which was found to be studded with diamonds. In another direction are to be seen one hundred and thirty diamonds grouped to be photographed; and we have scarcely feasted our

eyes upon these when up comes a "native doctor" with a stone weighing 100 carats, which is forthwith valued, by judges on the spot, at \$200,000. Great numbers of persons are flocking to the scene of action, and large quantities of diamonds are being found. The writer of a late letter gives an animated description of the favored locality, and states that "for the outgoing month the fourth share of the diamond finds which falls to the society amounts to something like \$3750. Diamonds, I have reason to believe, are being turned up in the vicinity of the great camp daily, but persons and parties are becoming more reticent; you won't hear, as heretofore, when and where diamonds are found." Whatever "society" is meant, its affairs are in a flourishing condition.

From another graphic description of the scene we learn that all are not equally fortunate, that the operation of diamond hunting is laborious and dirty, and that it is doubtful whether the health of the workers will not suffer. Meanwhile, it is certain that the finds have been plentiful enough to create a sort of diamond fever, and multitudes are rushing away to the banks of the Vaal, where, in the wilderness,

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene"

has been trodden under foot by wild beasts and savage men from untold ages. May the diamond seekers be abundantly successful!

The acknowledged leader of the day:—

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Its double page steel fashion plate is the prettiest that we have seen. GODEY is filled brim full of good things for the ladies, which we should think they duly appreciated, by the way they look for it from month to month. They can hardly wait until it makes its appearance. GODEY is acknowledged the leading magazine of the day, and it deserves it.—*Mercury*, Richfield Springs, New York.

CAN THIS BE TRUE?—The *Cornhill Magazine* says: "The Duke of Wellington was not precisely stupid, but no man, who can fairly be called great, ever had a narrower escape from stupidity."

SHUT UP IN PARIS.

In the front of the Book will be found an illustration showing the manner in which some of our fashions have been procured by correspondents. We are assured that the following articles came through by balloon post:—

PARIS, November 15.

A SCHEME has been devised and set on foot by which to obtain some sort of answers to our letters—an object impossible up to this time, and I need not say how longed for by us prisoners of Paris. The scheme is an ingenious one; but, as it depends in great part on the safe return of the carrier pigeons, we must be very sober in our hopes; for, besides the enemy's shot and hawks' talons, the dangers of the winter season now array themselves against these our poor little messengers, the sole means we have of obtaining news from without. The air is often too cold, too misty, or too damp for the birds to fly, and the strong winds either make them so suffer from thirst that they stray from their course to seek water, or so tired that they drop, wearied out, before they reach their home in the Boulevard Montparnasse. There, at No. 92, is a gate and a garden, which two bull-dogs ferociously guard from all invaders, which might prove hostile to pigeons. At the end of the garden rises a splendid pigeon house, in which every pigeon comfort abounds; and there, when the tired travellers arrive from their journeys, with the governmental despatches under their wings, they are fed, and petted, and caressed not a little, as you may imagine. Several times the birds have returned wounded, and the pigeon which brought the last despatch from Tours (one full of good news) was covered with blood when it folded its poor drooping pinions on the sill of the dovecot. The accomplices of the greatest number of journeys during the siege is a bird named Gambetta, a fine gray pigeon of Belgian origin, and the winner of several prize medals. The owner and rearer of these carrier pigeons is M. Cassiers, who, on hearing that the Prussian armies were marching towards Paris, immediately left Brussels, where he was residing, to put himself and his pigeons at the service of the government. M. Cassiers went off in a balloon with some of his pigeons a few weeks ago, and since then his daughter is chief ministrant to the birds' comforts in the Boulevard Montparnasse. At the back of the pigeon house is a little watch tower, where a watcher is constantly stationed in expectation of the birds' return.

But I must revert to the letter scheme, which I was about to explain to you. On Saturday last a balloon left Paris, the aeronauts bearing with them carrier pigeons as usual, and a large number of private letters, in each of which were written four questions, numbered in order, and to which the word "Yes" or "No" would be sufficient answer. Also, in each letter, which was very thin, was introduced a thin card, bearing the name and address of the writer, the name of the person who is to return the answer, and four numbered compartments in which the recipient is to write the answers, "Yes" or "No," to the four numbered questions in the letter. At the back of the card is a short printed paragraph, which tells the recipient that when the answers are written he is to post the card, paying a franc for it, to the chief of the post-office at Clermont-Ferrand. There, when the cards are collected, the name, address, and answers on each will be reduced by photography to an almost imperceptible speck, so that the whole of the answers will stand together on a single slip of paper, several copies of which will be confided to several carrier pigeons. Directly one of these papers arrives in Paris the writing on the slip will be enlarged again by photography, and the answers copied off and sent round to those awaiting them. Thus, if the balloon passes over the Prussian lines in safety, and if but one of the carrier pigeons returns to us duly here, many thousand people will have four answers to four questions, which they can make as precious as they like; but all depends on the *if*, and I fear we have learnt lately not to be too sanguine. However, a pigeon returned yesterday from Tours with a slip of paper an inch and a half square, on which two hundred and twenty-six private despatches had been microscopically photographed!

Before the 8th of this month our postal balloons had taken up more than 10,600 lbs. weight of letters; and, although the carrier pigeons, with which all are accompanied, have only brought us back news of the

safe arrival of five out of the twenty-four balloons, yet, on the other hand, we have only heard of one having fallen into the Prussian lines, so we may fairly hope that a large proportion of our missives have reached their destination. We are told, too, that, even when the bags are opened by the Prussians, and the letters perused, the private ones are sent on, with the words "opened by the enemy" stamped upon them; but of this last rather improbable fact you must know more than we do.

The balloons are made in the station of the Northern Railway, where big waiting rooms and bigger luggage rooms are but too disposable. On entering the courtyard one distinguishes through glass doors to the right huge yellow balls looming dusky; in the *salles d'attente* a little further on are piles of cotton cloth and rows of sewing machines; and further still, past sleeping engines, empty carriages, solitary platforms, immovable signals, silent bells, useless telegraph wires, and shut-up pay places, are luggage rooms and more waiting rooms, where balloons are being cut out, sewed together and varnished, and their network of cordage fabricated. A balloon is made of 800 yards of stout calico (the silk, which is far better, is not procurable in Paris), cut into thirty-nine uniform pieces, which are sewn together by the sewing machine; it is then varnished inside and out, and inflated with air to dry, during which operation it lies on its side like a Titanic prize gooseberry. The drying completed, the air is expelled, and the balloon is then ready to be furnished with valve, car, and cordage, to be filled with gas, and then *En route, sachez tout!*

Another building turned by the siege to anomalous uses is the Ecole de Droit, of which the lecture theatres are occupied by tailors and cutters shaping and sewing military clothes, the examination rooms filled with piles of thick boots, and the passages crowded with Mobile and National Guards in quest of the military jackets, cloaks, and trowsers, which are being turned out from them by the hundred.

Several theatres and concert societies have presented cannon to the *Défense Nationale*. All these guns have been christened; that of the Porte St. Martin, which won the gold for it with Hugo's verses, is gratefully called *Châtiment*; the Société des Gens de Lettres has named its gun Châteauguin, after the little town that fought and fell so valiantly; and another, made from the profits of a splendid concert, is called Beethoven. Then come Phalsbourg, Populace, Belleville, and many others, presented by different companies of the National Guard. One company subscribed alone 12,000 francs for new cannon—it is true that it was formed of the *gros commerçants* of the environs of the Bourse; and the society of the working hatters of Paris have supplied the guns of an entire battery. Touching the National Guard, I have in hand a note which is worth transcribing: the sentinel who, musket in hand, stood on guard the other day at the Porte Montrouge, was the father of the Marquis de Moustier, the ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs.

There has been no notable change in the external aspect of Paris since I wrote to you last. The *cafés* may now remain open until eleven or twelve, provided they burn no gas after ten o'clock. This, of course, is a step; but let any absent one with whom a lounge on the boulevard was a pet occupation, and an hour at one of its *cafés* a pleasant habit, imagine to himself the splendors of the Grand Café and Café Riche illumined with oil, and a dismal notion of the change in Paris will not fail to descend upon him immediately. In the houses no gas will be allowed to be burnt at all after the 20th of this month; and, successful as the dramatic entertainments at the theatres have proved, it is by no means owing to the quantity of light which beamed upon them.

With this forced economy of gas, the streets of Paris are still as far as ever from their old brilliance, especially in the dreary evenings November brings us now and then; evenings so dark and wet and windy, that as one looks out one thinks shudderingly and often of the uninured National Guards pacing the ramparts, and the Mobiles in their wooden huts on the spongy ground, feeling very glad to remember that the former have been provided with big sheep-skin coats, and the roofs of the latter with bituminous cloth. The great new household difficulty and terror, now that the cold is increasing so rapidly, is the dearth of fuel. Of charcoal there is none whatever. The little coke and coal that are to be procured are sold monstrously dear, except at the gas-works, where the prices remain the same, but where the coke is sold but in very small quantities, which must

be carried away by the purchasers. So all day long there extends from the gates a formidable *queue* of men, women, and children, provided with sacks, baskets, pails, scuttles, wheelbarrows, and trucks wherein to bear off their small portion of hardly won fuel. Wood can be had anywhere, but it is terribly expensive to use, and very few of those who crowd at the gas-works can possibly afford to burn it. The office of the kitchen stoves, which in Paris are lighted with charcoal, is now almost a sinecure. Some ladies, as the wood burns in their *salons*, have the *braise* (pieces of charred wood) carried into the kitchen as it falls; but this requires a great deal of patience and a great deal of wood, and, in general, people have recourse to portable American stoves. Indeed, these have of late been much used in addition or instead of the charcoal stoves; and in all the new houses of the Haussman era, patent stoves, which can be heated by coke, coal, or wood, are put up in the kitchens.

As to provisions, everything except bread and wine is either rising in price or diminishing in quantity, or both, with terrible rapidity. Potatoes are sold at eight francs (6s. 5d.) and onions ten francs (8s.) a *boisseau*, which is equivalent to a peck and a half. As for beef and mutton—veal has been tasted by no one in Paris for two months—a family of seven grown persons can only obtain a pound and a half every four days. But horse meat, as I have said, is now eaten in great quantities, and very willingly; and, seriously, sirloin of horse, stewed after being *mariné*—that is, pickled in vinegar and spices for three days—or roasted, is very good. Donkey has been found to be so much like veal that it is in tremendous demand—indeed, very difficult to procure at all. Sparrows are sold at 10 sous a piece, and that is the only *game* we have this season, except a few stray and solitary partridges, which now and then make their apparition at the market, ticketed at 15 or 20 francs. But my most horrible tale is to come; cats are sold at 4 francs a piece, and even dogs, it is said, find purchasers!

I went yesterday to witness for myself the havoc done to our beautiful Bois de Boulogne, and was startled far beyond my expectations. In place of fair acacia and horse-chestnut avenues, woods, shady paths, and sweeping drives, a flat dismal heath, covered with stumps of felled trees, dead branches, the blackened traces of camp fires, and here and there a solitary iron seat, stretches out to the lake, to Passy and the distant hills. The fortifications around, once masked with grassy mounds and groves of young trees, stand out all bare, exposing to view hideous earthworks, *chevaux-de-frise*, and cannon. Winding lanes and pretty horsepaths, which used to plunge down through the wood, can hardly be traced here and there by their whiter lines among the dead leaves. Cavalry officers rode from time to time across the new-made, cheerless heath, and over the whole extent hundreds of men, women, and children were picking up the dry wood and staggering away under enormous bundles of it. The most picturesque bits were the circular thatched roofs, which stood up in the Bois like huge parasols, for horsemen to take shelter under during the rain. Dried branches had been heaped up so as to inclose the interior, where groups of soldiers sat smoking and warming themselves round big wood fires. The pine-wood on the right bank of the lake is left standing, and even to the left, a thin veil of trees had been spared close to the water's edge, so that the lake still looks fair enough; but we could not refrain from a somewhat bitter laugh at seeing two little broughams and an open carriage rolling in solitude along the Drive, as if hugging some vague illusion of no change. At the entrance of the Bois the ornamental gates and pretty lodges are razed to the ground, and a restaurant where the *petite bourgeoisie* was wont to celebrate its gay wedding breakfasts, is the headquarters of a corps. As we returned past the huge barricades, and over the drawbridges of the Porte de Neuilly, an admiral and a colonel of the National Guard rode up with their staff, and the civic soldiers and *cirandiers* on guard at the gates excitedly mustered to salute them in due form. Then we had to wait while a long train of hay carts, bread carts, and ammunition wagons passed out towards the outlying camps, and for the passage in of a large collection of our *lagot-pickers* from the Bois; and a minute later we stood back as a litter came slowly on, borne by six soldiers. On it a poor Mobile lay stretched, his blue cloak thrown across him and over his face; he was either very badly wounded or dead.

At Versailles, Monsieur de Bismarck, I am told, is established in the elegant little house now the property of Mlle. Augustine Brohan, and once, as the L's and D's interlaced in the ironwork of the balcony attest, the pretty retreat of Madame Dubarry. There, at the beginning of last summer, our elegant actress of the *Franchette* tastefully disposed her household gods, and made a most charming dwelling of the little Louis Quinze villa, with its pretty garden in front, ornamented with grass plots, flower beds, statues, and fountains, greenhouse of rare plants, walls covered with creepers, and shady *allée des soupers*; its terrace garden at the back, as high as the first floor of the house; its staircase, with its marvellously beautiful ironwork; its *salons*, which Mlle. Brohan has hung with flowered Louis Quinze silks, and luxuriously furnished with Venetian mirrors, Sevres vases, porcelain lamps, and buhl tables; its marble bath-room; its bed-rooms, fitted with pearl-gray satin and furniture of white and gold; its study, stored with rare books and carpeted with panther-skins; its marble busts and pretty portraits.

R. DE ***

FASHIONS BY BALLOON.

"What will be worn in Paris this winter?" asked a thoughtless young girl of Madame de L—.

"Sackcloth and ashes," was the bitter reply.

Madame de L—, the star of a small but brilliant Parisian coterie, is celebrated alike for her literary talents and excellent taste in dress, a somewhat rare combination. Formerly remarkable for her costly and elegant toilet, she is now conspicuous for her self-sacrifices in the cause of her unhappy country. Amongst the many sad sights to be seen in the French capital are the Tuilleries Gardens. There the hum of children's voices and their bursts of merry laughter are silenced, and none but grave, bearded men occupy the seats. The avenues, so beautiful in their many-hued autumn garb, are filled with artillery wagons and horses; *la guerre* is the sole topic of conversation, *la toilette* is for the moment in abeyance. But—

"Men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn and many to keep;"

so some of the most enterprising milliners and dress-makers in Paris have contrived to send away to more favored cities a large number of elegant costumes for the season. We will select a few for description from a splendid wedding trousseau recently forwarded from Paris to Vienna. The bridal dress was of rich white silk, exquisitely embroidered in bouquets of orange-blossom and lilies of the valley; veil of Brussels lace. The ornaments to be worn by the bride on her wedding-day consisted of a brooch, ear-rings, bracelet, and necklet of costly diamonds set in flagee silver; they were presented to her by the bridegroom elect, and made expressly from his own design. The bridesmaids' dresses were white silk, with tulle tunics trimmed with silver fringe and bouquets of scarlet poppies and silver wheat-ears; vells and wreaths to correspond.

The travelling costume for the bride consisted of a skirt of pearl gray taffetas with nine small flounces, edged with violet fringe, casaque of violet velvet lined throughout with quilted white satin. Bonnet of white chip, trimmed with water-lilies, and a large violet velvet bow.

Some original and beautiful muffs and collars have recently been introduced; they are made of feathers from the blackcock, pheasant, peacock, and various fancy birds. These muffs are light and warm.

The new color for winter is a rich shade of red, which, in spite of its repulsive name, *sang de Prusse*, promises to become very popular.

If your lips you would save from slips,

Five things observe with care;

Of whom you speak—to whom you speak—

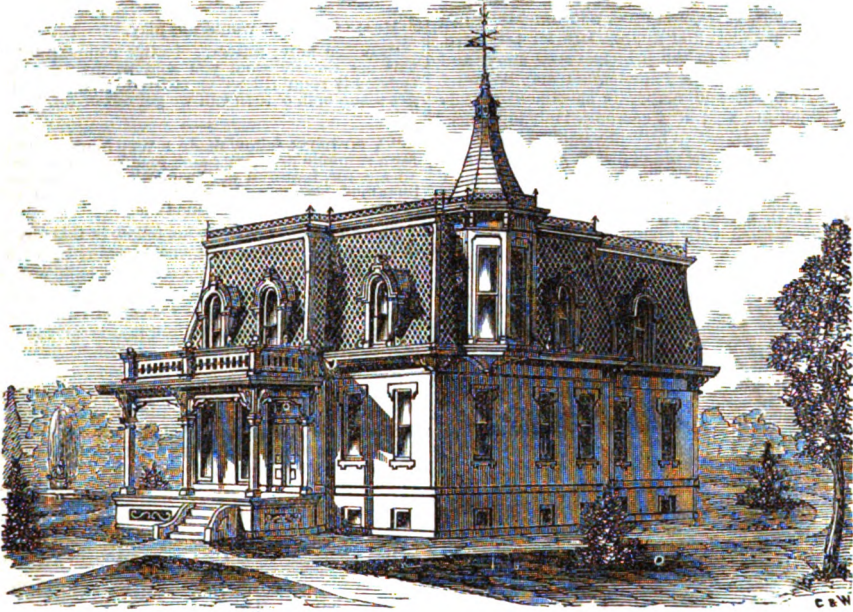
And how—and when—and where.

AN Indiana man has effected a strategical combination against the potato bugs. He planted a grain of corn in each hill of potatoes. The corn came up before the potatoes, which, of course, cheated the little pests into the belief that it was a corn-field, and they never went near the potatoes until it was too late to do any damage. His crop of the *esculent* is, therefore, the envy of his neighbors.

WHY are good husbands like dough? Because women need them.

A MODEL RESIDENCE.

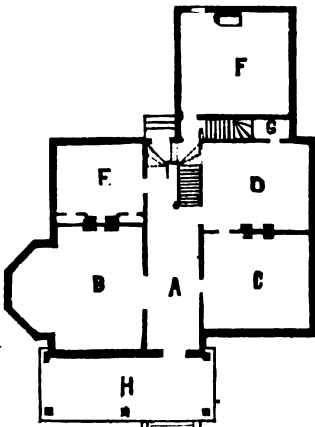
Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.



THE above design is a one story and French roof building, suitable for the Southern country; it is provided with sufficient height to admit of an air space between the roof and second story. The design can be built in wood for about \$3000, and be very comfortable and convenient. All of our designs are beautiful, because they are well proportioned, and not merely the style or order of architecture to which they belong. We will make full drawings, specifications, and bills of quantities for seventy-five dollars, or two and a half per cent upon our statement of cost. We have facilities for supplying orders from all parts of the country at shortest notice. We guarantee to please in our designs, which are always made full size, and also by the perfect manner of our detail work. Many new improvements are incorpo-

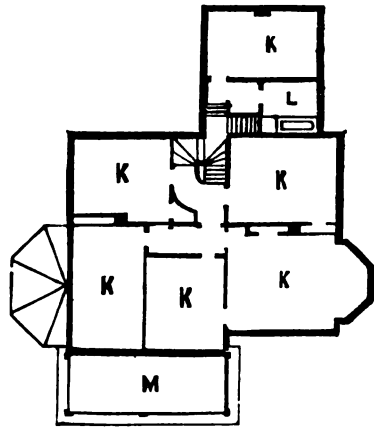
who propose to erect buildings, as they contain all the materials necessary to the erection of a first-class residence, and those desiring to build without the aid of an architect, will do well to procure them.

First Floor.—A hall, 8 feet wide; B parlor, 18 by 20 feet; C library, 14 by 16 feet; D dining-room, 14 by 16 feet; E chamber, 12 by 14 feet; F kitchen, 16 by 17 feet; G china closet; H porch.



FIRST STORY.

rated that save much labor and cost. Our blanks, specifications, and bills of quantities we furnish for two dollars. They are not filled up for any particular building, but very valuable to builders and those



SECOND STORY.

Second Floor.—K chambers; L bath room; M veranda.

OLIVIA, the very lively and spirited Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, says, in an article about fashions:—

“Why are not all feminine eyes directed to prim, elegant Philadelphia, the home of blessed old GODEY, and the cradle where Fashion was rocked in the infancy of our Republic?”

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

AMONG the attractions of the Flower Garden, drawing-room, and conservatory, are the many beautiful designs of *Rustic wood work*, such as hanging baskets, stands, vases, and other adornments, which are now so popular, and appropriate for the introduction of Plants. In the principal seed stores and floral establishments of Philadelphia may be found the most elegant and elaborate specimens of this work, which are sold at a comparatively low price. Any one, however, with a little mechanical ingenuity and taste, can, with the aid of a saw, hammer, small nails (known as finishing nails), a strong knife, and a few crooked sticks and roots (the roots of the laurel are the best), make up a basket or stand, which, when nicely filled with plants, will look nearly as



RUSTIC BASKET.

well as the most elaborate; for the receptacle of the plants, the wooden bowls and dishes are used, which are now so generally found in every household for culinary purposes, to which handles or feet of crooked sticks are fastened, and the outside of the bowl nailed over with pieces of roots and plants, which should be first soaked and scraped before nailing on; afterwards give a coat of copal varnish; if the color is too light, stain with burnt umber. Your basket or stand now being ready, the next thing is to fill it. The following varieties can be raised from seed, which we will mail to any address for one dollar. We would also state that February or March is the proper time to start the seeds, so as to have the plants ready when spring arrives. *Lobelia*, varieties; *Mimulus*, Musk Plant; *Petunia*, varieties; *double Portulaca*, *Tom Thumb Nasturtium*; for vines, *Kenilworth Ivy*, *Maurandia*, and *Thunbergia*, varieties.

One dozen plants of the following varieties, suitable for the above purpose, can be sent by mail for two dollars: *Glecoma rotundifolia variegata*, *Torenia Astatica*, *Agrostis*, new ornamental grass; *Vinca elegantissima variegata*, *Saxifraga Portunifolia*, *Acorus Variegata*, *Lycopodium*, *Senecio Scandens*, *Tradescantia Zebrina*, *Irish Ivy of Sorts*. For centre pieces, *Coleus*, *Begonia*, and *Geranium* of sorts; these can all be propagated from cuttings stuck in damp sand. The soil for your baskets should be a sandy loam, enriched with well rotted manure and leaf mould from the woods. The running vines, like the Kenilworth Ivy, *Maurandia*, *Thunbergia*, *Irish Ivy*, and *Vinca*, can be trained over the handles, or to hang over the sides.

To all who desire further information on Plants or Seeds, we refer to DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR for

1870, containing select lists of Seeds, Plants, and every other requisite for the garden. His address is,

HENRY A. DREER,
714 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MUSIC stool that would not play.

"Lookee here, mister. I ain't complainin'; but this ere *moosic* stool you sold to my wife, we've twisted it roun' till we've twisted off un's 'ead, an' not a hap'orth o' toon can we get out of un."

"A POMPOUS fellow made a very inadequate offer for a valuable property; and, calling the next day for an answer, inquired of the gentleman if he had entertained his proposition. 'No,' replied the other, 'your proposition entertained me.'"

There was once a pompous fellow in this city fond of boasting. He was met one morning by a friend, who said: "Why, C—, you don't look well this morning." "No," he replied, "I was up all night gambling, and lost as usual. One hundred and thirty-five dollars was the amount, but that is not the worst of it—thirty-one cents of it was in cash."

We are told that at a party recently given in this city a lady appeared with a train upheld by a colored person. We are sorry that this is true, for the lady's sake, for, although she knew it not, she was the subject of censure the whole evening.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

ADDRESS "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. R. P. K.—Sent hair braid November 19th.
C. E. H.—Sent hair braid by express 19th.
Miss L. A. H.—Sent articles by express 22d.
Miss M. F.—Sent lead comb 30th.
Mrs. M. D. G. H.—Sent articles 30th.
Mrs. G. F.—Sent articles by express 30th.
Mrs. H. R. W.—Sent articles by express December 13th.

Mrs. S. C. S.—Sent articles 13th.
Mrs. S. E. A. E. B.—Sent pattern 13th.
Mrs. A. C. F.—Sent pattern 13th.
Mrs. B. S. H.—Sent pattern 13th.
L. H.—Sent pattern 13th.
M. L. D.—Sent silk, etc., 13th.
Mrs. D. K.—Sent hair work by express 13th.
M. V. L.—Sent pattern 13th.
B. N.—Sent pattern 13th.
Mrs. S. J.—Sent pattern 13th.
Mrs. D. J. B.—Sent pin, etc., by express 13th.
Mrs. K. B.—Sent locks, etc., 13th.
Mrs. C. R. K.—Sent article 17th.
Mrs. T. P. B.—Thank you kindly for your pretty New-Year's present.

D. F. N.—Thank you for the remittance and the receipts.

Florence.—Gloves should never be removed in church.

Maria.—Confidence and ability to talk only come by mixing in society.

Nellie.—It is better to be too retiring than too forward.

Edith.—Men are capricious as well as girls; but where a girl has a number of lovers, and loses them all in turn, it is a pretty sure sign that it is through some fault of temper or arrogance. Pretty girls are very apt to flirt, and sensible men do not care to put up with flirting, nor do they care to submit to the airs of a spoiled pretty miss who trusts more to personal attractions than to the effects of amiability and common sense.

Delia.—You are not "an old subscriber," or you would not have asked questions which have been answered over and over again in the *LADY'S BOOK*.

Julia.—There is no "harmless" remedy. Those that are advertised remove the hair for the time; so will a razor, but it returns again. Nothing will remove the hair without injuring the skin.

Mattie.—You seem to think that every gentleman who looks at you is in love with you. Too much vanity.

Ella and Dudu.—Questions entirely too trivial to answer.

Horsey.—We believe it runs thus:—

"The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
To the right you are wrong, to the left you are right."

Mary B.—You will find all the anniversary weddings in our April number, 1870. This is another "old subscriber" making inquiry.

Leah.—There is nothing that will actually take away the scent of onions after you have eaten them. A small piece of orris root kept in the mouth somewhat disguises the disagreeable odor.

Annie L.—Cut the velveteen either in a short sacque or basque; long sacques are not worn. Bind with satin, and finish the neck with a rolling satin collar.

Flossy.—Bouquets are not carried except to parties.

Madge.—A swindle. No one but a person devoid of sense would send thirty-five cents to the fellow. His name shows what he is.

E. L. T.—Scraped carrot put upon warts is said to cure them.

Truth.—We do not give any opinion on matters of a theological kind: it is not within our province, and as our Book goes among all denominations, you will see the propriety of withholding remarks and opinions where they could not be beneficial, and might be obnoxious to many of our readers.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of *L. A. Godey, Esq.*

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor the Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

The publisher of the *LADY'S BOOK* has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the Fashion Editor does not know.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Dress of maroon-colored silk, the skirt trimmed with narrow ruffles, bound with velvet. Blue velvet casaque, forming a waist and overskirt, trimmed with fringe and gimp; open sleeves, trimmed to correspond. Maroon-colored velvet hat, trimmed with velvet, feathers, and flowers.

Fig. 2.—House dress of leather-colored silk poplin, made with one skirt, trimmed with fringe and velvet. Deep basque waist, forming a short upper skirt,

trimmed to correspond, the trimming forming a square corselet on the bodice. Coat sleeves, trimmed with ruffles at the elbows.

Fig. 3.—Evening dress of pink silk, made with an underskirt and court train; the underskirt is trimmed in front with a side plaiting of the same, with a ruche heading it, and point lace put on in points on it; the train is trimmed with puffs of white satin, divided by narrow bands of pink silk, and edged with narrow point lace. It is turned back *en revers*, and fastened by a bow in the back. Low corsage, with basques, trimmed with puffs and lace, which also trims the neck and sleeves. Hair arranged in puffs and curls, with wreath of pink roses and leaves.

Fig. 4.—Evening dress of light green silk, trimmed up the front, down the sides, and around the bottom of skirt, with white French muslin overskirt of white muslin, trimmed to correspond, and looped up with rosettes of green ribbon. Pointed corsage, trimmed with a bertha of white muslin and ribbon bows. Hair arranged in curls, with green velvet and small white plume for headdress.

Fig. 5.—House dress of steel-colored silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with three narrow ruffles of the same; the upper one cut longer in the back than front, and trimmed with white and steel-colored fringe, headed by a puff of the material. Postillon waist, open at the throat, and trimmed to correspond. Coat sleeves, with ruffles at the hands.

Fig. 6.—Suit for boy of six years old of steel-colored cloth, trimmed with black braid. Felt hat of the same shade, trimmed with velvet.

Fig. 7.—Dress for little girl of white Cashmere, trimmed with pink silk; low waist and short puffed sleeves. Pink ribbon sash, and pink kid boots.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of navy blue serge, made with two skirts, trimmed with plaitings of the same, headed by velvet bands. Cloth sacque of the same color, trimmed with velvet and fringe. Blue felt hat, trimmed with velvet and small feather.

Fig. 2.—Walking suit of invisible green cloth, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a fold, and edged with narrow mink fur; the upper one is cut long in front and short in the back, trimmed to correspond. Short basque waist, with open sleeves. Velvet bonnet, trimmed with feathers and lace. Velvet muff, trimmed with fur.

Fig. 3.—House dress of garnet-colored silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a ruffle and four bands of velvet; the upper one trimmed with a ruffle and two bands of velvet, and looped with velvet bows. Basque waist, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 4.—Visiting dress of heavy black silk, made with one skirt, and casaque forming an upper skirt; the lower skirt is trimmed with three bands of velvet; the casaque is open in front, with a point on each side, and trimmed with ruffles, and velvet, and velvet bows. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with flowers and lace.

Fig. 5.—House dress of brown serge, made with two skirts, trimmed with ruffles of the same and velvet. Basque waist, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 6.—Bonnet of white royale velvet, trimmed with black lace and purple flowers, with black velvet leaves.

Fig. 7.—Bonnet made of green silk and velvet, trimmed with pink roses and leaves.

Fig. 8.—Hat of white felt, trimmed with black velvet, lace, and pink roses.

Fig. 9.—Bonnet of gray velvet, trimmed with a darker shade of velvet, pink roses, and leaves.

VARIOUS KINDS OF HEMS.

A few remarks on the different ways of working hems will, no doubt, be acceptable to some of our readers. We will first say a word on the turning down and folding of hems, which our different figures show, both broad and narrow. For every hem a turning is first necessary, which, according to the more or less close or loose texture of the stuff, may be either narrower or broader; then the hem requires to be evenly and exactly folded down a second time to the width desired.

Fig. 1 shows a hem that is *run*. To do this, the needle with the thread in it is to be put through at small and equal distances to the under side of the hem (being the right side of the work), passing through all the folds of the stuff, and working from right to left. This is the most expeditious way of doing a hem where great neatness and strength are not required, for if the material be soft, several stitches may be taken on the needle at one time before drawing it out.

Fig. 2 shows a hem really *hemmed*. For this a stitch is taken through the single material very close to the hem, and taking up as few threads as possible, that the stitch may look neat on the right side of the work. The needle is brought through the lower edge of the folded hem. The stitches must be in a slanting direction from right to left, and, according to the nature of the material, closer or wider apart. Very close stitches are especially necessary for things that have to be often washed, such as shirts and other under garments, pocket handkerchiefs, etc.

For table linen the hem seen at Fig. 3 is peculiarly fitted. By folding back the hem towards the right side of the work, after it is completely turned down, two parallel edges are created, which are to be closely sewn together like a seam, as shown in the illustration.

Figs. 4 and 5 are the slipped-stitch hem, so much used by dressmakers for crape and other trimmings. This is run with single stitches, that are so managed as not to show on the right side of the work. The inside turning of the hem is caught by the stitches, which are visible only at the back, as in Fig. 4; the needle being put through again exactly where it was previously taken out, as shown in Fig. 5, the stitches catch the inner fold and the back only, and do not appear in front.

Fig. 6 is a stitched hem. For this the hem must be turned down on the right side of the material. Having brought the needle through to the front of the hem a very little above the edge, a small stitch must be taken back in a straight line, going through all the folds of the material, and the needle brought out at such a distance in front as will make a stitch of equal size when put through again where the first stitch was commenced.

Fig. 7 shows a narrow single hem stitch. This is generally worked only on fine lawn or cambric for pocket handkerchiefs. The term *narrow* is applied here, not to the breadth of the hem itself, which may be of any width desired, but to the threads drawn, the number of which vary, according to the quality of the material, from two to six. To commence the stitch, the needle must be brought through the lower edge of the folded hem; then take up with it, according to the quality of material (as before observed), from two to four of the perpendicular threads, draw out the needle, and put it in again through the edge of the hem, as shown in Fig. 7, then take up the same number of the perpendicular threads as before, and repeat.

In a similar manner the broad double hem stitch, or open-work insertion, represented in Fig. 8, is to be worked. A variety of patterns of open stitches

may be worked in the centre of the drawn threads. On what is threads in both instances, by which means regularly divided *groups* of threads are made for the open stitches, as seen in Fig. 8. The way in which the lower edge of the drawn threads must be secured is the same as for the upper, only that in taking hold of the edge of the material itself the needle is passed downwards instead of upwards, which is also shown in the illustration, Fig. 8.

Fig. 9 shows the tambour stitch. For this the material must be stretched in a frame, generally formed of two hoops fitting one over the other, and, according to the thread, cotton, or silk to be used for the stitch, a more or less fine crochet hook is necessary instead of a sewing needle. The cotton or thread, being wound, remains under the frame, and is brought through the material in a loop by means of the crochet hook. By the motion of the crochet needle up and down through the stuff, giving it a slight turn from left to right, the loop, as shown in Fig. 9, is easily made round the hook. This loop, which is brought up through the stuff at the same opening by which the hook went down, remains on the needle while the latter is advanced a little, following the direction of the pattern (which must be traced on the stuff), and again goes through the material in order to take up the thread for a fresh loop or stitch, which, being brought through the centre of the former one, takes its place on the needle. This work, after a little practice, is very quickly done.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—The Ettrick shawl costume is made of Scotch wool shawls. It is manufactured of all shades of gray, and is trimmed with a border of either a lighter or darker shade of the same color, and with fringe to match the border.

Fig. 2.—Ornament for the neck for evening dress. A plain band of velvet, with a pink rose, leaves, and buds.

Fig. 3.—Chemise for a low dress, open in the back, trimmed with puffs and embroidery.

Fig. 4.—This dressing gown is of gray cashmere, faced with crimson silk, and crimson silk cord and tassels. The sleeves can be left open, to button up as seen in illustration, if desired for an invalid.

Fig. 5.—Striped brown velvet jacket, trimmed with plain velvet collar and cuffs.

Fig. 6.—Dress for young girl, of striped green and black silk, made with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with bias bands of the same, piped with velvet. The upper skirt is trimmed to correspond; is looped up in the back with a striped velvet bow, the sash being of the same. Plain corsage; coat sleeves loose at the wrist.

Fig. 7.—Indoor jacket. This jacket is made both in fine white and fine scarlet flannel, and is embroidered, according to taste, with either colored silks or gold thread. It is cut without a seam in the centre of the back, and the square fronts are fastened at the top only with a cord and tassels. The edge of the jacket is trimmed with fringe sewn on the wrong side. The embroidery is repeated on the cuffs of the sleeves, and round the armholes.

Fig. 8.—Underskirt of brown cashmere, trimmed with a side plaiting of the same, headed by three bands of black velvet. It can be used for a skirt to loop an overdress over if desired.

Fig. 9.—White silk hat for child a year old, trimmed with narrow blonde lace, small feather, and satin ribbon.

Fig. 10.—Drawers with waist, for child of three years, made of long cloth, trimmed with embroidered insertion and ruffling.

Fig. 11.—Infant's cloak, made of pearly-colored

cashmere, the edge of cape and cloak being finished by a narrow silk braid.

Figs. 12 and 13.—Infant's shirts, made of fine linen lawn, trimmed with lace.

Fig. 14.—Apron for little girl, with bib and braces, trimmed with a narrow ruffle of the same, bound with satin.

Fig. 15.—Waist for house dress, trimmed with velvet, and a quilling of the same.

Fig. 16.—Ladies' basque jacket, made of black velvet. It is cut with an undervest of velvet; the trimming is of satin.

Fig. 17.—Braces for girl from twelve to fourteen years old, with corset in front.

Fig. 18.—Night flannel skirt, for child from four to six months old; open at the side and bottom. The side is fastened by tapes tied together; the bottom is buttoned together with three buttons.

Figs. 19 and 20.—Gentleman's flannel undershirt and drawers.

Fig. 21.—Night slip for child under two years old, made of cambric muslin, and trimmed with narrow edging. The front of gown is plain, the fulness being at sides and back.

DESCRIPTION OF HATS AND BONNETS

(See Engravings, Page 134.)

Fig. 1.—Hat of black velvet, trimmed with thread lace and *gros grain* ribbon. A bunch of scarlet and black feathers on the left side.

Fig. 2.—Blue velvet bonnet, trimmed with *gros grain* ribbon across the top, and leaves of shaded blue velvet, a bunch of blue and white feathers on the left side, *gros grain* ribbon strings.

Fig. 3.—Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with satin pipings and ribbon, and a large bunch of pink roses, buds, and leaves.

Fig. 4.—White silk bonnet, trimmed with bands of maroon-colored velvet, velvet leaves, and feathers; the leaves extend down on the strings, which are white.

Fig. 5.—White felt hat, trimmed with black velvet, jet ornaments, and feathers.

Fig. 6.—Purple velvet hat, trimmed with white and black lace, purple velvet flowers, and shaded feathers. Tabs in back of purple velvet, trimmed with fringe.

Fig. 7.—Gray felt hat, trimmed with brown velvet, and gray and brown feathers.

Fig. 8.—Brown velvet bonnet, trimmed with lace, velvet flowers, feathers, and ribbon. The strings are of velvet, edged with lace.

Fig. 9.—Bonnet of mauve velvet, trimmed with bows of a striped velvet and satin ribbon; pink roses inside the brim.

Fig. 10.—Black velvet gypsy, trimmed with black and white feathers, and pink roses.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

As weddings are very fashionable at this season, a few hints on style of dress, etc., will, we think, not be objectionable to our fair brides elect.

Where a handsome dress is desired for a bride, white Ottoman silk, rich and heavy, with reps as thick as a knitting needle, is the fashionable fabric. Its soft, creamy whiteness is more universally becoming than the lustrous sheen of satin, which is now only worn by blondes of the purest complexion. Fine white *faille*, and soft *poult de soie* are also in favor this season. *Gros grain* makes a handsome wedding dress. Where as good a silk cannot be afforded, a plain dress of white silk Irish poplin is both

ladylike and handsome, and much prettier than a poor silk loaded with trimming to make it appear handsome. Tulle and lace flounces are worn, and even flounces of the same material as the dress. The latter fashion we do not altogether fancy; in our eyes it makes a stiff trimming for a wedding dress. The short skirt with a square court train, is the favorite fashion for elaborate wedding dresses. If the skirt is not cut so, it is trimmed with a tablier to simulate a court train. Low necked corsages are most worn by brides this season. The front and back are sharply pointed, or else the front only, and the back finished by a Postillon basque. In the first case, the waist is laced behind; in the latter, it is buttoned in front. The neck is cut exceedingly low, and finished out to the proper height with Grecian folds of tulle, edged with a vine of orange blossoms and narrow point lace. The Grecian drapery is a revival of an old fashion, very becoming to slender figures, as it gives an appearance of full bust and shoulders. It is a succession of five or six small overlapping folds of tulle, arranged straight around the corsage, and pointed slightly lower in the centre of the front, where it is completed by a strap of folds and a bouquet of orange flowers. The sleeve is a simple short puff of tulle arranged in position on stiff net, and gathered to a band of satin and lace. When high corsages are preferred, they are pointed in front, and have Postillon back. The neck is open very low down the front, but the opening is not wide, and is finished by a lace frill and delicate vine of orange buds. The sleeves are the Duchesse, of simple coat shape, rounded at the wrist, open up the outer seam to the elbow. The opening and wrists are trimmed with lace and flowers. The trimming most used for Irish poplin dresses is a thick cord of white velvet around the skirt and basque, with lace at the wrists and sleeves. Dresses of this material are made with high corsage as described. Widows and brides who are no longer young wear pale pearl tinted silk or poplin made in this way. There is no change in bridal veils. They are still made of fine tulle, four yards wide, and three and a half yards long. The lower corners are rounded, and the entire veil may have a two-inch hem, sewed with silk floss, and dotted with orange buds. The veil falls over the face below the chin for church weddings, but does not cover the face during the ceremonial at home weddings. If the bridal reception is given the day of the wedding, the bride wears her veil; but never wears it after her wedding day. Widows do not wear veils on the occasion of their second marriage. The wreath of orange flowers is a coronet, high in the centre, with sprays at the sides. Gloves are of white kid, long wristed; when worn with short sleeves, reaching almost to the elbow. The shoes are plain untrimmed gaiters, either laced or buttoned, and made of the same material as the dress. Pearl or diamond jewelry is the only kind of jewelry allowed; the latter only when it is the present of the groom. White tulle and tarlatane are worn by the bridesmaids, the corsage made to correspond with the bride's; colored flowers and jewelry are worn by the bridesmaids.

A cashmere overdress with a silk skirt, or else an entire suit of Irish poplin of purest sardonyx, or gray or brown is chosen for the travelling dress. Silk costumes are little worn for travelling at this time of year, even when the bride is married in her travelling outfit. The round hat or gypsy bonnet is of shaded velvet and ostrich tips, matching the dress in color. The gloves of the bridal pair match the bride's dress in color.

For wedding invitations, a single large note sheet, without cards, is used this season in preference to the elaborate styles lately in fashion. At the top of

the page is a white embossed monogram of the combined initials of the bride and groom, followed by the invitation in script. Inclosed are two cards; the larger contains the bride's name near the bottom; a smaller card, with the groom's name, is placed on this card above the bride's name, and fastened with a tiny bow of white ribbon. This is all that is necessary when the bridal pair leave the church to go on a tour; but when there is a reception on the day of the wedding, the hour of the reception and number of residence are given on the ceremony card. After quiet weddings at home, or when the newly-married pair have returned from their tour, it is customary for them to issue cards announcing their marriage, on a note sheet, inclosing a card designating reception days.

Lace is more than ever fashionable as a trimming; it is white for evening dresses, and black for dark colored dresses or mantles. Small jackets of white or black gimpure, of a very graceful shape, look exceedingly pretty over low silk dresses, and are a very tasteful finish to a dinner or small evening party toilet. Casques of black lace, fitted to the waist by a sash, and trimmed round with a deep lace flounce, are also in very good taste. They are made of Chantilly, black silk gimpure, or blonde. Some are of white lace, but are much more dressy. They are pretty for a married lady for a small evening company, worn over a light silk dress, which otherwise might not prove new and nice enough. Dentelle des Indes is also very fashionable. Every one cannot afford to wear a real lace tunic, and the fine woollen lace is far preferable to any imitations of Chantilly or other valuable lace. Its patterns are extremely handsome, and when of good quality, it is soft to the touch, though firm enough not to crumple easily, and makes up beautiful draperies as tunics. For the evening, a tunic of either Chantilly or dentelle des Indes is a great desideratum. For ladies who go out a great deal, or receive company at home, and yet do not care to be always in grand *toilette*, the black lace tunic will prove especially useful, as they can wear it with any low colored silk. The tunic has a high bodice, or sometimes one that is high at the back only, and open in front in a square, or *en châte*; it is rounded or pointed off in front, upon the skirt, and draped and looped up into a puff behind. The sleeves are wide and open. Sometimes they fall into long lappets from the shoulders, leaving the arm quite bare. With a few jewels to brighten it up, and natural flowers in the hair, this makes up a very nice demi-toilet for the evening. To wear with light colored silk or thin dresses, we very much admire the new fichus of plaited tulle or clear muslin, trimmed with Mechlin or Valenciennes lace.

Evening mourning dress is always rather a difficulty, and therefore we think the following description of an extremely tasteful *demi deuil* evening *toilette* may prove useful to some of our readers, although it is very simple. The dress is of black silk gauze over white *faille* silk; it is trimmed round the bottom with a plaited flounce, not above four inches deep at the back, but nearly twice that depth in front. The basque of the bodice, forming a sort of short upper skirt, is trimmed with a deep border of Bruges lace, and draped on either side with bows of fringed-out black gauze. The bodice is high on the shoulders, but very low both in the front and the back; it is trimmed with a deep border of Bruges lace, headed by three corded rouleaux of black satin; inside this there is a low chemisette of fine white crape, plaited like a fichu. The sleeve is finished off at the bend of the arm with a flounce, trimmed with Bruges lace, and a fluting of crape shows underneath. A necklace and large cross of cut jet, and bracelets

to match, look well with such a dress, and ear-rings and coronet of cut jet might also be worn. A white rose or camilla would be a suitable ornament for the hair.

A new style of Grecian ceinture seems likely to supersede sashes for evening wear. It is a richly gilt ribbon, adapted to the figure by an entirely novel fastening, which admits of its being tightened or loosened at pleasure.

For children we have some very pretty costumes to note. For boys from five to seven we saw complete suits of dark blue cloth, composed of straight waistcoats, buttoned all the way down; half-fitting jackets, with seams in the back, and Knickerbockers. Velvet Scotch caps complete the costumes; these are becoming to some boys, but not to all. Yachting hats of gray felt, trimmed with dark blue silk braid, may be worn instead. Complete suits of black velvet are also very elegant for little boys. The jacket is short and loose, with rounded sleeves, a little open; the waistcoat and Knickerbockers are the same as those of cloth costumes. Some suits are braided and some plain, according to taste. With Knickerbockers stockings should be worn; while with the loose, short trowsers socks look best. But it is now generally understood that it is best for boys to wear woollen stockings in winter. The plaid stockings are very nice, and the bright scarlet, if of good quality, will keep their color a long time, on condition of being washed in lukewarm bran water without any soap.

For a little girl from three to four years old we noticed a very lovely dress of French blue poplin. It was made like an out-of-door pelisse, high, and buttoned all the way down with blue velvet buttons. At the back there was a rounded basque; this basque was trimmed with a handsome pattern, partly in *appliqué* of blue velvet, and partly in blue silk braid-work. The same pattern went round the pelerine or large cape. This sort of dress is very nice for putting on a little girl for going out over the little dress with low bodice and short sleeves, which is worn in the house. For the same we saw some very charming jackets of white Cashmere, double-breasted, and loose both in front and behind; they are ornamented with braid-work in black, red, or blue, and edged with white woollen fringe. There are small revers, which may be turned down, or else turned up and buttoned, if the jacket is preferred to come quite high in the neck. To wear with the blue pelisse described, we saw a very pretty hat of the Tyrolean shape, of fine dark gray felt, trimmed with blue velvet ribbon and a blue feather, both matched to the pelisse.

In crinoline the skirts are worn about two yards round at base, with very large tournures. These skirts are much more graceful looking than the very small skirts which have been worn.

In ladies' boots there is a great variety this season, as every shoemaker likes to adopt a style of his own; but all agree in advising the plainest kid or pebbled leather boots, with very little, if any, ornamental stitching, and with heels an inch and a quarter high. The white fan stitching bows and tassels on the boots and very high curved French heels are *passé*. The shape is the three-quarter Polish boot, rather higher than those worn in the summer. Buttoned and side-laced boots are both worn. The newest idea is to have the lacing begin at the foxing, and curve upward, giving ample room for a high instep. Evening shoes are invariably gaiters, slippers being confined to morning *negligés*. White satin or kid boots are most used, as they will suit with any dress. Children wear pink or blue kid gaiters to match their evening dresses.

FASHION.

MY WIFE AND I; OR, HARRY HENDERSON'S HISTORY.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,
Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Minister's Wooing," etc. etc.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

It appears to me that the world is returning to its second childhood, and running mad for stories. Stories! Stories! Stories! everywhere; stories in every paper, in every crevice, crack, and corner of the house. Stories fall from the pen faster than leaves of autumn, and of as many shades and colorings. Stories blow over here in whirlwinds from England. Stories are translated from the French, from the Danish, from the Swedish, from the German, from the Russian. There are serial stories for adults in the *Atlantic*, in the *Overland*, in the *Galaxy*, in *Harper's*, in *Scribner's*. There are serial stories for youthful pilgrims in *Our Young Folks*, the *Little Corporal*, the *Riverside*, the *Youth's Companion*, and very soon we anticipate newspapers with serial stories for the nursery. We shall have those charmingly illustrated magazines, the *Cradle*, the *Rocking-Chair*, the *First Rattle*, and the *First Tooth*, with successive chapters of "Goosy Goosy Gander," and "Hickory Dickory Dick," and "Old Mother Hubbard," extending through twelve, or twenty-four, or forty-eight numbers.

I have often questioned what Solomon would have said if he had lived in our day. The poor man, it appears, was somewhat *blase* with the abundance of literature in his times, and remarked that much study was a weariness to the flesh. Then, printing was not invented, and "books" were all copied by hand, in those very square Hebrew letters, where each letter was about as careful a bit of work as a gravestone. And yet, even with all these restrictions and circumscriptions, Solomon rather testily remarked: "Of making many books there is no end!" What would he have said had he looked over a modern publisher's catalogue?

It is understood now that no paper is complete without its serial story, and the spinning of these stories keeps thousands of wheels and spindles in motion. It is now understood that whoever wishes to gain the public ear, and to propound a new theory, must do it in a serial story. Hath any one in our day, as in St. Paul's, a psalm, a doctrine, a tongue, a revelation, an interpretation—forthwith he wraps it up in a serial story, and presents it to the public. We have prison discipline, free trade, labor and capital, woman's rights, the temperance question in serial stories. We have Romanism and Protestantism, High Church and Low Church, and no Church, contending with each other in serial stories, where each side converts the other, according to the faith of the narrator.

We see that this thing is to go on. Soon it will be necessary that every leading clergyman should embody his theology in a serial story, to be delivered from the pulpit Sunday after Sunday. We look forward to announcements in our city papers such as these: The Rev. Dr. Ignatius, of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, will begin a serial romance, to be entitled "St. Sebastian and the Arrows," in which he will embody the duties, the trials, and the temptations of the young Christians of our day. The Rev. Dr. Boanerges, of Plymouth Rock Church, will begin a serial story, entitled "Calvin's Daughter," in which he will discuss the distinctive features of Protestant theology. The Rev. Dr. Cool Zephyr will go on with his interesting romance of "Christianity a Dissolving View," designed to show how everything is, in many respects, like everything else, and all things lead somewhere, and everything will finally end somehow, and that therefore it is important that everybody should cultivate general sweetness, and have the very best time possible in this world.

By the time that all these romances get to going, the system of teaching by parables, and opening one's mouth in dark sayings, will be fully elaborated. *Pilgrim's Progress* will be nowhere. The way to the celestial city will be as plain in everybody's mind as the way up Broadway—and so much more interesting! Finally, all science, and all art, and all business will be explained, conducted, and directed by serial stories, till the present life and the life to come shall form only one grand romance. This will be about the time of the Millennium.

Meanwhile, I am going to furnish a serial story for the *Christian Union*, and I choose the subject that is in everybody's mind and mouth, discussed on every platform, surging from everybody's tongue, and coming home to every man's business and bosom, to wit:—

MY WIFE AND I.

I trust that Miss Anthony, and Mrs. Stanton, and all the prophetesses of our day, will remark the humility and propriety of my title. It is not I and My Wife—oh, no! It is My Wife and I. What am I, and what is my father's house, that I should go before my wife in anything?

"But why specially for the *Christian Union*?" says Mr. Chadband. Let us in a spirit of love inquire.

Is it not evident why, oh, beloved? Is not that firm in human nature, which stands under the title of MY WIFE AND I, the oldest and most venerable form of Christian union on record? Where, I ask, will you find a better one—a wiser, a stronger, a sweeter, a more universally popular and agreeable one?

To be sure, there have been times and seasons when this ancient and respectable firm has been attacked as a piece of old foggism, and various

substitutes for it proposed. It has been said that "MY WIFE AND I" denoted a selfish, close corporation inconsistent with a general, all-sided, diffusive, universal benevolence; that MY WIFE AND I, in a millennial community, had no particular rights in each other more than any of the thousands of the brethren and sisters of the human race. They have said, too, that MY WIFE AND I, instead of an indissoluble unity, were only temporary partners, engaged on time, with the liberty of giving their month's notice, and starting off to a new firm.

It is not thus we understand the matter.

MY WIFE AND I, as we understand it, is the sign and symbol of more than any earthly partnership or union—of something sacred as religion, indissoluble as the soul, endless as eternity—the symbol chosen by Almighty Love to represent his redeeming, eternal union with the soul of man.

A fountain of eternal youth gushes near the hearth of every household. Each man and woman that have loved truly, have had their romance in life—their poetry in existence.

So I, in giving my history, disclaim all other. Look not for trap-doors, or haunted houses, or deadly conspiracies, or murders, or concealed crimes, in this history, for you will not find one. You shall have simply and only the old story—old as the first of Genesis—of Adam, stupid, desolate, and lonely without Eve, and how he sought and how he found her, and how they fared together thereafter.

This much, on mature consideration, I hold to be about the sum and substance of all the romances that have ever been written, and so long as there are new Adams and new Eves in each coming generation, it will not want for sympathetic listeners.

So I, Henry Henderson—a plain Yankee boy from the mountains of New Hampshire, and at present a citizen of New York—commence my story.

My experiences have three stages.

First, my child-wife, or the experiences of Boyhood.

Second, my shadow-wife, or the experiences of my Youth.

Third, my real wife, where I saw her, how I sought and found her, and how we fared together.

In the course of these experiences, my good friends, you will find that we take occasion to discuss all sorts of modern and exciting topics, and to keep up with the spirit of this discussing age, when there is nothing which may not be considered an open question.

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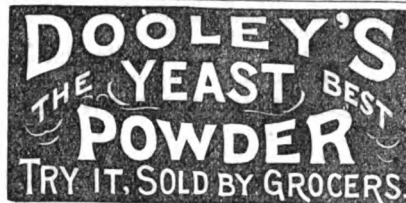
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Do you know what day to-day is?

Mother, 'tis our wedding day!

"Just as now, we sat at supper

When the guests had gone away;

You sat that side, I sat this side,

Forty years ago to-day!

"Then what plans we laid together;

What brave things I meant to do!

Could we dream to-day would find us

At this table—me and you?

"Better so, no doubt—and yet I

Sometimes think—I cannot tell—

Had our boys—ah, yes! I know, dear;

Yes, He doeth all things well.

"Well, we've had our joys and sorrows;

Shared our smiles as well as tears;

And—the best of all—I've had your

Faithful love for forty years!

"Poor we've been, but not forsaken;

Grief we've known, but never shame—

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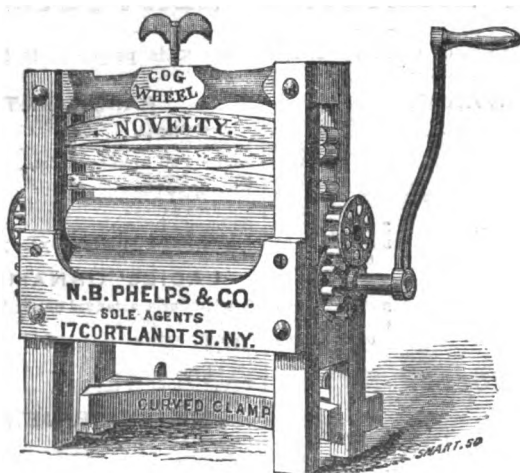
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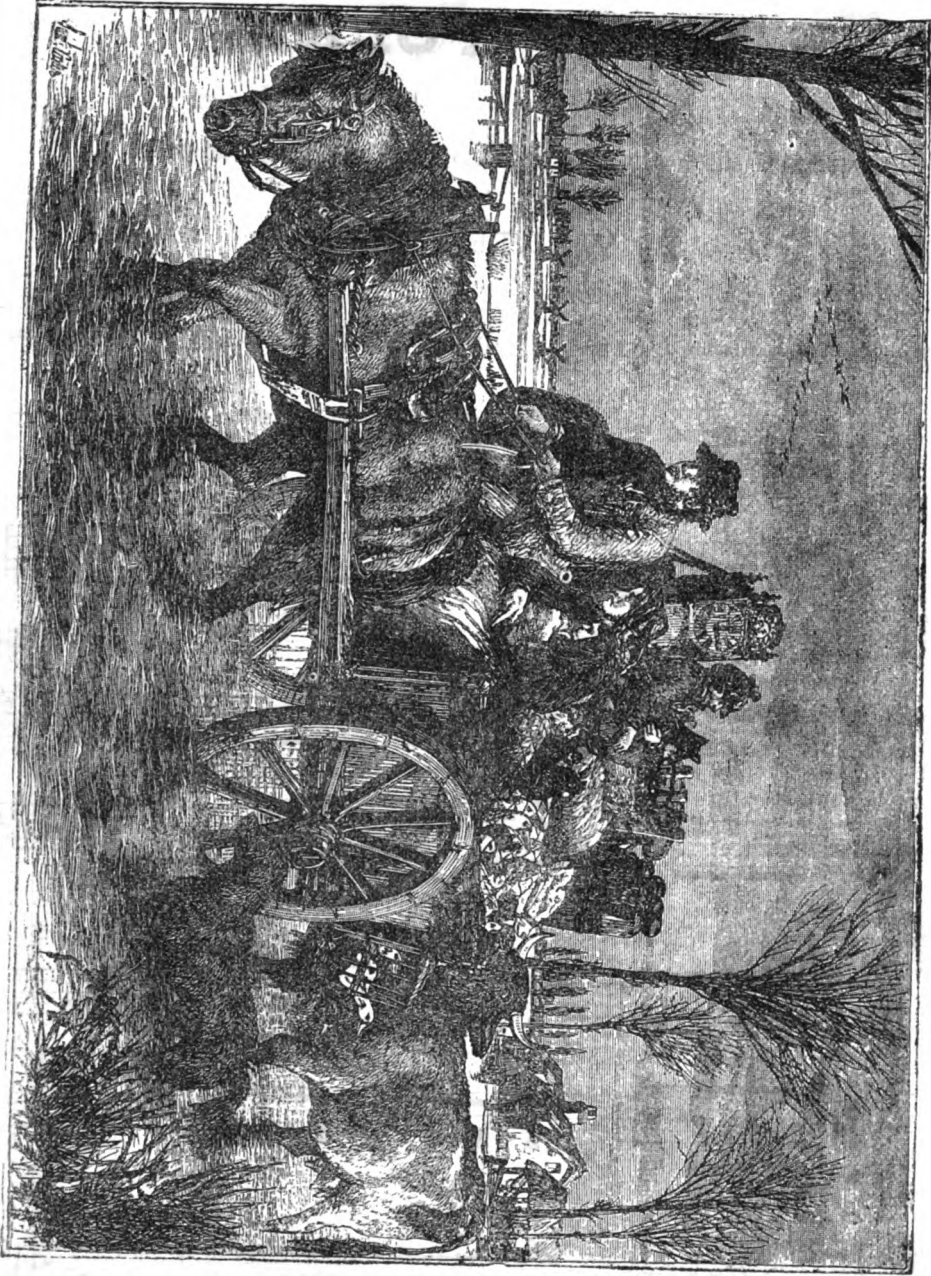




LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE WAYSIDE.







PETIT POLKA.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE,

By WALTER BURT.

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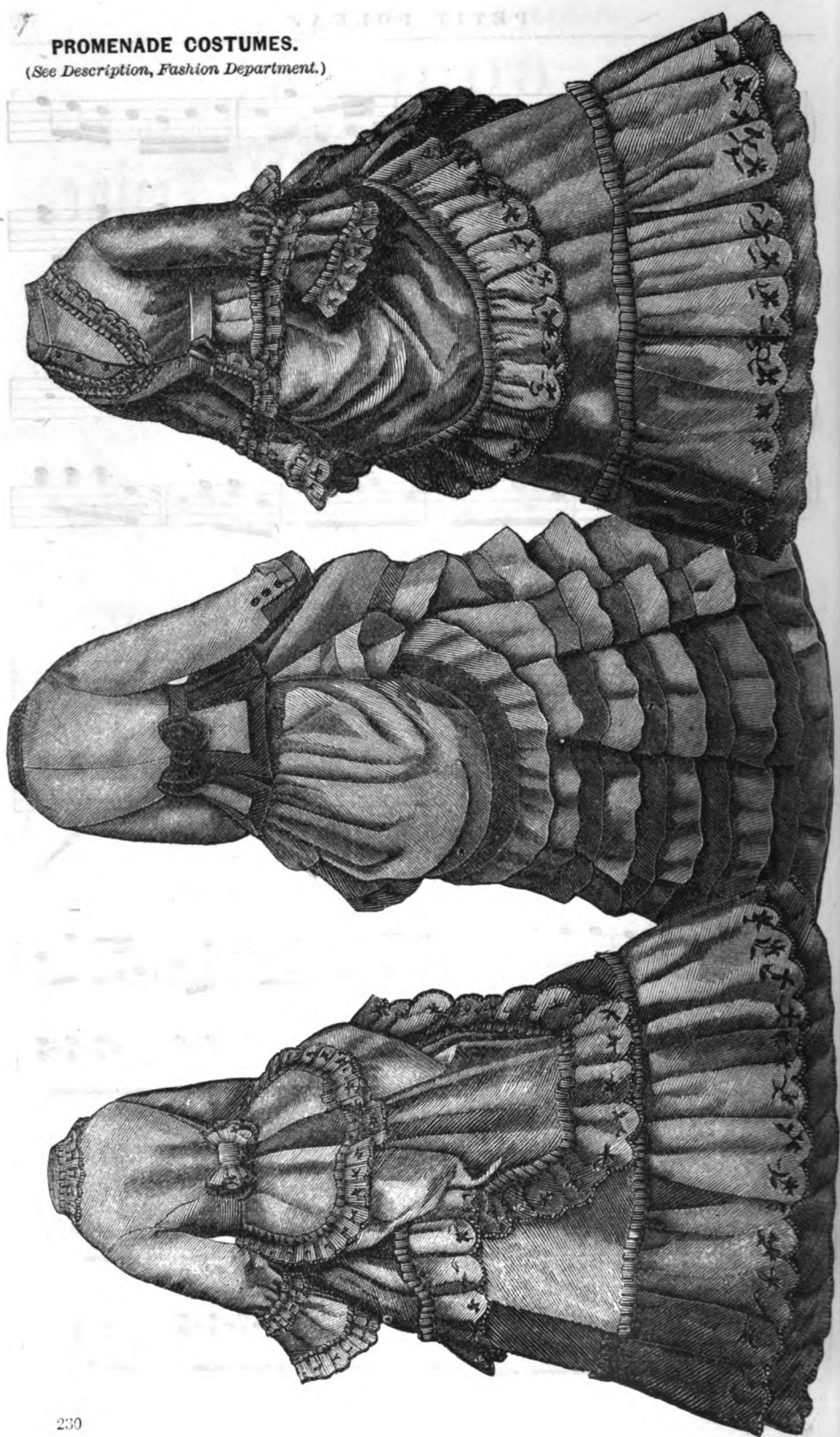


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PROMENADE COSTUMES.

(See Description, Fashion Department.)



GODEY'S Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXXII—NO. 489.

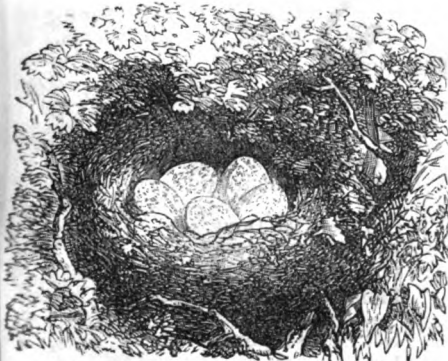
PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1871.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST? FOR THE JUVENILES.

BY MARIA L. CHILD.

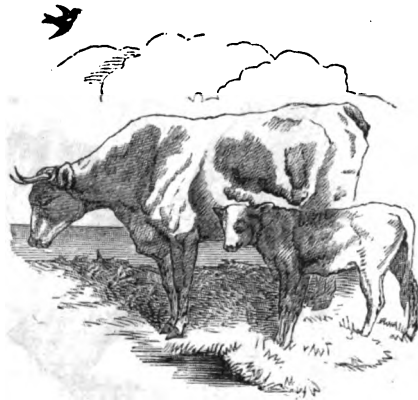


To-whit! To-whit! To-whce!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole five eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?



Not I, said the Cow, Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do,
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.

Not I, said the cow, Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.



To-whit! To-whit! To-whce!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole five eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
Now what do you think?



Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?



Not I, said the Dog, Bow-wow!
 I wouldn't be so mean, I vow;
 I gave *hairs* the nest to make,
 But the nest I did not take.
 Not I, said the dog, Bow-wow!
 I wouldn't be so mean, I vow.

To-whit! To-whit! To-wheel!
 Will you listen to me?
 Who stole five eggs I laid,
 And the nice nest I made?

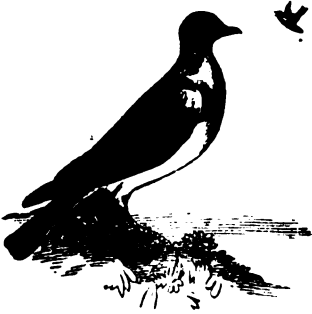
Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!
 Now what do you think?

Who stole a nest away
 From the plum-tree to-day?

Coo! said the DOVE, Coo-coo!
 Let me speak a word, too:
 Who stole that pretty nest
 From little yellow-breast?

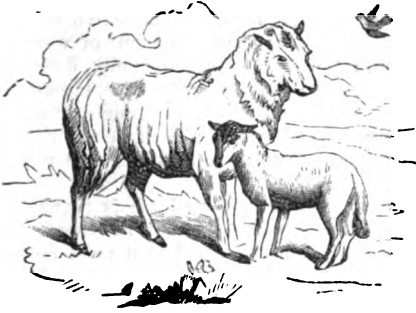
Not I, said the SHEEP, oh, no!
 I wouldn't treat a poor bird so,
 I gave *wool* the nest to line,
 But the nest was none of mine.
 Baa! Baa! said the sheep, oh, no!
 I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.

To-whit! To-whit! To-whee!
Will you listen to me?



Who stole five eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

Caw! Caw! cried the CROW,
I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?



Cluck! Cluck! said the HEN,
Don't ask me again.



Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick!

We each gave her a *feather*,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! Cluck! said the hen,
Don't ask me again.

Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
We will make a great stir!
Let us find out his name
And all cry "For shame!"

I would not rob a bird,
Said little Mary Green;
I think I never heard
Of any thing so mean.



'Tis very cruel, too,
Said little Alice Neal;
I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed.
For *he* stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast;



And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

BY MARION HARLAND.

PART II.

HALF-WAY.

"I SHOULD think Sara Stringham would feel wretchedly out of place in an institute where most of the girls dress so handsomely. I am often sorry for her. She is actually shabby."

"I don't believe she cares much about dress. She is contented to be intellectual, and brilliant in conversation, and all that," said another of the *coterie* of girls clustered about the great radiator in the middle of the school-room.

Estelle Wells smiled in lofty superiority. "Dress is one of the fine arts which no one—certainly no woman—can afford to neglect."

She did not point the remark by a downward look at her own tasteful attire, but the glances of the rest wandered involuntarily to the purple silk skirt and black velvet basquine; the muslin apron, with its be-ribboned pockets and crimped frills; the pearl brooch and ringed fingers. And after this furtive survey, the bright eyes of the budding women passed, as naturally, to the object of Estelle's criticism, a girl in plain dark merino, and black alpaca apron, leaning against the frame of a distant window, and talking animatedly in French with Madame Marcelle, the Lady Principal of the school.

A tall young lady who was walking slowly up and down the floor, within hearing of much of her schoolmates' conversation, stopped opposite Estelle, and leaned on the back of an empty chair, in an attitude that had in it much of the easy insolence of her address.

"Perhaps," she said, staring straight into the censor's face, "perhaps if her mother had been a factory girl, she might think it necessary to cultivate this and other showy arts to cheat people into forgetfulness of the fact that she was not born to the purple. As it is, she knows her standing cannot be questioned."

School girls are cruel tormentors; pitiless, let us hope, rather through levity and ignorance than malice. If this open assault was to Estelle like the sting of a knotted lash, the ill-suppressed amusement of her companions, and the smiling silence following the affront, were so many poisonous pin-pricks. She had felt so comfortable, so pleasantly at ease, a moment before. It was agreeable to know that she was the best dressed, if not the prettiest girl in the room; and that she received the tribute of respect and admiration from her fellows due these advantages. The desire for popularity was with her a thirst, and she felt that she had within her the means of compassing this end; that she had tact, wit, spirit, and generosity; and that outward circumstances favored the exercise of all these. The coveted

good had never seemed nearer to her than on this autumn noon. She had held a sort of court, sitting there in an arm-chair, a dozen girls about her, two on the rug at her feet, their arms crossed upon her lap; another perched on the elbow of her chair, winding one of Estelle's golden curls about her finger; the arm of yet another about her neck. All listened to her serious remark with deference; to her sallies with applause. They liked to look at pleasant pictures, and the wearer of fine clothes is always a person of influence in a feminine assembly, provided she understands how to bear them off well, a faculty that was born with Estelle Wells.

But at Maude Stuyvesant's rude and unprovoked retort, all this adventitious importance fell away from the rich man's daughter as Cinderella's fairy gauds changed to dusty rags at the stroke of midnight. The arm about her shoulders was lax and drooping; the ringlet dropped back to her cheek; and, if she were to judge from the aspect of other of her courtiers, they would have cheered her enemy had not common politeness restrained them. The sight of all this; the chill that seized her soul in the discovery; the keen smart of wounded feeling more than outraged vanity, drove the blood in a red rush to her temples, imparted a tremor to her voice. She was caught off guard, and much as she would have given to conceal her discomfiture, the tokens were but too evident.

"Something more than birth is required to make the true lady," she said, rallying.

"Nobody denies that. Blood must be kept pure by thorough breeding. You cannot make a lady by any other means, least of all, by money and gay feathers," rejoined Maude, still leaning nonchalantly upon the back of the chair, her coolness finding a foil in Estelle's heat and uneasiness. "There is a branch of education which is not easily bought. Sara Stringham gets this in her home. Wealth cannot purchase it, thank Heaven! any more than it can furnish a suitable assortment of noble ancestors. The fence about our really good society is not quite broken down. Sara is inside the pale, let her dress in calico or velvet."

"That is your opinion," Estelle replied, weakly, with a poor feint of disdain.

"It is the opinion of everybody who knows how to value her antecedents. She belongs to one of the oldest families in America; one that can prove by its register its connection with noble English houses. Her father was, in turn, a Judge of the Supreme Court, member of Congress, and Governor of his native State. Her mother, however reduced she may be in fortune, is a *lady*, by birth and breeding, with the manners of a queen. These are points in one's family history of which she may well be proud. Only the ignorant and purse-proud underrate them. It is time *parvenus* received

right instruction concerning such matters; time they were taught what high social rank means, and that all the money-bags in creation will not raise illiterate mechanics and their families to this grade."

She was in earnest now. The insult was premeditated and strongly delivered; but her pale complexion did not glow; her voice did not rise. Only in the expressive steadiness of her gaze, and more deliberate utterance, was there evidence of her intention to crush the other to what she considered was her proper level. The patrician blood was better managed than the fuller, quicker tide in the veins of her opponent—or victim. Estelle's cheeks burned until they throbbed, and the tears were hardly kept back.

"One would suppose, to hear Miss Stuyvesant declaim, that she held the keys of Castle Society as tightly as St. Peter does those of the Catholic Church," she said, rising, with a forced laugh, mirthless and unmusical. "I will not come between the wind and her nobility, although the encounter was not of my seeking. It is hard to breathe in an atmosphere so overcharged with aristocracy."

"You will do well to remember that," was Maude's parting shot, carelessly delivered, and she resumed her saunter down the room.

Nobody joined her, but neither did a single one of her late companions approach Estelle when she went back to her desk and pretended to busy herself with an exercise until recess was over. The group about the radiator talked in lower tones, stealing a look now and then at the disputants, that showed the current of their gossip. Maude was royally indifferent to their comments, yet she was too shrewd not to surmise that their sympathy was with her, rather than with the mechanic's daughter. Not one of them had dared speak a word in defence of the *parvenue's* pretensions, although several of the number could boast no higher descent, or present rank in the social scale. "Stuyvesant" was a name of power, before which they bowed in true republican awe. Estelle had stood no chance of maintaining her ground from the first, but her rout had been ignominious and unpitied. She acknowledged this to herself. Her heart was sore; her self-respect torn to tatters; and there was no redress. But her predominant emotion was a burning sense of injustice. Why should she have been singled out as the mark for the Stuyvesant's scorn? She had always treated Maude with the consideration her position demanded; never tried to force herself upon her notice. She was proud, as were many of her mates, to mention to outsiders that the Misses Stuyvesant were Madame Marcelle's pupils, feeling that the circumstance gave tone and fashion to the establishment.

"She talked as if she hated me! had some personal grudge against me!" she thought, her

chest heaving, and hand shaking, while she tried to see through the mist creeping between her and the paper. "She and Sara Stringham are not particularly intimate. I don't believe they even like one another; so Maude need not consider herself set for the other's defence. And to expose me before all the girls! I shall never hold up my head again. As if it makes any difference whether my father is a mechanic or a lawyer, so long as I am fitted by education to be their associate!"

But in her soul she felt that it did make a difference; that Sara Stringham, in her year-old merino, and whose mother lived in a cottage on a cross street, with only one servant, stood at an immeasurable height above her, whose father's "mansion" faced a fashionable square; who rode in her carriage to and from school in bad weather; and who had six bonnets a season, with an unlimited allowance of new dresses.

Mrs. Wells could not afford to dress her children as plainly as Mrs. Stuyvesant did hers. They were part of the advertisement of her husband's wealth; one of the stepping-stones by which she was climbing! climbing! how toilsomely nobody but herself knew. Estelle had begun to understand the process and the pain better of late. She no longer regarded her stand in the world as assured; noted, as she never used to, the wan, anxious look that often marred her mother's pretty face when she was not in "company," and likened it, in her own mind, to the solicitude of one treading a quagmire, whose only safety is in passing on; never standing long enough in one spot for his foot to sink in.

"We belong nowhere in particular," she said to herself, bitterly. "We will not go back, and there is a combination to keep us from going forward."

Her cousin, Fanny Clark, walked home with her that afternoon. She had not been in the school-room during recess, but a rumor of the scene with Maude had reached her.

"They tell me you and Maude Stuyvesant had a 'spat' to-day noon," she said, eagerly curious. "What was it all about?"

"She told me that fine clothes, money, and education, could not make a lady of a mechanic's daughter," said Estelle, in a hard, sullen tone. "And I think she was about right."

Fanny laughed, tossed up her muff in the air, caught it as it came down, and whirled around on one toe—a *pas seul* learned from a popular ballet dancer.

"She shouldn't make laws for me! I'm as good as she is any day, and as much of a lady as I ever want to be. They're stiff as buckram, that set; and proud as Lucifer! almost too proud to keep themselves company. Who cares for a pack of old dead and buried forefathers? They're like potatoes—the best part

under ground. I wouldn't mind her talk if I was you. Though, to be sure," with complacent recollection, "*my* father isn't a mechanic. He is a merchant. *They* stand higher, of course."

"Perhaps you would prefer not to be seen in the street with me?" interposed Estelle, shortly.

Fanny laughed again. "What a silly! I don't cut my relations that way. Your mother is my own aunt, you know."

"I ought to feel grateful for your condescension." Estelle was in a towering passion. "But, knowing, as I do, that my mother is more of a lady, and moves in better society to-day than yours ever can, to say nothing of my father being able to buy and sell yours three times over, I must decline your patronage. Good-day!"

She signalled a passing car, got in, and was a block off before Fanny recovered her wits. *She* was quite satisfied with her place in life, take it altogether. Her associates and neighbors were, in general, on a par with herself in tastes, habits, and means. Their fathers had made their own money, and there was no appreciable difference in their wives' and daughters' manner of spending it. They liked gorgeous furniture, and ostentatious entertainments, and expensive toilettes, and handsome equipages, and so long as they were not distanced very far by their compeers, they held up their heads jauntily and accounted themselves leaders of *ton*. Mrs. Wells had, as her daughter stated, arisen to a more elevated plane, and seeing further into the shadowy land of worldly dignities and honors, was proportionably discontented. Social distinction was the *summum bonum* she craved for herself and posterity. The charmed region in which dwelt the Stuyvesants, and Roosevelts, and Stringhams, was, to her, the very land of Beulah. Until she, with her train, passed the confines of that blessed country, yet, alas! so far away, she must know no rest or peace. She had never told Estelle in definite language that she looked down upon the sister she had once envied, as inferior to herself in person and refinement, in station and in aim; but the quick-witted girl had divined the sentiment and shared it.

"Let Maude Stuyvesant say what she will, my mother's ladyhood is innate, if she was a factory girl. I wish I had never known that. Grandma told me four or five years ago, and it cuts down into the quick whenever I think of it. I can easily believe that Aunt Fanny was a milliner, for she acts and talks like one, now. She is essentially vulgar, with her loud tones and laugh, her slang phrases and her incessant quotation of prices—how much this, that, and the other cost. Uncle Clark is simply unbearable, and Fanny is a would-be 'fast' girl, empty-headed, vain, and volatile. They have

no taste for anything that truly cultivated people delight in—books and pictures, and statuary, and music, and travel. I should be ashamed to introduce them to my best acquaintances. I can see why they should be excluded from polite society. But why mamma?"

She sprang from the car at the corner of the street in which she lived, and walked on rapidly, gnawing her lip with the passion of the thought she had not dared put in shape to herself. She did not question the wisdom of her mother's aspirations; the reality of the good for which she strove. In disgustful impatience at her own destiny, she was the more disposed to exaggerate the benefits that would follow her introduction into the world she panted to enter. And at the suggestion of the impracticable nature of her hopes, she flew out at Fate, bruised herself against the unseen fetters that bound her, and foamed at the uselessness of her efforts.

"Halloo, young woman! What's your hurry? Can't you stop for company?"

She had not heard footsteps in pursuit, and fast as her father walked, he did not overtake her until she reached home, and turned to go up the front steps.

"I've been chasing of you ever since you got out of the car," said Peter, putting his hand upon his idol's shoulder, all the love of his big heart in his honest eyes and broad face. "How them little feet of yours did scutter along, to be sure! You ain't got wings on 'em, be you?"

Here was her thought in visible form. She had tried to hush the unfilial whisper that the man now before her was the one inseparable barrier to the advancement upon which her mother's happiness and her own depended, but his appearance and salutation brought the truth home to her with a shock that threatened to kill her love on the spot.

An illiterate mechanic! Maude had not stated it too strongly. No amount of smoothing and gilding would ever make this great, good-natured animal—who hated gloves and tight boots, who trod heavily, and talked like a sea-captain in a gale—presentable in the Stuyvesant system. He had become burly and ruddier than ever with the steady march of his prosperity. "Stout," Mrs. Wells sighed, plaintively, as each year added breadth and rotundity to the figure which had formerly "really been tolerably good." "Fat, and getting fatter every day!" pronounced his old acquaintances, who had not unlearned the habit of calling things by their names. He looked like an elephant to Estelle in her recoil from his touch; in the sickness made up of self-reproach and something she was loath to call aversion, at his familiarity.

"What's the matter, chick? Have I scairt you?"

"Yes!"

"I'm sorry, dear. I didn't mean to." With-
out in the least comprehending the meaning of
her emphasis, Peter's countenance fell, and
his apology was made humbly. "I wouldn't
worry you in any way for the world," he ad-
ded, unlocking the door.

Unable to speak, Estelle flew past him up the
staircase.

"Bless my soul! What ails you, Stelly?
You pretty nigh knocked me over!" cried the
grandmother, against whom she ran in the up-
per hall.

Mrs. Lane had lived with her daughter for
twelve years, an honored inmate of her luxuri-
ous home, and a help to mother and children
in many ways. Estelle had never suspected,
until this miserable day of awakening, how
hopelessly vulgar she was.

"She will wear old-fashioned clothes, is al-
ways preaching economy, and she couldn't
open her lips without betraying her lack of
education and breeding. Where's the use of
trying to swim with two millstones about
one's neck? Maude was right," muttered the
girl, tossing her books into a corner and drop-
ping in a heap to the carpet; she put her face
between her hands, and sobbed stormily.

The tempest was at its height when her
mother knocked at the locked door.

"I want to speak to you, my daughter," she
said, kindly, but decidedly, as Estelle delayed
obedience to the summons.

The bolts were drawn back reluctantly, and
the discolored face of the weeper was revealed.

"Your father said you did not seem well,
and sent me up to you. 'What is it, my love?'"
inquired Mrs. Wells, drawing her child to her
bosom.

It all came out—the mortification, the anger,
the longing, and the despair—an incoherent re-
lital, broken by bursts of emotion, at which
the parent did not smile as causeless or ex-
cessive.

"You think me a foolish baby, I know,
mamma," said Estelle, finally, struck by her
silence, and, raising herself to look at her, saw
that she was very pale, and her eyes were full
of tears.

"I do not, my dear. But I feel just now as
if I could have died to save you from what you
have borne. I know all about it—all the strug-
gle, and the anguish, and the discouragement.

She had hoped, however, that my children"—
she stopped, and finished the sentence with a
sigh.

"Now," she resumed, more cheerfully, after
a brief pause, "wash your eyes, and dress for
inner. Your gray poplin was sent home to-
day," opening a wardrobe, and displaying the
silvery sheen of the drapery. "I am quite
anxious to see how it fits."

The ruse succeeded. Estelle was fond of
dress, as are most young ladies who have been

carefully inducted into its mysteries, and she
chatted away blithely, as her mother helped
her on with her new robe, adding a stroke here
and a touch there, speaking gently, loving
words—unobtrusive sympathy that was very
sweet.

"You are very lovely, my darling," she said,
when the toilet was completed. "You have
never worn anything more becoming."

"I ought to be lovely if I am anything like
you," answered Estelle, putting her arms about
her, and nestling in her embrace as she had in
her babyhood. "All the sneers of the aris-
tocracy cannot deprive me of this consolation,
my pretty, pretty mamma."

Mrs. Wells wore mourning for her youngest
child—a lustreless black silk, with jet orna-
ments, that made her fair skin look girlishly
fresh and pure. Her blue eyes were soft and
clear, her teeth perfect, and her hair still held
the gold and gloss.

"I am glad I am a comfort, my pet. And I
am very proud of my daughter. Do not let
ill-natured people persuade you that you are
not fit for any station, however exalted, Estelle.
You have sense, beauty, wealth, accomplish-
ments, and these will do their work if we are
patient and brave. The time will come when
those who look down upon you, now, will be
glad to welcome you as an equal."

Estelle's lids drooped. "But, mamma, it is
tiresome, hateful work. Will the end pay for
it all? I am weary with striving and strain-
ing. Are people never happy as they are?"

"They ought not to be so long as they are
beneath their rightful station. I should be
ashamed of you were you satisfied with less.
It has been the dream of long years with me
that I should live to see my children take their
places among the highest in the land."

There was still something upon the girl's
mind. She hung back as her mother moved to
the door, expecting to be followed.

"Mamma," coloring deeply, and looking only
at her own nervous fingers, "I dislike to think,
much less say it, but how is it that papa is so
different from you? Will it always be so?
Was it so from the first?"

The blush in the mother's face rivalled the
questioner's. She shut the door, and spoke
low:—

"I understand what you mean, and you are
old enough now to appreciate certain of the
trials of my lot, of which I have never spoken
to another creature. Papa and I, dearly as we
love each other, are not agreed upon some,
upon many points. His desires are simple;
his ambition is to succeed in business, rather
than to shine in society."

Estelle could not help smiling.

"You are quite right," continued the wife,
calmly. "It is a preposterous idea. I used to
try, before I learned wisdom through failure,
when we began to rise in the world, to remodel

his tastes, and correct his habits of speech and manner, with what success you do not need to be told. He will remain plain Peter Wells to the day of his death. These solid, phlegmatic natures resist new impressions with stubbornness temperaments like yours and mine find it hard to bear with. I wish, for his children's sake, that it were not so, that he would have exerted himself while he could. But talking will not mend the evil. We will try to overlook everything that pains us in consideration of his real excellence, his kind heart, and open hand. It might have been much worse."

"I don't see"—began Estelle, impetuously, then checked herself with a frightened look.

Mrs. Wells took in her meaning as clearly as if she had said outright: "I do not see how you could have brought yourself to marry him."

"We were more congenial once." She said it very composedly, as if the contemplation of the change no longer gave her a pang. "In view of the good to be gained for my children by such a course, I have taken great pains to improve my mind and deportment since it seemed likely that they would occupy a more honorable position than that in which their parents were born. But we have talked enough upon this subject now, dear. Discussion will not alter facts."

She talked well, moved well, played the lady well—this daughter of the people, the factory-girl, who had found Paradise in three rooms in the days when she scouted the suggestion that money could bring happiness in its train. Quick to see, and deft in practice, she had brought, likewise, to the study of the rules governing the sphere in which she aspired to move, a steady purpose and stanch faith in herself. It was easy to reach and pass Fanny—"poor Fanny!" she usually called her to herself. She had sunk nearer her husband's level, instead of attempting to raise him; contracted many of his ways of speaking and more of his habits of thought and action.

"If he would not go with me, I would leave him," Ellie had said, long ago, seeing Fanny's declension, and in the resolution she had never flagged. She meant to mingle upon equal terms with accomplished women, to converse upon themes that engaged their attention in such terms as came easily to their lips, and she took private lessons in belles-lettres, French, music, and writing, much to Peter's amusement, then to his utter mystification.

"Why, you're the smartest, cutest woman in the world already, duckey," he ventured, when she announced her intention. "But, if you're a mind to study how to parleyvous and play the planner, I'll pay the piper. If it pleases you, it's all right. I promise to foot the bills without a word."

They had grown rich fast. Not in a day or a year, for Peter stuck like a limpet to his legitimate line of business, and abhorred wild

speculations. But he was a born machinist, and he had improved upon other men's patent with ingenuity that brought in rich returns. He was both honest and enterprising, and, in whatever mine he quarried, he found wealth. He enjoyed the pursuit of it, less for the money's sake than for the excitement of the work. Every man is an enthusiast in something. His business was his pride and joy. There his was the master mind, and guided the vast concern with a master's hand.

"An ignoble ambition," his wife deemed it. "He thinks of, cares for nothing but heaping together riches. What they will procure is a secondary consideration."

Sometimes she was very tart with him on this point. If he really loved her, he would be interested in her pursuits, co-operate with her in her endeavor to make for the family a name and a place in the gay world. And Peter did try, to his own and her misery. He squeezed himself into a dress-coat, bandaged his fingers with white kid, and went faithfully and un-murmuringly to the wedding-receptions and crush parties, whereby the *parvenues* sought to imitate the painful follies of the real upper ten; bought high-priced tickets to operas, and concerts, and *matinées*; stared through his iorgnette at ballet dancers, when the men about him did so, blushing himself blind with bashful indignation he dared not express, while Ellie looked smilingly on. He displayed his portly figure at her side in her phaeton, or in the spacious "Clarence," where he felt so much like a fat goldfish in a globe that he reminded other people of the same; and took the frosty air in the family sleigh, still in attendance upon his spouse, at hours when conscience and inclination said he should be at his work. He even tried, at her solicitation, to learn how to drive, and was upset thrice as the reward of his self-devotion. He did not beg off. Ellie excused him, at last, after a trying novitiate. Not in appreciation of his earnest desire to serve and please her, but in hopelessness.

"You will never be anything but a business machine," she told him, plainly.

"I am afraid not, dear," assented the patient husband. "It's the thing I was brought up to, you see. I know I am a mortal dull scholar."

Then, she left him, as she had said it was Fanny's duty to do by her money-maker. Plain Peter was abandoned to his plainness, and his wife pushed upward. "For her children's sake," she said. She had two, now. That was "her number." She did not see what people wanted with more than a pair, a boy and a girl. This and more cant of the same stamp she had learned from modish mothers, the law of whose conduct and conversation was, "Suffer not little children to come unto me." But the best-laid schemes even of pattern matrons may "gang aley," and when Arthur, her second-born, was ten years old, a

third child made his appearance, greatly to the mother's chagrin and the father's secret exultation. Mrs. Wells was "really ashamed, so mortified she could hardly look her acquaintances in the face at this atrocious failure of her arrangements." The unwelcome baby flourished apace, winning all about him to love and admiration, even the discomfited mother, and, at the age of four, was, Peter was ready to attest upon oath, the finest child in town, a miracle of beauty and sprightliness. "The image of his father," the grandmother did not scruple to declare. Mrs. Wells did not see the resemblance. The thought that her bonny boy could ever be fat and red-faced was not pleasant to her maternal vanity. He was already *distinguished* in person and bearing, and Peter was the opposite of distinguished-looking. Master Clarence had undoubtedly inherited his father's sunny temper and generous disposition. He loved everybody with all his might, and shone so warmly and brightly into every corner of heart and home that nobody ever dreamed of shadow until it fell. He sickened suddenly one night, struggled fearfully for a few hours in his father's arms—no others were strong enough to hold him—and breathed his last upon that father's lips as he bent for a farewell kiss.

Peter's notions about the funeral shocked the undertaker, who could hardly trust the evidence of his own ears when the rich man explained his wish to be for a private interment; that the remains should be taken to the cemetery in the family carriage, attended only by the parents, and be met there by a clergyman and the necessary workmen.

"Tisn't a time for parade and a crowd, 'cording to my way of thinking," said the social heretic.

"If you please, we will consult Mrs. Wells," replied the diplomatic mortuary agent, and had reason to felicitate himself upon his wise thought.

The funeral was a spectacle in its way. Such a profusion of flowers, such elegant and tasteful decoration of parlors and coffin, such an aristocratic disposal of the waxen image in the white satin niche of the casket, were rare in any circle. Mrs. Wells was evidently a woman of culture and æsthetic tastes, decided the fashionable rector who conducted the services; and certain of his flock, who, out of respect to Peter's wealth and the value of the same to the parish, crossed the threshold of his dwelling that day for the first time, began to debate the propriety of "taking her up." The mother dated at least three of her most desirable acquaintanceships from the visits of condolence paid within a few days after her boy's burial.

That was eighteen months ago. Estelle was now in very slight mourning, and Mrs. Wells had laid aside her *crepe*. The tide of worldliness, stayed for a brief space by the short mound, now shadowed by a chaste and costly

tomb, had increased and prevailed until she went upon the face of the waters. She still drove out to the cemetery, at stated seasons, to lay flowers upon the baby's breast—oftenest in winter, when the exotics, strewed upon frozen earth or snow, told the passer-by that the dust beneath had sprung from a stock nurtured with gold.

"It may seem useless and extravagant to those who cannot enter into a parent's feelings," she would say, while dropping the fragile, shivering blooms upon the hallowed spot. "But it is all we can do for him now—our lost darling!"

Peter never mentioned the child's name voluntarily.

"I do not believe he has ever seen the grave since the day of the funeral," Mrs. Wells lamented to her chosen intimates. "So few gentlemen can read the depths of a mother's heart."

Peter did not reply when she upbraided him in like terms. She did not ask what he did with the Sunday afternoons he used to spend at home—why it was that neither storm nor heat could hinder him from taking the long walk from which he returned more grave, but gentler than when he set out, and he was never stern or irritable. His wife did not vex her brain with noting these symptoms of softness in the "business machine," received unthinkingly the fond kiss he imprinted almost reverently upon her lips when he came in. If Estelle were down stairs, he would ask her to play sacred music for him in the twilight—"to lull him to sleep," she and her mother laughingly agreed, for he would seem to listen for an hour without speaking or moving, sitting in an easy-chair, his head bowed upon his hand.

"I can't put things into words," Peter had said, eighteen years before, to his bride on the first Sabbath evening they passed in their own home. He liked the music-room better than any other of the first floor apartments, and for a singular reason.

"I like to have the door shut while you play, my dear," he had said once to Estelle. "The parlors seem so out-of-doors-like."

"As you please, papa, but when the halls are as warm as the rooms, inner doors are of little use."

"It's just one of my old-fashioned notions, I suppose," was the meek rejoinder.

He had not the "words" in which to tell her how the closed doors reminded him of the snugness and sacred privacy of his first, his only real home, when Ellie had time to sit by him, after the day's work was done, her hand in his, her head upon his shoulder—the Sabbath nights, when it came to her, as it did to him, how much they had to be thankful for. Decidedly Peter had low tastes. He was conscious that this was so, much better aware of his shortcomings than his wife imagined, for

she had, as she thought, wasted breath in trying to prove to him the absurdity of not conforming their style of living to their means.

"You wouldn't have me live in a second-story 'flat,' and slave myself to death doing my own work, would you?" she argued, petulantly.

"Certainly not, dearie. I want life to go as easy with you as money can make it," he responded. "But you say, yourself, that servants are a nuisance, and that you never find time for anything you want to do, and you do seem to be driven to death all the while."

"It is unavoidable," said Ellie, imprudently. "No woman with the care of an establishment like this can attend to her social and domestic duties as she should without being overworked in body and mind. I am often so weary when I lie down at night that I cannot sleep for hours."

"Just so." Peter looked troubled. "The main thing I wanted to make money for was that you might be comfortable and happy. And it hain't done it. It bothers me awful. I wonder sometimes—but I ain't a judge of such things. You've got more brains than me, any day, and know better what ought to be. I did use to hope—there's no sense trying to say it, and maybe I'd as well leave it alone. All I want is for you to have what you like and be contented, little girl. If I knew how to make it easier for you, I would. It does look as if you had it kinder hard."

He could afford to give her plenty of money, and she spent it freely as she received it. In charities, as in household and personal expenditures, she was lavish, often as a means to an end, and that end her own aggrandizement.

"I cannot find time, amid the pressure of my manifold duties, to work for your cause," she would say, pleasantly, to lady-directors and collectors for benevolent objects. "But I esteem it a privilege to give."

She did find time to take a stall at a grand bazaar for the benefit of a great popular charity; furnished her wares from her private purse; and struck out so many charming novelties as to make her stand the principal attraction of the hall. It was a proud moment when, at a meeting of the managers, held in Mrs. Stuyvesant's library, that lady being President of the Board, Mrs. Wells modestly, but with perfect self-possession, passed over to the Treasurer a larger amount as the proceeds of her sales than was paid in by any one else, and gracefully "begged leave to supplement her returns" by a handsome check, bearing her husband's signature.

"You have done nobly, Mrs. Wells," the president said, graciously. "You deserve the thanks of the board and of the community."

At the next election of officers and members, they made her a directress of the institution,

which throve in consequence of this stroke of worldly wisdom.

"A remarkable woman for one in her station," was the verdict of her superiors in rank. She guessed how they talked of her behind her back, from their patronizing demeanor to herself, but she saw, also, that her wedges were slowly making their way.

"I met Mrs. Lamson in the street this morning," observed Mrs. Lane, that day at dinner. "She asked most particular after you, Ellie, and why you never come to see her nowadays. I wish you could make it convenient to call there some day. 'Twould do her a power of good."

"I cannot call upon everybody, mother; and I do not feel that Mrs. Lamson's claims are strong."

"She was a friend to me and mine when we hadn't many," said Mrs. Lane, in a whimpering, childish way. "Many's the time she's come in and sot by the day with you children when I was out working."

"It was true, then!" ejaculated Master Arthur, with a shrill whistle. "Beg pardon, mother," seeing her reproving look, "but I flogged Syd Stuyvesant the other day at school for saying, when I pulled out my new watch to see what time it was, that that was a jolly turnip for a fellow to carry whose grandmother was a washerwoman. And such a trouncing as I gave him! It wasn't just on the square, it seems, hey, father?"

"You'd ought to have been sure you were right before you went ahead that time, my son," answered the father, smiling, in spite of himself, at his comical perplexity, while Estelle muttered something about the "Stuyvesants' impertinent meddling."

Mrs. Wells had improvised an errand to take the servant in waiting out of the room as soon as her mother began to whine. She had to be continually on the alert to avoid inconvenient disclosures.

"I think we can find some more suitable topic of conversation at table than school-riots," she said now, dryly.

The boy took the rebuke in good part. "It's hard to make school-boys gentlemanly, ma'am. Charley Burt, the head boy in our department, is the only one I ever knew who is never rough. But he's a brick, through and through. And, by the way, mother, I would like to bring him here some evening. He told me once that he used to know you when you lived in James Street. His father is a grocer, I believe."

"Burt! I don't remember the person."

The waiter was back in the room, and Mrs. Wells' languid indifference was a study.

"You're getting old and forgetful, Ellie," fretted Mrs. Lane. "They lived over the store. It was jist opposite your house. I

mind him well, and his wife. She sat up with you one night soon after Stelly there was born, and you was so sick. A proper nice woman she was, and well-to-do in the world 'longside of what you was then. But times is changed. Ah, well! well!"

"I wish you to be very careful about your associates, Arthur," said his mother, warningly. "They may influence your whole after-life."

"Couldn't have a better mentor than Burt, ma'am. And he has a perfect genius for mechanics, sir; is a capital draughtsman. You'd like him ever so much."

Mrs. Wells' signal for a change of courses, and her weary look, checked Peter's reply. She was displeased as well as tired. Husband, son, and mother were in combination against her. Was not her task heavy enough by reason of fightings without? Must she also combat domestic treachery?

Peter followed Arthur into the street when the meal was concluded. "I think the more of you, my man, for standing up for your friend," he said, confidentially. "And I'd like to have you bring him to the shop." Peter often forgot to say "factory" when his wife was not by. "We've some grand machinery there he'd like to examine. His mother was a good woman and a kind neighbor. I've faith to believe she's bringing him up all right."

"A house divided against itself!" Estelle repeated, seeing the two walk off together. "How has mamma borne with her lot all these years? This union reminds one of the fable of the clove and the flower—the higher she rises, the further away she is from him. He doesn't see or feel this, but it must be a living sorrow to her. Poor mamma!"

MAIDEN WITH SOFT LOCKS OF GOLD.

BY ESPT.

MAIDEN with soft locks of gold,
And soft eyes of blue,
Fairest gems this earth does hold—
Which most fair to you?

Smiling, Maiden answered me:
Heart—set in pure Truth,
Soul—from every sin full free,
Love—the gem of Youth.

Maiden with soft locks of gold,
And soft eyes of blue,
In thy lover, lo! behold
Those gems prized by you.

INFINITE toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but, by ascending a little, you may often overlook it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which could have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.—*Helps*.

ALMOST.

ONE of the dreariest of the punishments allotted to the sinful souls in Hades was the endless endeavor of Sisyphus, that melancholy type of the Almost—that emblem of those whose doom is failure following on endeavor. Poor, baffled, striving ghost, he wrought his best to get the stone safely lodged at the top of the hill, whereby, on his succeeding, his pains were to be ended and the order of his release from anxiety and trouble was to come; and Hope, which never dies even in the Hades of sorrow, kept him to his task in spite of his monotonous persistency of failure. And his doom is repeated in our daily life with terrible frequency. The almost is so much more common than the attained! and the baffled struggle of strength with that which is stronger, is far sadder to bear than the forlorn effort after success in that which was ordained failure from the beginning.

Men spend their lives in this toilsome labor in vain—this almost, which is never quite. They live full in view of success, but never reach it; when they make sure that now, at all events, they are going to grasp it, it eludes them at the very moment of possession, and they find, like Ixion, that they have only clasped a cloud when they thought to have attained the Juno of their desires. Their hopes have duped them, and their powers betrayed them; and no one can tell exactly where the failure lies. Men who seemed to have every requisite for success, who are quick, clever, brilliant, facile; men who have far more brains than A., B., or C.; who have got to the top of the tree without much effort—for lack of something, fall in the whole; and every endeavor they make is only a Sisyphæan cast, with the stone coming down on their own heads as the result. These men and women of aspiration beyond attainment, of almost success that is never quite fulfilled, are great only to their friends, who see their good qualities at so short a range that their deficiencies are covered, and who, witnesses of the earnest efforts which seem to deserve success by virtue of their very sincerity, find it hard not to believe that they must one day obtain it. But these friends are not the public, and private praise is not popular acceptance, as the poor victim of self-delusion and misleading admiration finds when he gives to the lions what has hitherto been purred over by tame cats only, and critics have to judge in cool blood what lovers have applauded in warm. But to those lovers it will remain an unanswered puzzle for all their lives after, why the friend and lover failed when so many other men, so infinitely inferior, have succeeded; and on what plea it could have been that the public would have none of that which had so charmed them all. One by one they go over the roll-call of his pretensions,

and ticket off his qualifications in a kind of debtor and creditor account with fame and merit; and, do what they will, they can never make their account come right, or balance the big ledger of failure to their own satisfaction.

It is with books as with individuals. We sometimes get hold of books, more especially poems and novels, which are almost up to the mark, but not quite, yet of which it is exceedingly difficult to say where the failure lies, and why they are not really good all through. They are so good in parts, so excellent in certain qualities, so graphic in certain passages; they have cleverness, insight, a wide range of reading—all valuable qualities in themselves—and yet the mixing up of these ingredients is as unskilful as the Frenchman's Christmas pudding, and the result is a failure, where, by all the rules of logic, it should have been a success. Meanwhile, other works, with not half the real excellence of these, strike the public fancy in the very centre, and achieve a success at which the author himself is maybe the most astonished of the audience. Every one knows of writers who have gone up in a blaze of glory on a very short allowance of powder; while others who have tugged and strained to mount aloft, as earnestly as ever Sisyphus tried to "put" the stone, have never succeeded, though their rockets were fully charged and their set pieces well designed. They have almost done it, but never quite; and all they have to show as the result of their labors is a collection of half-burned sticks, and scattered fragments of spoiled paper. If we could put our finger on the cause of the failure, it would be no longer a failure, but it is just the indefiniteness of the want, the uncertainty of cause, which makes improvement impossible, and success a dream destined never to be realized. It is the same with beauty. How often we see a woman who is almost beautiful, who ought to have been very lovely, yet who has scarcely attained good looks. No one knows why she is so plain when she ought to have been so beautiful. She has good features and a pleasant manner; but what is it that spoils her? Who can tell? If you can distinctly formulate the why, you have got rid of the almost, which is failure by a negation, by an unexpressed want, and have come to the analysis of causes, which is failure of a positive kind.

This failure by the almost is the curse of men. A more distinct want would prevent their trying to put themselves into wrong places, to bend impossible bows, and take an unattainable aim. But it is the almost which leads one so far astray; which makes one toil and toil so unsatisfactorily; which makes one strive to fix oneself securely in the square hole when one is as round as a Suffolk punch; which makes one go through unheard-of efforts to fit into the round hole when one has as many

points and angles as a polygonal crystal. It seems such a small thing that is wanting to make all straight! Surely, by a little squeezing, and paring and patting, we can manage it! So we lose our time and strength in trying to do that against which nature herself has set an unalterable decree, and we ignore the differences of shape and size in our insane desire to attain the practically impossible and the seemingly easy. Cinderella's sisters almost got their feet into the glass slipper, but they failed somewhere, either in the toe, or the heel, or the side; and the almost, though near the quite, did not secure the young prince as a husband. All these hazy conditions are tiresome to the soul of man; all just-reached heights more wearing to the spirits than good, honest failure, which never had a chance of getting to the top from the moment it set out. And yet it is better to try, with failure as the result, than to be content with grovelling infirmity; though, on the other hand, it is better to do the work that lies before us, and that we can do with such facilities as we have, than to go off on a life-long expedition to Sisyphean stone-rolling, without the chance of getting to the top, or doing that for which we are trying.

Can any one tell why we do not thoroughly like some people, who yet are very worthy folks, and with certain qualities by no means to be despised? We think of these qualities and we admire them; we see our friends and we dislike them. We are ignorant of the cause why we do so much dislike them; and, if we have any conscience or power of self-reproach, we take ourselves to task for our prejudice, and resolve not to give way to it again. But we never conquer the feeling, and to the last remain conscious of a want, a something which we cannot explain, yet which throws us off from anything like real cordiality. It is negative throughout. A little more of something, and we should actively like them; a little more of something else, and we should as actively dislike them. As it is, the balance hangs so evenly that we lose the positive in the almost, and are none the happier for the vagueness.

Hard to bear in all things, the almost of faith is pain unmitigated. "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian;" but that word was a barrier as impassable as the highest Alps. Those who have drifted away from the creed of their childhood, and have got hold of none other—who yet are anxious to be something, to have a definite and distinct faith, who are almost, but not quite converted—are of all men the most miserable. All the arguments of friends and relatives shake, but do not convince. It would be better for them to think as they are bidden, and they almost do so, but not quite; for the soul can no more attain the perfectness of completed faith by will than Sisyphus could roll that rock of his up hill and pitch it where it would hit and stand firm. If

faith was to be had by the wishing to believe, we should do better; but though endeavor is the sole method whereby spiritual light as well as worldly success, is obtained, a clear spiritual insight does not always come by taking pains and striving after; and "almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian" is the cry of many an undecided spirit beside that of Agrippa, he who could not get beyond the vague to the positive, nor pass from the region of the almost to that of the quite.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY L'ÉCLAIR.

DEAR mother, I am thinking, as the twilight gathers gray,
Of friends who knew and petted me in childhood's happy day,
Of pleasures dead and buried, of sunny hopes that smiled
Beyond the bright horizon when I was but a child.
The great book of the by-gone lies open in my hand;
And, as I turn its pages, I seem again to stand
Beside you, darling mother, scarcely higher than
your knee,
Looking at your busy fingers making something nice
for me.
I can see my little brother, too, the one that's gone
before,
With all his pretty playthings at your feet upon the
floor;
How he tossed them all behind him, when he tired of
his play,
And crowded for you to take him in his pretty, baby
way;
Then you put aside your sewing, rocked your little
one to rest,
While I kissed his chubby fingers as they lay upon
your breast.
Many years beneath the violets his sunny head has
lain;
I can never kiss his darling, little, dimpled hand again.
Beside my older brother, who had been the first to go,
They laid your precious "Tommy" gently, tenderly,
and low.
I remember, too, the letter saying grandmamma had
died—
And father read it to you, sitting on the steps, and
cried.
She had left a little daughter, eight years old, the
letter said,
And they wanted you to have her, now that grand-
mamma was dead.
She came—you called her "Betty," as you kissed her
childish brow,
And told me I must love her as an older sister now;
When we grew and played together through many
varied years—
Some hours bright and golden, some embalmed in
precious tears.
Ah! those visions of my childhood, how they crowd
about me now,
As memory's hand is sweeping back the shadow
from my brow!
I love to think upon them, love the dreamy light they
cast
About the silent chambers of the unforgotten past.
I cannot tell you, mother, all the burning thoughts
that come
And fill my heart, when thinking of my childhood's
happy home.

The friends that now are scattered, who in youth
were gathered there,
One by one they glide before me, like sweet spirits
in the air;
They come around me lovingly, and bear my spirit
back,
So gently and so tenderly, along the olden track;
They carry me, dear mother, to the old house on the
hill,
With its quaint, old-fashioned parlor—how well I
love it still!
I see again in memory the bright and happy throng
Around the old piano, joining in the evening song.
There "Mary" sang the sweetest, and 'woke the
deepest thrill
Of all the youthful voices that floated o'er the hill.
Poor "Mary!" how we loved her, with her bright and
laughing ways;
Her spirit steals upon me now, a "light of other
days."
But trouble came upon her from the day she was a
bride,
Though she never, never murmured; of her silent
grief she died.
And he who won her from us sleeps in death beside
her now—
Spring flowers bright are blossoming above his icy
brow.
Two little orphan children, playing 'round the cottage
door,
Recall their mother's childhood from the happy days
of yore.
My father's younger brother, scarcely older than the
rest,
Is wedded to the playmate that I always loved the
best.
"Betty" married and is widowed, she is childless and
alone—
Her path was strewn with roses that are faded now
and gone.
Ah! life is full of changes, full of partings and of
tears,
While time is slowly filling up the graves of early
years.
Our happy band is broken, we are scattered far and
wide,
For time has borne us onward with its ever-rushing
tide.
I, too, have wandered, mother, from the place I
loved so well,
To wear another name, and in another's home to
dwell.
I know he loves me dearly, and my heart is full of joy
When I gaze upon my husband and my laughing
baby boy.
Life's sweetest draught I've tasted when the cup was
running o'er,
But I often wish, dear mother, I could be a child once
more.

TRUTH is the bond of union and the basis of
human happiness. Without this virtue there
is no reliance on language, no confidence in
friendship, no security in promises and oaths.
—Collier.

GIVE not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest
it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is
like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented,
thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire
to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.
—Quarles.

AFTER DARK.

BY LOUISE BARTON.

KATHIE EVELYN leaned from the carriage window at the railway station for a last glimpse of the towers of Evelyn Court upon their wooded hill. It was through blinding tears that she looked back; for this was her first parting from the home which had been hers since her childish days of orphanhood, and from the aunt and cousin, who had been mother and brother to her. Something dearer than a brother, Rumor whispered, was or would be Arthur Evelyn. Kathie herself would have been at a loss to confirm or to deny that statement of Dame Rumor's. But the tears beginning to drop behind her hastily-lowered veil, when distance snatched away those towers, testified to a regretful heart looking back, and a heavy heart looking forward to this duty visit. She was bound for an island hermitage off the Scottish coast, and she had no mind for hermit-life, nor did she consider its horrors diminished by being shared with her mother's invalid sister, whom she could hardly remember having ever met. To be sure, the island had its lord also—the stepson of her Aunt MacDonald. But neither did he lighten the anticipated horrors, as she now glanced up at him—that dark, stern man opposite, who, after offering her a number of *Blackwood*, bent over a review a moment, then, with a suppressed sigh, dropped it, and, drawing his hat down over his brow, sat there apparently lost in thought, his arm flung over the back of his seat.

Utter oblivion such as this she was not accustomed to, and over the pages lying open in her lap she hurled at his bowed, careless head all the mental scoffs which arose in her memory—from Ronald Dhu to "wild John Hieland-man," and

"The kilted clan of high-born beggars, MacLeans, MacDonalds, and MacGregors."

But Black Ronald was unmoved by these unuttered sneers, and hardly stirred till hours after they were whirled past a glimpse of sea-green water glancing in the sunlight.

"Solway Frith," he said. "We are on the Scottish border at last," and his eyes brightened, and presently, "and this is Gretna."

"Gretna!" Kathie's eyes brightened, too, with eager curiosity, and she turned toward the window, which MacDonald opened wider for her.

"There! there is the traditionary harmonious blacksmith," he said, and pointed out the overgrown, florid Hymen, who stood there, as is his wont, at the incoming of the over-the-border trains. He was peering about among the passengers for some young couple needing his assistance in the welding of those fetters which made up the most important business of his forge. He soon espied the two who were

leaning together in the window, their gaze fixed on him as though they were just awaiting the stopping of the train—so closely they leaned together, and so earnestly gazed out, while traces of tears yet lingered upon Kathie's blushes, that the little sharp eyes twinkled.

He stepped forward as if of set purpose. But Kathie drew back hastily, and blushed and laughed as she met her companion's smile.

There was no fugitive bride that day, but the ice was broken from Kathie's heart, and the sun was shining more cheerily as miles went by. Then gloaming and distance snatched away the gleams and glooms of Solway, of the Nith, that so long followed up in smiling friendly wise, the road—of the great mountains to the right, and last of gloomy Ayr.

For Ayr was glooming when they quitted the railway, and, after a rapid drive of some miles along its banks, passed the town of Ayr, and touched the coast of the Frith of Clyde, where a well-manned barge was in waiting to convey the travellers to the island home.

MacDonald lifted Kathie to her seat, and remarked that the night was mild and the sea smooth, and the three miles would speedily be passed. But to Kathie the waves seemed rolling to engulf her, and the sea-breeze blew so chill to her—inland valley-bred as she was—that she shivered beneath her shawls, and MacDonald wrapped his boat-cloak round her. She shivered yet, however.

"I am so afraid," she said, with chattering teeth, as he bent down toward her.

"Will you not trust me to take care of you?" he smiled in return.

Arguments and declarations of safety would not have reassured her like that smile. So well did it succeed that fear gave place to exceeding weariness, and ere very long her head had dropped beneath its weight of sleep; and, after nodding uncomfortably and dangerously several times over the side of the boat, it found its rest on MacDonald's ready shoulder, much to her consternation when the grating of the boat's keel on the pebbly island beach awoke her. She started up unsteadily.

"How cold, how dreary it all is!" she murmured, with a shiver, as she sprang ashore, and faintly descried the crag which overhung the beach. Above her, against the black, starlit skies, beside a more modern square building, rose a single gaunt, dilapidated tower through the jagged rent in which twinkled a single star, as if to light its darkness.

"How cold, how dreary!" she was ready to repeat, when on MacDonald's arm she had surmounted the formidable cliff. But she did not give voice to the words. For he held out his hand, as if to welcome her to her new home, and was saying in a low tone:—

"Miss Evelyn, bear with us for the six months you must be here, even though you find us little cheerier than this, your first glimpse.

Your aunt is frail in health and—temper, and it is at best a dreary sojourn for a young girl. But it will not be altogether dreary to look back upon, if, when you leave us, you know that you have left some brightness to our invalid's dull life."

Without pausing for reply, he threw open the outer door, and, guided by a faint glimmering of light beneath an inner threshold, led her across the hall, and unclosed another door.

A more cheerful scene now presented itself. A broad open hearth, the glow from which, although the fuel was peat, lit up well-filled book-shelves, which lined the walls, and gleamed upon a few old pictures, a table strewn with books and papers, and the three or four sofas and easy-chairs which completed the simple but comfortable furniture of the apartment. But Kathie hardly noted anything save a sofa wheeled before the hearth, on which reclined a woman wasted beyond trace of beauty, who held out a languid hand, and almost whispered:—

"Ronald, have you brought her? Katharine, is it you, my love?"

Those latter days of June had faded to November's earlier ones. November's bleakest, grayest evening sky swayed downward toward the ancient chapel on Inch Fruin and its bleak, bare churchyard, where the winds would hardly suffer the old yews to keep their footing, and wrenched and blasted them, until they were almost as rugged and blasted as the cliffs themselves. Among the crosses and the old gray stone sarcophagi, which marked generations after generations of the MacDonald, lay a mound, whose sod could not yet show one blade of grass, a sod whereon the tears of yesterday were hardly dry. And more fell now. A young girl in deep mourning knelt, her brow bent on the clasped hands resting on the grave. Her slight frame shook with quick, convulsive sobs, and her tears dropped like rain. Now and then she lifted herself up wearily, and pushed the damp hair from her brow, and let her dimmed eyes rest upon the sea, while she moaned, half-aloud:—

"Aunt Jean! Aunt Jean! Oh, if you had but lived, had kept me with you." Then she wrung her hands anew, and hid her face again.

Yes, underneath this sod lay Jean MacDonald. The feeble life-flame, which had flickered almost out, then up again so many years, and in its feeble and uncertain fitfulness had cast a gloom around, had for a brief period burned brighter in bright Kathie's presence, and then suddenly, with scarce a warning quiver, had died out. All the fitfulness was forgotten when the two only mourners—Kathie Evelyn and Ronald MacDonald—side by side stood, and listened to the hollow fall of earth on earth. Only the memory of her last faint smile, and words choked by the death-rattle,

as she held the strong hand and the little one together in her slackening clasp, remained. And Kathie to that memory was weeping even now. But other thoughts than those of Jean MacDonald, and other tears than those which fell for her, far other moan than that for poor "Aunt Jean" was Kathie struggling with, and trying hard to lose in the solemnity and coldness of this place. Yet even here they would come back, make themselves heard, and—

"Kathie! Miss Evelyn! you here?"

She started and rose trembling to her feet. What had she said? Were her wild thoughts but uttered in her own heart's depths, or sobbed forth in the raging of the winds? She could not recollect. Her heart beat fast and loud, and she was fain to let him draw her arm through his.

"My little cousin must not brave so wild a night," he said. Then, very softly: "Little Kathie, could she speak now, she would bid you shed no tear for her. It would but mar her longed-for rest to see you grieve. And, when you look your last to-morrow on Inch Fruin, remember that your presence lent its dreary shores a light which they can never lose. Right faithfully have you fulfilled your task."

She could not answer, and he drew her on, nor paused until they gained the castle. Once, when with a fierce blast the wind swept by, he wrapped his plaid about the shivering figure. But no word was spoken till they stood together on the library hearth.

She sank down on the chair he wheeled there for her, sank down, dropped her arms before her listlessly; while he leaned upon the mantel, his face turned toward her in a watching attitude. All at once he started, and put his hands across his eyes, with a heavy groan.

Kathie sprang to her feet. He was so deathly pale her very heart stood still. What could it be? She glanced around wildly, and caught sight of a decanter of wine upon the table near. She poured out a glass, and held it to his white lips, putting her other hand entreatingly upon his shoulder, as he stood there with closed lids.

He drank, as she wished him, and then his eyes opened, and he put out his arm as if to take the glass from her, but he did so strangely, almost gropingly. And, when he attempted to place it on the mantel, it was with so uncertain a touch that it fell and cracked upon the hearth.

"Are you ill?" Kathie asked, breathlessly.

He strove to smile. "Not ill, little friend. Only that which I have feared for months and months has come to pass. Not ill, only blind."

"Blind!" the word broke from her in a walling cry. "Blind! Surely, surely, you cannot mean it?"

"You are but a faint, vague shadow to me, Kathie. I shall never see you more."

"It is but dizziness," she cried out, eagerly. "It will pass over, and"—

"Nay," he interrupted, calmly. "It is no new, no unexpected thing. The surgeons told me, even before I saw you first, that I had much to fear, that all their skill might avail nothing. It is a paralysis of the nerve. A touch of this I have had before, but not to this degree."

"Oh, I cannot, cannot understand this!" she moaned. "It is so sudden."

"Nay, not sudden, Kathie. Strange that you have never observed it. In your knowledge of me, have you seen me once do more than idle over the pages of a book?"

"I—I thought you did not care to read," she said.

His smile was all his answer.

"But you walked, you rode"—she began.

"Yes. Until to-night I certainly saw 'men as trees, walking.' But to-night even that is gone."

"You do not see me?"

"Just a shadow, nothing more."

She caught his hand in both her own, and led him to the chair he had placed for her. She stood beside him, great tears pouring down, but a wondrous light shining through them—a light which, could he have seen it, would have been the fairest of all rainbows of promise, and the surest pledge that no flood of anguish could sweep over and lay desolate his whole dark life. But her lips refused to form one word of comfort. Only one thing would they utter had they dared. If they must not entreat to stay beside him, if they dared not presumptuously say she could be eyes and light in the dark that had fallen upon him, they would not speak at all.

He spoke, however, presently. Her journey on the morrow was that which he touched upon, and whether she was sure beyond a doubt of meeting Mrs. Evelyn at Ayr. She hardly found voice to reply with a satisfactory affirmative. Then he said:—

"And now, dear Kathie—may I not so claim you as a cousin?—go and finish your last preparations. You need rest, I know, and I, too, as, of course, I cross with you to-morrow, and put you myself in Lady Evelyn's care. Nay, not one word—is it other than a pleasure to me? One last charge—do not think over these, our troubles, but go to rest early, 'as thou lovest me.'"

Swift blushes swept across her face, but left her paler than before. She hesitated, then said, oh! how softly:—

"Do not send me from you. Let me stay."

"That cannot be," he said.

"My—my aunt will come," she returned, hurriedly.

While she hesitated, embarrassed, he replied, in tones so cold that shame took away her very breath:—

"I need neither aid nor pity, Kathie. What I have to bear, I have long borne in anticipation, and am able to bear, even to the end. And now good-night!" he said, more gently. "Give me thoughts sometimes, not regrets. I shall do very well, believe me."

She merely touched his extended hand, and hastened from the room, hardly able to keep down the stifling sobs until she gained her chamber, and flung herself upon the bed, where all night long she moaned and sobbed.

Neither did sleep touch those darkened eyes below. All night he sat there in his place, nor stirred, while the red fire faded there before him.

Mrs. Evelyn ascribed Kathie's pallor and absent manner to the death-scene she had gone through and the dolefulness of the past months. Therefore, while Arthur was finishing his collegiate course, she determined Kathie's mourning season should be spent in travel on the Continent. The winter passed before Kathie again set foot on British shores, and then, to Arthur's exasperation, it was not to return to the old quiet. No, Mrs. Evelyn had brought back two young cousins from a Paris *pension*. Evelyn Court was given up to a round of gayeties, and Kathie's excessive politeness—acquired, she declared, laughingly, in France—would not grant Arthur a ride, a walk, or twilight chat, apart from the guests. Instead, she adroitly threw the prettier of the French cousins upon Arthur's mercies, shrewdly de-vining that those mercies would become tender, when once he should be convinced of the indifference of his cousin-german. He had not yet found an opportunity to put that question to Kathie which Rumor had answered for her a year before, and it was no wonder time lagged at Evelyn Court for him. For Kathie also. In vain she longed for tidings from Inch Fruin. She grew restless and more restless, and when, one day, Mrs. Evelyn proposed a jaunt before the London season, neither she nor Arthur cared to oppose. Indeed, she presently came out in quite a new character—as an artful schemer, and managed in a most underhand way that the indefinite jaunt should lead into Scotland. Once in that "land o' cakes," she insidiously labored to inspire an ardent enthusiasm for Burns and his haunts in the bosoms of the Paris-bred girls, and in consequence had the satisfaction, one evening, of wandering down "the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon" to where that river emptied into Clyde, within sight of Inch Fruin.

Within sight, yet there yawned the sea, like the gulf between Paradise and the parched and yearning soul gazing over in torments beyond. So Kathie thought, as she paced the shore, and watched the sun aslant on the smooth frith. A yawl, with sails as silvery white as the gull's wing, was drawn up on the beach, and a fisherman had just sprung out. Kathie saw, and

dropped her longing eyes; but Elise cried out:—

"Voilà, ma cousine! De grâce, one little sail!"

Mrs. Evelyn looked, and seemed pleased.

"But Kathie—she is so timid on the water," she demurred.

"Kathie and I will stay," began Arthur, eagerly.

"Why, Arthur, are you dreaming?" cried his mother. "Do you think we are any of us going to trust ourselves without you?"

"Kathie," he began again.

"But, indeed, indeed, Kathie is not afraid," that damsel answered, eagerly. "Just see! The sea is smooth as glass. I am not such a wretched coward as all that."

Mrs. Evelyn was speaking to the boatman; and engaged his willing services. And Kathie knew—so set the friendly wind—that they were bound one way—her way.

Afraid! The blood beat high in heart and cheek, as she sat with her eyes fixed upon the north-west point, where Inch-Fruin appeared—a gray blur on the brightness of the Frith. After the first, it seemed quite natural that two or three curious voices should inquire what here was to see on yonder island, and receiving the information that there was a very ancient chapel well worth seeing, should agree to visit it.

"But," hesitated Mrs. Evelyn, "it is surely not a desert island, and, perhaps, we may intrude."

"Deil a fear o' that, my leddy. The laird is blind as ony stane, and bides a' days at hame, folk say. Forbye that, he is a gentleman vha'll no grudge ae blink o' his bit kirk—nae nair bit, or sup, or gear, that I mysell ken icht weel."

Stone blind! Poor Kathie's face lost all its color, and she only constrained herself to almsness, when she heard Arthur's voice attempting to dispel the fears of sea-perils which, he fancied, caused her pallor. She forced herself to reply, to laugh, to jest, but what a mockery it was!

At last the boat keel grated on the beach. Arthur sprang out, and once more her foot pressed the dreary strand which night and morning she had longed for, since she last had tood there. But she could not look on the familiar scene. She seated herself on a rock, and begged her aunt and the cousins all, to go upon their antiquarian explorations; they would find her here on their return.

Her aunt blamed herself anxiously for having ventured on the trip, but Kathie made light of it, and, as her color had returned in a degree, she soon prevailed on them to leave her.

They rounded the promontory, beyond which the road led upward to the chapel-crag. And as they passed, Kathie, swiftly as the

wind, fled in the opposite direction. Away she went, over the beach, and up the old hewn stairs within the crag. She rushed on, blind with haste, and hearing only the wild beating of her heart. Deaf to sounds of slow approaching steps, at a sudden corner in the wide stairs she rushed against an old white-haired man descending.

"Why, Duncan, is it you?" she cried, recognizing an ancient servitor of the house.

"Hech sirs! Miss Kathie!" he ejaculated; then struck dumb with amazement, until Kathie said, breathlessly:—

"Your master, Duncan, I have heard that he is blind, and I am come to see him."

"Blessings on your bonny face, lassie; bonny, and gude as bonny. Eh, but he'll be sair, sair grieved not to see it."

"Will he, Duncan?"

"Will he? Hear till her! What for no, when he just sits his lane! the dreel gloaming, and mair than once when I hae hearkened, he wad gi'e a 'Kathie! Kathie!' in siccan a sigh. But gude sakes, lassie, dinna greet that gate. Come ben; he's out by the crag yet, but I'll 'een fetch him in."

"Don't tell him I am here," said Kathie, the tears pouring down her white cheeks.

"Na, na, I gang a' days to fetch him when the gloaming falls."

She went into the library and sat down in her old familiar seat, just opposite his, close by the table. Moments of silence to her lengthened into hours. Then came footsteps—Duncan's, and one more uncertain, wavering yet, than Duncan's. Then the old man's quavering tones, saying:—

"Will ye no speer after my news, MacDonal? I'll gi'e it ye, then, ony gate. Miss Kathie's hame again fra' oure the seas, and gaed by, twa sennights past, wi' a blithe party for the far Hielands. I'se uphaud it for a shame that she suldna gi'e a flitting blink at auld Inch-Fruin."

"Stop, Duncan," his master interrupted, sternly. "Inch-Fruin and its master have no claim upon Miss Evelyn."

"No claim!" Poor Kathie! And her heart beat so, while Duncan closed the library door upon him, and she saw him slowly grope his way by wall, and chair, and table, till he came and leaned, as he was wont, in the old place against the mantel.

Ah, how changed! Not only the dim eyes dropped down beneath the heavy lids, but there were threads of gray through the dark hair; there were hard lines of pain around the firm set mouth; there was an air of resolute endurance, of unending strife with some fierce pang. This the girl felt, looking up into the face unmasked to her. While she looked, the anguish deepened there. The lips unclosed with a hard breath:—

"Kathie! My God! altogether forgotten!"

She could bear it no longer. Her lips parted, but no word would come. She rose up shivering—so near, the little hand outstretched touched his, clenched on the marble. He started violently.

"What is this? Who is this? This hand, surely!"

He had grasped it. She found her voice at last.

"I have come back to you," she said, unsteadily.

"Kathie!"

The thrilling, broken cry, it went straight to her heart. And she forgot the friendly speech she had prepared to say to him. She forgot everything, save that she loved, he suffered. She drew nearer yet. She laid her head upon his breast. He held her fast there. The strong broad breast was heaving, and it was a moment before he could master himself sufficiently to speak.

"Is it *my* Kathie?" then he said, almost in a hoarse whisper.

"Yours." Her voice was clear and passing sweet.

"Yet stay," he said, more firmly, though with effort. "If it is compassion which has brought you here!"

"Ronald!"

"Oh, my darling, mock me not. Shall not I, blind though I be, know it? If you do not love me, Kathie, go. I shall still remember this hour as the best and brightest of my life, which never can be wholly dark again, since my one love has lightened it."

He loosed his clasp. His arms fell at his side. But a soft hand caught his and held it to her beating heart.

"Ronald, if you cannot see, then feel what brought me here."

AMBITION breaks the ties of blood, and forgets the obligations of gratitude.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

DEATH is a commingling of eternity with time; in the death of a good man, eternity is seen looking through time.—*Gæthe.*

If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No. I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest—indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.—*Zimmerman.*

It is the divine attribute of the imagination that it is irrepressible, unconformable—that when the real world is shut out, it can create a world for itself, and with a necromantic power can conjure up glorious shapes and forms and brilliant visions to make solitude populous and irradiate the gloom of a dungeon.—*Washington Irving.*

PONDROUS PAPERS—NO. 3.

STOCKTON is sometimes called the city of windmills; and, when we come in site of it, and saw all the windwheels a-whirlin' in all parts of it, like great white wings, it seemed as if by a little enchantment the city might fly away as fast as we approached it. It made me think of something I read in the "Arabian Nights" when I was a girl. But it remained steadfast enough, and we rode through the streets jest as the sun was goin' down.

We stopped at a tavern—there! John told me I ought to call it a hotel, but I keep forgettin'. Anyway, it was big and grand enough to make me feel very lonesome. I was pretty tired, and was jest restin' me on a sofy, when a lady came in. "Well, now," thinks I, "I wonder if that's the new-fasherned waterfall that Mrs. Farnham has been yearnin' for, and I wonder if it wouldn't cure her to see it?"

For the lady's hair was done up most on top of her head, and stuck out amazin'ly. She had a little hat on, but her hair crowded it clear down most to her nose. All to once I noticed her dress skirt had got unfastened; she had on a little sack, so I couldn't see how, whether 'twas ripped or unpinned, but I wondered she didn't notice it, for it was draggin' as much as a foot and a haff on the floor. I was frightened, for plenty of ladies and gentlemen were walking round in the hall and out on the balcony, and I thought they might be in any time. So I run up to her, and whispered:—

"Oh, miss, your dress skirt has got onpinned or something; it's all droppin' off, anyway. Sha'n't I help you fix it up before anybody comes in?"

She looked startled, and clapped both her hands under her sack a minit, and then said, quite haughtily:—

"Why, there's nothing the matter with it; it is all right, madam."

"The Lunnun to boot!" says I. "But it's all draggin'."

She looked me all over from head to foot, and then how she did larf, just the pleasantest, ringing voice she had.

"Where did you come from, you dear woman?" says she. "Didn't you know that trains had been in fashern two or three years?"

"Trains!" says I.

Then she took off her sack, and walked across the room, to let me see how she looked.

"Oh, yes!" says I. "Like Queen Elizabeth and them pictures of old English times, and Queen Esther in my Bible?"

"That's it. But how surprised and bewildered you did look."

"I'm jest surprised all the time," says I, "like Rip Van Winkle was when he woke up," and then I told her about my life and where I lived.

"I don't wonder things look odd to you," says she.

"Everything does," says I. "I'm surprised the whole durin' time. Do I look outlandish myself?"

"Well, your bodist waist does look a little queer," and she smiled real harty. "Oh, dear!" says she, "I do wish Carrie would come in, so you could see *her*. I ain't dressed in the latest style by enny means. I think I hear her voice, now," and she run to the door and called somebody.

I jest braced myself, determined not to be startled; but, there! when she come in, I couldn't help it. She had a gay shawl all swaddled round her shoulders in the most awkward way; she took it off and her hat, too, but didn't look much better. Her hair was frizzled in front, and pouched out behind—such a big, heavy-looking bag of it. Her dress was pretty short and ruffled, so many ruffles, and so many bows, loops, and ruffled ends at her back, with a piece of ruffled cloth puffed out under them. It was a panyer, they told me. I was glad when she went out walkin' so queer on her high-heel shoes.

Miss Spencer, the lady I first met, was real kind. She said I must take a magazeen when I went home. 'Twould be real company for me, and then I would know what was going on in the world. She thought fasherns changed too often now-a-days, she didn't try to keep up with them. All her newest dresses were made short, though; they kept so much cleaner.

About nine o'clock, when I was jest thinkin' of going to bed, she came and asked if I didn't want to go into the ball room. I wasn't brought up to dance, but I told John, bein' as we was out sight seein', we would go in a little while, 'specially as I never see a company dancin'.

We got in jest as the men in the gallery was a-tunin' their fiddle. Pretty quick the gentlemen begun to go round the hall to the ladies, and bow very low, and drop their arms strait down before, and ask them to dance. And in a minit they was all a-hoppin' round like a passle of snow-birds. I couldn't see no sense in it, though they looked kind of pretty.

Most of the girls were dressed real neat, though a few had their dresses too low in the neck. One of 'em came next to me to rest herself. Her dress was so very low that I said to her, says I:—

"You poor child, you hain't no mother, I guess, to tell you how bad you look with such a low-neck dress on. Do take this shally scarf and throw over you."

"Thank you, ma'am, I don't want none of your shaller scarfs, nor your shaller speeches either," and she whirled away with her face red as could be.

I guess she thought she would be revenged, for she sent a young man to ask me to dance.

He bowed dreadful low, so I could see over the top of his head.

"No, I can't dance," says I. "But if you'll set down a minit, I'll tell you what to put on your head to keep the hair from fallin' out. I see it's getting awful on top for such a young man. Now, you jest git caster oil, and rub plenty!"—

"Really, madam, you're too kind."

"Well, now, perhaps I'm too unkind, for, come to look at you, I don't b'lieve you'd make fun of a poor body like me, unless you was put up to it. You do remind me of some one; now set down, and tell me your name."

"Charles Gordon, Jr., at your service."

"Do tell! Now there was a schoolmate of mine named Amelia Clark, she married a Charles Gordon."

"Amelia Clark Gordon is my mother's name, and she is here to-night, right over opposite us; that one with a brown silk dress on. Come over and see her."

"Oh no; I am such a humbly old-fashioned woman I don't think I will."

"I guess she'd be glad to see you," said he, hesitatingly.

"No, I don't mean to resk it, but you can tell her I'm here, and then she can come and see me if she likes. She used to know me as Jane Mason."

Bime by I see him talkin' to his mother, and she looked at me, but never came a nigh me. She looked very young for her age, and had an ostrich feather in her hair. It set me thinkin' how, when we was girls together, I took my knittin' and went over to see her one day. She was up chamber, and had been sweepin' the rooms, and was pickin' up the feathers that had got shook out of the pillows and feather beds, and was savin' them in a little bag. She said all she got that way was her own, besides, she had all pickin' of the geese once a year, and she thought she'd have a lot of extra pillows time she was married.

I told her I never thought of such a thing; my mother had all the feathers for spare beds. She said I didn't know how to look out for myself, and I'd always be as poor as Job's turkey. Now I s'pose she thought I was too poor to speak to. I soon got tired of the dancin' and went off to bed.

Next morning Mr. Pondrous and I was goin' out to buy some things, and Miss Spencer said she'd go along with us if I'd like to have her. I was real glad to have her, so we went to a milliner's first to git a bonnet. I asked for one, and they showed me a little lace diamond shaped thing, with roses in the center, and some long ribbons to it.

"What's that?" says I.

"A lace bonnet," says the milliner. "Here's a straw one if you prefer, very stylish; just suit an elderly lady."

"No it don't suit me," says I. "It has no hind part or front part, or scarcely any middle. I 'bout as leve go bearheaded and done with it."

"I'll tell you what to do," says Miss Spencer. "Git a small sundown; that'll be good to travel in."

"Small sundown?" says I.

"Oh dear! dear!" says she, "I never shall git used to your bein' Van Winkle. I mean a hat like those over there when I say sundown."

She and John was dredful pleased at my talk, and I larft with 'em, told 'em I should learn after a while, but I thought I was too old to wear a hat; I was sure of that, enny way.

"No, you're not too old," says Miss Spencer. "Everybody wears hats now-a-days, and you'd soon git to like it, would look well, too; you've got nice hair if you only wouldn't twist it quite so hard."

Then she put the hat on my head and made me look in the glass. I didn't like it, but 'twas better than the bonnets, so I took it. Then we went to another place to git some dresses and a shawl. When I took out my money to pay for them, there was some six or seven copper cents with it, that I'd had ever since I'd been in Californy.

"Good gracious!" said a young man who had come up to talk with Miss Spencer. "Excuse me, madam, but I have not seen a copper before for ten years; makes me think of home. I'll give you haff a dollar if you'll let me have them."

"That would be cheatin' yourself."

"No, I shall donate them to a ladies' fair to be held here next week. They'll sell for—I don't know how much. Folks will buy them jest because they'll remind them of home."

"Well," said I, "I'll donate them, and you can go and buy one with your haff dollar."

"Very well," said he, as I gave them to him. "Miss Spencer will tell you how much they bring if you are not there yourself."

Come to think it over, I concluded to stop to the fair, then I could go to church on Sunday. Miss Spencer said she had nothing to do, and she would help me make up a dress; it could be made plain without bein' so old fashioned as to attract attention. I got some black silk to make a sack, so by Sunday Miss Spencer said, jokingly, that I looked quite nice, and she'd let me go to church with her.

How glad I was to go, nobody can tell unless they've been kept from it as long as I had been. I found afterwards, as we went on our journey, that many families live as far from church as we did; and some women were heartsick to go, and some cared nothin' about it.

I had a real good time at the fair, too. I saw all my coppers sold for "four bits" apiece. Miss Spencer larft when she had to tell me what four bits meant. There was lots of curious

things there; pincushions made of big tree bark sold for a dollar apiece. Miss Skinner told me I could get bigger ones when I went to the Big Trees.

We visited the Lunytic Asylum, which looks real pretty on the outside; plenty of shade trees and flowers, but it makes a body's heart ache to see the poor creeters that have to be kept there.

The court-house is a nice brick buildin', with grounds laid out around it, though the trees ain't very large yet. It seemed as though Stockton had too much sluggish water, with lots of footbridges built over it. But the city will always look lively with its windmills, any way.

JANE PONDBROUS.

SADNESS.

Is there a sun? Where, then, is hid his shining?
The evening growth chill, and dark, and gray;
And wintry nimbus clouds, with jagged edges,
Frown fiercely on the slowly dying day.

Is there a sun? Where, then, his warm caressing?
The Borean wind is sweeping 'cross the moor:
The angry sea makes wild and strange commotion,
And darkling billows break upon the shore.

I'm sitting with my shawl wrapped close around me
(Yet shivering still, in this cold winter time),
Near by a palm-tree that, in days departed,
Came floating here from some far distant clime.

'Tis out of place, this child of tropic regions,
Here where grim rocks rise darkly from the foam;
And out of place, one warm and tender-hearted,
Among the cold and stern ones of my home.

'Tis thus I come to wander on the sea-shore,
Though darkly threateneth the dull gray sky;
With naught to cheer in all I see around me,
Save some white sail that passeth slowly by.

I love them better than my home's sharp accents,
The bleak winds' wailing and the billows' roar:
I love them better than its look of coldness,
The black rocks scattered all along the shore.

Is there a sun? Has God no smile of mercy
To comfort His sad children upon earth,
Whose pathway is ungladdened by affection,
By whom forgotten is their childhood's mirth?

Be quiet, thou sad heart; let this reflection
Still bear thee up along thy tollsome way,
That here below there may be clouds and darkness,
But there, up there, is always perfect day.

THE wise and active conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them.—*Rowe*.

WORK is of a religious nature—work is of a brave nature, which it is the aim of all religion to be. "All work of man is as the swimmer's." A waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him—bears him as its conqueror along! "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."—*Carlyle*.

MY COUNTRY CLOWN.

BY L. S. CRANDELL.

DEAR LITTLE ELSIE: We long to see thy cheery face in our quiet circle, and now that summer is come, we send thee our most urgent pleadings to redeem that oft repeated promise to visit us. Thy uncle bids me say, our nephew, Herbert Grave, will be here also to assist in rendering thee contented. Give our love to thy parents, and do not refuse to accept our invitation. Very lovingly, thy aunt,
 MARTHA HAYES.

This is the note that was handed me as I returned from a drive with the elegant and accomplished Conrad McLean.

"How provoking! I will not go one step!" I cried, throwing the note from me in vexation.

My mother picked it up, and, after perusing the contents, remarked, calmly:—

"Of course you will go, my daughter?"

"Of course I will not. Mr. McLean just told me he should spend the season at the White Mountains, and you know very well I could not exist without—without lively company."

"But, no doubt, Elsie, you will find Mr. Grave to be very pleasant."

"Pleasant, indeed! A great, awkward, country clown!"

I fairly shed tears at the prospect of being obliged to spend the summer in such company. But when father united his argument against me, I was obliged to yield a reluctant consent. Accordingly, one bright morning, I found myself on the platform of L— station, with only my great Saratoga and little satchel for company. I looked about for some one to claim me, expecting to behold an overgrown youth, still wearing the clothes of his boyhood, with a broad brimmed Quaker hat, and aspiring red side whiskers, who

"Trudged along, unknowing what he sought;

And whistled as he went, for want of thought."

I had not long to wait. Down the road came uncle's span, driven by a masculine representative, who must, of course, be Mr. Grave. And there, indeed, were the veritable side whiskers, under a broad brim, modified, however, in color, being black.

"This is Miss Hayes, I presume?" The bow which accompanied these words, though evincing embarrassment, was not ungraceful.

"It is," I replied, "and *this* is my trunk. I suppose *you* are Mr. Grave?"

He assented. In a few moments we were off toward "Fern Dell." I leaned back to contemplate my escort, by no means satisfied to be deprived of Conrad's refined society, and obliged to endure his.

True, Herbert Grave's manly face, in its frame of black curls, did not lack symmetry, and I could imagine, with those curious, ill-fitting clothes, exchanged for a more fashionable attire, he would be comely. Yet his whole

person bespoke the country-bred man, and to me nothing could be more distasteful.

"I'll flirt with the clown, if it's possible," was my mental ejaculation.

We had preserved a solemn silence since we left the depot, and I began to think the man as grave by nature as by name, when he turned his black eyes on me and asked:—

"Have you visited this section before?"

I saw by the half hidden merriment that lurked in those jetty depths, he did possess flirtable qualities. This gave piquance to my efforts to please. We chatted coisely as we rode along, until his excellent language and innate refinement showed me I had misjudged him.

At Fern Dell I was received with open arms, deluged with kisses, and soon made at home. For a few days I missed Conrad and contemptuously avoided Mr. Grave; but, finding this would never do, I roused myself by Sunday, resolved to make a *stir*. My uncle's family were good "Hicksite" friends, and started early to meeting. After they had called me several times, I appeared upon the portico, robed in a dashy suit of blue satin, with other things to accord, while outside my glove flashed the diamond cluster, which sealed my engagement with Mr. McLean. No wonder my aunt and uncle opened their eyes. I saw disapprobation in their faces before aunt said, "My dear child, thee would have been more appropriately dressed in thy travelling suit."

"Oh, no, indeed! I could not think of wearing *that* to church," I replied, quickly.

"Our meetings, Elsie, are for the *worship* of the Almighty, and not for *show*."

I felt the rebuke, and answered, impatiently:—

"Then I will not go at all! If my wardrobe is not suitable for this place, I had better go home."

"Get into the carriage, child; I am sorry I wounded thee."

Aunt Martha's tones showed how pained and surprised she was. Glancing at Mr. Grave, I read in his eyes a stern reproof, and was heartily ashamed.

"O aunt!" I cried, blushing, "please forgive that unladylike speech. I will change my dress this minute."

"No, dear," interrupted uncle; "it is late, and, after all, if the heart is right, it does not matter so much about the dress. Only, Elsie, though *thee* may be able to worship 'in spirit and in truth' when thus arrayed, remember thee is apt to divert the minds of those who are not accustomed to such things, from better and purer meditations. But, come, we must be off."

Never had my conscience troubled me as it did that day. I created a *stir*, as I had desired, but felt that in so doing I made myself

responsible for all the good seed that might be lost that day. I never saw any harm in persons dressing as they chose, but before I quit-
ted that little brown meeting house, I ac-
knowledgeed that when "one was in Rome, it
was best to do as the Romans did."

Upon my uncle's farm stood an old moss-
covered mill, that had not been used for many
years. Strolling that way one morning, I en-
tered, and perceiving it unoccupied, threw
down my hat, tucked up my dress, and began
dancing. The favorites of the ball-room fol-
lowed each other in quick succession, and
these being exhausted, I resorted to the fancy
role. The scene must have been rather pic-
turesque; my light curls falling to the waist,
clothes tucked up to my boot-tops, and for a
frame-work, the old ruined mill. As I knelt
in one figure, assuming a listening attitude, I
glanced upward and beheld Mr. Grave, re-
clining on a rafter overhead. In confusion, I
caught up my hat to beat a hasty retreat, when
the object of my discomfiture swung himself
down in front of me.

"I am sorry to have disturbed you, Miss El-
sie. Do not be displeased, for I assure you I
shall never forget the pleasure you uncon-
sciously afforded me."

Thus reassured, I could not forbear laughing.

"You must have thought me demented to
rush in here, throw down my hat, and set to
dancing as if for a wager."

"My admiration conquered every other emo-
tion," was his gallant rejoinder.

"Well, the truth is, the spell was on me, and
I embraced the first opportunity for its indul-
gence."

"I thank the fates for allowing me to be
present."

"What were *you* doing here? I thought the
old mill deserted."

"So it is by others. I came here to read."

"I regret that I disturbed you."

"I am glad. The treat was all the more ac-
ceptable for being unexpected."

"Don't *you* dance, Mr. Grave?"

"Not at all."

"Then you must let me teach you, and we'll
begin *now*."

He blushed to the roots of his hair, exclaim-
ing:—

"Oh, no, Miss Elsie! I—I—indeed you
must excuse me. It is *impossible*."

"Nonsense! You are not conscientiously
opposed to it, are you?"

"Yes; our sect prohibits it."

I saw this was but a subterfuge, and resolved
to carry my point.

"Well, if *that's* so, just sit down here, and
I'll relieve *you* of all religious scruples."

Enconced upon the sill of a window over-
looking the dam and watercourse, I began my
proselyting.

"The prejudices religious people have

against dancing are separately and collectively
based upon the idea of *excess*. I maintain that
those who have good common sense are the
best regulators of their own conduct, and
those who have *not*, will never be benefited by
all the rules in Christendom, sacred or secu-
lar. No one can teach an *extremist* moderation.
If he does not dance, he will show his propen-
sities in other things, even more pernicious."

"You are evidently versed in argumentative
logic," laughed Mr. Grave.

"Let those laugh who win," I retorted;
"but to proceed: Dancing seems to be as old
as the world. All history speaks of it, and I
think it very likely, when the 'morning stars
sang together at creation's birth,' they danced
also."

"But, Miss Elsie, you do not seem to be get-
ting to the point. Does not this amusement,
which you are endeavoring to uphold, feed
vanity? expose ladies to ill-assorted company?
cultivate the taste for dress? for excitement?
and, worse than *all*, do not the exposure and
weariness following a night of revelry unfit
its devotees for the life before them during
many subsequent days, and, in *some cases*, lead
to premature death?"

"Your questions shall be answered to the
best of my ability. So far as *vanity* is con-
cerned, we all have a greater or less share.
Since I was four years old, I have been a
dancer, and the pet of our gay circle, yet I am
confident, in your Quaker community, cannot
be found a young lady near my own age as im-
pervious to flattery as myself, simply because
'familiarity breeds contempt,' and I will ask
you candidly, if, with your knowledge of me,
you can say I display more *vanity* than the
girls with whom you have been bred, although
they do not dance?"

"I cannot say that you do, or, in fact, so
much."

"Then, for the company. No lady should
attend a social gathering without being well
informed as to those she is likely to meet, and
any woman who has not character enough to
select appropriate partners for the dance, can-
not safely be trusted at a church festival, pic-
nic, or public promenade. Any woman can
draw around her such companions as she may
please, and if her inclination is for the fop, it
is by no means necessary she should be versed
in dancing to gratify that taste. Dress and
excitement are among the *necessaries* of life.
Women who have only home matters to occupy
their attention are apt to become fault-find-
ers."

"But, surely, you do not believe in this ex-
travagant display so common among the fair
sex?"

"No, and yes. I believe we would be better
without it, but when one's social standing and
influence depend as much upon dress as they
now do, I think it should receive due atten-

tion. You know the 'habit does not make the priest,' whether costly or not. So far as dress is connected with dancing, let me tell you that part of my wardrobe intended for church is far more extravagant than all my ball-room attires. Lastly, the fatigue and exposure to which you refer is not half so deleterious among the wealthy as lack of exercise and proper excitement is among the poor and mediocrity."

"Then, you approve of this aimless life, with its selfish ends; this whirlpool, which engulfs so many who have not the *common sense* of which you speak?"

"No, I cannot say that I do. But you are taking too wide a sweep, and, as usual, embrace the excess. Still, I *do* approve of dancing, both as an exercise and social amusement. To me it is exceedingly invigorating. I often thank the Lord that I *can* dance. It is frequently more expressive than language."

"You are an odd little creature."

"Perhaps I am; but my field of observation has been large, and it does not appear right to me that, because some people carry a thing to excess, it should be cried down by professors of religion. No more than that we should cease to *eat*, because the medical statistics show that many persons have died from partaking injudiciously of food."

"Well, perhaps *we* are too strict. I confess I should very much like to have you dance for me again, although I must decline instructions in the art."

"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." If I can dance in moderation with impunity, so can you."

At length I conquered, and we took our places. A merry time we had. He was evidently unaccustomed to "trip the light fantastic toe." Round and round the mill I went, while he came hopping and stamping after me in such a ludicrous manner. I stopped and gave full vent to my mirth. Herbert laughed also, declaring he felt like a Shanghai looking for a rose-bug.

Every day we repaired to the mill for an hour or so of merrymaking. At length, I began to teach him the "galop." He found it more difficult than any of the others; and, after many ineffectual attempts at the round step, he wound up by stepping on his own toes, tripping himself up, and cutting a spread eagle.

I was convulsed with laughter, being just able to gasp out: "Lo! a *grace* subject is upon the floor."

He sprang to his feet, and with a bound was at my side. His face showed neither anger, chagrin, nor mirth, but an indefinable, powerful something that sobered me instantly. Catching me in his arms, he gazed a second into my eyes, covered my face with kisses, and left the mill.

I stood where he placed me like one in a

dream. The first thing I heard was a little scream, which seemed to have been waiting for an opportunity to escape. This set me laughing, though my tears flowed copiously, and I was in no enviable state when I reached my room. There could be but one interpretation of Mr. Grave's conduct. He loved me, and I? — "I am the promised bride of Conrad McLean. There is no room in my heart but for him," I said, resolutely, answering my mental query aloud.

Uncle came to tea alone.

"Where is Herbert?" asked Aunt Martha.

"He was obliged to leave hurriedly on business, and wished me to say to Elsie here he hoped she would pardon his rudeness. I told him she wouldn't think ill of him for leaving without adieu when business demanded. That was right, eh?"

"Perfectly right, uncle," I answered, but saw much more in Herbert Grave's message than did they.

Several days elapsed, and Herbert did not return. I had avoided the mill since he left, but could no longer resist the desire to go thither. Pushing open the door, I walked in. The silence thrilled me; and, seated in the window overlooking the brook, I leaned my head against the old, worn frame, and knowing I was far out of hearing,

"I shut up the door and my ears,
And opened my heart and my tears."

"What is the matter, Elsie!" Starting, I looked up to see Mr. Grave beside me. Without waiting for my reply, he continued: "I have something to say to you."

There was none of the old bashfulness left as, seating himself beside me, he took my hand, and, touching the diamond cluster, asked:—

"Has that ring any significance, Elsie?"

If ever I was tempted to falsify, it was then; but the stern honor looking at me through Herbert's black eyes forced the answer; "Yes."

"Will you tell me what it signifies?"

Richard was himself again, and I replied, carelessly: "It shows I am engaged to marry Mr. McLean. Would you like to see his picture?"

"I would."

Drawing a "photo" from my pocket diary, I gave it to him. After a few moments' contemplation, he said:—

"Do you love this man?"

"Of course."

He gave me a searching look. "Elsie, could you love me?"

I felt the blood mount to my cheeks, as my eyes fell before his.

"You forget I am engaged."

"If you were *not* engaged, Elsie? Tell me how it would be if you were *not* engaged?"

He bent toward me eagerly, and placed his arm around my waist. The sense of probity my mother had inculcated was touched, and I left my seat.

"But, Mr. Grave, I *am* engaged."

He turned away. There was a moment's silence. Presently he said, advancing:—

"Forgive me, Miss Hayes. I have insulted your constancy, but you know the motive that prompted. Shall I see you to the house?"

That evening Herbert bade me good-by, saying he should not return. I grew restless after his departure, and left for New York.

A few weeks served to show me how materially my tastes had altered during the summer months. Mr. McLean did not satisfy me. The engagement was broken off, and in a short time I was forgotten for another. The winter dragged. At the first breath of June I started for Maryland. At Fern Dell I was made heartily welcome, and very thankfully I received its hospitalities.

After the first words of greeting, sunt remarked: "I am very sorry Herbert cannot be here to keep thee company, but his business in Boston will not permit him to leave." Did I care?

Early the next morning I hastened to the old mill, peered into every nook and corner, till I at length espied a ladder, before unknown. Ascending it, I found myself near the rafter from which Herbert had watched my dancing, while close under the eaves lay a book, warped and mouldy. Securing the prize, I descended to the window. It proved to be a book of poems. Upon the fly leaf was written the name of Herbert Grave, and beneath, "O Elsie! 'dislike me not for my complexion, the shadow'd liv'ry of the burnish'd sun.' The heart of the gnarled oak is sound, and *yours*," dated the year before.

"Dear Herbert! Noble Herbert!" I cried, kissing the faded characters, then started lest I had been overheard. But, no, I was monarch of all I surveyed, and silence my prime minister. After that the old mill became my Mecca, where I wrote, read, or sewed, as inclination prompted.

Thus a month passed. One beautiful morning, sketch-book in hand, I ensconced myself in the old window, but soon my thoughts and eyes wandered far away. A leaf came floating down the stream, and, thinking aloud, I said, dreamily: "Herbert used to call such leaves old prejudices, that were cast off, and went floating away on the stream of reason. Thus *my* one great prejudice against countrymen and their appearance has floated off with the current of Herbert Grave's true worth, and passed into oblivion."

Some one opened the door, and stepped within my sanctum. It was Herbert. Our eyes met. He came quickly to my side.

"Elsie, I heard what you said as I passed near the window. Is it true?"

"It is true, Herbert."

"And the ring?"

I held up my hand.

"Thank Heaven!"

The side whiskers are gone, and I have no longer cause to complain of his ill-cut clothes, *now* that I am the darling of the country clown.

LOVE'S TRUTH.

BY AURORA S. NOX.

My weary heart was full of woe,

My eyes with bitter weeping,

As I wandered to and fro

While all the world was sleeping;

And in my anguish loud I cried—

"All, all is false to me,

The fairest lips have sometimes lied,

And sweetest eyes smiled cruelly!"

But the sea rolled up with a long, low swell,

And clearly I heard, like a silver bell—

"Love, love is true!"

But my mournful heart no comfort found,

For my soul was full of grief,

Not even that softly ringing sound

To my spirit brought relief.

For what do they know of love,

The senseless waviest thought I;

No! God is true in heaven above,

But naught beneath the sky.

But a beautiful zephyr breathed in my ear,

With music so gentle my heart could hear

"Love, love is true!"

Next morning I still was weary and sad,

And walked abroad once more;

In vain all nature was joyfully glad,

For my heart was troubled and sore.

But a sweet, pale violet lifted its head

And looked at me with its eye of blue,

And a jilly smiled in its leafy bed,

"Fresh-washed in coolest dew."

And the loveliest echo came unto me,

A soul-entrancing melody—

"Love, love is true!"

"Oh!" cried I, then, in my misery,

"If love be true, should I not know?"

But a tender comfort fell upon me

As softly as flakes of snow.

And I threw myself on a mossy bank,

And stayed in that lovely scene,

My heart no longer in trouble sank,

And my soul became serene.

And ever I heard the happiest birds

Sing sweetly a lovely "song without words"—

"Love, love is true!"

Time passes on, and again I stand

Beside the heaving sea;

But I clasp in mine another's hand,

Whose dear eyes beam on me.

And *now* I know what the wavelets told,

And what the zephyr spoke,

What the lily and violet meant to unfold,

What the birds' sweet song awoke.

For my spirit joins that lovely refrain,

Eternally sung in joy and in pain,

"Love, love is true!"

CHILDHOOD does sometimes pay a second visit to man—youth never. How responsible are we for the use of a period so precious in itself, which will soon pass away, and never return!

MY FIRST CRUISE IN SOCIETY, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES, IMMEDIATE AND REMOTE.

BY NO' STARR.

THERE'S, at least, no vanity in the revelation at the top of my page; but my name was *Nora*, and my friends and others abbreviated it as set forth. My "introduction" is completed.

It was upon a delightful morning in early spring that Lucy Emmons, my quondam school chum, and myself were travelling the streets of one of our large cities. We had taken out a roving commission for the morning, resolving that the whole of it should be devoted to that most delightful of feminine recreations—a shopping expedition. On we went, braced by the exhilarating atmosphere, chatting gayly of the *en dits* of the day—of brilliant belles and agreeable beaux, of hearts lost and won, of conquests completed or pending, of the last ball, the next *soirée*, of what we would buy, and how it should be made, and when it should be worn, of—"Trifling!" you say. Well, what else should two girls of seventeen have been talking about? Even so, prudish lady, just such follies. We *did* talk about beaux—that is, of Lucy's. She was wealthy and beautiful; I was poor and plain, and didn't have any.

"Do tell me, Lucy," came up, after a brief silence and some right rapid thought, "why Charles Bland" (he was one of her most constant devotees) "has so absented himself of late?"

"I've been thinking to ask whether you observed it, and what you made of it," said spoilt, pretty Lucy. "He is to me one of the most inexplicable of mortals. The last evening he was with us I wasn't in the humor to have him harangue me from the ottoman at my feet upon moonlight, music, love, and flowers, for I preferred talking to Charlie Jones about the ride we were to take next afternoon, and so, I suppose, my young gentleman is on his dignity. Amen! This might all do very well for you, No', with your sentimentality; but the 'first winter out' never comes again, and I'm going to be epicurean enough to crowd all the enjoyment into it I can, from every source, and consider each man, woman, and child crossing my path as laid under tribute for my pleasure, in some sort."

"But Mr. Bland"—I was going to remonstrate.

"Don't tell me! I like better to hear music than to hear of it. Moonlight is better fresh from the skies than filtered through Mr. Bland's beautifying imagination and poetic phrases, and so for love and flowers in their respective places."

"Yet some most beautiful things are beautified, their exquisite points being elaborated by the really appreciative."

"Nevertheless, I tell you, this engagement—if engagement it be—is growing very irksome to one party concerned. Indeed, I must think of no gentleman—save the delectable Mr. Charles Bland, artist, poet, *what not*, No. — Arch Street, very agreeable, very *anything*, so it seems—lest I excite the jealousy of my sovereign lord and master, that is to be."

"But, Lucy, I would be one thing or the other," I urged, in my unsophisticated, provincial simplicity. "I'd be in love with him, or I *wouldn't* be; I'd like him, or I wouldn't like him, just as I thought he deserved, and I wouldn't be tyrannized over by make-believes. You used to be such dear friends, and, now, you somehow seem to be sacrificing all friendliness, and I don't think this pays for it."

"Well, little grandmother," said my playful pet, "I'll acknowledge to you, since you take so sober a view of things, that sometimes thoughts of the days past do rise up in judgment against me. I think, now and then, when I've nothing better to do, of the times when Charlie was much more necessary to me than he is now (he used to be so kind!), and conscience doesn't altogether sit lightly with me. I ought to be more candid, may be—but, pshaw! All women play off these tricks, and all men get over their trials thus inflicted, and, so, why shouldn't I have my fun? But, now, don't look so dignified. I reckon I'll have to take your advice at last."

"Don't say at last, Lucy; say at once. Be true."

"Oh, dear!" said Lucy, laughing one of her liquid, little, bird-like laughs. "Indeed, I thought to have left this style of thing in the school-room, and here our talk reminds me of the reign of *'Carolins and Mrs. B.,'* and the old chemistry and philosophy classes. But what makes you so zealous a pleader of Mr. Bland's cause? Are you sworn friends, and has he solicited your acknowledged influence in his behalf? You'd better take him yourself."

"I don't imagine he's the sort of article to be transferred at another's bidding," I replied; "and for our being sworn friends, I believe the dozen words you heard pass between us that night on the opera of the previous evening were the most we ever exchanged. He appears to prefer gentlemen's society when not talking to you, though his manner to ladies is always deferential, I observe."

"Well, what must I do to redeem myself?" inquired this perverse little bit of fascination, looking into my face with a gaze wherein was contracted the gentle innocence of sundry pairs of turtle-doves.

"Only be true is my advice. True to yourself, to him, who was once your friend; who may yet be this, perhaps, if nothing more. Be yourself. You have told me how very sensitive he is, especially in what concerns you. He is

barely aware of my existence, and yet I am sorry for him, but I am more so for you. Now, how do you like me in my new character of mentor to the 'belle of the Quaker City?'"

"Oh, well, you know I've long been used to that turn of yours at Madame Lablache's; though I, too, played the *rolé* of little country girl, then, in another way from you. But, since you look so solemn on the occasion, I'll make an opportunity this evening to adjust matters more to your approval, and the little artist shall be candidly informed it were best not to defer his pleasure in the classic scenes and fair skies of sunbright Italy, awaiting my motion."

Here we were at the corner of — Street, a thickly-settled colony of attorneys. Our course lay thither, and Lucy, raising her soft brown eyes, audibly read: "St. George Grey, Counsellor at Law, etc. etc." A spontaneous laugh, merry as a child's, and, then, "A most adorable saint, no doubt, a lawyer makes. I'd like to be favored with a sight of that phenomenon."

But soon we were at the emporium, and discussing gloves, flowers, ribbons, and illusion in reference to the coming evening. The Lenten times were close at hand, and Mrs. Howard's entertainment, thus late postponed, would be *the ball* of the season.

It was about nine o'clock on the evening of Mrs. Howard's ball that there was sitting in a handsomely-furnished apartment of one of the most fashionable hotels in the city a young man of wealth and family, holding solitary revel with the afternoon paper. The fragrant fumes of his *La Norma* were wreathing themselves in fantastic forms about his head, and making a gauzy drapery to the delightful *dishabille* he wore—a luxuriously-wadded, heavily-embroidered dressing-gown, set off by soft, gayly-blazoned slippers to match. The newspaper had fallen to the floor, and the sometime dallier therewith remained with arms folded upon his breast, and eyes listlessly following the course of those fairy, aromatic clouds curling ceilingward above him. As to whether his thoughts were *en suite*, we cannot determine without a key, which we shall have presently.

A gentleman in complete evening costume enters without rapping, and we hear, "Hallo, Grey! What in the world! Aren't you ready? Ain't you going? Or are you sustaining a fit of the blue devils that you sit moping here, while all the wit, wealth, beauty, and fashion of the city is congregated at Howard Park? Hurry, man! What have you been about all the evening?"

"Studying a case," replied the other, smiling, and with mock effort unfolding his arms, giving the idea of being too inert even to rouse himself to that slight task.

"Studying a case, indeed! What sort of a

case is it that requires a man to form an angle of forty-five degrees with his corporeal proportions, and read his advices in a whitewashed ceiling?"

"It's the case of St. George Grey, attorney at law, etc. etc., *versus* a certain anonymous fair one, or rather the anonymous fair one *versus* St. George Grey. If you'll only sit down and be quiet, I'll tell you all about it. There! that's a good, sensible fellow. I saw them this morning—two of them—they passed my office together, and both were young, and one was beautiful," and he proceeded to tell him of their remarks. "But, Hal, old fellow, that silver-sounding voice which read my name on the shingle, and wondered 'what sort of a saint a lawyer would make!' 'Twas entrancing!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Hal Sullivan, "another of your eccentricities, I suppose; and is this all?"

"No, no; not half. I took up my hat instantaneously, resolved, for the fun of the thing, to follow a little way, and, more than this, curious to ascertain whether any human face could correspond in beauty to that voice. 'Twasn't far, for the proprietor thereof entered Levy's—so did I. A little delay, a little anxious waiting, upon my part. Confound it! why hadn't I come to Philadelphia to try my fortunes before? but, lo! I am at peace with myself and the rest of mankind. In that crowd of femininities I descry the identical pair, and now turns full on me a face. Oh! it's like one we have all dreamed of at some time in our lives, looking at us over a pair of shining wings!"

"Well, I'll swear!" is Doctor Sullivan's (as we all know, very improper) rejoinder. "To see a man who has been as much in society as you have, so transported 'on this short notice!'"

"Ah! but not in Philadelphia society," says Grey, with tragi-comic air, adding—

"Such lustre gleams through her long silken lashes,
You'd swear a soul flashed through each witching eye,
While the low tone that from her small mouth gushes,
Thrills like her glance whene'er I pass near her."

"I wish I could know somebody who knew somebody who knew some one else who knew when you were in deep, sober earnest," said Harry Sullivan, in the *least bit* perplexed tone; not much so, for life ran very smoothly with Harry. "But is it really," he continued, "one of your humors to stay away from the ball to-night?"

"It is—one of my humors, and a cowardly humor, too; I'll acknowledge thus much to you."

"A fig for your affectation! Come on, you haven't made your *début* here yet, and, by the way, you may meet your beautiful *inamorata*, who knows?"

"Precisely. I told you cowardice kept me away; I'm afraid to meet her!"

"Oh, a lovely ogress, is she?"

"Well, just this, then: I want to enjoy my dream yet awhile; I'll soon be over it; but to meet her to-night, as I might, and, from the luminous halo of those golden curls, or, to be more to the point, from the rose and ivory of that beautiful mouth were I to hear some expression akin to the '*bad egg*,' with which a New York belle once shocked my unsophisticated ear—WELL! An important conclusion, isn't it?"

"One worthy of yourself, and very well adapted to your reason for declining civilities, you Bedlamite! 'A gentle voice is a most excellent thing in a woman,' yet I'd like to hear the tones which would set me running all over the city for a half-second's glance at the lips from which they proceeded. But I must go, if you will not." And the merry young doctor and complacent philosopher went, promising a call early on the morrow.

There was, indeed, a brilliant assembly at Howard Park that night. The long suite of apartments thrown open for the reception of guests blazed with richly gilded and brilliantly lighted chandeliers, rivalled at last by flashing eyes, and the mirror-lined walls seemed presenting to view a sort of wizard world, whose inhabitants, emulous of the beauty spread out before them, caught and appropriated by some potent spell-word, the grace, the wreathed smiles which gleamed there, and to hold even song and laughter crystallized in the weird depths.

A richly filled conservatory stretched in gorgeous floral perspective beyond the spacious drawing-rooms, and fragrance like that from Oriental gardens mingled with sounds of mirth and music in the air. Instead of gas, a soft radiance from astral lamps fell upon the flowers. This was Mrs. Howard's taste, and it is believed the subdued light was in better accordance with, though scarce in anticipation of, the especial little drama being now enacted there.

A few brief notes, reader of mine, will give you a clue to what was transpiring. Enconced in one of the deep recesses, and near a bow-window, I was indulging in a sort of reverie, so Lucy said, flashing by me from her last waltz. I had declined waltzing altogether, and so must needs be something of a wall-flower, even if I had other pretensions at other times. She turned as she spoke, caressingly arranged something about my hair, and lingered. What purpose in her wandering for this brief second from the crowd of which she was the life and light? I had it! Not aware previously of Charles Bland's proximity to us, I heard in the gentlest of tones (she had really an exquisite voice), "Good evening, Charles!"

and Lucy's little hand was cordially extended. I suppose he took it by some instinct. I avoided looking toward them, for I knew that, at least, with one of the parties, this night was to be a crisis. Neither did I by eaves-dropping become possessed of the brief report which I shall proceed to give you.

"I have something to say to you, Charles," followed the greeting.

"I am at your service, Miss Lucy," rather loftily, it was fancied, and he never called her Miss Lucy when they were alone.

"It is very warm dancing," said she. "I see an open window in the conservatory; it is better sitting there than in these heated rooms; we will go," and she led the way, thus answering Charles' inquiry, "Are you not very imprudent? The night air is quite chill?"

Lucy grieved, so she told him, among other things, when she began to talk, that she had not made explanation before; that she had permitted herself to deceive him; had, in fact, deceived herself; but when she had discovered this (so she acknowledged), it was due any one, under like circumstances, more especially due him, to say so. And while recalling all she had permitted him to hope for, Lucy proffered him the affection of a devoted friend and sister. That was about the amount of it.

I knew a gentleman similarly solicited in such a case, who replied that Providence had chosen his sisters for him, and that he preferred selecting his friends himself. He sought her, the lady in question, for his wife, but if she declined the relation, there was no other vacancy.

Charles Bland said nothing of the sort, but he did say, with his fatalistic notion of love, that her word, potent as it was to him, could not *unweave* destiny; that it was his fate to love her, and that it was profanation of both sentiments to barter man's deep and true affection for sober, cool friendship, or some such thing, and so he declined it, forbearing, in his dignified sense of wrong, to recount the little wiles which had, one by one, beguiled him to his hopeless sorrow. He felt, then, that Lucy had wronged him (I am not going to accuse her any further than to tell, by her permission, the facts I know); and he told her that she had done wisely; that he had no connections, wealth, or influence in the world, so that even his friendship would be no gain to her; and he protested again that there was danger for her in the keen night air, offering to conduct her to the party who were enacting *chaperons* to us. Lucy's dreamy eyes, I think, were looking toward where the village-boy once gathered wild-flowers with her beside the wood skirting his grand mother's cottage.

"Mr. Bland," interrupted a sprightly voice from the door not far off, "have you and Miss Emmons withdrawn yourselves to moralize, contrasting the serenity of night without with

the enjoyments of flirting, waltzing, and the other *et ceteras* of night within? Or, perhaps, you are reading her destiny in the stars?"

Such bungling work as we do, sometimes, in our attempts to be pleasant! But, fortunately, Mrs. Howard paused for no answers to her suggestions, and proceeded:—

"You see, it's my duty to veto all monopolies this evening. Besides, I've a partial promise from Lucy, and a positive promise from you, sir, of assistance in my tableaux, and as this portion of the entertainment is to be a surprise to most of the company, I will admit no substitutes. Come, they are waiting, I judge, from Mr. Howard's dumb signs."

There was no time for remonstrance. They all three entered the little boudoir at the farther end of the hall; then there was a slight confusion of tongues and of costumes; then Charlie was despatched to the gentlemen's dressing-room down the hall. I saw there was something the matter with Lucy, and I saw, moreover, that two people had never more resolutely determined to act the indifferent than were she and Charles.

"You *must* be in my opening scene, Lucy Emmons," urged Mrs. Howard; but Lucy persisted she must have more time for the "getting up," and so passed two tableaux. I was in one, and had no leisure to talk with her; then, as that was my only appearance, I set busily to donning my original dress to run down the hall and see the next one—Lucy's.

The crimson curtains parted—the fairy cloud of illusion was in place, and "The Guardian Angel" was announced. The girl was a perfect dream of beauty, as she stood there in the snowy, mist-like robe; her loosened tresses forming a golden halo around her, the white gossamer wings sparkling with a silvery sheen, and the gaze of tender, deep, anxious thought earnestly, almost painfully, bent upon Charles Bland. It gave her face a new loveliness I had never seen it express. He threw into his countenance that which only the artist could have conceived, of perfect *abandon* to the dazzling bait held forth of his "adversary, the Devil," which latter character was impersonated by a Creole visitor from the Crescent City, upon whose visage thirty-five Southern summer suns had left their impress.

"Miraculously beautiful!" passed through the crowd in almost reverential whispers, as though the scene were the creation of a spell, and a rude breath or sound might dissolve it.

A flutter of the white drapery—a *tableau vivant*, indeed. The bell rings, the curtain falls hastily—we hasten around. Lucy has swooned—a *bona fide* faint, spelt with an *a*. All the evening's excitement together has proved too much for her nervous system. There was no sofa convenient for fainting damsels, readers of "Children of the Abbey" and contemporary romances; so Charles Bland, as any gentleman

would any lady under similar circumstances, bore her to the cloak-room, as we requested. There was a softly-cushioned divan, and there restoratives were applied, and from thence we soon set out for home. Doctor Sullivan politely proffered attendance thither, though assuring us that there was no danger; and the patient, albeit a little languid, soon commenced laughing at herself for failure in her new character.

Were I a romance writer, which I am not, I should all in proper place and time, in scientific detail, give premises, argument, conclusion, etc., of this narrative; but, being only a transcriber from a species of log-book in my possession, the reader, perhaps, will be kind enough to take my jottings down as the disorderly pages of the original edition come up to hand.

All the moralizing and philosophizing, if these chronicles be suggestive of anything so deep, must come from the reader also. It is always a thankless office to point out morals for other people. If they require them, they will derive them from data given, and it is my present business to state facts as I found them, courteously, leaving inferences to the perusers thereof. It makes no difference either whether I think Lucy was a heartless coquette or not. I loved, and love her very dearly, and I am not undertaking to prove anything. I think that an ardent desire to please, beyond what was wise, perhaps, actuated her sometimes temporarily to acquiesce in the proposed plans of others, when returning judgment uttered the negative at last; and I think that, at this time in her career, she was a sincere convert to the theory of "pleasant illusions," and the admissibility of procuring them for one's friends, even at the expense of an unpleasant awakening subsequently.

Now a little of her earlier history. The same instant of time endowed her with the earthly and her lovely mother with the heavenly inheritance, her sole guardianship devolving upon the hired nurse and an idolizing father—the latter of whom, as his only child grew older, made his pleasure to consist in the gratification of her every caprice, affection seeming blind to the ultimate result of such indulgence. At the age when other girls are in school trammels, Lucy followed uncurbed the bent of her own inclination in the disposition of herself and her time—now running wild over the whole extent of the broad lands surrounding her father's spacious and elegant country residence; now his companion, sitting before him on his horse, in long rides around the farm; now silently stringing red beans for hours together in his study, when told that she must keep quiet, or counting again and again the brass nails which decorated the old-fashioned, high-backed chair in which he always sat to write. Presently again Lucy would be gone. Where? Down

in the neighboring village, making many a friend among the humble families resident there, and from these days dates her first acquaintance with Charles Bland.

Mr. Emmons looked approvingly upon the friendship forming between them. Charles was such a bright, promising boy, so he said, so obedient to his grandmother, and then he bore from the teacher the best name in the whole village school. "Come to Linwood on Saturdays," he would say to Charles, sometimes, "and see me and my little girl. We have books and pictures there, plenty; they say you are fond of such things." While Mr. Emmons' hospitality and kindness were of such incalculable benefit to the boy, eager to learn, and rise from his humble sphere in life, and with innate taste and talent for the refinements of a better life, it is impossible to say whether the simple-hearted old gentleman ever gave a thought to what might, in process of time, grow out of this association to involve the destinies of one or both of the young people. What need to think of such things? They were both such children! When, however, some years after, Charles Bland, the talented young artist, the fashion of that season (so things go in this world), did, in his own old-fashioned notion of things, solicit the old gentleman's permission to win his daughter, if he might, I am sure the privilege (even though the matter seemed to flash a new and almost blinding light into the father's eyes) would not have been more cordially accorded to any wooer descended from the best blood of Southern cavalier stock than it was to this whilome aspirant for the honors of the village school. So Edward Emmons, an old aristocrat of "the Maryland line," said: "I had almost—and very foolishly—hoped, Charles, that no one else would see, as I feared I did, my little child was growing into a woman. It must be so. I am an old man now. I was a man getting in years when I married her mother. I cannot be with her many years longer. She will love some one, will give herself to some one, and I know no man in whose charge I could more safely leave her than in yours."

But I digress. When Lucy was ten years old Mr. Emmons was summoned to England, where some moneyed interests were involved which would probably occupy a few years in the adjustment and disposal, and then came up the vexed question, which had often obtruded itself, and as often been temporized with, vaguely put off for some more welcome season, which never came, "What ought to be done about Lucy's education?" He was indulging her and himself at the expense of her manners and all womanly accomplishments, and the period of separation would be no less painful defer it to what time he might. His present foreign mission was an arduous one, and involved, probably, considerable removal from

one place to another. The child could not accompany him. Arrangements were made for leaving "the Linwoods," as the village and surroundings were called, and he brought his little charge as far as Baltimore, himself *en route* to New York to take passage at an early day in one of the Liverpool steamers, not yet decided as to how she was to be disposed of. At Barnum's he met my parents. They were returning to Virginia, after having placed me for my third season at Madame Lablache's, near Philadelphia. Mr. Emmons and my father had been friends at college—old "William and Mary"—and had met from time to time since. My parents were directly interested in his little girl, and begged that she might be placed at school with me. So Lucy was brought to Madame Lablache's, and confided to her especial care, until her father's return, when it was supposed she would be sufficiently accomplished to take charge of a handsome city mansion, should such be her taste, or preside alternately in such a one and the old homestead at Linwood.

I remember very well the morning when another girl of my class and I were summoned into madame's reception-room to play entertainers to the young stranger; how her untrained hair looked in its wealth like "drifted sunshine," and her large eyes opened wider in undisguised astonishment at our—I must acknowledge not very well-bred—inquisitiveness as, to her advancement in "Noel et Chapsal," natural philosophy, botany, and general 'ologies and 'onomies. She finally silenced us on these points and mostly on others by averring, without disguise, that she neither knew nor cared for any "reading-book" but "Fairly Tales," and that, as long as her dear papa was gone, she didn't feel in the humor for talking. If she did not—this latter, I mean—it seems just to infer that it was the first time, as it was certainly the last after my acquaintance with her, the "humor" soon vanishing, and leaving her henceforth very sociable. Moreover, the girl not "read up" in French and "things" soon proved herself very quick at her tasks, putting us of superior training and wisdom quite out of our little self-conceit. Then she was so generous and noble. Lucy Emmons wouldn't do a mean action, and she would sooner suffer punishment herself than inform on another girl. Then for out-door sports—ball, marbles, climbing—well, as there is "a character" in every school, Lucy was the acknowledged as such in ours.

At the end of six years Mr. Emmons returned, taking the young lady, whose acquaintance has been elsewhere made, to a hotel in the city, there to sojourn and supervise with him the fitting up of the princely establishment which she had desired him to purchase. This for their winter residence; old Linwood, if they wished to be quiet a few weeks, in sum-

mer, said Lucy; so, then, of course, said her father.

We had been devoted friends, and it was a sad day to both when we parted. Lucy's "Good-by! but now *don't* disappoint me next winter," sounded more like a knell than the voice of hope. Handkerchiefs were waved—hers from her window in the hotel, mine from the carriage, for I was to travel farther—I turn a corner, and am well under way for my home in an eastern shore village.

"I have secured the good offices of a lady friend to chaperone our two little girls this winter, so you must bring or send yours on immediately," Mr. Emmons wrote my father. "Mine is very wilful, and will not be put off any longer, she bids me say."

However, owing to the fact of my having a promise of long standing to be bridesmaid at Belle Eyre's wedding—Belle was our near neighbor—and, as this country wedding, which brought, as we knew it would, a succession of parties and rural frolics of all kinds, did not come off until after Christmas, it was as late as the first of February that, on a snowy afternoon, I found myself at No. — Chestnut Street, the coachman ringing the bell, I retaining my seat, wrapped in furs and travelling-cloaks. I soon heard a voice not to be mistaken, though that light step bounding over the richly-carpeted stairway was not discernible.

"I knew it was No', and that she would come!" exclaimed the impulsive creature, rushing into my arms; for, instead of imperiling her slippered feet by contact with the snow, I had now darted up the steps and in at the hospitable, wide open door.

I escaped being eaten. Thin, and fragile of frame, perhaps I did not present the temptation of a very savory *bonne bouche*, and Lucy was not cannibalistic, though she almost bore me in her arms up to her room. Warm, luxurious, delightful, the whole in-door atmosphere. How charming she was! She had travelled in the interim between fitting up the new residence and the commencement of "the season" in the city, and there was more finish about her—shall I call it this? Something delightful, at any rate, as it seemed to me.

"Come, take off your things," she said, divesting me of them, and, "Ellen!" to her maid, "take Miss Starr's wrappings, and you may leave us; we have no need to dress for dinner. Father will not be in until late," she added, turning to me, "so we can luxuriate in carelessness and each other's society. O Nora," she broke forth—Lucy had an air about her which gave you the impression that she lived more in an hour than other people in a day or a month—"I've *so* much to tell you. My letters, you know, are just nothing; writing is too slow a business. But this Philadelphia is such a charming place, and I do *so* love the

parties, and the operas, and the pretty things, and the charming people. Oh, it is enchanting! I shall go wild if you don't come and tame me with your grandmother notions. Some of madame's nicest girls are here this winter; and such agreeable beaux! The parlor is thronged every evening that I do not go out. Papa's friends, he says; but, indeed, a great part of the entertaining them devolves upon me, which is no task, to be sure, they being, for the most part, as chatty as I, which, I believe you will admit to be sufficient. And Charles Bland is here, Nora; has been living here, oh, before we came; the same Charles Bland of whom you have heard me speak as being an old friend and neighbor when we lived at the Linwoods."

I recollected very well how we used to tease her about him after she had told us of the intimacy and of himself in most admiring terms. Finally, I suppose we had new people and things to occupy us, and Charles Bland's name died out, from mention, at least. This at school, I mean. He was older; was more tenacious of impressions. Faith and Hope, in morbid excess, went to the making up of his composition, and no portion of his dreaming in regard to Lucy made itself suggestive that she might return from a six years' sojourn at boarding-school, other than the affectionate, confiding Lucy she was when they chased butterflies through the fields and green lanes around the Linwoods. I suppose that Charles Bland's awakening upon the morning of his first "call" on Lucy and her father, after many solicitations from the latter, was much like that of any other arousing from a dream, speak we either literally or figuratively, a shock more or less to the dreaming apparatus, whatever that is, and a sort of staggering attempt to bring all that has been, or we wished to be, in proper subjection to the inevitable *is*. Lucy had been kind to him that morning, very.

"What is Mr. Bland doing?" I asked; "practising a profession here?"

"Oh, you know I used to tell you of his aspirations to paint. He has had good masters, and with, as they say, fine genius therefore, bids fair to astonish the great art-world some of these days. And such portraits! But he is painting mine. He is a star of the first magnitude here just now, I can tell you, and papa considers him very talented. He comes to see us often, and no doubt you will like him."

All this from Lucy in her rapid narration, and I ask:—

"You do, do you?"

"Well, yes—oh, yes!" for reply. "You know I always liked him. But I tell you, it was right queer to meet him again, and think of the old Linwood days, and how I used to kiss him for lifting me across the branches when they were too deep for me to wade, and

all those things. It was really desperate, as I think of it now, our attachment." And Lucy blushed. What *could* it mean, her blushing so.

Alas for those days of portrait painting and the idealisms of the artist! The wood pictures, the fairy scenes inwrought, the magic touches conjuring back the past, the unearthly tints of the iris-bowed future. But these are not for pen and ink to reproduce. Lucy accepted them all; she told me so presently, for she was never reserved with me.

"Well, Grey, what of the *case* this morning?" asked Doctor Sullivan, entering the office of his friend upon the day succeeding the entertainment elsewhere mentioned.

"Are you up for all day?" asked the other, in place of answer or conventional salutation. "I believe you said something about dropping in as soon as you breakfasted, and it's only one o'clock now. Excuse me, no clients in this morning, and it's dull. What are a man's friends for if he can't vent his spite on them upon such occasions?"

"Well," said Hal, smiling acquiescence, "now that I am here, how am I, beside in the way you signify, to make myself agreeable? by giving you the details of Mrs. Howard's *'ête'*?"

"Mrs. Howard's *fate*, forsooth! that's all safe enough. Married, we suppose, to the man she loved, ten thousand a year, an establishment, a carriage, and an opera box; her earthly destiny is accomplished. The fate of St. George Grey, attorney-at-law, concerns me much more closely at present."

"By the way," says Doctor Sullivan, "how stupid I am not to tell you. Indeed, I saw an angel last night, and who knows but it may be the adorable object of your romantic seeking? Nothing less than such a creation as I have named could answer your requirements. How lull I was not to take your description of Lucy Emmons! I think you have seen our belle at last without knowing it. *She* wears golden curls, and is altogether a charming creature, is the whole world agrees. Still, I must go on and tell you. There is too much of the woman about her to admit of her *standing her ground* is an angel, so the events of the last evening proved;" and the young doctor narrated the case as it seemed to him.

"No apparent cause for it; dressed too lightly, in all probability. I wish our women could compare the noble outlines of the Venus de Medicis with the attenuated, waspish figures of some of the women of our day before they resolve upon a model of female beauty. My notion is, that dress was intended to embellish personal advantages, not to metamorphose what God has made."

"Sullivan on dress and female beauty!" says Mr. Grey. "Has she large, lustrous eyes—

Miss Emmons, I mean, with now a don't care, now a sunny expression about them?"

"Did you see so much in an instant of time, in your *ignis fatuus* of a morning walk?" asks Hal, continuing. "One question at a time, if you please. You come down with such a volley of interrogatories that a man of not over-steady brain is quite overwhelmed. Had I not been the most amiably disposed of mortal men, I had left you long ago. Can't you see that I'm preoccupied? that I may have my own little private romance to ruminate upon? Ask your pardon. *Eyes* did you say? The idea of asking me the color of a girl's eyes! I don't even know the color of yours, or of mine. Sue White's, indeed, are blue,

'Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue'

That's the extent of my posting up in optic coloring."

"You seem possessed of a kittenish buoyancy of spirits this morning, Doctor Sullivan," said George Grey. "Now do tell me what's the matter?"

"Well, I'm on as good terms with the world as I might wish to be," replied Hal. "In the first place, speaking of Sue White, some days since there was an interview appointed for this very morning between *pater familias* and your humble servant, ten o'clock the hour. I thought to afflict you with my presence in the interim from breakfast until then, hence my promise to you last night; but—well, I breakfasted early, much earlier than usual, didn't sleep after my return from 'the Park.' After breakfast wandered about like the babes in the woods, or Japhet in search of a father, or some of those people, until I thought it was ten o'clock, or ought to be, and presented myself at Mr. White's door. The servant looked at me with a peculiar glance as he admitted me; but I couldn't exactly see how he should know anything, when the mystery was solved in a moment after he withdrew by the sound of Mr. White's voice pronouncing emphatically, 'Confound the boy! I've not dressed myself; I've this moment swallowed my breakfast.' I knew he always breakfasted early and in bed. 'I'm here now, and I'll wait; nothing like patience,' I reasoned"—

"To a young physician," suggested Grey.

"Plague on your puns! Don't interrupt me. And I called the old gentleman's attention to the sentiment when I was ushered into his dressing-room at about half-past eight o'clock. 'Patience, do you call it?' said he. 'Ousting a man from his early morning nap to keep a ten o'clock engagement at six!' But he seemed to appreciate my reference to the four years' probation already passed, and the result of our long *poa wow* is that in a few weeks more my blue-eyed Sue and I pair off to our nest. I pointed out to you the small, snug domicile in Seventh Street, you recall, as possibly destined for the interior embellishments but now

suggested, and the exterior adornment of 'Doctor Henry Sullivan' in bright gilt on the basement door. At two o'clock I'm to walk with Mrs. Sullivan that is to be, and having to step to my office in the mean time, must now say 'over the river!' " [*Au revoir!*] "Good-morning! How are you, Charlie?" he greets another visitor, and passes out.

Charles Bland enters Grey's office. On his flexible features and upon his broad and lofty brow a seal set as though ages had done their work there in a single night. We all know what it is, I believe, to crowd these cycles of existence—either of joy or sorrow—into some brief division of a brief life-time. What a contrast is he to the but now gay and happy incumbent of the chair into which he moodily sank!

"Good-morning, Charlie!" Grey cordially accosts him. "I'm glad you've come. But what?"—and he looks more steadily at his pallid face. "Are you ill? No? Then you have been?"

"No," and Charles tells him that, as his most intimate friend, he has come to inflict a little of his confidence on him, and to ask some advice. "I am going to Italy," he says.

"To Italy! When? Why? Not now, when you are a burning and a shining light in the fashionable circles here."

"It is of the *when*, in some sort, that I wish to consult you; of the *why* you will, perhaps, judge as I do, when you hear all. For the capricious fancies of an idle crowd, which create an idol to-day to be hurled to-morrow from its base, and replaced by another as whimsically chosen, they detain me not so much as an hour. Indeed, in that space of time I propose leaving here, if we decide that I can consistently with duty. You have been very kind to me, George, but, intimate as our acquaintance has been, there is a secret I have never told you. I held her name as something too sacred to mention. I heard it often and often named around me, while I affected not to hear it, or by some remark, foreign to the subject, sought to give another current to the conversation. All this by some contradictory trait in my nature; for, while the sound was more beautiful to my ear than anything else, I felt a nervous uneasiness at having any utter it who felt differently in regard to it from myself. She was the object of my boy affection; it was no transitory passion as I felt it then. I knew this better and better as it became incorporated with my growing strength, and ripened into earnest, true man's love. We were separated for several years of our childhood, but absence wrought no change, save to transform affection to adoration. She was my dream, all through these years, the something which was to make my future life good, and bright, and happy with its beautiful radiance. My only relative died, leaving me early to battle alone with the world—but, then, Lucy was left in it. I would some

day see her again—well—but I tire you," he said, recollecting himself.

"No, go on," urged George Grey, drawing his seat nearer, and looking somewhat of the kindness and sympathy within him.

"It's a short story, now," said Charles. "A few months since and we met again. Her childish loveliness was all there, an indescribable womanly lustre hallowing all. She was more beautiful than my dream. It's useless to dwell on these points, however. I told her of what was in my heart for her, of the help she had been to me in those long years of struggling with adverse circumstances, inspiring me to battle with and overcome them, and how I believed that with her lay the power to bid me attain the highest honors of that beautiful art world, wherein I entered—a worshipper. She wept when I told her how barren had been my life but for her and the pencil creations which always took her shape; and she told me, with all a little child's frankness, it seemed to me, that she had never been oblivious of the impressions arising from our early association, that they had always retained for her a vague, sweet influence she had never been able to translate; she knew now. Well, we were engaged. I was painting her portrait then. Had ever artist such inspiration? How to keep back my truant pencil from depicting a rainbow of glory around that beautiful head, from tracing the symbolic anchor as a resting-place for the rounded ivory elbow? That taper finger—it should be pointed heavenward. My Hope must have all her outward belongings, too."

"But tell me," says his friend, impulsively, "she hasn't been untrue to you, Charlie?"

"It is so, George. Whether she was mistaken in her own sentiments respecting me, whether I am to believe that one so lovely could be thoroughly false, I have yet to be satisfied. The issue thus far is the same to me; from last night we are no more than strangers to each other. It is not my purpose to repine at my fate, for fate I call it, believing, as I do, in the immortality, the indestructibility of real, true affection. This atmosphere is dangerous to me; I might be her dupe again."

"Her dupe! I have it now," thought George Grey. "You would not accuse her, but she has treated you as no true woman would. I see it all, despite you."

"And I sail to-morrow, if I can dispose of one obstacle," added Charles.

"What obstacle?"

"Miss Emmons' portrait. Her father, who has been a friend to me, so sets his mind on having it."

"Tell him that changed relations (I assume for granted he knows of those that existed) would make the prosecution of the work disagreeable to all parties."

"And this mention of the matter would not bear the aspect of complaint? I want your candid opinion, for you see I am bewildered."

"It involves necessarily no complaint—this is as you put it. The young lady had a right to change her views of this match; she has done so. Isn't that the statement of the case?"

"Precisely."

"Well, say so, if you need say anything."

"You're a good fellow, George; give me your hand," and they clasped hands, the last time in some years; for the artist packed up his unfinished work, and with the blessing and best wishes of old Mr. Emmons set off for Italy that evening, *via* New York.

I, Nora Starr, wouldn't have had it happen for the world; but, in utter ignorance that Mr. Bland was leaving us, or that there was any one in Mr. Emmons' study, save, as I supposed, himself, whom I was seeking to deliver an important message in a letter from my father, I walked in and disturbed the conference. He was just taking leave. He could do no less than tell me he was going, and offer to bid me good-by, too. I felt so for him, seeing the change his sorrow had made in him, and in that little time, too—so distressed that there was not a word of comfort I could offer—so anxious to say, and yet so afraid it would be wrong to do so, something about Lucy—I could not help it, the tears would come, then the sobs, then the perfect *abandon* to grief. I wept as though he had been my brother.

"Lucy keeps nothing from her," said dear Mr. Emmons, kindly, by way of explanation. "She knows all that has happened, and it grieves her little tender heart to think of parting friends. Ah! the child has seen little of the world, yet, and hasn't learned that, take it day by day, life is made up of this sort of thing—forming ties and breaking them, meeting and parting," and he patted my head as he set me down in his own arm-chair.

Mr. Bland had waited a few moments. He now shook the hand of Mr. Emmons again, then, taking mine, gave it a cordial pressure, said, "God bless you, Miss Nora!" and was gone.

One summer in my eastern shore home mother said: "Will you consent, Nora, to set out for the White Sulphur with Mrs. Eyre and family on Wednesday week? You need but little more preparation than that you've been obliged to make for the gay season here, as we call it."

The Chaunceys, and Bankers, and Cadwaladers from Philadelphia, the Donnells and Gilmors from Baltimore, and our Smith and Teackle relations always made such a time of genuine, social enjoyment; such a round of dinner, and evening, and all sorts of parties, and attracted so many visiting strangers in their yearly advent to our little peninsula, that

becoming toilets, for all possible occasions, were as much a matter of thought and forecast with our country matrons and their daughters—and, I really imagine, with the beaux, too—as with any corresponding class within the limits of the Quaker, or any other city, on occasion.

"It won't do for you to mope so," said ma; "people are really talking about it. Next thing they'll be saying you left your heart in Philadelphia two years and a half ago. I don't say that, of course, but you never have enjoyed society as much since. And your reason, darling," she smilingly added, in her own tender way; "its *hollowness*. Well, don't be above using that which God has given you. I suppose that, seeing the verdict of ages gone is levelled against the stability of the people composing it, society is much the same now it has always been, and yet we are intended for social beings. Hence, if we can better it, we must do so; when we can't, we must tolerate—at least, so far as the obligation enjoined of 'charity to all men.'"

"I've been waiting for our visitors to leave, ma," I said, "to tell you the contents of Lucy's letter."

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre, of whom my mother had spoken just now, were among the morning callers, bringing some stranger guests from Carlisle, relations of theirs, however, to return our call of some days before, and the arrival was announced as I read my epistle in my own pretty sea-view chamber. The news it brought furnished one reason, I think the main one, for my evading Mrs. Eyre's cordial invitation proffered that day.

Lucy wrote—I can give you as much of the substance of the letter as you would wish; I haven't it by me now:—

"DEAR, GOOD LITTLE GRANDMOTHER" * * *
[She dotted it off so, as if hesitating what she would write next.] "Well, you remember St. George Grey? You know I wrote you after you went away from me, you truant grandmother, how I had met him unexpectedly at the Academy of Music; how I was just taken by storm (my susceptible heart) by his *killing* moustache, black eyes and whiskers, and handsome figure? You know, I told you how we seemed to fall in—to sentimentality with each other, right upon the back of this introduction. At least, I did with *him*. He, it appeared, you will recollect, had known me secretly, and loved me as long, dating from a certain morning when, in my 'seraphic' (Hem!) voice, I read his name on his professional plank in — Street, and questioned, above my breath, what sort of saint a lawyer would make. A cosy little session of billing and cooing ensued upon all this comparison of notes, and cotemporaneous admissions, and—and so forth. It was an adorable time, no doubt about it, but then—well, you know one gets tired of anything. Not you, precocious feminine sage—is that the herb I mean?—*you* don't. I got tired of being engaged, you know, and so last summer, at Long Branch, I gave my *Grey* suitor unlimited leave of absence.

"Well, what am I writing all this stuff for now, when you've heard it a thousand times before?"

"Nora, I couldn't get to it any sooner. I'm trying to tell you I've called George back again, and I'm going to be married on the 20th with you for first bridesmaid, by your most gracious leave.

"I said people get tired of everything. I've never got tired of you for a friend, and I don't think I should ever get tired of my husband if I had one (I never had one), that is, supposing his business wasn't in the house every day and all day long. * * * * *

"Charles Bland, my old lover, will be at the wedding, too, if he has the sense and independence I credit him with. We do not get letters from him, as I believe he writes to no one save his business agent here. From this person my saint learns that he has married a beautiful grisette in Rome, and will be here with his wife probably in the next steamer from Europe."

Just as that last clause of Lucy's letter turned up, my thoughts were going out naturally to "Charles" (that's what we used to call him at school), and vexedly, in a vague way, to my *display* on the eve of his departure. Let that tableau go, however. I considered much more of how he might have suffered but for the good wife I hoped, and settled in my mind, he had secured. Of course, there was none of the old love left for Lucy now. I have as much as acknowledged, perhaps, that I was a little romantic. Most country girls of gentle breeding (and some of those not delicately reared) are, but my romance, be it explained to you, gentle reader, what I had of it was not of the Byronic school, not in the least, and I no more calculated the possibility of Mr. Bland the husband of the charming grisette, or any woman he might have chosen as his wife, suffering pangs of suppressed adoration for Miss Lucy Emmons, or Miss anybody else, than I thought I should ever conceive a violent passion for the big oak that shaded our front door. If, not being married, he had gone to some desert isle "to pine away and die," in the words of the old song, hearing his best loved was plighted away, I should have thought undoubtedly it was the orthodox thing to do. He was safe, however.

I should go to the wedding, my mother said; my father said so, too, when he came in. I should accompany the party to Niagara and to Canada, too, as Lucy expressly stipulated, and should do anything else that there was a chance of to give me recreation and amusement.

"You've needed a change a long time," they both said; "I'm glad you've consented to make it."

That's how I went off to the North that summer, and how the rather limited pecuniary means at "sweet home" were put up to their best for my enjoyment. Well, when I say limited, I some how, from habit, improperly, too, put our little fortune in comparison with

that of the friends to whom I was going, the Emmons', who were millionaires. You have probably heard the expression, "An Eastern Shore fortune." Well, we had that, at, perhaps, its best figure, and lived, of course, admirably well, where it is harder *not* to live well than to do so. My father was worth about a hundred thousand dollars.

The gayest of wedding breakfasts; the most beautiful of brides; the handsomest of bridegrooms, and the most enchanted company.

As the last hallelujah died out on St. Andrew's organ, I caught Charles Bland's familiar glance. Changed some, more manly, and altogether better looking. I was right in my judgment. There wasn't one trace of anything left that looked like the old love burning again. I was glad of it.

The marriage proceeded. The organ again, with its grand diapason; the bridal march, swelling along aisles and galleries; a white-robed, flower-bedecked train in motion.

I've inverted the order of narration. The breakfast came after this; then such hand-shaking! such congratulation! The artist was there, and by and by we found time to chat coseily, he and I. Why was he so provokingly reticent touching that performance with which I honored his departure long ago? I could not force him to allude to it. Suppose—vain, foolish man—suppose he for one instant believed I felt more than, or differently from, what I really did feel. I hoped I might pity anybody. I took another tack and wondered this hadn't been my first essay, as it seemed the most natural.

"Your wife, I hope, is here?"

"She is not, thank you." What a handsome smile he had.

"Shan't I see her?"

"I hope so, but not to-day, I fear."

I didn't like to seem inquisitive, as he didn't tell me why.

"Tell me something about her," I persisted.

"I hear she is a beauty."

"So report says."

"What does Mr. Bland say?"

"Oh, I think he wouldn't marry a woman who didn't seem beautiful to him."

"Do you mean that you would sacrifice your admiration of higher attributes for mere personal beauty?"

"No, Miss Nora. When I speak of beauty now, I mean it to refer to all soul-excellence, heart-excellence, and to intellectual gifts. Endowed with these, no man or woman could have a face otherwise than pleasant to me. The countenance must reflect these, in a greater or less degree."

"You've married an angel," I said.

"No, I never expected to do so; that is, I might in earlier years," he remarked, significantly, "have foolishly promised myself some

such thing; not in the more sober and rational age succeeding. And he was evidently encumbered by no unpleasant reminiscences of a time of foolish promises.

"I don't like to be Madame Marplot," said the lady friend who was *charge d'affaires* by Mr. Emmons' invitation—some relative of the family—"but I'm sent to interrupt this pleasant chat, Miss Starr. However, as Mr. Bland will accompany the party to the depot, I'm sure he'll excuse your present enjoined absence with a better grace."

"Dear aunty! dear No! Mr. Bland, all pardon me!" cooed our newly-mated dove. "It is an hour to the time of starting. I thought they said half-past one, but it's half-past two o'clock we go."

And so that little excitement subsided, and we set to talking again quite like old friends who had a great deal to say. The vanity with which my transitory thought had half wronged the traveller—where was it? Not to be found, upon examination. He used the observation: "The wider and wider the world opens to us, the more insignificant we feel; specks upon the earth, dust, finite beings set side by side with the Infinite." And all his talk when you led him to speak of himself, seemed an unconscious commentary on that text.

I was at rest. He had no such unworthy suspicion as that which had entered my—shall I say foolish—brain? Another thing I liked. It appeared Charles Bland had not become disgusted with his own country by visiting others; or distasteful of her institutions because differing from those the travelled gentleman saw abroad.

"Though there are undoubtedly some things which, I think, could be altered for the better," said he, "still, the old line of the poet—'with all thy faults'—can never be hackneyed for me; and I append thereto that, loving her still, I love her far dearer and better than all other lands I have yet seen, or expect to see."

How that suited me!

"She improves, then, by subjecting her to contrast with other nations?" I asked, and added, "I wish more of our American sojourners abroad were like you, and came home unspoiled."

"If they set out fortified as I did, probably they would return the same, Miss Nora. Please excuse me for calling you Miss Nora," was his parenthetic remark, continuing: "I don't remember ever to have addressed you so when we met here before, but I'm sure this, and not Miss Starr, is the name by which I've always thought of you when away."

He had thought of me, then! Well, and so had I of him. I told him I liked it better than the other; besides, I wasn't Miss Starr, having an unmarried aunt who took that honor.

What did he mean by fortified, though? I asked him.

"Simply this: That all the most sacred sentiments which ever bind a man to home, hold me by hooks of steel to America." He looked serious.

What! treason to the poor grisette, wooed and won and brought away to this strange country? O Charles Bland! I didn't know what to say. I wanted to have it out with him, that little matter that would worry me, go which way I might, and decline the honor of more than a speaking acquaintance henceforward. I know my way to the point was a blunt one, but this ought not to have made matters so *much* worse.

I said, as though I hadn't observed his last remark—had been abstracted—something: "We were talking, Mr. Bland, of the time when you left for Europe just now. I've often felt sorry I behaved myself like a baby or some little, foolish child on the occasion. Do you happen to remember how I cried, in Mr. Emmons' study, that evening, while I was there by accident, and you had come to say good-by?" He was going to interrupt me, but I wouldn't let him. I was to make a finish of it then and there. "I was very young and foolish then," I went on. "I used always to weep when I saw people suffer. I thought you were suffering; I thought—pardon me, but you know that I was acquainted with all the circumstances of your departure—I thought there was, no matter what the cynics say, such a thing as true, and honest, and constant love in the world, and that you had received a wound you could never get over."

"Do you set it down to a man's discredit, Miss Starr" (he called me this, now, for I was getting excited, and so was he), "that he should not make life hideous by calling up into it continually the ghostly shadows of disappointed affection? I tell you candidly I want no such companionship. I was suffering intensely at the time, and in the way you mention; but I determined, by help of that manhood which Providence has given me, to drag out no useless, sentimental existence, useless to myself and others, and, if the ghosts came, I drove them away. They ceased to haunt me, and one sweet, pleasant spirit came in their place, taking quiet possession of my house; she made peace there. I wooed her to stay, and she is there, I dare hope forever. You know my past history. I may say this much to you. I have not one thought of repining in regard to yonder pretty bride. I loved her with much youthful ardor, but—forgive me, Miss Nora, for this abrupt declaration, your, I believe unintentional, injustice has forced it from me a little sooner than I anticipated—the tears you shed for me have been a dearer memory, all this time of exile, than any thought of Lucy ever was."

I burst with indignation at this insult, for such I conceived it, but a little of woman's tact came to my aid in smothering the Vesuvius of wrath within me. "You married men," I replied, with a something, I felt, between a smile, a sneer, and a cry, "keep in practice, I suppose, by making flattering speeches, or what you think such, to young girls and such other people as cannot resent them."

You would have judged a lightning flash had scathed the young man. "Forgive me, dear Miss Nora!" he exclaimed, in alarm and amazement. "Pardon my forgetfulness that you had not been undeceived regarding the groundless report which preceded my return home. I am not married. I didn't know if you really believed it. My friends mostly have forgotten it was ever said, but—I am a stupid brute!"

"No false alarm this time, friends," announces Mr. Emmons. "The special train awaits you."

And so we bade adieu to Philadelphia for the present.

Never did two people part company under more *outré* circumstances, I think, than those connecting or separating, which you will, the two persons improperly monopolizing a great deal of that wedding chapter.

I don't pretend that I gave it no attention, that I found plenty to occupy my mind withal in the new scenes which I was passing, the new acquaintances we were constantly making and to make. Certainly, these had their place with me, but I was just as certainly wondering how, when, this other matter should come up for final audit and settlement. I didn't suppose I had seen the end of it. I had been very abrupt, so had he. The right to be offended, if any, lay equally between us. Though, on second thought, it was my privilege, I believe, seeing I was the only party proceeding under a delusion. The delusion was no fault of his, I might say, again, or, if he had humored it—I don't know that he had, intentionally—it was none of his making.

We talked about him very much, as we did the other people who had been at Lucy's bridal breakfast, sitting at our hotel on the Canada side—travelling through, there was but little time for such discussion at large. We had one morning of such as this, the next Charles arrived to speak for himself.

What am I to tell next in this story of mine? Naturally, I suppose, what befell next. I am more appreciative now than I was at first, I think, of the dots or dashes prefacing a letter of Lucy's some time quoted in one of these pages.

What would you have done, reader, young lady reader, I mean? Your declared lover—handsome, talented, good as you respectively knew and believed him to be—weaving his ideas of an old love and a new into a strange,

sweet story. "You rolled the stone away, to sit therein an angel." He was talking of his heart, of course, you understand that. You'd have done as I did, probably—accepted the exaltation, *cum grano salis*, and the pleader, prospectively "for better for worse."

There may have been very many foolish things said on the occasion. I don't remember that there were, but much less do I lay claim to wisdom "above what is written" of love-making people. An enchanted land lay about me, but all travellers to Niagara find this. I do remember Charles, while we were on Goat Island, on this very morning of which I speak, calling my attention to the grand, brief, comprehensive poem of Lord Morpeth, written here, which lines were, he said, the only ones he had ever seen that appeared in any degree worthy the subject. They are copied in my note-book or diary, whatever it is, and I shall transcribe them on this page, because they are comparatively but little known or appreciated, strangely enough:—

NIAGARA.

"There's nothing great or bright, thou glorious fall,
Thou mayst not to the fancy's sense recall—
The thunder-riven cloud, the lightning's leap,
The stirring of the chambers of the deep,
Earth's emerald green and many-tinted dyes,
The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies,
The tread of armies thick'ning as they come,
The boom of cannon and the beat of drum,
The brow of beauty and the form of grace,
The passion and the prowess of our race,
The song of Homer in its loftiest hour,
The unresisted sweep of Roman power,
Britannia's trident on the azure sea,
America's young shout of liberty!
Oh, may the wars that madden in thy deeps
There spend their rage, nor climb the encircling
steeps,
And, till the conflict of thy surges cease,
The nations on thy banks repose in peace!"

Water is its own witness of the truth of diluvian history, I reasoned silently, contemplating the wondrous majesty of the cataract, or to me, at least, to whom the sound of falling water is unexceptionably fraught with vague awe; for even here, where it is an instrument of danger to none but the rashly defiant, is the rainbow testimony to Noah's faith, to the fact that His greatness is ever tempered with tenderness. I wondered how people could laugh, and chatter, and frisk about in such a *presence*, I called it; it seemed like frivolous amusing of oneself in face of the Great White Throne.

Well, that summer-time passed, as summer-times will, unto the final end thereof, and I had company home, in the early autumn, I little thought of, coming away. The news had gone before me. I didn't keep many secrets from those dear hearts in the old house by the sea. Charles wanted to be settled. He had made money by study, and perseverance, and attention to his profession; but he could not afford to be idle, and he did not choose to be depen-

dent. He must locate, and go to work again in earnest; and so, before the white Chrysanthemums were beaten of the fall rains, my mother wove a bridal-wreath of them to deck her daughter's hair.

I left my sea-washed home; but there is a pretty, poetical-looking, not ostentatious, establishment in the heart of the Quaker City, where I live now. Here, often while I write, my heart goes out to the sounding sea, surging along the shores of my sweet Southern home, all within, around me, though, thank heaven! is bright, and genial, and lovely. As I sit at these notes, my artist-companion, sitting at my side, is finishing off, at my pleading, the portrait of one Lucy Emmons, now Grey, who is, I know, my own true friend, and whose wealth, beauty, and accomplishments have constituted her, by common consent, the leader of the *ton* in this city

LOUISIANA SCENERY.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

[Suggested by a picture, painted by J. R. Meeker.]

WHERE ever skies, or woods, or sun-lit waters clear,
More real and sweet to mortal sight than these?
Were they not wrought in some enchanted sphere?
Did art or nature form such perfect trees?
Fain would we 'neath their branches dreaming lie,
And let all worldly cares drift idly by.

Far, far within that depth of shadows vast,
Faint, lovely pictures slowly seem to rise;
Such magic has the skillful artist cast
O'er all he touched, his waters, woods, and skies,
That every detail is suggestive and replete
With thoughts and fancies new, and strange, and sweet.

E'en where the moss, with clinging arms, droops low,
And deer across the herbage shyly tread,
And sunbeams, shining with a softer glow,
Are filtered through the dainty leaves o'erhead,
Such subtle meanings do we find concealed
As thrill our hearts with rapture when revealed.

What perfect tints and shadows charm the eye!
Unheeding time, we linger, gaze, and dream;
And from cloud-billows, lake, and trees, and sky,
New beauties, still unfolding, sudden gleam,
Till every pulse with vague delight is stirred,
And e'en the leaves' soft, rustling sound is heard.

Exquisite picture! word-descriptions fall
To give a faint conception of thy worth;
For ah! delicious secrets dost thou veil
That only in a poet's brain had birth;
Whose glowing wealth and imagery of thought
To perfect, rare fruition thou hast wrought.

BEAUTY is worse than wine; it intoxicates both the holder and the beholder.—*Zimmerman*.

It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortune of others.—*Publius Syrius*.

THE most manifest sign of wisdom is contented cheerfulness.—*Montaigne*.

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WANTED—A WIFE.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"I WONDER," said pretty Lizzie Thorndyke, looking up from a newspaper, whose columns had held her attention for nearly half an hour, "I wonder if any of these matrimonial advertisements are ever put in the papers in good faith? Here are no less than five, commencing, 'Wanted—a wife.'"

"I should think," responded Anna Green, cousin to Lizzie, "that if a man wanted a wife very badly, his best plan was to go court one. There are plenty of nice girls to be won."

"Just fancy advertising for a husband, Anna."

"Can't. My imagination cannot compass such an absurdity. But what makes you so interested to-day? I'm sure that trash has been in the papers for years."

"Why, three of these enterprising gentlemen are modest enough to ask for photographs, and I was thinking it would be fun to send some of those in the box Bob left up stairs."

"What box?"

"Have you never seen it? You know Bob learned to photograph just before he left for California, to be able to take views of scenery. He took lessons of the foreman at Wright & Hill's, who were burnt out just before Bob left. Bob was at the fire, trying to save all he could, and amongst other things he rescued a box of pictures that they told him to keep. There is the greatest mix of stuff in it—copies of pictures and statues, groups, heads, and quite a lot of pretty faces."

"But we might send some picture of a person who would get into trouble by it."

"Oh, no! I wouldn't send anything but a fancy head; there are plenty of those. I'll get the box and let you see them."

The box proved to be a treasure for passing time. It was quite large and well filled, and the two girls found the morning slipping away rapidly as they examined the contents. Suddenly Anna gave a cry of admiration.

"What an exquisite face!"

"That is one of the fancy heads," said Lizzie, taking the picture from her cousin's hand.

"Are you certain, Lizzie? It is very lifelike."

"But very fanciful, Anna. Nobody in these days sits for a photograph with a wreath of field daisies and green leaves round their head, and who ever saw such hair? Why, there is enough to start a chignon factory in flourishing business."

Anna looked again at the picture. It certainly was fanciful enough to justify Lizzie's assertion, although the face had an animated expression rarely attained by the pencil. There was only the head set in a framework of clouds, the dimpled shoulders rising from the

fleecy clusters, and the sweet face encircled by them. The regular features, exquisite mouth, and large, soft eyes were framed in masses of heavy curls, just caught from the low brow and little ears by a wreath of field daisies, grasses, and leaves.

"It is a lovely, lovely face, Lizzie, is it not?"

"Yes. I think," said Lizzie, musingly, "that I will send this to Mr. Edgar Holmes; ain't that the name? Yes," she added, after a reference to the paper. "Mr. Edgar Holmes, Box No. 47, Waterford, Illinois. Illinois is a good way from Hilton, Massachusetts, Anna, so I guess he will not come to look for the original very soon. There! how does that look?" and she tossed the picture to her cousin, having written on the margin, "Ever yours, with love, Ida."

"But, Lizzie, suppose, after all, this should be a real portrait?"

"Nonsense! We certainly know everybody in Hilton."

"I don't half like it, Lizzie."

"Oh, pshaw! You are always fussy. I mean to get some answers from Mr. Edgar Holmes & Co. It will be real fun. Here is one from California and one from New York; pick out two more pictures. O Anna, here is that hateful old maid, Matilda Truefit. I have half a mind to send her."

"No, I won't let you, Lizzie. Send only fancy heads."

"Well, just as you say. Now for the letters. See how nicely I can disguise my hand," and she wrote a few lines in a stiff, angular hand as legible and almost as unrecognizable as print.

"Anybody can see that it is a disguised hand."

"Of course they can; but that's of no consequence. I shall only write a few lines at first, professing deep interest and a desire for further acquaintance. You are as grave as a deacon, Anna."

"Because it seems to me foolish, a waste of time, to say the best of it, and it may get you into trouble, Lizzie."

"I'm not afraid. It is all for fun. I shall sign them all 'Ida,' and have the answers directed to the same name."

An hour passed away, almost in silence. Lizzie wrote three letters of the character she had described, while Anna pondered over the pictures, read the newspaper which had inspired her cousin with the new piece of mischief, and perused the letters as they were finished and tossed over to her for criticism.

There were not two prettier girls in Hilton than these cousins—one a resident of the village from her birth, the other a regular visitor for the summer months. Lizzie Thorndyke was a brown-eyed, dark-haired beauty, with a short, plump figure, fair complexion, a tongue that was the terror of every dull-witted youth in

the village, and a love of mischief and excitement that made her the leader in every picnic, festival, and frolic for miles around. Anna, a tall, slender blonde, was more quiet and reserved, a resident of Boston, fond of music and literature, but yet ready to enjoy heartily all the pleasures offered during a visit to Hilton in the summer months. Twice her father had taken herself and Lizzie for a trip to Niagara, the lakes, and the White Mountains; but generally Anna spent the summer in Hilton, and Lizzie a portion of each winter in Boston. Many a heedless prank originating in Lizzie's busy brain Anna had checked in time to prevent mischief and confusion, while her own graver nature was cheered and made happier by intercourse with her lively little cousin. She sat, now, rather soberly perusing Lizzie's daring epistles, very doubtful of the results of sending them away, yet not trusting her own powers of persuasion to prevent a freak which she saw had taken strong hold of her cousin's imagination. The letters were all sealed and directed at last, and depositing them in the post-office being postponed for an afternoon walk. Lizzie yawned, declared she was tired to death, and threw herself upon the sofa for a nap, while Anna took up an intricate piece of knitting to pass the time before dinner.

One of the letters only is of interest to our readers, and that we will follow to its destination. It was directed to "Mr. Edgar Holmes, Waterford, Illinois," and contained the beautiful photograph of the girl crowned with field daisies.

Lying upon the table, in a neatly-furnished lawyer's office, half-hidden by a number of other epistles, it was there found by two young gentlemen, who came in chatting and laughing soon after the office-boy had brought the mail from the post-office.

"More answers to my matrimonial advertisement, Al," said one of the gentlemen, a handsome, bright-eyed young fellow, whose sunny face spoke of a life free from care, and formed quite a contrast to that of his companion, who was evidently an earnest man, a deep thinker, and of a grave, rather reserved nature.

"How can you tell before opening them?" he inquired, courteously, but evidently feeling no interest in the matter.

"Oh! they are so daintily enveloped and directed, and I can feel the photograph cards."

As he spoke he was rapidly breaking open his batch of letters, whilst his companion scanned the columns of a morning paper. Suddenly a cry broke from the lips of the younger man.

"What an exquisite face! It cannot be a portrait, but it is lovely. Direct 'Ida, Hilton, Massachusetts.' Look at it, Al."

Albert Clayton languidly stretched out his hand for the card, but the instant his eyes fell upon the picture the whole expression of his

face changed. In the place of the look of indifference, there now flashed from his eyes a look, first of utter surprise, then bitter anger, and finally a contempt that was the strongest of all. Once he turned the card to see the name of the artist, and then slowly there gathered upon his brow and round his lip a set, determined look that it was painful to see.

"Why, Al, what ails you?" suddenly cried his friend. "One would think Miss Ida's was a gorgon's head."

The forced smile of answer would never have deceived a keener observer, but Edgar Holmes was satisfied with it.

"Let me see the letter, Ned?"

"Certainly. You can be reading it while I am in court. Shall I find you here when I return?"

"Yes. I shall wait for you, for I must leave this evening, you know, for home."

"I know. I shall miss you constantly. Well, good-morning!"

Left alone, Albert Clayton, after reading the letter signed "Ida," drew from his vest pocket a card-case, and from its folds a photograph, an exact copy of the daisy-crowned beauty. Well remembered he the day when the lovely face had been so crowned. The original of the picture was his promised wife, into whose keeping he had put the whole treasure of his love, to whom he had given a heart, which, sorely tried by suffering, had never before bowed before the charms of a woman.

Educated in a different school, Albert Clayton might have been a trusting, frank nature, but he had been trained from childhood to suspect and question all around him. He had worshipped his parents, and his father, a wealthy Western lawyer, had given him love for love. When that father died, he was a boy at school, and returned for a summer vacation less than two years from the time he was left fatherless to find his mother again married, and to a man whom he had every reason to believe unworthy of any good woman's affection. Too fully were all his fears for the future realized. His own share of his father's property was squandered by the new guardian before he was of an age to claim it; his mother, oppressed and ill-treated, died broken-hearted; and his only sister, driven to desperation, eloped with a young scamp, attracted to her by her father's wealth.

Orphaned and almost penniless before he was quite twenty-one, Albert was offered a home and an opportunity to continue the study of law by his father's partner, continuing with him long after he knew that he was a mere drudge, half-paid for services his own intellect and hard study soon made valuable to his employer. The practice of his profession was not calculated to increase the young lawyer's faith in mankind; and when, at the age of thirty, he opened an office of his own in Cincinnati, he

had acquired a reputation as a shrewd, long-headed lawyer, impossible to cheat, but a hard, reserved man, devoid of affection for any one.

This was the man who, coming one summer to Hilton to investigate a law case in his care, met there Sadie Elkington, the niece of his client, paying a summer visit to her aunt. Something in the pure, sweet face of the young girl, just stepping into womanhood, attracted first the world-hardened man. Watching her jealously, he found a nature open and frank, yet modest, full of all womanly grace and sweetness, and the closed portals of his heart opened, at last, to fold in a close embrace this true woman, who, in winning his love, all unconsciously had given him her own.

It was pronounced rather a dull summer at Hilton. Many of the young people were away, the cousins Lizzie Thorndyke and Anna Green were at Niagara, and picnics, drives, and dances were "few and far between." But the month occupied by Albert Clayton in the investigation of old Mrs. Elkington's papers flew by on gilded wings; and when he returned to Cincinnati, Sadie to her father's home in Boston, it was with mutual promises of constancy, and bright hopes for the future.

Well did Albert Clayton remember the day when the lovely photograph was taken at his request. They had been for a long ramble in the fields, and he had crowned her with daisies, making her so beautiful in his loving eyes that he would not rest until she consented to allow him to carry away the picture of her face as he had adorned it. One year of betrothal, and the wedding day was set for a certain seventh of October, when, again absent from home on a professional visit, Albert found the face of the woman he had loved almost to idolatry inclosed in a letter answering a matrimonial advertisement.

It is impossible to describe the shock given to the fastidious, suspicious nature of this man. He had given, for the first time in many years, the confidence of his heart to another's keeping. He had thrown aside the suspicions of all human nature, that had warped his own character, to give a trusting, perfect love to one woman. In her he had found all that his starved heart craved of gentleness, affection, and modesty. All her letters were filled with a spirit of devotion, toned down by a sweet, maidenly reserve, that had commanded his respect as well as his affection. Loving faithfully, trusting utterly, he had looked forward to his future happiness as a thing assured and certain.

And now, to find this woman, his promised wife, his ideal of modest refinement, answering a vulgar matrimonial advertisement, sending the picture, for which he had been forced to plead and petition for hours, to be the sport of an unknown man, writing a letter that was an invitation for future correspondence, and cover-

ing all only by the flimsy veil of a disguised hand, and a post-office address a few miles from home. Some friend in Hilton, probably, mailed this precious letter, and would call for the answer. Well, his dream was over. He brooded for a long time over his duplicate pictures, then, tossing one back upon young Holmes' pile of letters, he inclosed the one he had carried over his heart for a twelvemonth in a short letter, directed and sealed it, and, taking up his hat, left the office. His return to Cincinnati the same evening had been settled before the receipt of the momentous letter, so his friend was prepared for his departure, though scarcely for his abrupt and hasty farewell.

And while strangers and her dearest were thus ruthlessly destroying Sadie Elkington's love dream and hopes of happiness, she was living her life of peaceful daily duty, making the sunshine of home, and looking forward to a future of married bliss. Already there were piles of snowy linen, daintily embroidered by her own skilful fingers, lying in readiness for the *trousseau*, and daily some such needlework passed through her busy hands, while she sat and dreamed of Albert, his love, and her own powers of rendering him happy. It was a very pure, unselfish love this fair young girl had given to her betrothed. With quick, womanly instinct she had read the character of the reserved suspicious man, penetrated the crust of his proud reticence, and knew that her love was to him almost his sole hopes of faith in any human excellence. She knew also, that from this hard mistrust and cynicism, it was often but one step to positive infidelity, and it was her earnest prayer that she might be permitted so to soften this noble heart as to let in upon it a fuller light and higher faith than it could ever know whilst clouded by doubts of all mankind. Sadie Elkington would have smiled had any one suggested to her that there was any sacrifice in her prospects for the future. She loved Albert Clayton with all the fervor of a first love, and it had never occurred to her to contrast her own home with the one awaiting her. The eldest of a family of nine children, she had learned early to make all the little sacrifices of her own comfort daily required from the oldest sister in a large family. Her father almost worshipped her, while her mother could scarcely endure the prospect of seeing this loving, tender daughter leave the home she had brightened so long, for one so far away.

Yet hiding away their own grief, the loving parents were aiding in the preparation of a bridal outfit that was to be as perfect as ample means, taste, and loving care could make it. The mother and daughter were in the sitting-room just before the dinner hour, discussing the merits of a new collar pattern, when Mr. Elkington came to the door, holding a bundle in one hand, a letter in the other.

"There, Miss Sadie," he said, opening the paper to unroll a piece of superb blue silk, "see if you can get a petticoat out of that. Mamma, there, will lend you some old cotton lace to trim it."

"Not a yard," laughed his wife. "Why, you extravagant man, this is the third Irish poplin."

"Fully paid for by the kisses Sadie has just given me. What are you gazing at this letter for, Sadie? Women are never satisfied. Give them finery and they want flattery. Well, there is your sugar plum."

"Sadie! Sadie!"

It was a startled cry from the mother that broke the interval of silence following the opening of the letter. The young girl tried to answer the cry, but the stiff white lips were powerless to move, and with a moan of pain she fainted, falling heavily upon the dress just received with warm, shy blushes, and representing so much thoughtful love.

Mr. Elkington took up the letter which had fallen from the nerveless hand, and while his wife was trying to restore life to the insensible girl, he was seeking the cause of her sudden fall.

"Sadie's picture! Valueless when shared with others! Trusts her new love may prove more agreeable than the old! Shocked at her want of maidenly modesty! What does the fellow mean, mother? How dare he insult our Sadie by such a letter. Useless to answer, as he intends to leave Cincinnati at once. Well for him! He had better get beyond the reach of my horsewhip, for my arm is not yet too weak to thrash the scoundrel!"

"Hush, father; she is recovering," said Mrs. Elkington, interrupting the passionate exclamations and bitter readings from the letter.

Sadie was, indeed, reviving, and trying to realize her own position.

"Father," she said, as her father came to her with the fatal letter still in his hand, "what does he mean? How can he write so cruelly to me?"

"He is a rascal!" said the angry old gentleman; "a scoundrel! He has found some newer face to flatter, and tries to make you to blame for his inconstancy. Why, the letter is perfectly absurd upon the face of it. Accusing you of having another love, and giving your photograph to some one else! You, who have lived like a nun ever since Sir Jealousy condescended to bestow his regards upon you! You, who are such a model of reserve and devotion, that your own old father has been jealous fifty times of your *fiancé*, to be accused of a want of maidenly modesty! I should like to wring the fellow's neck."

"There is some terrible mistake, father."

"Mistake! I should think there was a mistake! There was a mistake when we all believed him an honorable, upright gentleman, if

he was a grumpy, sulky companion; and a grand mistake when we believed him capable of appreciating our Sadie, and making her an affectionate husband."

"But, father, I am sure he has been deceived in some way."

"He deceived! I think it is *we* who have been deceived! Well, there, don't look at me so pitifully. I won't rave any more. Here, mother, you talk to her." And, conscious of his own inability to talk quietly, the angry, insulted father went off to the library to march up and down, and work off his wrath in solitude.

Poor Sadie! It was in vain she read the cruel letter over and over to try to find some solution of the mystery. She could not accept her father's theory of Albert's voluntary renunciation of her love. Some influence had been at work upon his jealous, suspicious nature, she felt convinced, though what it was, she could not divine. It was a hard blow, and her cross seemed almost too heavy to carry, but she put out of sight the pretty clothing collected with so much care, and full of such loving associations, locked up the letters that she had welcomed so eagerly, responded to so faithfully, and bravely crushing her own sorrow out of sight, was always the loving child, the devoted sister to the home circle, fully appreciating the tender care her mother bestowed upon her, and the delicacy which kept back all her father's expressions of anger. She was not one to parade her grief or bare her heart for any eye, and the effort to appear calm and cheerful was rewarded by a real feeling of resignation. She had done no wrong, and perhaps at some future time Albert might learn how truly and faithfully she had loved him; in the mean time she would try to find happiness in her home, her parents' love, and her friends' society. A very dull commonplace view of the matter, perhaps, but one that required more real unselfish heroism than many an act admired by the world.

Four years passed away with many changes, and Albert Clayton returned from a prolonged European trip to Cincinnati, and again opened an office for the practice of law. Amongst the many friends who came to offer him a word of welcome, he was surprised one morning to receive a call from Edgar Holmes.

"When I heard you had left Cincinnati, Al, I thought I would come for a while, and see if some of your clients would not fancy me for a substitute."

"I hope you have done well!" said Albert, politely.

"Oh, yes, pretty well. You must drop in when you are passing and see how the old office looks. By the way, you know I am a married man, don't you?"

"No, indeed! Did you marry Miss Elkington?"

The name seemed almost to choke him, spoken for the first time in four long years.

"Miss Elkington? Never heard of her in my life. What put that into your head?"

"I—was she not the lady who answered your advertisement for a wife?"

"O Al, I must tell you all about that. Can you listen to a long story?"

"Yes."

"Well, about two years ago, I had business which called me to Boston, and amongst other gentlemen friends there, was one Mr. Green, who made me welcome to a very pleasant home, and introduced me to a pretty daughter and an equally pretty niece, Miss Lizzie Thorn-dyke, of Hilton, Mass. Miss Lizzie was in Boston purchasing her bridal finery, being engaged to a young gentleman from New York. It was not long before I noticed that the young lady avoided me as much as possible, seeming half afraid of me when thrown into my company. My business was soon transacted, but my heart was yielding to the charms of Anna Green, and I lingered in the city, trying to win an answering affection. I succeeded, and won the father's consent to my suit. The day was set for a double wedding, the cousins wishing to be married at the same time. You look bored, Al!"

"Oh no, go on," said Albert, who certainly did look bored.

"Well, to make a long story short, Lizzie's fiancé, Mr. Moreton, came on from New York, preparations were going on for the wedding, and everything was pleasant, when one evening we were all seated in the parlor chatting. Amongst other subjects, the one of matrimonial advertisements came up. I saw that Lizzie looked distressed, but suspecting nothing, I laughed about my correspondent Ida, and read two or three of her last letters—warm enough they were, too—for the benefit of the party. Mr. Moreton expressed his opinion on the indelicacy of such a correspondence in no measured terms, finally declaring that he would disown his own sister if she was guilty of such a proceeding. Fancy our amazement when Lizzie, as white as ashes, started to her feet, crying out:—

"O Robert, don't, don't say so! I am Ida!" and fell in a dead faint upon the floor."

"But the picture?" said Albert Clayton, himself as pale as a corpse.

"That was a fancy head her brother picked up in some photograph gallery in Hilton. Are you going to faint, Al?"

"No, no," he said, rousing himself by a great effort; "finish your story."

"There is not much more to tell. Robert, touched by Lizzie's distress, and influenced by Anna's entreaties, forgave her, but there came into his manner a reserve and coolness of which he, himself, I think, was unconscious, but which grated terribly on Lizzie's sensitive, high

strung spirit. For a week or two there was a sort of enforced peace, and then the engagement was broken by mutual consent, Lizzie returning to Hilton, and Mr. Moreton to New York, before the wedding day which gave me the dearest wife in the world. I was half afraid I should lose her for my share in the correspondence, but she never referred to it, and you may be sure I did not. Ten o'clock! I must go. You will come soon to see us, Al? No. — Fourth Street."

He was gone at last. For hours Albert Clayton paced his office floor, now and then sighing out:—

"O Sadie, Sadie, can you ever forgive me?"

Then he sat down to write to her whom he had so cruelly misjudged; but letter after letter was tossed into the fire, till, finally, giving up that task, he packed a valise and started for Boston.

It was not Sadie's nature to be unforgiving when he pleaded for pardon. He should have known her better, she thought, but she made all allowance for the strong evidence against her. It was not so easy to win the old gentleman over; he growled and scolded, made sarcastic speeches, and was altogether most impenetrable, till Sadie's pleading face and great pitiful eyes silenced him.

"You really think you can forgive him, and trust your happiness to him?" he asked.

"Yes, father," was the quiet answer, but the expressive face lighted with pleasure.

"Well, get out your finery again, and I"—

"Will go buy more Irish poplins," laughed his wife.

Nobody ever knew exactly how the story got to Hilton, but Lizzie—still Miss Thorndyke—found all eyes would turn upon her if, in company, any allusion was made to the advertisements headed, "Wanted, a Wife."

MY WIFE.

BY FRED HAMMOND.

SHE is not tall, of queenly grace,
Nor beauty marks her youthful face;
Untutored ease her footsteps guide,
And loving is my little bride.

On Brussels soft she doth not tread,
Nor downy pillows rest her head;
Unwearied in her cottage life,
Oh! dear to me my loving wife.

In velvets rich she is not clad,
Nor silks and satins make her glad;
Unenvious she, my soul's delight,
She makes my home forever bright.

Of liv'ried footmen she has none,
Of coaches, horses, e'en not one;
But yet for all I could not part,
Nor separate her from my heart.

HAPPINESS is no other than soundness and perfection in mind.—*Antoninus.*

THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

In a richly-furnished parlor, its crimson curtains closely drawn to shut out the piercing winter night, before a glowing bed of anthracite, sat Maurice Greenwood, merchant. Somewhat more than fifty years had written their record of his life, but his hair was thickly sprinkled with gray, and his face, with its deep-set hazel eyes, and compressed mouth, seemed like that of one much older. That face was one where WILL was graven on every feature, as with pen of iron and diamond-point. But some regret, some lasting shade there was, about brow, and mouth, and eyes, and Maurice Greenwood was not happy. Wealth he had, and every outward means of happiness, save dear faces by his fireside, and tones of home affection. These he had not; in his palace-like home he lived alone. His housekeeper was faithful to her duty; and she only, of all the world, felt an interest in the lonely man. She had been his boyhood's nurse, and all she could do for his comfort was done, but she could not silence the thoughts that oppressed him, the aching want in his life. Ah, there was a shadow on Maurice Greenwood's hearth and heart; one, too, of his own making.

His wife slept beneath the green shades of Laurel Hill; and his only daughter, his beautiful, gentle, true-hearted Annie, was no longer at his side. She had kept her faith with the lover who lacked only gold, and for this he had banished her from his home, and tried to drive her image from his thoughts. But that he could not do. The sight of a child climbing a father's knee, or clinging to his hand, always gave him a thrill of pain, for it brought back days long past. A gleeful voice, carolling old ballads, never failed to wake echoes in his soul he dreaded to hear. Every fair young face he met in the street seemed to look at him with reproachful eyes. He saw his wife growing paler and thinner day by day, and, though no word of complaint came from her lips, he knew his own hand had wrought this, yet pride held him in its iron sway; and not till it was too late; not till the suffering mother lay on that bed from which she would rise only on the wing of an immortal life, did his will bend. Then, in the loneliness and sorrow that followed, realizing, for the first time, all that the feeble woman, no longer his, had been to him, his very soul was bowed; a regret awoke that would not be silenced, and he would have given his whole fortune to undo what he had done. He knew not where Annie was; whether, even, she were living or not.

Time passed on, and he became accustomed to his lonely life; yet the regret he could not banish, embittered every quiet hour. At times, when, as now, he sat alone by his deserted fire-

side, the thought of his daughter grew so vivid that she seemed to stand beside him. The white brow, the radiant, wavy hair of golden brown, were the same; but the blue eyes, with a sad, reproachful look, gazed steadily into his own. Once or twice the illusion had been so strong that involuntarily he stretched his arms toward her and called her name, and his house-keeper, perhaps coming in with his tea-tray, had found him nearly fainting, or, as he always answered, "tired."

"I do declare," she said to an intimate friend, "if he would get his daughter home, with her husband, and treat her like a father, how happy the man might be! Likely enough they've little children that would make the old house alive again, and it's more of a tomb than anything else. But, dear me! there's no knowing if she's alive; wonder if he knows; never can ask him; it won't do to mention her name; just set him against her still more, if that could be; but I wish I knew. To think I cradled her on my breast, same as I did him before her, and I never thought to see my boy like this; just making himself wretched for the sake of worrying his own flesh and blood."

"Ten years to-day since Miriam left me," said Maurice Greenwood to himself.

It was a mild, sunny spring morning, and opening leaf-buds and a scent of garden violets, even in the busy city, brought glad tidings of that which should be. A sudden impulse came over him to visit Miriam's grave, and he concluded to ride out to Laurel Hill that afternoon.

It was a lovely, shaded spot near the river, and the early flowers were beginning to bloom. Maurice Greenwood stood there alone in the still glow of sunlight that wrapped the "city of the silent" as in God's great peace; and in those moments a glimpse of a higher, better life dawned on his soul. The thought thrilled him, as never before, how soon he, too, must lie down, his heart as still as those beneath the grass, his hand powerless to change aught he had done in life. And a great sorrow for the past came over him. But where was Annie? Could he even now make any reparation for the cruel wrong he had done his own child?

What startled him? What made the strong man tremble in every nerve? For the moment, it seemed to him a vision. A young girl passed with a basket of flowers on her arm. He had only a glimpse of her face, but the golden-brown hair beneath the little sun-hat, the form, and step, and bearing were Annie's own! A great hunger sprang up in his heart, and he could not resist the impulse to follow her. He did so, silently, slowly, not to attract her attention. She did not see him approach, as she sat on the grass twining a wreath of the flowers she had brought, and singing a low, sweet melody; one that Anne loved and often sang. He drew nearer; near enough to read the in-

scription on the marble tablet before him. His daughter's name was graven there, and the man with difficulty repressed a cry of pain. The young girl turned her head; she saw him and sprang to her feet.

"Pardon me, young lady," he said, courteously, "for my seeming intrusion. She who lies here was very dear to me, but I have not seen her these many years, and I did not know of this."

His manner, his gray hair, and worn, sad face, reassured her, and she remained awhile, answering simply and frankly his few inquiries about her father and home. She was the only child his Annie left, and likely soon to be quite alone, for her father was fast failing. Maurice pondered. What should he do? Could he tell her that he was her grandfather? Would she not fly from him as from a savage beast if she should know he was the father who turned her gentle mother from his heart and home, and left her to die in poverty and pain? But she *must* know, or he could make no reparation. And his good angel told him that Annie would forget, in kindness shown her loved ones, even at this late hour, the deep and bitter wrong done herself.

"I have a chaise waiting at the gate," he said, at last. "Will you allow me to carry you home and see your father?"

But the revelations made there are not for mortal pen to describe. When he left, there was peace between them. It was but a little time that the sick man lingered, Maurice doing all he could for his aid and comfort, and he went to his rest, happy in the assurance that Annie Genevra should ever hold his mother's place in the heart and home of the repentant old man. This promise Maurice sought earnestly to fulfil, and though his daughter's presence seemed still conscious at times, the shadow on his hearth grew less, and not all of pain. Yet thoughts of the unreturning Past, regret, softened though it were, served in after years as a warning, a beacon, the reminder his impervious will still needed.

Five years have passed since Annie Genevra came to Maurice Greenwood. Her presence has become the sunlight of his home; her voice the sweetest music that meets his ear; her hand alone rests on his temples with soothing touch, when sad memories oppress him; and ever, as she comes near, the shadows on hearth and heart grow less.

He sits musing alone this evening, and a shade of troubled thought is on his brow. Rarely does he talk to himself, but he feels lonely now, though Genevra has been away but a day.

"Five years!" he says. "How happy we have been! And here this girlish fancy must upset it all. Why haven't I seen this before? Why didn't I stop it? Wonder if I wasn't an

old fool to let them go off on that boat trip to-day? But, if I had refused, what then? It would only provoke Frank, and start him up more resolute than ever, like as any way; and, as for Genie, she'd have cried all day, I suppose. I'm in a pretty plight, I declare! I might have foreseen it—but, the mischief I didn't—when I took Frank into the store, and let him come here so much. I don't want him to have her; he's poor as Job's cat—steady and good, to be sure, and loves her, no doubt of that. I'm not afraid he wouldn't be kind, I'm not afraid she wouldn't be happy; but I wanted my pet, my pride, my beauty to take a place befitting her. But, dear me! if I say no, she'll run away with him, or she'll go and break her heart. They're all alike, these girls." A look of intense pain passed over the old man's face, and he murmured: "Maybe if I'd been different, Annie might have been here now, Miriam, too—who knows? What makes me think of Annie so to-night, I wonder?" he said, moving uneasily in his chair. "I wish those youngsters would come home—I do. It seems as if *she* stood by me this blessed minute. O Annie! Annie! don't look so. I haven't done it, Annie. I haven't harmed them," cried the old man, half-wild in his excitement.

"Will you have tea now, sir, or wait for Miss Genevra?" asked the housekeeper, opening the door. "It's past your usual time."

"Tea before she comes! No, indeed," was the instant reply. "But isn't it time for her to be home?"

"The boat's a little late to-night, I reckon, sir. She'll be in soon, no doubt."

"Late!" The old man sprang to his feet as if his years had suddenly rolled from him. "Late!" he repeated, as he glanced at the clock, and then walked nervously to the window and back again. Ten minutes passed, and he grew so excited that the good old housekeeper, while she tried to quiet him, bitterly reproached herself for her casually spoken words. There was really no cause for alarm, as he would have seen, but for his nervous excitement; but all manner of accidents ran riot in his fancy, and the moments seemed hours.

The door-bell rang. An instant after Genevra's merry voice wound through the entries and up the stairs, and in she came, radiant with health and happiness, just as she had parted from him in the morning.

"O grandpa, such a splendid day we've had!" she exclaimed, clasping her arms round his neck.

"Then you had no accident?"

"No, indeed. What made you think of that, grandpa? Am I late? Oh, yes, I see," glancing toward the clock. "Just a little delay with something about the machinery, grandpa. We were talking, and I didn't mind much about it."

"Happy child!" thought Maurice Green-

wood. "God helping me, I'll never break *her* heart—*one's* enough," and the shadow grew less than ever.

A year went by. Frank Shirley had become a junior partner in the firm of Greenwood & Co., and in the old family mansion a bridal feast was made.

"Ah!" thought the housekeeper, as she herself fastened the white dress, and placed the orange-flowers on Genevra's fair brow, "if I could have done this for Miss Annie. Well, what's past is past forever, and she's angel-crowned now."

"God bless you, my children!" said the old man, and the shadow grew light, misty, almost disappeared.

Ten years more. Genevra has filled Annie's place; her gentle care and tender affection making the old man's heart warm and his home sunny; her husband has long been as a dearly-loved son; her children, the little heart's-ease blossoms that brought comfort to his spirit. He is way-worn and weary now, and the loving friends gathered around him know that he is passing from them swiftly, but with peace and trust in his heart.

For an hour or two he had slumbered lightly, Genevra sitting beside him, his hand clasped in hers, when he opened his eyes, and, looking at her with a world of affection in their clear, steady gaze, said:—

"Genevra, darling, I have seen your mother. She forgave me long ago. In a little while I shall hold her to my breast again as I did when she was a babe. She is so beautiful, Genevra, all in white, with a rose-crown on her forehead, as young and bright as you are now. I have tried to make *you* happy, dear—kiss me," and, as Genevra bent her face, dripping with tears, to his, the falling hand caressed her golden hair, as it had been wont, and he spoke once more, feebly:—

"The shadow is gone now. *She* stands there, but it is all glory. Annie!"

"What does he mean? What shadow?" whispered Genevra's husband. But she raised her hand slightly.

"Hush, dear—see—he is gone."

A GRAVE, wherever found, preaches a short and pithy sermon to the soul.—*Hawthorn*.

NEVER do anything that can denote an angry mind; for although everybody is born with a certain degree of passion, and from untoward circumstances will sometimes feel its operation, and be what they call "out of humor," yet a sensible man or woman will never allow it to be discovered. Check and restrain it; never make any determination until you find it has entirely subsided; and always avoid saying anything that you may wish unsaid.—*Lord Collingwood*.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

INFANT'S BOOT—CROCHET.

Materials for a Pair.—Seven-eighths of an ounce of white, and a few skeins of colored Berlin wool; bone crochet-hook No. 12 (bell gauge).

MAKE a chain of twenty-six stitches. Work on one side only. The first and second rows are in double-stitch, always working through both the threads of the stitches of the preceding row; third row likewise in double, but working alternately once in the nearest two threads of the stitches in the preceding row, and once in the middle in the following stitch of the first

pattern-stripes, and decrease one stitch in the middle of each row. The sole is worked in double-stitches forwards and backwards, always working in the whole stitch. For this, white wool is taken. Begin at the point with nine stitches, which, by increasing at both the outer edges, are, in the next five rows, increased to thirteen; work in these seven more rows, and in the next five rows decrease to eight stitches; then five rows, without increasing or decreasing. Now increase two stitches, work five rows, and then finish the sole with three



LAMP SCREEN.

row, so that a little kind of double-thread strap is formed upon the stitch lying over it in the preceding row. Repeat alternately the second and third rows, reversing the strap-stitches.

When eight pattern-stripes are worked, leave the last fourteen stitches of the preceding row for the leg, and work two pattern-stripes (four rows), and decrease one stitch in the second and fourth rows on the same side (that of the front opening); for this the stitch is passed over.

After this, work another piece in exactly the opposite direction, for the side, back, and leg of the boot. For this, you must begin with the short rows, and work towards the back. Then join both parts in working the instep—that is, crochet over both parts together five more

rows, decreasing in the first and last. Crochet round the under edge of the boot one row of double, and one strap row (both with colored wool); then sew on the sole. Crochet a row of double with colored wool (deep red) round the upper edge and front opening. A red scallop row inside, falling back upon the boot, closes it. This is worked separately, in the following manner: * four chain in the second of these; one double in the first of these; one treble. Repeat from * until the scallop line is long enough. Sew on this trimming first at its straight edge, and then fasten each separate scallop by a raised little knot of filoselle.

Put a woollen cord of crochet over the opening, with tassels at the ends, and cover the

opening from the inside with a separately-worked tongue, sewn on underneath. This is worked with white wool, in rows running crosswise; one row is knitted and one purled, so that the side which appears like a plain stocking is uppermost. A row of double-crochet of red wool finishes the upper edge of this part.

LAMP SCREEN IN BRETONNE EMBROIDERY

THIS lamp-screen is about seven and one-third inches long, four and four-fifths inches wide, and of the shape seen in illustration. It is made of gray *glacé* silk, and embroidered in the Bretonne style, which is a sort of point russe, with different colored purse-silk. The circles of the pattern are worked with gold cord; the vandykes between the same are worked with green silk; the point russe stitches in the inner circle are worked with red and white silk. The four-leaved patterns are worked with gold thread, orange-colored and light-blue purse silk. The screen must be lined with light-green *glacé* silk, and edged all round with a fringe one inch wide. It is fastened at the top on to a handle covered with colored silk cord; on this handle a cross-bar with a brass clasp is fastened, by means of which the screen is fastened on the handle. At both ends of the cross-bar, fasten two tassels of colored silk.

CHEMISE TRIMMING.

Materials.—Crochet cotton, No. 24; mignardise of the size shown in the illustration; waved braid, and steel crochet hook.



Fig. 1.

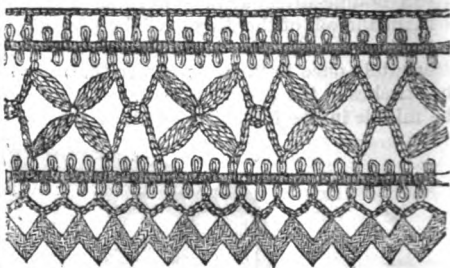
A SMALL pointed piece of embroidery fills in the front of the trimming.

The work is begun in the middle. One single, * thirteen chain into the following picot; five chain, two double-treble worked off as in tricot at the top and into one picot below; pass over three picots; two double-treble worked off together, five chain into the fourth picot. Repeat from * until you have worked the requisite length.

For the opposite side, one single into a mignardise picot; * five chain, one double into sixth of opposite chain; one chain, one double into eighth chain of opposite side; five chain; pass over two mignardise picots, one double into the third; two double-treble, and five chain worked between two leaves below form the next leaf; five chain, and two double-treble form the second leaf, passing over three picots, are worked into the fourth. Repeat from *.

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Fig. 2.



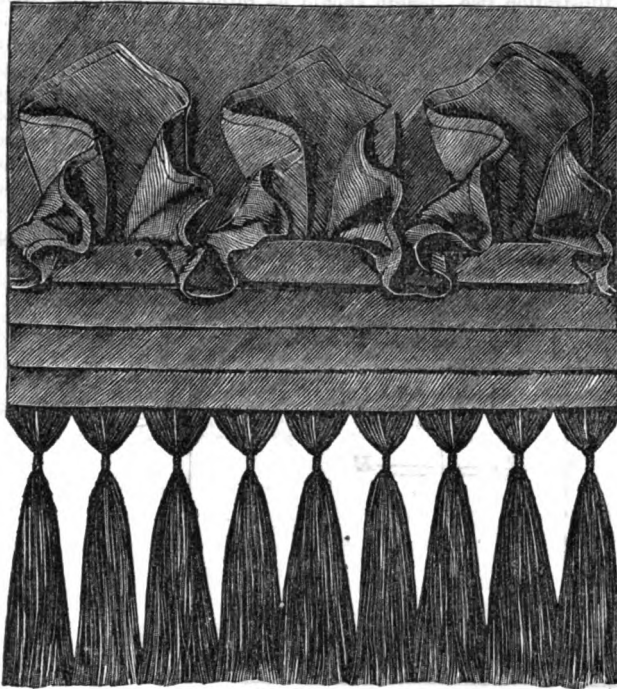
The heading consists of one treble, four chain, passing over a picot of mignardise.

The waved braid is fastened at the point by one single, and three chain; one double; pass over a picot of mignardise; three chain; fasten to next braid point. The work is shown in the full width in Fig. 2.

FLUTED TRIMMING.

BETWEEN the points, rounded out to an inch and a quarter of a straight stripe of stuff, two and three-quarter inches wide, composing the quilted heading of this extremely striking trimming, given in half the proper size; the

space from one point to the other is eight and three-quarter inches. The edge of these being finished with a narrow-stitched hem, the straight edge is quilted as for a threefold rose quilting, and stitched down by the upper of the four flutings seen in the illustration. Each point is to be fastened to the stuff with one stitch; the under double fold lies backwards over the fluting. Tassel fringe, of black silk, which is very pretty, and much cheaper than fringe, comes out under the fluted stripe.



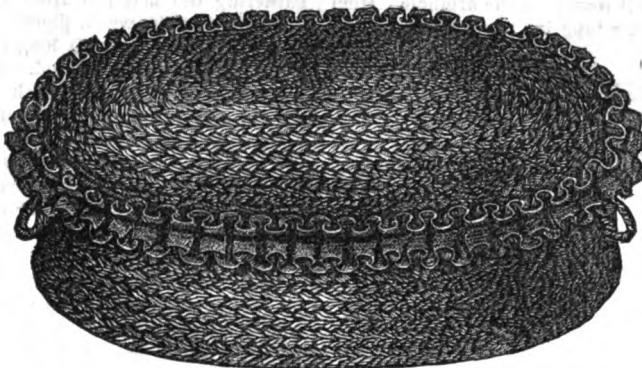
FLUTED TRIMMING.

**FOOT-CUSHION COVERED WITH
PLAITED TWINE.**

THIS foot-cushion is oval ; it is sixteen inches long, ten inches wide, and four inches and one-third high. It is made of remnants of woollen and cotton materials, which are cut into strips four inches and four-fifths wide, and sewn together at the ends. The long strip which is

The cushion is covered on the top with wadding and then with calico. For the plaited covering, plait a three-skeined plait of six strong pieces of twine (each skein consists of two pieces of twine), and plait it together with red wool in the manner seen in Fig. 1. When the plait is sufficiently long, arrange it in coils, keeping them flat, so that the cover has the

Fig. 1.



thus obtained is wound in coils round a strip of card-board six inches long, four inches and four-fifths wide, till the shape of the cushion is obtained. In order to make the cushion stiffer, fasten on from time to time a strip of card-board of the same width as the woollen strip.

same oval shape as the cushion ; the plaits are sewn on to one another with gray thread. When the cover is sufficiently large, place it on the top of the cushion, and continue to plait so as to cover the border of the cushion likewise. The cushion is covered on the bottom with



Fig. 2.
Detail of Foot
Cushion.

brown Holland; fasten from illustration two handles of plaited twine; and, lastly, ornament the cushion with a ruche of red worsted braid.

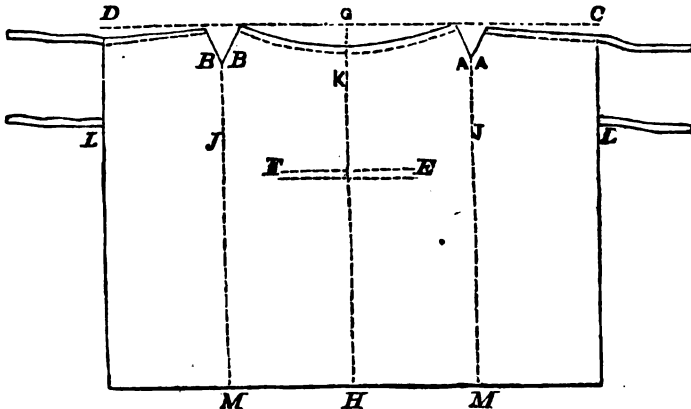
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

PINAFORES.

CHILDREN'S pinafores may be made in a variety of ways. The simplest mode of forming a girl's pinafore, for any age, is like Fig. 1. It is cut out of a width of fine linen diaper,

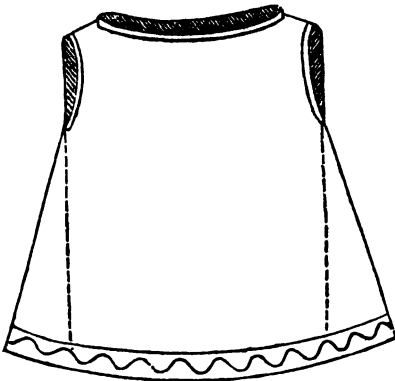
length should be rather less than the frock, and the width sufficient nearly to encircle it. At the full part of the skirt perhaps a third is left open behind. Some mothers like to make pinafores, for such young children, large enough to cover the frock, and run and fell them together behind. They leave the rest entirely loose, but add little epaulettes, edged with muslin embroidery, and a similar trimming is also added round the neck. These pinafores, instead of being drawn by a string

Fig. 1.



the shoulders shaped by folding it in half, letting it meet down the centre of the back, and lap over a little for a hem; then folding it again in the centre from G to H, and cutting off the slopes from the doubled material, marked at A to B. When opened again it appears as in the diagram. Run and fell it neatly on the shoulders, A to A and B to B. Cut a straight slit from A to J and B to J, on the two sides, and hem it round for the armhole. Hem the top and run a tape in. Sew it at K in the

Fig. 2.

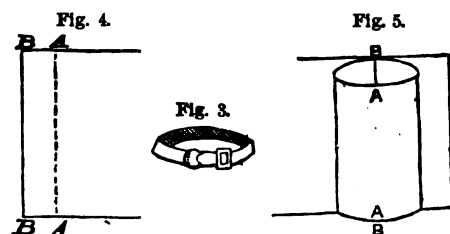


centre, to prevent its being pulled out. Sew on strings at L and L to tie behind. The bottom of the pinafore has a half-inch hem. The

to the neck, are often set in a band there, like Fig. 2. For dress occasions, over silk frocks, these pinafores may be made of fine book-muslin or Swiss muslin, edged with embroidery or lace, but a little shorter than the frocks. For children of four years old they are extremely pretty—at six and eight years they also look well. Either of the pinafores, Fig. 1 or Fig. 2, may be made with a band, by double-gathering the material from E to F, Fig. 1, drawing it to the waist, piping a diaper band, and stitching it on with long ends of double-piped diaper to tie behind. In muslin, the band may be of muslin, with lace round the muslin ends, or they may be of insertion, run with a plaid or colored ribbon which ties. In the latter case, the sleeves are tied up with bows of similar ribbon. These pinafores may also be made of brown Holland or of prints. Fig. 2, made of print, light or dark, suffices for frock and pinafore in one, during summer. Where nicety is studied it may be made in checked white muslin, and worn over a clean tucked white petticoat. To make it, take two breadths of the print, and cut the two alike for back and front, try the pinafore pattern, Fig. 1—the dotted lines marking the front, and two gores inserted between it and the back. The neck at the back should be hollowed, but not be hollowed out to fall quite as low, by an inch, in the centre as the front. Slope the shoulders and leave open places for the arms. Run and

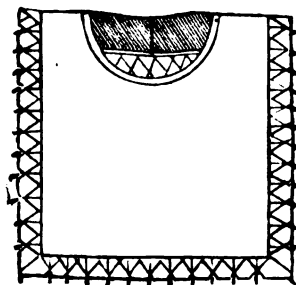
tell the breadths together at the sides and on the shoulders. It will be needful to cut a placket hole half the length behind. Hem one side narrow and the other broad. Stitch the broad hem over the narrow where they meet. Set the top in a band, the size of the child's neck. Add epaulettes or little sleeves. If epaulettes only, the undersleeves must be trimmed. Sleeves are best, as children's clothes sit better for being fastened on the arms by ribbons; or, for economy, straps buttoned. A band of black velvet, lined with sarcenet ribbon (to which it is run by both edges), buttoned over, edged with black lace at the end folding over, and fastened by a steel slide and unseen hook, or a pretty button, fastens sleeves well, and lasts long. Lace or crochet, lined with colored ribbon, can be used the same way. (See Fig. 3.)

Pinafores for boys of four and five may be



like those of girls, but at six they ought to differ. It can be made in two ways of brown Holland. The first way is to join two widths and cut them like Fig. 1; the piece between the arms in front forming one width, and the two backs, which in Fig. 1 are separate, are united and take the other width. Slope the shoulders, hollow the neck; join the sides and shoulders, leaving open a space for the arms. Hollow this out and pipe it. Before piping, put in the epaulettes, which must be braided and trimmed first. Make three plaits for the front, and pin and afterwards tack them. These plaits must reduce the width of the material sufficiently to make the body the size for the child. These box-plaits, as they are called,

Fig. 6.



are made by running an ordinary tuck, Fig. 4, and opening and spreading it each way afterwards, Fig. 5, bringing the seams B B flat to

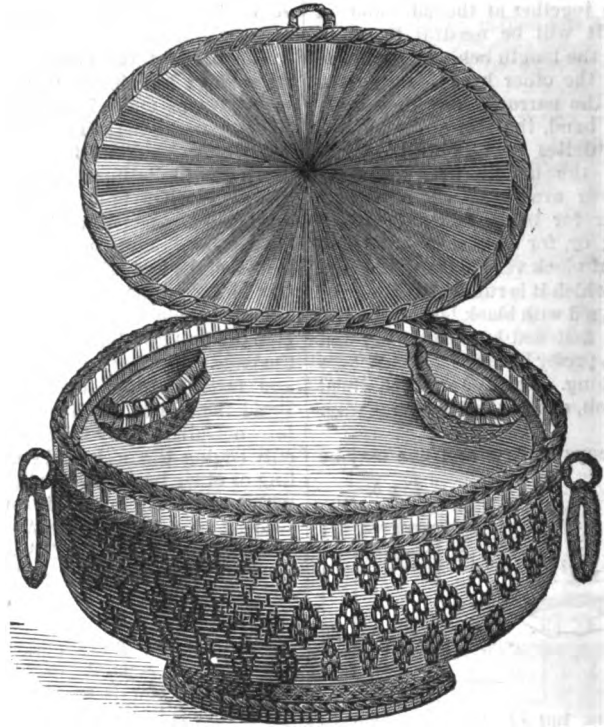
A A. Tack the fold down the centre to keep it in place till the pinafore is complete.

The back of the pinafore is managed the same way; but the placket hole must be cut so as to come under the centre plait, and show no join when the pinafore is on. The box-plaits must be stitched down across the waist. Braid the plaits next, if they are to be ornamented. Then braid a neck-band. Set the neck into a band; it can be edged with embroidery or not. Make a deep hem, an inch wide, to the skirt, and, if the body is braided, that should be trimmed to correspond. Make a two-inch wide waistband. Cut two lengths, pipe the first and line with the second. Round the ends. Let them wrap over a little behind, and fasten with a button and buttonhole. Braid the band. Such pinafores as these of brown Holland may be made perfectly plain, only edging the neck and epaulettes with tating or other trimming; or they can be braided with narrow white, black, or scarlet braids, stitched on in patterns. White *piqué* dresses made this way, and braided, serve as summer frocks; it is also an easy and not an ugly way of making frocks for children. The other method of producing this pattern—and, if a frock is wanted, the best way—is to make the body first and separate in the way already described, and sew it to a two-inch band; the lower edge is best piped. Then make the skirt separately, and much fuller than for the pinafore—that is, three or four yards full. For a boy, plait it all round in large plaits one way, inch and a half deep, and overlaying one another quite half an inch. For a girl, cut a front width, with a gore each side. Fig. 6 is a design for an ornamental bib pinafore for a young child to wear at meal times. Pinafores for boys of eight and girls' princess pinafores will appear in a future number. If a skirt is gored, set the front plain to the waist. The rest of the skirt plait—over the hips in single plaits, each side turning to the front, and behind in box-plaits. About two box-plaits each side behind can be made, or one each side, and one at the centre behind covering the placket hole. The latter is certainly the best, as it agrees with the plaited body.

EMBROIDERED WICKERWORK BASKET.

(See Engraving, Page 280.)

THIS wicker basket is embroidered on the outside with a diamond pattern in two shades of blue, and maize-colored filoselle in the centre of the diamonds. The second row of diamonds has white silk stitches in the centre. The cover of the basket is embroidered only round the border. It is lined inside with blue silk, and is fitted up with small pockets for the scissors, thimble, thread, etc. The pockets can be ornamented with blue silk ruches, but these are not necessary.

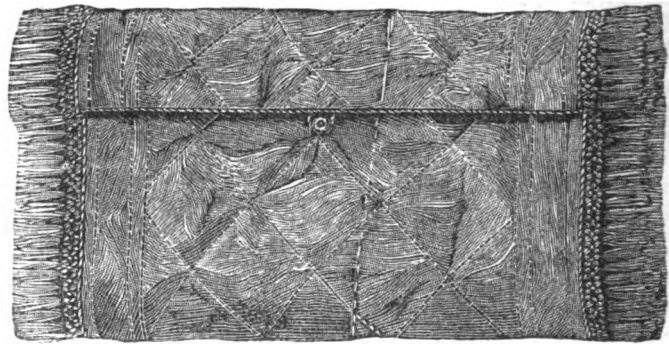


EMBROIDERED WICKERWORK BASKET.

CASE FOR HOLDING SILKS.

THIS convenient little case is made of satin; the outside is quilted and tufted with beads. Casings are run in the inside to contain skeins

the shape of an envelope, and is cut from Fig. 2, which shows the sachet open; it is cut on one piece of silk, covered on the outside with cambric muslin, and lined with glazed calico.



of either thread or silk. The edge is covered with a strip of black and red striped satin fourteen inches deep. This strip is lined on the inside, and bound at the bottom with black worsted braid.

SACHET FOR LINGERIES.

(See Engravings, Opposite Page.)

THIS case is made of blue silk; it is twelve inches long, eight or ten inches wide; it has

On the revers of the sachet the word "Lingerie" is embroidered in satin stitch on the muslin, and underneath a garland of forget-me-not, in the manner seen on Fig. 1. The sachet is edged all round with a pouff of blue silk six inches wide, the sewing on of this pouff is covered by a row of blue chenille. It fastens with a button and loop. Fig. 2 shows the inside of the sachet with the revers; the latter is of silk lined with calico, and bound with blue silk ribbon.

Fig. 1

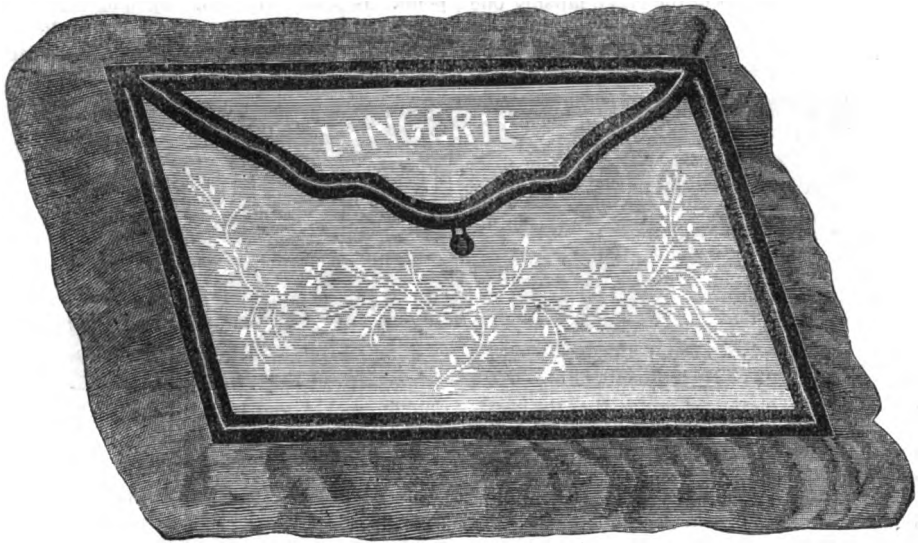
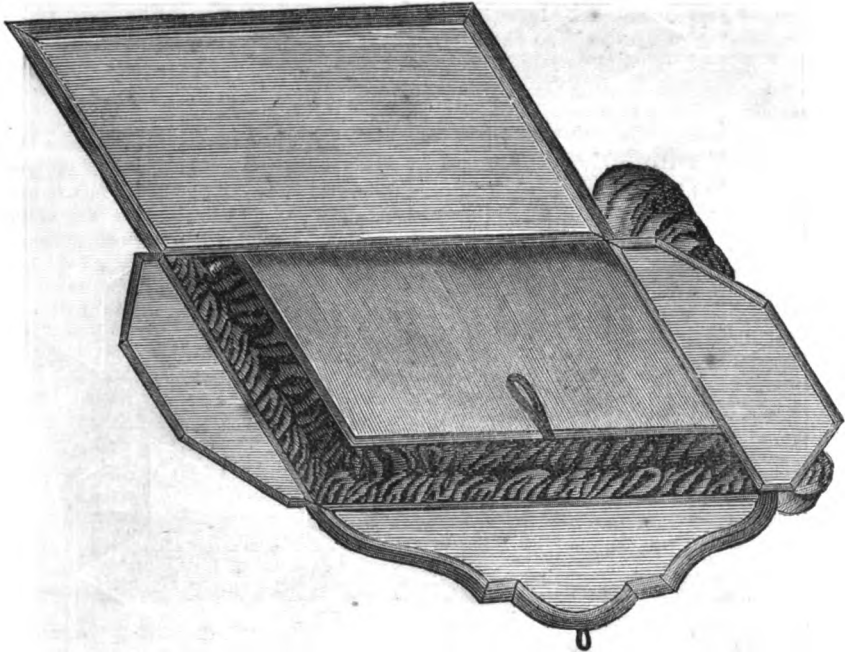


Fig. 2



**MIGNARDISE BRAID TRIMMING,
FOR CHILDREN'S DRAWERS, OR INSERTION FOR
PETTICOATS.**

Materials.—Cotton No. 20, a piece of fine braid, and small crochet hook.

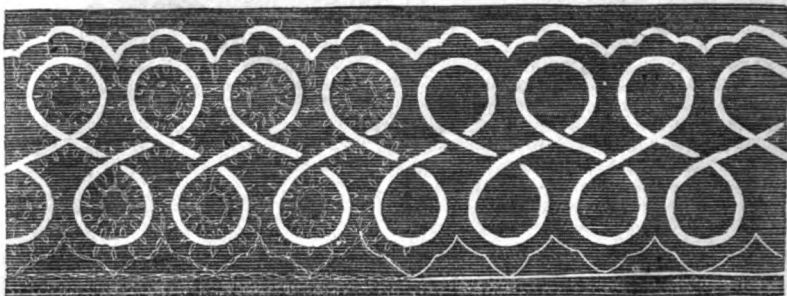
Take the end of the braid and turn it in a round loop, containing 16 small loops of the braid in the inside; stitch this through with needle and thread.

Take the cotton and crochet hook, make 1 double crochet over this crossing, then 2 chain, and 1 double crochet in every alternate small loop till the last; then work a double crochet in each of the two loops that will be close together. Take out the hook, and draw the loop of the stitch underneath the crossing of the braid, and work 1 double crochet in each of the two small loops that will be close together on

the other side; then 4 chain, double crochet into the straight part of the braid, missing one small loop.

Make another loop of braid, and work it in the same manner, then 4 chain, miss a small loop,

chain, double crochet in the centre loop of each point. Repeat to the end. Then on this same side work thus in the first loop; 12 double crochet with 4 chain between each 4th stitch; then the centre loop 4 double crochet, 4 chain, 4



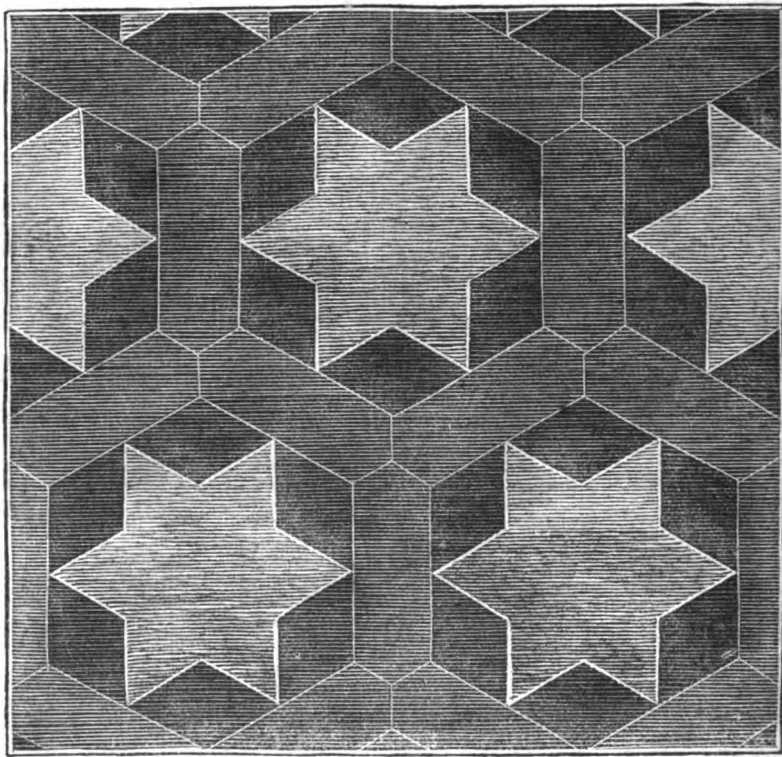
double crochet on the straight part of the braid, and repeat, looping the stitch underneath the braid, so that the crossing may appear perfect on the right side.

When the length required is complete, fasten off, join the cotton on to the side, 7 chain, miss a loop of braid, double crochet in next, 7 chain, miss a loop, double crochet in next, 7 chain,

double crochet, and in the next loop the same as the first.

DESIGN IN PATCHWORK.

In this design, the pieces of the same shape must be of the same color. The best way to have the sections accurate in shape, is to have



miss 1, 1 double crochet in each of the 2 small loops that are close together. Continue this to the end, and work on the other side the same.

This will now form an insertion; or to convert it to a bordering, fasten on the cotton, 13

each separate part cut by a tinman. The papers should then be cut out to these shapes; and finally, the pieces of silk or velvet should be carefully tacked to the papers previously to being neatly sewn together.

Receipts, &c.

SOUPS.

General Directions for Making Soups.—Lean, juicy beef, mutton, and veal, form the basis of all good soups, therefore it is advisable to procure those pieces which afford the richest succulence, and such as are fresh-killed. Stale meat renders them bad, and fat is not so well adapted for making them. The principal art in composing good rich soup, is so to proportion the several ingredients that the flavor of one shall not predominate over another, and that all the articles of which it is composed shall form an agreeable whole. To accomplish this, care must be taken that the roots and herbs are perfectly well cleaned, and that the water is proportioned to the quantity of meat and other ingredients. Generally a quart of water may be allowed to a pound of meat for soups, and half the quantity for gravies. In making soups or gravies, gentle stewing or simmering is incomparably the best. It may be remarked, however, that a really good soup can never be made but in a well-closed vessel, although, perhaps, greater wholesomeness is obtained by an occasional exposure to the air. Soups will, in general, take from three to six hours doing, and are much better prepared the day before they are wanted. When the soup is cold, the fat may be much more easily and completely removed; and when it is poured off, care must be taken not to disturb the settlings at the bottom of the vessel, which are so fine that they will escape through a sieve. The best strainer is a sort of open cloth, or sieve, and if the soup is strained while it is hot, let the cloth be previously soaked in cold water. Clear soups must be perfectly transparent, and thickened soups about the consistence of cream. To thicken and give body to soups and gravies, potato-mucilage, arrowroot, bread-rasplings, isinglass, flour and butter, barley, rice, or oatmeal, in a little water rubbed well together, are used. A piece of boiled beef pounded to a pulp, with a bit of butter and flour, and rubbed through a sieve, and gradually incorporated with the soup, will be found an excellent addition. When the soup appears to be *too thin* or *too weak*, the cover of the boiler should be taken off, and the contents allowed to boil till some of the watery parts have evaporated; or some of the thickening materials, above mentioned, should be added. When soups and gravies are kept from day to day in hot weather, they should be warmed up every day, and put into fresh scalded pans or tureens, and placed in a cool cellar. In temperate weather, every other day may be sufficient.

Various Herbs and Vegetables are required for the purpose of making soups and gravies. Of these the principal are—Scotch barley, pearl barley, wheat flour, oatmeal, bread-rasplings, peas, beans, rice, vermicelli, macaroni, isinglass, potato-mucilage, mushroom or mushroom ketchup, parsnips, carrots, beet-root, turnips, garlic, and onions. Sliced onions, fried with butter and flour till they are browned, and then rubbed through a sieve, are excellent to heighten the color and flavor of brown soups and sauces, and form the basis of many of the fine relishes furnished by the cook. The older and dryer the onion, the stronger will be its flavor. Celery or celery-seed pounded. The latter, though equally strong, does not impart the delicate sweetness of the fresh vegetable; and when used as a substitute, its flavor should be corrected by the addition of a bit of sugar. Cress-seed, parsley, common thyme, lemon thyme, orange thyme, knotted marjoram, sage, mint, winter

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savory, and basil. As fresh green basil is seldom to be procured, and its fine flavor is soon lost, the best way of preserving the extract is by pouring wine on the fresh leaves.

For the Seasoning of Soups.—Bay-leaves, tomato, tarragon, allspice, cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg, clove, mace, black and white pepper, essence of anchovy, lemon-peel and juice, and Seville orange-juice, are all taken. The latter imparts a finer flavor than the lemon, and the acid is much milder. These materials, with wine, mushroom ketchup, tomato sauce, combined in various proportions, are, with other ingredients, manipulated into an almost endless variety of excellent soups and gravies. Soups, which are intended to constitute the principal part of a meal, certainly ought not to be flavored like sauces, which are only designed to give a relish to some particular dish.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Botted Salmon.—Six ounces of salt to each gallon of water, sufficient water to cover the fish. Scale and clean the fish, and be particular that no blood is left inside; lay it in the fish-kettle with sufficient cold water to cover it, adding salt in the above proportion. Bring it quickly to a boil, take off all the scum, and let it simmer gently till the fish is done, which will be when the meat separates easily from the bone. Experience alone can teach the cook to fix the time for boiling fish; but it is especially to be remembered that it should never be underdressed, as then nothing is more unwholesome. Neither let it remain in the kettle, after it is sufficiently cooked, as that would render it insipid, watery, and colorless. Drain it, and if not wanted for a few minutes, keep it warm by means of warm cloths laid over it. Serve on a hot napkin, garnish with cut lemon and parsley, and send lobster sauce and plain melted butter to table with it.

Pickled Salmon.—Salmon, half an ounce of whole pepper, half an ounce of whole allspice, one teaspoonful of salt, two bay-leaves, equal quantities of vinegar and the liquor in which the fish was boiled. After the fish comes from table, lay it in a nice dish with a cover to it, as it should be excluded from the air, and take away the bone; boil the liquor and vinegar with the other ingredients for ten minutes, and let it stand to get cold; pour it over the salmon, and in twelve hours this will be fit for the table.

Melted Butter.—A quarter of a pound of butter, a dessertspoonful of flour, one wineglassful of water, salt to taste. Cut the butter up into small pieces, put it in a saucepan, dredge over the flour, and add the water and a seasoning of salt; stir it *one way* constantly till the whole of the ingredients are melted and thoroughly blended. Let it just boil, when it is ready to serve. If the butter is to be melted with cream, use the same quantity as of water, but omit the flour; keep stirring it, but do not allow it to boil.

Melted Butter, More Economical.—Two ounces of butter, one dessertspoonful of flour, salt to taste, half a pint of water. Mix the flour and water to a smooth batter, which put into a saucepan. Add the butter and a seasoning of salt, keep stirring *one way* till all the ingredients are melted and perfectly smooth; let the whole boil for a minute or two, and serve.

Horseradish Sauce, to Serve with Roast Beef.—Four tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish, one teaspoonful of pounded sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, two teaspoonfuls of made mustard, vinegar. Grate the horseradish, and mix it well with the sugar, salt, pepper, and mustard; moisten it with sufficient vinegar to give it the consistency of cream, and serve in a tureen; three or

four tablespoonfuls of cream added to the above very much improves the appearance and flavor of this sauce. To heat it to serve with hot roast beef, put it in a *bain-marie* or a jar, which place in a saucepan of boiling water; make it hot, but do not allow it to boil, or it will curdle. This sauce is a great improvement on the old-fashioned way of serving cold-scrapped horseradish with hot roast beef. The mixing of the cold vinegar with the warm gravy cools and spoils everything on the plate. Of course, with cold meat, the sauce should be served cold.

Baked Beef.—Slices of cold roast beef, salt and pepper to taste, one sliced onion, one teaspoonful of minced savory herbs, five or six tablespoonfuls of gravy or sauce of any kind, mashed potatoes. Butter the sides of a deep dish, and spread mashed potatoes over the bottom of it; on this place layers of beef in thin slices (this may be minced if there is not sufficient beef to cut into slices), well seasoned with pepper and salt, and a very little onion and herbs, which should be previously fried of a nice brown; then put another layer of mashed potatoes, and beef, and other ingredients, as before; pour in the gravy or sauce, cover the whole with another layer of potatoes, and bake for half an hour. This may be served in the dish, or turned out.

Baked Beef-Steak Pudding.—Six ounces of flour, two eggs, not quite one pint of milk, salt to taste, one pound and a half of rump-steak, one kidney, pepper and salt. Cut the steaks into nice square pieces, with a small quantity of fat, and the kidney divide into small pieces. Make a batter of flour, eggs, and milk in the above proportion; lay a little of it at the bottom of a pie-dish; then put in the steaks and kidney, which should be well seasoned with pepper and salt, and pour over the remainder of the batter, and bake it for an hour and a half in a brisk but not fierce oven.

ECONOMY DISHES.

To Use Nicely Cold Fowls.—Pick the meat from bones; break the bones, and boil in very little water; stew the meat, gravy, and dressing of the cold fowls together, and add the soup.

Cold Eggs as Egg Balls.—Take the yolks of the eggs, work them to a paste with a little butter; chop the whites as fine as possible, make them in balls or small flat cakes, and brown them in butter.

Cold Beefsteaks.—Make a plain paste, cover a plate, and bake it, put in the meat cut in small bits, put it in the pie, add seasoning to suit, cover and bake; it will bake in twenty minutes.

Cold Fish.—Take any kind of cold fish, pick it up finely, mix it with potatoes, make it in small cakes, and fry it brown.

To Make a Soup of the Bones of Steak.—Boil the bone and fat of beefsteak in very little water, season with onion, pepper, and salt, thicken with very little flour, add potatoes, bread, or any vegetable desired. Bones from two slices make a good soup for a small family. The bone, if left on the steak, wastes butter, and the fat burns in the fire.

Cold Veal.—Either make a pie, a stew, or a fricassee; it is very nice cold, when it is fit to put on the table; but the broken bits can be used to advantage in either of the above dishes.

Cold, Fried, or Broiled Ham.—Cut the ham in bits, fry the fat part to a crisp, stir in the lean bits, and just before dishing, add a few eggs; stir them with the meats, and serve all together; cold bacon and pork can be served in the same manner.

Cold Rice.—When rice is left cold, mould it in small cups, filling each cup half full, or less, accord-

ing to the amount of rice; the next day turn the moulds bottom side up in a deep dish, and pour over them a boiled custard; serve cold; or use it in making puddings; it can be used also in griddle cakes and soups.

Broken Cake Puddings.—Soak the cake in domestic wine, and serve with cold custard: heavy cake can be used in the same manner.

Heavy Plum Cake Pudding.—Soak in milk, add soda and cream of tartar, and bake or boil as pudding.

Bread Balls.—These are made of soaked bread and egg, seasoned with salt and pepper.

Fried Bread.—Dip the bread in egg, and fry slowly until nicely browned; serve with ham or port. Children are usually fond of fried bread, and if not too oily it is an excellent dish for them.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Savory Cake.—The weight of four eggs in pounded loaf-sugar, the weight of seven in flour, a little grated lemon-rind, or essence of almonds, or orange-flower water. Break the seven eggs, putting the yolks into one basin and the whites into another. Whisk the former, and mix with them the sugar, the grated lemon-rind, or any other flavoring to taste; beat them well together, and add the whites of the eggs, whisked to a froth. Put in the flour by degrees, continuing to beat the mixture for a quarter of an hour, butter a mould, pour in the cake, and bake it from one hour and a quarter to one hour and a half. This is a very nice cake for dessert, and may be iced for a supper-table, or cut into slices and spread with jam, which converts it into sandwiches.

Lemon Cake.—Ten eggs, three tablespoonfuls of orange-flower water, three-quarters of a pound of pounded loaf-sugar, one lemon, three-quarters of a pound of flour. Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs; whisk the former to a stiff froth; add the orange-flower water, the sugar, grated lemon-rind, and mix these ingredients well together. Then beat the yolks of the eggs, and add them, with the lemon-juice, to the whites, etc.; dredge in the flour gradually, keep beating the mixture well, put it into a buttered mould, and bake the cake about an hour, or rather longer. The addition of a little butter, beaten to a cream, we think, would improve this cake.

Honey Cake.—Half a cup of sugar, one cup of rich sour cream, two cups of flour, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, honey to taste. Mix the sugar and cream together; dredge in the flour, with as much honey as will flavor the mixture nicely; stir it well, that all the ingredients may be thoroughly mixed; add the carbonate of soda, and beat the cake well for another five minutes; put it into a buttered tin, bake it from half an hour to three-quarters of an hour, and let it be eaten warm.

Macaroons.—Half a pound of sweet almonds, half a pound of sifted loaf-sugar, the whites of three eggs, wafer-paper. Blanch, skin, and dry the almonds, and pound them well with a little orange-flower water or plain water; then add to them the sifted sugar and the whites of the eggs, which should be beaten to a stiff froth, and mix all the ingredients well together. When the paste looks soft, drop it at equal distances from a biscuit-syringe on to sheets of wafer-paper; put a strip of almond on the top of each, strew some sugar over, and bake the macaroons in rather a slow oven, of a light brown color. When hard and set, they are done, and must not be allowed to get very brown, as that would spoil their appearance. If the cakes, when baked, appear

heavy, add a little more white of egg, but let this always be well whisked before it is added to the other ingredients. We have given a receipt for making these cakes, but we think it almost or quite as economical to purchase such articles as these at a good confectioner's.

Lemon Sponge.—Two ounces of isinglass, one pint and three-quarters of water, three-quarters of a pound of pounded sugar, the juice of five lemons, the rind of one, the whites of three eggs. Dissolve the isinglass in the water, strain it into a saucepan, and add the sugar, lemon-rind, and juice. Boil the whole from ten to fifteen minutes; strain it again, and let it stand till it is cold and begins to stiffen. Beat the whites of the eggs, put them to it, and whisk the mixture till it is quite white; put it into a mould which has been previously wetted, and let it remain until perfectly set; then turn it out, and garnish it according to taste.

Bolled Raisin Pudding.—One pound of flour, half a pound of stoned raisins, half a pound of chopped suet, half a saltspoonful of salt, milk. After having stoned the raisins and chopped the suet finely, mix them with the flour, add the salt, and when these dry ingredients are thoroughly mixed, moisten the pudding with sufficient milk to make it into rather a stiff paste. Tie it up in a floured cloth, put it into boiling water, and boil for four hours; serve with sifted sugar. This pudding may also be made in a long shape, the same as a rolled jam-pudding, and will then not require so long boiling—two hours and a half would then be quite sufficient.

Apple Snowballs.—Two teacupfuls of rice, apples, moist sugar, cloves. Boil the rice in milk until three-parts done; then strain it off, and pare and core the apples without dividing them. Put a small quantity of sugar and a clove into each apple, put the rice round them, and tie each ball separately in a cloth. Boil until the apples are tender; then take them up, remove the cloths, and serve.

Tartlets.—Puff-paste, the white of an egg, pounded sugar. Roll some good puff-paste out thin, and cut it into two inch and a half squares; brush each square over with the white of an egg, then fold down the corners, so that they all meet in the middle of each piece of paste; slightly press the two pieces together, brush them over with the egg, sift over sugar, and bake in a nice quick oven for about a quarter of an hour. When they are done, make a little hole in the middle of the paste, and fill it up with apricot jam, marmalade, or red currant jelly. Pile them high in the centre of a dish, on a napkin, and garnish with the same preserve the tartlets are filled with.

Paradise Pudding.—Three eggs, three apples, a quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs, three ounces of sugar, three ounces of currants, salt and grated nutmeg to taste, the rind of half a lemon, half a wine-glassful of brandy. Pare, core, and mince the apples into small pieces, and mix them with the other dry ingredients; beat up the eggs, moisten the mixture with these, and beat it well; stir in the brandy, and put the pudding into a buttered mould; tie it down with a cloth, boil for one hour and a half, and serve with sweet sauce.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES.

THE following receipts were contributed by a lady of Wisconsin:—

Boston Pudding.—Four eggs, three cups of sugar, one of cream, one of butter, one of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, and four cups of flour.

Mush Custard.—One cup of butter, two of mush, three of sugar, and four eggs.

Cream Pie.—Mix one beaten egg, two tablespoon-

fuls of corn starch (flour will do), two of sugar, a little salt, one spoonful of extract of lemon, and one pint of milk. Bake two crusts separately, boil the custard; when cold, lay it on one crust, and cover with the other.

Rusk.—Three eggs, a teacupful of sugar, one yeast cake, dissolved in half cup each of water and milk; one pint of flour, one teacupful of butter, rubbed up with a pint of flour; then pour the yeast on the latter (butter and flour). After the yeast has risen well, mix and make up the dough well and slowly.

Lemon Pie.—One lemon, four eggs, seven table-spoonfuls of sugar, mixed with the yolks; grate the rind; mix juice, rind, sugar, and yolks together. Beat the whites stiff with sugar, and spread over the top. Bake in good crust; no top crust.

Sally Lunn.—One quart of flour, piece of butter size of egg, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two eggs, two teacupfuls of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one of soda, a little salt; stir the cream of tartar, salt, and sugar into flour; add the eggs without beating, the butter melted, and one cup of the milk. Dissolve the soda in the other cup of milk, and stir altogether. Bake in three pans, the size of a breakfast plate, fifteen or twenty minutes.

Apies.—Two cups of sugar, one of butter, four eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one pint and a half of flour.

Hotch Potch Pickles. (*Good Receipt.*)—Take two or three boxes of the best mustard or more, according to the quantity of pickles, and add enough pure sweet oil to make a perfectly smooth paste; add a tablespoonful of cinnamon beat fine, one of cloves, one of mace or nutmeg, one of ginger, one of allspice, one of red pepper, one of black pepper, one of celery seed, two ounces of turmeric, horseradish, and onions, if it suits the taste. Put a couple of teacupfuls of sugar, and pour on good vinegar to make it sufficiently thin to pour over the pickles. Put the jar containing the pickles in a vessel of cold water, and let them boil four or five hours. If you wish to make mangoes, use the ingredients mentioned, adding white mustard seed, and pour the vinegar on after the melons are filled. Hotch potch is made of all kinds of vegetables that are ever used for pickles, cut up fine together with more cabbage than anything else.

Scotch Short Bread.—Take one pound of butter, two of flour, half a pound of fine ground sugar, and work all together into a smooth dough. Divide into two cakes, the size of a dinner plate, three-quarters of an inch in thickness; pinch round the edge with the fore-finger and thumb, and prickle on the top with a fork. Ornament with orange-peel, either in form of initials or fancy designs; add a few caraway seeds. Paper a tin, put the cakes on it, and bake to a light crisp brown in a moderate oven.

Homemade Linen Buttons.—Procure wire rings of various sizes at the wireworkers. Cut up odd pieces of fine linen into rounds a quarter of an inch beyond the ring; use two-ply for each button. Insert the ring, and catch up with a loose overcast stitch all round; draw up and fasten tightly at back; then with a fine cotton button-stitch very closely round the button. These homemade buttons wear four times as long as bought ones, and, if carefully made, look equally nice on ladies' undergarments. Mrs. T. P. B.

The question has been asked in connection with the receipt for *Hot Cross Buns*, what is meant by "half prove them." It means that after having moulded the dough into buns, they must again be put to rise; and when about half risen, or they have become dry on the top, to then brush them with milk and cross them; then to let them rise a little more.

Editors' Table.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS IN SIAM.

THERE has been published within a few weeks a volume which is in some respects unique in our language. The government and people of Siam have long excited the interest of the Eastern traveller, and their exports are of considerable importance; yet our information concerning this kingdom of seven million inhabitants is remarkably scanty. Now for the first time we meet with a narrative of personal experience and of the facts gathered in it from the pen of a lady whose official position at the Court of Siam is a guarantee at once of her opportunities for observation and of her fidelity to truth.

"The English Governess at the Siamese Court, being Recollections of Six Years in the Royal Palace at Bangkok," is the title of the book in which Mrs. Leonowens has recorded her experience. It may be divided into two parts: a general description of the people, the manners, and the antiquities of the country, mainly drawn from the accounts of others, and of no great value; and an account of the court life in which she played a part, extremely interesting in itself, and tending to throw great light upon the condition of Siam. It is only with this latter portion that we shall deal. Mrs. Leonowens, then living at Singapore, was invited by the King of Siam—whose name, repeated *ad nauseam* in her book, is Somdetch P'hra Paramendr Maha Mongkut—to undertake the education of his children. Against the advice of her friends she accepted the dangerous situation, and in March, 1862, steamed up the Gulf of Siam to Bangkok. Her first experience was disheartening. No preparation had been made to receive her, and but for an English family, who took her in for the night, she would have fared badly. After a vexatious delay a house was given her; she entered upon her duties, and for six years she taught in the palace. Her employments were extremely onerous. The king had sixty-seven children and many wives, a number of whom desired to be taught English. But her most exacting taskmaster was the king. He was in every way a singular character. The legitimate heir to the throne, he had been ousted from the succession by the intrigues of a half-brother, and to save his life had entered a Buddhist monastery. Here for twenty-five years he had devoted himself to the learning of his people. He was thoroughly acquainted with the doctrines and history of Buddhism; he was proficient in Sanscrit, Pali, geography, and astronomy; but his pet hobby was English. He believed that he understood the language perfectly; and, in fact, his mastery of it was astonishing, but it was a knowledge of the dictionary rather than of the actual idiom; and his proclamations and addresses, of which many are inserted by the governess, are extremely amusing. One of her functions was to assist the king in English composition; and, as time went on, and he discovered her ability, she became his chief clerk, and obtained great insight into the system of falsehood and intrigue which regulated the diplomacy of Siam. The king's first instructions give a good idea both of her duties and of his own command of English: "I have sixty-seven children. You shall educate them and as many of my wives as may wish to learn English. And I have much correspondence. I have much difficulty for reading and translating French letters, for French are fond of using gloomily-

deceiving terms. You must undertake, and you shall make all their murky sentences and gloomily-deceiving propositions clear to me. And furthermore I have by every mail foreign letters, whose writing is not easily read by me. You shall copy on round hand for my readily perusal thereof."

The governess was naturally dismayed at the recital of her multifarious tasks, but determined to make a faithful trial. For awhile she was principally employed in the duties which we should consider belonging to her post. She had English classes every day, chiefly for the children; a few of his majesty's wives came to her for tuition, and she was a favorite with all. She had the best opportunities of observing the workings of polygamy, and her testimony coincides with that of other travellers. The harem is filled with silly and vacant minds. The women have nothing to do but to dress and adorn themselves all day long. The favorite wife, or the favorite half-dozen wives, are well treated; the rest are neglected and insulted. The king was capricious even in his love; only one or two of his great establishments seem to have preserved his constant affection. He was capable of great cruelty to those who displeased him; and his anger was so sudden, and excited by such trifles, that the harem lived in perpetual fear. Soon after the arrival of Mrs. Leonowens a wife, "out of favor," sent in a petition that a court office might be given to her brother. The office she asked for had been bestowed upon another courtier, and, though she was utterly ignorant of the fact, the king flew into a violent passion. She was imprisoned in a Siamese dungeon—a place more wretched than any European jail—she was beaten upon the mouth, and chained to the trestles of her pallet. The governess interceded for her with the prime minister, who, by representing to the king her ignorance of his will, obtained her release.

His majesty was quite fond of his children, and spent a part of every day in playing with them. His affection for the mother regulated his feelings, and the child of the reigning favorite was always preferred. One little daughter, whom the governess mentions with peculiar affection, was left to his care by a much-loved wife, and he poured out upon her all the tenderness of his nature. Fà-ying was the light of the palace, and, when she fell sick with the cholera, her father's affliction was boundless. She died after a brief illness; and in the "Circular" which appeared from the royal printing press, the king commemorates her loveliness and his affection. Soon afterwards the governess was summoned to court; and, after a pompous and absurd ceremony, was invested with a title and estate, as rewards of her "courage and conduct" at the death-bed of the princess. "My estate," she says, "was in the district of Lophaburee and P'hra Batt, and I found afterward that to reach it I must perform a tedious journey overland, through a wild, dense jungle, on the back of an elephant. So, with wise munificence, I left it to my people, tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses, wild boars, armadillos, and monkeys to enjoy unmolested and untaxed."

But space fails us to give our readers more details. They will find in the book itself an abundance of them as interesting and instructive as those we have cited. We must condense the rest into a few words.

The king, after a time, employed Mrs. Leonowens chiefly as his private secretary. He had a mania for composition, and his private printing press was kept constantly at work. His diplomatic correspondence was large, and he resorted, without hesitation, to trickery and lying, the immemorial weapons of the East. To these the governess refused to be a party; and, after several quarrels with the king, finding that her health was suffering under the severity of her labors, she determined to go back to civilized life. Her departure was clamorously mourned by the women of the palace, and his majesty confessed he had lost a faithful and efficient helper.

Fifteen months afterwards he died, and his son, whom the governess had taught for years, succeeded to the throne. The new king sent his old teacher an affectionate letter, which is printed at the beginning of this volume, and which shows that her instruction has not been wasted.

We may return to the volume again; but we leave it now, having been greatly interested by its narrative, and heartily recommending it to our readers.

ARE WE TOO SILENT?

AN English paper tells us that Mr. Thomas Hughes, M. P., the well-known author and statesman, recently gave, at the Workmen's College in London, a familiar, friendly description of things which had struck him during his recent trip to America. He came by way of the St. Lawrence, and said that the Canadians had not impressed him as presenting any marked characteristics to distinguish them from Englishmen. But, "on crossing the border, he was conscious of being among a new people, of which the first peculiarity which struck him was their being remarkably silent. He endeavored to talk at once, but though he found the Americans exceedingly courteous and civil, he at the same time found it extremely difficult to open up a conversation with them. All over the States, contrary to his impression, he had found them a remarkably self-contained, serious, and almost sad people." No doubt, the observations of this friendly observer are correct, and, of course, there will be many ways of accounting for the appearances he mentions, some of them quite profound. We shall venture to present our own view, even at the risk of having it deemed superficial. From the succeeding remarks of Mr. Hughes, it appears that much of his time in this country was spent, as might be supposed, in railway cars; and we fancy it was in these that he formed the impressions of which he speaks. Now, there is no doubt whatever that these long railway journeys do tend to render those engaged in them silent, self-contained, and, at last, "sad." There is no other country in which such long and wearisome journeys by rail are undertaken by so many people as in ours. Almost every one of us is familiar with the aspect of weary resignation which at last settles down upon a car-load of travellers, who have been hurried and shaken for hundreds of miles behind a panting, screaming, restless monster of a locomotive. On the other hand, those who have had experience of the old stage-coaches are aware that there was in them—and doubtless still is where they survive—plenty of cheerfulness and social chat. We dare say that Mr. Hughes, if he had travelled much in that style, would have found his original ideas of American willingness to talk fully realized.

His remarks are evidently meant more as a compliment than otherwise: but, if our practical view of the subject is the correct one, we should rather see in them a hint for self-improvement, at least so far as our deportment in railway travel is concerned. They should incite each of us to make an effort to

shake off that frozen rime which is so apt to incrust us in such journeying, and to enter as freely as possible into communication with our fellow-travellers. Instead of burying ourselves in books or in "self-contained" meditation, we should be on the alert to obtain all the information we can from the people who are with us, and the scenes through which we pass. There are some who habitually practise this rule, and with very satisfactory results, gaining useful knowledge which could not be otherwise acquired, and sometimes making desirable acquaintances. A traveller, who returned not long since from a journey to a Mississippi state, gave a suggestive account of the conversational nuggets which he unearthed under the most unpromising surfaces. An exceedingly shabby and plain-looking person, who took a seat beside him, turned out to be a well-informed man, who had made a small fortune by collecting and raffing timber on the upper branches of the great river, and was able to give a highly graphic and entertaining account of that peculiar work. His garb was accounted for by the fact that he had lost his trunk of clothes just before starting on the train, and, having previously sent his money to his family, he came on in his work-day attire to join them. The next partner in our friend's seat was one dismal enough to have added a still darker shade to Mr. Hughes' impressions. A few civil words brought out his history. He had invested all his means in a huge, many-storied hotel in a western town. In one night the whole was destroyed by fire, leaving him penniless. The next day, with the indomitable energy of his class, he had started for his former home in New York, hoping to raise money enough among his friends to rebuild his caravanserai. In an hour or two the whole art and mystery of western hotel-keeping was laid open to our inquiring friend.

Some of our more romantic readers may not care to learn about lumbering operations and western hotels. If they enter into conversation in this way, they would desire that it should be with accomplished men or fascinating ladies—with great authors, for example, or distinguished public characters. Well, these are rare birds everywhere, but they do travel by railway, and, we dare say, would be very apt to speak if spoken to. Of one fact in this way there cannot be much doubt. A few months ago several of our countrymen or countrywomen sat, "serious and almost sad," beside a middle-aged and mild-looking gentleman, of a genial English aspect, who would have been prompt to meet any courteous advances in the way of conversation. Those who did not rouse themselves sufficiently from their travelling gloom to make these advances lost the pleasure of conversing with a highly distinguished member of Parliament, the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," and of other works which are read and admired on both sides of the Atlantic.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"* * I need not tell you with what eager pleasure your 'Book' is always received. If there could be a better to what is so positively good, I should say your last year had achieved that better. So variously excellent are the illustrations and inducements to all sorts of exercises, whether of needle, brain, or pen; whether in the fine arts of decoration, or the not less important pursuits of a domestic and culinary character. On my word, I don't see what anybody needs, further than your 'Book,' to manufacture skillfully everything, whether of furniture, dress, ornaments, or houses.

"I think, my dear Mrs. Hale, it must be a real pleasure, well earned, to you, to look back on the years, severally passed, in the successful effort to

raise the character of women to a loftier place both of thought and execution. No one can carefully read your 'Table' without feeling that, though the magazine is one of 'modes and forms,' it is also devoted to far higher and better efforts, and that dress is simply, with you, an expression of just taste, and not a fit occupation for the time and thoughts of an immortal being. For my part, now that Eugenie has left the throne of fashion, I could wish American women might erect a national standard of taste in dress, suited to our varying climate and exceptional social construction. There are excellent reasons why all street dresses, for instance, should be of the most simple and grave fashion. Any person, in the habit of observation, may connect the elaborate fashions of trimming in the street-wear of ladies with much of the sin and sorrow that are now attributed merely to the effect of low wages with a large class of women. This is a subject too broad to be more than hinted at in a letter, but I think it must often occur sadly to one who looks below the surface."

HOW TO REFORM.

EVERY well-managed family is a perpetual "reform school," in which bad habits are constantly checked, and good principles inculcated, and thus, at last, the youthful inmates are trained to be virtuous and useful members of society. Fourteen years ago the idea occurred to the authorities of Massachusetts of trying the effect of this "family system" in the reformation of neglected and depraved children. The "Girls' Industrial Reform School" was established in 1866. There are five houses, each having accommodations for thirty girls, who are managed and trained as though they were members of a large family. There are no means of confinement used, no high fences, no bars to the doors, and yet only three of the girls, out of a total number of seven hundred and fifty-three, have run away since the school was opened. The average age of those who are sent to the school is about thirteen, and they usually remain between two and three years. During this time they are instructed in the ways of domestic life, so as to qualify them for household service, and also in the elements of education. A large number of the girls who have been thus trained have married, and are doing well; and others are supporting themselves in household labors, in trades, and some even in teaching. The lesson which this school teaches should not be lost on our legislators. It confirms what reflection should have taught, that no reformatory for children can deserve the name which is not based on the household system.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

ARE THE CHINESE AN EDUCATED NATION?—We were told by the late Hon. Anson Burlingame that the Chinese were an educated people, and therefore deserving of our warm sympathy in the Brotherhood of Nations. This idea of universal education in China has been widely diffused in our country, till it seems to be considered a truth. Can a nation be called educated when one-half of the people are kept in total ignorance? The women of China have never, so far as can be ascertained, been permitted the advantages of education. Confucius asserted that women had no souls, and consequently could not be taught wisdom, but were to be the slaves of men. We give a sketch of the present condition of Chinese women, from the letter* of a lady in the M. E. Mission to China:—

"A full-dressed Chinese lady would be something

* From the *Heathen Woman's Friend*, Boston, Jan. 1871. We should like to insert the whole letter, and advise our readers to obtain it.

for any one of my readers to see. What with her wide-spreading hair, adorned with gold, precious stones, and flowers; her heavy gold ear-rings, with jade-stone pendants; the heavily-embroidered *sang* of satin, over which, and around the neck, hangs a long string of perfumed beads; the gayly-embroidered red underskirt and pantalets; the tiny feet, in *two-inch* scarlet satin shoes; the small-formed hands, two or three fingers of which have the *very* finish of aristocracy, that is, nails an inch or two long, in silver or gold sheaths; the gold or jade bracelets on the wrists; the cheeks and lips painted red, face powdered, eyebrows shaven straight—altogether, the lady before us is very gorgeous in her get-up, and not unhandsome, if I except the poor little feet so wofully misshapen. Such is a lady in China adorned with silk, satin, and jewels, but generally unable to read a word, secluded from the world, married to a man she never saw until bound to him for life unless he choose to set her aside, shut up in small, cheerless rooms, having none of the comforts of our homes. She is the slave of her husband and his immediate relatives. Surely she is an object for our pity and sympathy.

Now a few words as to the large, or unbound-footed woman. At Foo Chow we have a working class that have unbound feet. This class has much more liberty than the lady class. They carry burdens through the streets, plough, plant, reap, and row the boats; in fact, do all sorts of hard work, such work as falls to the stronger sex in our more favored land. Their dress is of the plainest kind, although they dress their hair very elaborately, adorning it with large silver ornaments and gay flowers. They wear silver ear-rings, six, seven, and even eight inches in circumference. Their dress is always of black or blue muslin, never of silk or satin, never of gayer color, excepting one day in her life, her wedding-day, when she may put on the *joyful* color, scarlet. She may not put on white as an outside garment, even in summer. Her *sang*, or upper garment, has the same shape as that of the lady. Her pantalets are also of blue or black dyed muslin, and generally do not come below the knee. She wears no stockings, not even the coldest day in winter, and the greater part of the time no shoes. She is, like her *lady* sister, ignorant and superstitious. She is often the 'beast of burden' in the family. She, too, is the slave of her husband and his family. He may whip her or starve her. He often lounges at home smoking tobacco, or, worse still, opium, while he sends her forth to plough, dig, or carry burdens for him. If so he choose, he may even *rent* her out to another man, or sell her entirely away."

CONTRAST the following notices with the account of the condition of the slave women in China:—

"FOUNDER'S DAY.—A beautiful custom is in our colleges to devote one day in each year to the honor of its founder, thus paying a grateful tribute to the memory of those who confer benefits upon the country and the world. On the 12th of December, the young ladies of Wells College, Aurora, New York, celebrated their birthday.

"On the walls of the hall was the legend, in evergreens, 'The Power of an Endless Life'; and the rooms were tastefully decorated. The founder, Henry Wells, Esq., was greeted, on entering the hall, with a welcome chorus by the students; and then followed addresses and floral gifts. The Hon. Mr. Sedgwick spoke with great ability, and Mr. Wells returned his thanks in fitting words. The college is flourishing, and though only in the third year of its existence, bids fair to be one of the most useful institutions of learning."

"THERE is a young lady of vast wealth, residing in the vicinity of Union Square, in this city, who employs her leisure and pocket-money in buying cloth, muslin, and calico by the wholesale, and cutting it into garments. She takes her carriage and goes into lanes and by-ways, giving work to needy people; and when finished and liberally paid for, she generally bestows the comfortable garments on those poor men and their wives and children who 'fought and bled' in the late war. None are turned from her door without the help that maketh the heart glad. She is said to be highly accomplished, agreeable, modest, and seeks happiness in doing good to all. She is devoted to her work and a dear relative, and has refused the hand of some of the leading men of the nation."

"DOCTOR FINLEY, late President of McKendree College, after hearing a lady deliver a powerful ad-

dress in the Illinois Methodist Convention, offered a resolution 'that hereafter, in all our Western universities and colleges, a professorship in the art of persuasion be granted, and a lady be elected to fill it.'"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Une Chanson"—"Sympathy's Kiss"—"Violet and Pansy"—"Rose Leaves"—"Doubts"—"A Summer's Eve"—"The Cross"—"Deprecation"—"O'er the Bay"—"Bereaved"—"The Rainbow"—"Beautiful Dreams"—"Irma Grey"—"Georgie, aged Three"—"Linen Buttons" and "Love Letters."

The following are declined: "Under the Sod and the Snow"—"A Wreath"—"A ——— Wedding"—"Beautiful Snowdrift"—"How Freddy Called Grandma" and "To ———."

E. C. You sent no stamps for an answer, and we had to pay an extra stamp on your MS.

"St. Lemuel," destroyed as you requested.

A MS. from Canada is lying in the post-office of this city to our address, forty cents postage on it unpaid. We have left it there. Any one having forwarded a story from the Dominion will please notice.

Health Department.

BY DR. CHARLES P. UHLE.

PAINFUL DIGESTION.

CONSTIPATED bowels is one of the most prolific causes of dyspepsia that we have to deal with, and it is not to be wondered at. Imagine an individual—and there are hundreds of them, both male and female—taking from two to five pounds of solid food per day, and having a passage of the bowels only once or twice in a week to carry off the refuse, and think for a moment what can be the condition of their digestive canal. A little over one-half of that material is taken up and carried into the blood, while the remainder—the refuse—what becomes of it? It collects pound after pound in the rectum, deranging the neighboring organs by the pressure of its accumulated mass; impeding from the same cause the circulation of the blood in the abdominal vessels, and thus occasioning congestions of various kinds; exciting sympathetic irritation between the viscera of the abdomen and pelvis, as well as the brain, heart, and other distant organs; and clogging up and deranging the whole process of digestion, until it is finally taken up by the absorbent vessels and carried off through the skin, lungs, kidneys, and other eliminating organs. This is the way that the greater part of it is gotten rid of, and we would ask if any one's digestive organs could be in a healthy condition when such a state of things is in existence? We should judge not. Stoves do not burn; mills do not run, unless the waste material be removed for its free and unlimited action. Neither will the human machine run unless it be given the same indispensable advantages, for it is just as necessary that the unassimilable portions of the food should be removed, as it is that the nutritive should be absorbed to enhance its natural and healthy action. Whatever, therefore, impedes the contractility of the intestinal canal, whatever alters the structure of its mucous membrane, whatever mechanically obstructs its calibre, or whatever interferes in any way with its operations, induces dyspepsia, and that in proportion to the extent of the mischief.

There are other sources of dyspepsia, direct and indirect, that we must leave out for the want of space. It is an "uncomfortable undertaking" to at-

tempt a description of this disease in a place like this. Volumes might be written of it and hardly do the subject justice, but we have noticed the most important facts, and will commence the treatment.

TREATMENT OF DYSPEPSIA.

In the treatment of dyspepsia, the first, and by far the most important consideration, is the removal of the cause. And, as in nine cases out of ten, this cause is to be directly traced to a continued abuse of the digestive organs, the object is to be accomplished by a systematic regulation of the diet and general habits of the patient, moral as well as physical. This is a point sadly neglected by both physician and patient, and hence the ill-success with which the treatment of the disease is attended.

What people want in general is some medicine that will relieve them of their dyspeptic troubles, and allow them at the same time to go on with the indulgences that have been the cause of it. What physicians want is some preparation by which every care can be annihilated instantaneously, without the trouble of looking up the proper method of treating it. And as long as these indispensables remain undiscovered, just so long, we are afraid, will the horrors of indigestion rack the constitution of our American people. It used to be a favorite remark with Doctor Abernethy, the famous old English surgeon, that no one could be induced to pay due regard to his digestive organs, till death, or the dread of death, was staring him in the face. And, really, there is a great deal of truth in the remark, for people have their dyspepsia, their headaches, their back-aches, their stomach aches, and the thousand aches and pains that accompany the disorder, and suffer no one knows how much; yet they cling to their rich food, their late suppers, their tea, their coffee, and their ruinous indulgences, as though they were the actual necessity of life, and it was impossible to do without them. And the physician who conscientiously tells them that this is the very cause of their troubles, and that it is not medicine, but attention to diet and habits of life that they need, is counted a fool at once, and scoffed at. They do not believe it, and any amount of persuasion will have no more effect than preaching at the wind. Now it is to just such individuals—and the world is full of them—that we direct these little bits of advice. We hope they'll digest it if they can't their food.

In order that any benefit should be derived from the treatment of dyspepsia, it is absolutely necessary that the efforts of the patient himself should be enlisted with those of the physician in the direction towards a cure. Oftentimes this alone, with medicine or advice from no one, will effect a cure. Without it, there's no use doing anything, for it's time and money thrown away.

When a person comes to us with the dyspepsia, we give them to understand right away that it is our privilege as a physician to prescribe for them just what we believe to be for their own best good, and we do so, laying down in plain English whatever rules and directions we deem necessary to assist in carrying out our purpose. If they are not attended to, and the patient gets no better, it's his own fault, and we want nothing more to do with him. If they are attended to, carefully, considerably, and as they should be, and there is no improvement, it's our fault, we acknowledge it, and he is at perfect liberty to "ship" us for some more successful vender of physic at the earliest moment he sees fit.

A physician, however, may be as strict and as circumspect as possible in the directions that he may give his patient, and still, if some judgment be not exercised on the part of the patient in following these

directions. no good will accrue. Common sense is requisite for the successful pursuance of any undertaking, and this instance is no exception to the rule. We cannot, however, in a place like this, give more than general hints upon the subject. The most obvious rule in relation to diet is to avoid the use of all substances of difficult digestion, and this, to be practically useful, should embrace an enumeration of the particular substances to be forbidden or allowed. Individual peculiarities render this a difficult undertaking. As a general rule, however, the patient should avoid "all fat, salted, and smoked meats, and those that are tough, from whatever source derived; of the particular kinds of animal food, pork, veal, and domestic ducks and geese are particularly difficult of digestion. The flesh of very young or of very old animals is usually less digestible than that of the same animals in the intermediate stage of life. Fish is generally deemed rather difficult of digestion; and most shell fish, especially clams and lobsters, should be avoided by the dyspeptic. Of substances prepared by the culinary art, pastry, fresh, hot, and heavy bread, puddings, cakes made with butter or fat, fried meats, hard boiled eggs, jellies, soups, gravy, etc. etc., should be avoided. Whatever is pasty, doughy, or disposed to form a tenacious mass with water, resists digestion, because impenetrable by the gastric juice. Sausages and cheese of all kinds are difficult of digestion. Butter, lard, and other fats, when altered by heat, are very injurious to the dyspeptic stomach. Brown sugar, molasses, and honey are apt to induce acidity. Vegetable acids have been found to be very injurious, and the fruits which contain them should be especially avoided.

The list of allowable substances is not plenty. Among those of vegetable origin are wheaten bread, which should always be light, and perfectly free from acid (stale wheat bread is very easy of digestion); crackers made without shortening of any kind; well boiled rice; and Irish potatoes, when they are mealy and well cooked. Some physicians object to the last named article, and the small, waxen, watery potatoes, which are often met with, are certainly difficult of digestion; but when of good quality, they agree well with most dyspeptic stomachs. The sweet potato, when dry and mealy, is often very acceptable, and may always be tried when the patient desires it. Tomatoes are found to agree with many individuals, and prove useful by their laxative properties. The same may be said of perfectly ripe peaches, and berries of the different kinds. Good fresh milk, boiled or unboiled, is usually easily digested, and forms an excellent diet for dyspeptics, especially when stronger animal food is thought hazardous. It forms a good dessert when loosely coagulated by means of rennet, and mixed with refined sugar, nutmeg, and a little sound wine. Small quantities of sweet cream may be taken with propriety, and even agree with some stomachs which most other food offends. Good fresh butter, though condemned by some writers, has, within my own observation, when eaten moderately with bread, rice, potatoes, etc., proved in general perfectly innocent. It should never be used in dyspepsia after having been subjected to any culinary process, as heat has a very injurious effect upon it. Among the meats, tender mutton and beef; and among poultry, the common fowl or turkey is to be preferred. The flesh of wild animals is in general more easily digested than that of the tame. Good venison is, perhaps, the lightest and most digestible of meats. The American pheasant, partridge, and the canvas-back duck, with many of the smaller birds, are admissible. But in eating all sorts of fowl, care should be taken to avoid skin and fat, especially when they are roasted.

There are various other articles of animal food well adapted to dyspeptics, such as oysters, raw or roasted; sweetbread; the liver of calves, terrapins, cooked well without butter; and soft boiled eggs. It is highly necessary that the eggs should not be overdone. Condiments, such as salt, pepper, mustard, horseradish, etc., should be used with moderation. They occasionally prove beneficial by assisting digestion, and as their stimulant effects are chiefly local, they are less dangerous than alcohol; but, like all other stimulants, if abused, they diminish the excitability, and then increase the already existing debility." But perhaps we have lengthened our "hints" upon the subject far enough. We will simply add that about as much depends upon the proper mode of taking food as upon the selection of the substances to be used. Meals should be taken at regular intervals, and three a day are usually sufficient. Care should be taken not to overload the stomach, and for this reason, if nothing else, the patient should eat slow. Light suppers should be taken invariably, and all food thoroughly masticated and mixed with the saliva before it is swallowed. A meal should never be taken immediately after fatiguing exercise, as the stomach participates in the general languor. Liquids of any kind, except in small quantities, should not be taken at meal times, as they dilute the gastric juice and injure its solvent properties. Neither should exercise be taken immediately after a full meal.

And there are general habits that should be attended to. Excesses of all kinds should be avoided. The patient should retire early to bed and rise early, allowing from six to eight hours for sleep, and never permitting either pleasure or business to encroach upon his period of rest.

Personal cleanliness should be rigorously observed, and this, indeed, is an excellent remedial measure in dyspepsia. Relaxation from severe mental labor, and the cares and anxieties of business should be enjoined, as also diversion of the attention from one's self, all of which go a great way towards accomplishing a cure.

There are other points that deserve attention, but we cannot mention them here.

Literary Notices.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

GARSTANG GRANGE. A Novel. By T. Adolphus Trollope, author of "Gemma," etc. Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope has won for himself an enviable reputation as an author of romances of Italian life. But in this volume we find he has varied from his usual habit, and has laid the scene of his story in England. It displays to the best advantage Mr. Trollope's abilities as a story writer: the characters are skilfully drawn, and the interest is intense.

COMSTOCK'S ELOCUTION. A System of Vocal Gymnastics, designed for the Promotion of Health, Cure of Stammering, and Defective Articulation. By Andrew Comstock, M.D. To which is added a collection of gems from the writings of the best authors in prose and verse. Edited and selected by Philip Lawrence, Professor of Elocution and Teacher of Reading and Recitation in the first schools and colleges in Philadelphia. This volume contains exercises in elocution, vocal gymnastics, articulation, pitch, force, time, gesture, reading, and declamation, with postures of the body, arms, head, face, eyes, shoulders, and the lower limbs.

LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By R. Shelton Mackenzie, LL.D. This life of Dickens is meeting

with exceeding favor from the public. It has already reached its eleventh edition. It contains personal recollections and anecdotes, letters by "Boz" never before published, and uncollected papers in prose and verse.

THE YELLOW MASK. *A Novel.* By Wilkie Collins.

SISTER ROSE. *A Novel.* By Wilkie Collins.

These are two of Collins' earlier novels, which have been reprinted for the benefit of those who wish to obtain his works complete.

THE WIDOW RUGBY'S HUSBAND, *A Night at the Ugly Man's, and Other Tales of Alabama.* By Johnson J. Hooper, author of "Adventures of Capt. Simon Sugg." This book belongs to "Peterson's Library of Humorous American Works."

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS. *A Plurality of Worlds Studied under the Light of Recent Scientific Researches.* By Richard A. Proctor, B. A., F. R. A. S., author of "Saturn and Its System," etc. Under this somewhat sensational title Mr. Proctor has issued a volume on astronomical subjects, based on a series of essays which, during the past year or two, have been contributed by him to some of the leading English periodicals. Written in a pleasant, semi-popular style, this book not only elucidates its author's own peculiar theories with regard to the subjects upon which it treats, but also places before the reader all the more important researches and discoveries of those engaged with him in endeavoring to fathom the mysteries of the starry heavens. Mr. Proctor is a bold but not rash theorist, and his book cannot fail to awaken interest.

FIFTEEN YEARS. *A Picture from the Last Century.* By Talvi (Mrs. Thérèse Robinson). A Swedish historical novel, dating back a hundred years or more. It is a story of court life, in which Queen Ulrica, the sister of Frederick the Great of Prussia, figures prominently. The book is well and entertainingly written, and deserves the appreciation of the public.

THE POISON OF ASPES. *A Novelette.* By Florence Marryatt (Mrs. Ross Church). Florence Marryatt is one of the most entertaining of English lady novelists; and, though her novels are, perhaps, not always entirely unexceptionable in point of morality, they will yet compare favorably with many others which hold a high place in English literature.

WHAT TO READ AND HOW TO READ. By Charles H. Moore, M. D. This volume contains classified lists of choice reading, with appropriate hints and remarks, adapted to the general reader, to subscribers to libraries, and to all persons intending to form collections of books.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, LIPPINCOTT & Co., and CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

MORNING AND EVENING EXERCISES: *Selected from the Published and Unpublished Writings of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.* Edited by Lyman Abbott, author of "Jesus of Nazareth," etc. The editor says of this book that it is "one simply of devotional readings. Heartily accepting that catholic conception of religion of which Mr. Beecher is the most distinguished modern exponent," this volume embraces a wider range of topics than is usually found in devotional literature. The volume comprises morning and evening devotional readings for every day in the year, composed wholly of selections from the published and unpublished writings of Henry Ward Beecher.

LIGHT AT EVENING TIME. *A Book of Support and Comfort for the Aged.* Edited by John Stanford Holme, D. D. This volume consists of beautiful religious and sentimental selections, both in prose and poetry, from various writers. Its editor says of it: "It contains such religious truth as is adapted to the wants of the aged, and is printed in such type as is best suited to their use. The articles are generally brief, and the work is designed to be a sort of manual to be taken up at odd moments for occasional perusal."

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG NATURALIST. By Lucien Blart. Edited and adapted by Parker Gillmore, author of "All Round the World," etc. A father takes his young son of nine years as his companion on a tour of discovery and adventure through the wilds of Mexico, and this book narrates the events of the journey. It is full of wonderful and exciting incidents, while there are more than one hundred really beautiful engravings in illustration of the narrative. The book is attractively bound in green and gold.

PUSS-CAT MEW, and Other Stories for My Children. By E. H. Knatchbull Hugessen, M. P. All children love fairy stories, and even grown people have been known to spend an idle hour in reading them. The author of these stories originally told them to his children "in the pleasant half-hours before the arrival of their bed-time and the sound of the dressing-bell interrupted" their evening talk. They are amusing and wonderful to a degree that will satisfy any lover of fairy lore.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE WAR. By Alexander Innes Shand, Occasional Correspondent of the *London Times*. Those interested in the progress of the present European war, the circumstances attending it, the country occupied by the troops, and the prominent persons on both sides engaged in it, will find much information in this volume.

From SHELDON & Co., New York, through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

OUR POETICAL FAVORITES. *A Selection from the Best Minor Poems of the English Language.* By Asabel C. Kendrick, Professor in the University of Rochester. The compiler of this work has gathered together the choicest poems of the English language, making the volume a beautiful mosaic of poetry and sentiment. All our best known English and American poets are represented in the list of authors. It is just such a book as every person of true refinement and elevated taste must desire to possess, and which will become a favorite companion in many a quiet hour.

THE DESTROYER OF THE SECOND REPUBLIC; being Napoleon the Little. By Victor Hugo. Translated by a Clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, from the nineteenth French edition. If ever a man was earnest in his feelings and their expression, it is Victor Hugo when speaking of the late French Empire and the ex-Emperor. It is written with all the force and power for which Hugo is already so remarkable, and is, in many respects, a singular book. It was originally published in 1852, and, as the preface says, "many of its predictions have been singularly though tardily verified, and we can read in the light of 1870 many prophecies with wonder, which in 1850 would have provoked a smile."

THE SHADOW OF MOLOCH MOUNTAIN. By Jane G. Austin, author of "Cipher," etc. This romance is in some respects superior to "Cipher." It is quite as sensational, and quite as absorbing in its interest, while its characters are better drawn, and its style more equal in its excellence. Mrs. Austin is, however, somewhat morbid in her tendencies, and though her literary abilities have already de-

servedly won for her a high rank among American writers, she does not belong to that healthy, natural school of authors of whom we have some few in this country, and whom we can unhesitatingly commend.

From DODD & MEAD, New York:—

THE VICTORY OF THE VANQUISHED. A Story of the First Century. By the author of the "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family," etc. The author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family" has created a school of literature of her own, in which, although she has some imitators, she stands undoubtedly at the head. She enters so fully into the spirit of the times and people she describes, that one can scarcely fancy her as living in modern times and looking back upon the past through the medium of history and tradition. The present volume is dated back to the days of Tiberius Cæsar, and the leading characters of the story are German captives of that monarch. She draws a beautiful picture of the early Christians, and their faith and endurance under persecutions and revillings.

From J. B. FORD & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE CHILDREN'S WEEK: Seven Stories for Seven Days. By R. W. Raymond. Christmas stories, a wonder story, a fairy story, a story of adventure, all amusing, curious, and interesting, quaint and beautiful pictures, bright and attractive cover—what more can we desire in a juvenile book? The first, "Father's Christmas Story," is exceedingly odd and entertaining. It is an account of the doings of the toys in a toy-shop on Christmas and New-Years' eves.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. By L. Sourel. Translated and Edited by Elihu Rich. Scribner's Illustrated Library of Wonders does not contain a more interesting volume than this. Its contents embrace, first, "Submarine Geography," then "The Water of the Ocean," "Submarine Life," "Man and his Work at the Bottom of the Sea," "Gradual Changes of the Bottom of the Sea," "Influence of Life on Variations in the Bed of the Ocean," and other equally interesting topics, which are all treated in full, several chapters being devoted to each topic, and the whole work profusely illustrated.

From S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., New York:—

THE ADVERTISER'S HAND-BOOK—Comprising a Complete List of all Newspapers, Periodicals, and Magazines published in the United States and British Possessions, arranged by counties with the population of counties and towns; separate lists of the daily, religious, and agricultural newspapers, and a history of the newspaper press.

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through TURNER & Co., Philadelphia:—

GOLD AND NAME. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. We are only beginning to find out the resources of Swedish literature. Mary Howitt introduced us to Fredrika Bremer, and since then we have had occasional glimpses of the literature of that country. Christine Nilsson, the Swedish songstress, in a letter to Miss Selma Borg, the translator of this work, speaks of "the magnificent works of Madame Schwartz," and congratulates her for having chosen "to introduce to the American public a writer who has contributed to make the glory" of Sweden. The story gives us an insight into Swedish life, manners, and modes of thinking.

ARTHUR BROWN, the Young Captain. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg, author of "The Elm Island Stories." This is the first of a series to be completed in six volumes, and called "The Pleasant Cove Stories." So well has the public appreciated "The Elm Island Stories" that their author has been encouraged to write again for the entertainment and instruction of his young friends. The aim of the author in this volume is to show that "benefits conferred usually excite gratitude, and sometimes, when the donors have passed away, are repaid, with interest, to their posterity.

THE TONE MASTERS. A Musical Series for Young People. By Charles Barnard, author of "Mozart and Mendelssohn," etc. This is the third book of this series, and selects for its subjects of biography and history Bach and Beethoven. The information this volume contains is put in pleasing form, so that it may prove attractive to its youthful readers.

KATHIE'S THREE WISHES. By Amanda M. Douglas.

KATHIE'S AUNT RUTH. By Amanda M. Douglas.

KATHIE'S SUMMER AT CEDARWOOD.

These are the three first volumes of the "Kathie Stories," by an author who proves herself competent to interest children as well as adults.

From LORING, Boston, through PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GROWN FOLKS. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," etc. A New, Revised, and Enlarged Edition. As in our childhood we were edified by Mother Goose, so in our maturer years we may study her, and take her deeper meanings to heart. These meanings, as elaborated by Mrs. Whitney, are well worth consideration. Indeed, taking the "lays" of Mother Goose for her texts, Mrs. Whitney has presented her readers with a series of poetic sermons which will profit as well as amuse them.

From HORACE B. FULLER, Boston, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

BATTLES AT HOME. By Mary G. Darling. This is a story which has received the commendation of Miss Louisa M. Alcott, and has already found many admirers as it appeared in the pages of "Merry's Museum." It should not be overlooked by those in search of juvenile literature.

From OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston:—

BAKER'S THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL HARMONY: with a Treatment of Thorough Bass, the Affinity of Chords, Modulation, and Pedal Point. By B. F. Baker. This volume includes a complete classification of intervals, common chords, discords, diatonic and fundamental harmonies, suspensions, and passing notes. It will be found an invaluable book in the hands of those who wish to perfect themselves in the science of music. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that it is not intended as an elementary work in that science, but supposes a certain amount of knowledge on the part of the student.

From NIMS & Co., Troy, New York:—

JOHN-JACK. By Lynde Palmer, author of "Drifting and Steering," etc. This is the fourth of "The Magnet Stories," and is a beautiful story, calculated not only to interest its young readers, but to teach them lessons of nobleness and goodness.

From JAMES VICK, Rochester, New York:—

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND FLORAL GUIDE for 1871. We know of no seedsman who issues more elegant catalogues than Mr. Vick.

They are handsomely printed and beautifully illustrated. The catalogue before us has two brilliantly-colored plates of the different varieties of petunias. Mr. Vick is also one of the most liberal and reliable of men, and the seeds and bulbs obtained of him can be depended upon. Several years' experience in dealing with him gives us the opportunity to speak with authority of his ways and of his wares. He does not advertise as large a collection of seeds as some other florists, but his list includes all desirable kinds for the ordinary or even the fancy florist. In the catalogue before us nearly every species of flower is illustrated, so that the purchaser can decide at once as to the desirableness of any unknown sort.

From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston:—

PERICLES AND ASPASIA. By Walter Savage Landor. The name of Landor recalls to us a reputation once great, now fallen into singular oblivion. Fifty years ago his name was honored throughout the literary world; and now, after a long forgetfulness, the remembrance of his greatness is returning upon men. "Forester's Life" was published last year, and here we have the most celebrated of his "Imaginary Dialogues," collected in a neat and scholarly reprint. Perhaps no English author is Landor's equal in style. He had drunk so deep at the Attic fountain that no meaner stream would content him. We welcome this volume as an indication of his reviving popularity.

ASPENDALE. By Harriet W. Preston. Miss Preston is known to some of our readers as the translator of several essays of M. Sainte-Beuve. This volume is of a different order. It is a story of two New England women, with a slight plot and characters rather colorless, but nevertheless interesting. The authoress discourses very pleasantly and with much ability of various home authors—Doctor Holmes, Hawthorne, and the leader of New England literature. The book is well written and amusing.

MAX AND MAURICE. By William Busch. From the German by Charles T. Brooks. A boy's book, relating the exploits and mischievous tricks of two little boys, who, after plaguing the neighborhood for many weeks, finally met with a tragic fate. The illustrations are in the broad style of farce, and the catastrophe will doubtless strike terror into all the mischievous boys who read the book at Christmas.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

MARCH, 1871.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—"Lights and Shadows by the Wayside" is our steel illustration. The title bears a double meaning—one as regards the relative condition of the two figures; the other, with reference to the manner in which they are portrayed. The incident is sufficiently plain to be understood. The ashion-plate is executed in a masterly style of engraving and coloring, and the dresses have a chaste appearance. The twenty-eight engravings on the extension sheet will be found to be useful. The promenade costumes on page 230 are of the very latest styles, and are beautiful in their get-up. Every one knows the usefulness of the articles that we always select for our work-department; it is therefore unnecessary to say more about them.

AMONG the many beautiful specimens of typography that we have received in the shape of periodicals we notice *The Proof Sheet and Printer's Circular*, of Philadelphia, *The Press* of Chicago, and *Major and Knapp's Illustrated Monthly*, New York.

PUBLIC LEDGER ALMANAC, 1871.—Owing to our early issue of the January and February numbers of the Book, this is the first opportunity that we have had of paying our tribute to the enterprise of the publisher of this useful almanac. The 80,000 recipients of this annual gift to the subscribers of the *Public Ledger* have here a mass of important information, collected for their especial benefit, that will be found of great value in their households as a means of reference. Great care has been taken in the management of the several tables contained in it. The whole work exhibits the character of its publisher, as whatever Mr. Childs undertakes to do, he does with an energy that is remarkable, and with the sole view of benefiting others.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for January, 1871, opens with a supplement of gurple netting that seems to be a compound of the Cretan labyrinth and Arachne's web. The illustrations are altogether too numerous to allow any mention, and include one bird, variegated that will be an addition to the catalogue of the natural history society. The work, music, fashion, architecture, health, kitchen, and other departments are all crowded. There is, nevertheless, room found for thrilling stories, and poems, and essays, and dramas, and that other furniture that has made GODEY famous. No work of its kind is superior in any department, and few approximate its completeness.—*North American*, Philadelphia.

OUR first article in the Book this month has been prepared expressly for the juveniles. Many of our older friends will remember reading it years ago, and we have no doubt will take pleasure in now reading it to their children. We have no recollection of its ever having been illustrated before.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

DEAR GODEY: The January number of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is at hand, and, as usual, replete with rich illustrations and choice reading. For a year it has been a regular, welcome guest; and, judging from the present number, the LADY'S BOOK for the ensuing year will be even more fascinating than ever. B. S.

CLUB RATES WITH OTHER MAGAZINES.—Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine, one year, \$5.50. Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine, one year, \$4.00. Godey's Lady's Book, Arthur's Home Magazine, and Children's Hour, one year, \$5.00. Godey's Lady's Book and the Children's Hour, one year, \$3.50. Godey's Lady's Book and Transatlantic, one year, \$4.00.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—This old and popular magazine keeps up its reputation as the leading publication of the kind in the country. Its steel engravings, fashion plates, illustrated patterns, and many other useful hints to ladies, are unequalled in any other magazine of a similar character. No lady in the city or country should be without it.—*German-town Telegraph*.

FREIGHT ON LETTERS AND PREMIUM ON DRAFTS.—Subscribers will please understand that when they send their letters by an express company they must pay the freight, and those who send drafts must pay the premium. We advise subscribers to remit a post-office order or a draft payable to the order of L. A. GODEY. The rates for postal money orders as established by law are as follows:—

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum, but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge will be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for March.—This periodical is now a favorite with all vocalists and pianists of every grade, from the learner in first lessons to the brilliant performer and singer. Every variety and style of music is given in its pages from month to month, and we believe that an examination of a few numbers will satisfy any musician that it is exactly what he or she needs. To this end we will mail any single number, free of postage, on receipt of 40 cents, or the January, February, and March numbers, as samples, for \$1. The *Monthly* is now in its ninth year, and is no longer an experiment, but an assured success. Let every one of our friends give it a trial for 1871. We have reduced our club terms for this year as follows: Single subscription \$4; two copies \$3 50 each; four copies, or over, only \$3 each. We also continue the following extraordinary offers for one month only:—

Music Given Away.—We will send by return mail \$1 worth of music from our catalogue, upon receipt of every subscription with the money, \$1, the subscriber to specify the kind of music wanted. For every two subscriptions, at \$4 each, we will send five dollars' worth, the persons forming the club to select the music to suit themselves from our catalogue, which we will mail on receipt of the money for the subscriptions. For every club of three, at \$4 each, we will send ten dollars' worth of music, on the same terms. For every club of four, at \$4 each, we will send sixteen dollars' worth of music, as a premium, thus giving two dollars for one, the amount of the premium equalling the principal. For every club of five, at \$4 each, we will send a handsomely-bound volume of sheet music, in three dollar binding; sixty-four cents must accompany this club for postage on the premium.

Holloway's Musical Monthly Free.—For one month longer any one ordering direct from us six dollars' worth of sheet music will receive the *Monthly* for 1871 free.

New Sheet Music.—Just published: Father's a Drunkard, but I'm not to Blame, a touching home song, 30 cents. Phantom Bells at Sea, Mrs. Hackleton's last beautiful song, 35. Come In and Shut the Door, new edition of this fine song of Calceot's, 30. Lettie's Tryst; or, If You are False to Me, beautiful song, 35. The Faithful Echo, florid song, 40. Who's at My Window? for a good soprano voice, 40. They Said My Love would Change with Time, one of the lamented Glover's last songs, 30. Still True to Thee, very pretty song, 30.

Easy Pieces.—Lyda Polka, Lily Leaf Polka Schottische, Number One March, Two-Forty Galop, Sword March from the Grand Duchess, Royal Polka, Robin Adair Rondo. All good easy teaching pieces, at 20 cents each.

More Advanced Pieces.—Feast of Roses, fantaisié, by Hervey, 40. The Fairy Sprite, by Mack, 60. Souvenir de Kieff, by Schulhoff, 50. Ignis Fatuus, by Jungmann, 35. Song of the Swan (Chant du Cygne), by Blumenthal, 35. Paddle Your Own Canoe, brilliant variations, by Brinley Richards, 50. Blue Bells of Scotland, brilliant variations, 75. Pure as Snow, beautiful little fantaisié, 35. Forget Me Not, with fine picture title, 60. Music from every catalogue in the United States sent free of postage. A beautiful new piece given gratis with every order amounting to \$1. Address orders for the *Monthly* or music to J. Starr Holloway, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

"At a New York fashionable wedding, recently, the gloves of the bridal party cost \$160."

We are not surprised at anything in the way of extravagance we hear from New York.

We give the following notice, taken from the *Sunday School Times*, and written by John S. Hart, L.L.D., Principal of the State Normal School, Trenton, New Jersey:—

"Woman's Record. By Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale. 918 pp. royal 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. A third edition of a work of such magnitude as this, after so short a time from its first appearance, is no slight attestation to its solid value. Mrs. Hale has here done for her sex what Doctor Allibone has done for British and American authors. By long years of patient and persistent labor and research, she has gathered the authentic evidences of what the eminent ones of her own sex, in all ages of the world, have been and have done, and has placed the fruits of her labors in this noble and enduring Record. The volume contains sketches of all distinguished women, from the earliest times down to the year 1868, with portraits of two hundred and thirty, engraved by Lossing & Barritt. The matter is arranged in four parts, or eras, the first coming down to the time of the birth of Jesus Christ; the second, to the year 1500; the third, the year 1850; and the fourth, including persons still living. For each of these parts there is an alphabetical arrangement, making it easy to find what is written about any particular woman, while this convenience is still further consulted by a general index of names at the beginning of the volume. To the head of each period, also, the author has prefixed an Introduction, intended to show some of the general characteristics of the period under review. Mrs. Hale seems to have been raised up for the extreme purpose of making such a work as this, her life-long history having been one continued preparation for it. We may add, it is a noble and worthy monument to her sex. No special plea for the character of woman could have half the weight of this most truthful, conscientious record of what she has done. No better answer could be given to those who would seek for her some special "mission," alien to her native tastes and faculties, than this encyclopedia of almost infinitely diversified feminine work. Mrs. Hale does not alin at the brilliancy and sparkle of some of our women writers. But there is a sobriety of judgment, an earnestness of purpose, a straightforward truthfulness, and a fullness of information, in what she writes, that unconsciously win the reader's assent, and that have made the honored writer a recognized authority in all that pertains to her own sex."

Mrs. ALICE, of the Grand Opera House, New York, is said to possess a pair of diamond ear-rings worth \$40,000, which were presented to her by the Emperor of Brazil. Each gem weighs fifteen carats.

We don't believe a word of the above. Don't believe the Emperor of Brazil could be such a fool, and don't believe the ear-rings are worth one-eighth of the money.

DEAR FRIEND GODEY: As the new year has come I feel constrained to renew my subscription for the most excellent counsellor and guide to home happiness, the *LADY'S BOOK*. This is now my fourteenth year's subscription, and, as I look over the volumes as they stand before me on a choice shelf of my little library, I always feel like greeting them with a kindly smile and patting them fondly for their constancy through so many years. How many quarrels have they helped me through in my home life. Each month seems to be better than the other. Always something new. May its dear and honored editors live long to gladden the hearts and the homes of the women of America; and, in thus bestowing blessings on others, laying up treasures for themselves where true happiness abounds. Please accept our good wishes to you for a happy New-Year.

Yours, with kind regards, MRS. J. C. J.

OUR cashier, a few evenings since, found a pocket-book in the Union Passenger Railroad. He immediately went to the office of the *Ledger* and advertised it. Next morning, before nine o'clock, a woman made her appearance, described accurately what was in the book, and received her money. She went away praising the *Ledger*.

What ancient sage was the inventor of dancing? Play-toe.

THE following we copy from the Philadelphia *Bulletin*. It asks: "Is there no social hero or heroine who will lead a crusade against the absurd abuses into which the custom of making wedding presents has run?" We answer—the crusade was commenced by us fifteen years ago, and we are willing to continue it, and will publish any well-written article on the subject. We may mention here a little pleasantry that took place about a year ago. A bride received a present of a pair of salt cellars, packed in a box of one of our leading jewellers. The recipient, having received so many salt cellars, wished to exchange them for something else. She took them to said jewellers, who not only said that they had not been purchased of him, but that they were not silver, and only washed, and not even plated with silver. On further inquiry they were traced to one of the dollar stores. This is not exactly the abuse we want to correct, for certainly no great amount of money was wasted here, but it shows deception and also how many articles of the same kind were received. We may add that the bountiful giver of the washed salt cellars was a member of a very wealthy family.

"WEDDING PRESENTS.—Is there no social hero or heroine who will lead a crusade against the absurd abuses into which the custom of making wedding presents has run? There is an opening here for some devoted young man or strong-minded woman in which great distinction may be won. For it cannot be denied that the old custom has lost all the delicate aroma of its former sentiment, and has degenerated into a most mercenary and unpoetical system of social black-mail. The system needs to be either abolished or improved upon. As it now exists everybody sees, but nobody confesses its shame, at least when it is applied to Nobody himself or herself.

If the system is abolished, we will have no more pinching of poor purses to put in some second-rate present among the gorgeous displays on the wedding day. We will have no more of the heart-burnings with which more impetuous guests hide their confusion as they see how their humble gifts, which looked so pretty at home, have been crowded into insignificance by the ticketed splendor of their richer neighbors. We will see no more of the snobbish trickery that hires jewelry and plate from the stores, or borrows it from obliging relatives or friends, as we have known it done, to dazzle visitors with its false show. One or two bold reformers have attempted to abolish the systems in their own cases, and have notified their friends that there will be no presents received; and their example is worthy of all praise and imitation. It is nothing better than a species of social black-mail, that bestows wedding presents, 'hoping for something again.' It is a burden, and a nuisance, and a sham, and a pretence, and an absurdity, and an imposition, and a degradation of the rite of matrimony. It may also be several other things, but these will suffice for our present argument.

But if the system is not to be abolished, by all means let it be improved upon. There is room for improvement in several directions. There is the Chinese system, for example. The 'heathen Chinese' sends costly presents of silks, and China, and many precious things to his friend, upon festive occasions, and they are displayed with great pomp and circumstance. But they are never used. They are carefully put away, and when the next wedding day or feast comes off some of these presents are sent, and so they are kept circulating from house to house, very often coming back intact to the original giver. He casts his bread upon the waters, and he finds it after many days. This Chinese plan is a great improvement upon our own. It is not wholly unknown in civilized society, but it is not recognized as a regular conventional practice, as it might be, with great advantage.

A still better improvement would be to reduce the system of wedding presents to a cash basis. There is not only a degree of uncertainty about jewelry and plate, especially since the establishment of 'Dollar Stores,' but the presents are often so injudiciously selected as to be almost wholly worthless, and there are a great many young married couples who have a foolish pride about selling their wedding presents. Why not try the experiment of sending out handsomely-printed wedding checks, with the invitations,

to be returned, filled out, before the ceremony? The probability is that much larger sums would be realized, for, if it ruled out poor relations and friends, it would stimulate the richer ones to a generous rivalry, which would be productive of excellent results. A modification of this plan would be to specify in the invitations a limit of value below which no presents will be received, coupled with an announcement that there will be a liberal discount allowed for cash.

These suggestions run in the direction of an improvement upon the present system. If it can only be worked up to its legitimate development, it will explode, upon President Grant's principle that the true way to repeal a bad law is to enforce it in its fullest rigor."

Many persons go to a wedding party more to look at the presents than for any other object. They are all anxiety to get to the sacred apartment where the presents are, and when there they comment upon the generosity of this one and the meanness of another, when, perhaps, the donor of the smallest gift has given more in proportion to his means than he of the costly one. We have been told of a trick played upon a set of these sight-seers by a gentleman of a neighboring city. They rushed to a room to see the presents, and there hung up were the following: An iron pot, a gridiron, a nutmeg grater, a lemon squeezer, a griddle, a pail, shovel and tongs, coal-scuttle, old hat-box, coffee-mill, sieve, wash-tub, etc., each with a card attached with the supposed donors' names. A good rebuke to such pertinent curiosity. Of course, those who saw the presents said nothing, willing that others should also be deceived. Who will aid in this great crusade?

"It is perfectly natural that funny things not set down on the bill should always be occurring on the stage. Thus they had the 'Lady of Lyons' improved the other night at Lafayette, Ind. Beauseant was rude to the proud Pauline; the chivalrous Melnotte rushes to her rescue; and, in the scuffle, poor Claude receives a real blow upon the nose which causes the blood to run in rivulets. Then, in her most dulcet tones, Miss Pauline exclaims: 'I am so glad that this affair has ended without bloodshed.' The audience roars with laughter, and only the smitten Claude does not see the fun."

The risibles were often excited at the Old Chestnut when Manager Warren, who weighed about 300, played Evander in the Grecian's Daughter, who was kept alive while in prison by nutriment received from his daughter. He is supposed to have wasted away to a shadow. In the last scene his arrival was announced by one of the actors, who says: "See where he comes, a spectacle of misery and famine." The laugh came in when old 300 pounds made his appearance.

The best book of the kind published:—

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—To say it is the BEST book of the kind published, is no more than it deserves.—*Times*, Ashland, Ohio.

"FREQUENT bathing in cold water, says a distinguished physician, is almost certain to produce that fearful malady, Bright's disease of the kidneys. He insists that if bathing must be practised daily, limpid water only should be used. What have our cold water bathers to say to this?"

We have long been aware of the fact that excessive cold water bathing, especially in the early morning, was injurious. We have heard persons boast: "I had to break the ice this morning to get my bath." Two men have died within our knowledge of this delightful (?) bathing. Imagine a man leaving his warm bed on a morning, with thermometer at zero, and plunging into ice water. It is not natural. Let ice water bathers take warning in time.

THE music teacher who broke his engagement is called "a tuneless lyre."

ENGLISH NOBILITY GOING TO THE BAR.—An English paper says:—

"The bankruptcy of five English peers during the last few months has raised the question of the propriety of excluding bankrupts from the House of Lords, as they are excluded from the House of Commons."

The most conspicuous of all is, perhaps, Lord Courtney.

"His lordship, son of the Earl of Devon, and heir to the earldom, is reported to have been brought before the Court of Bankruptcy for his last examination. The debts of the noble bankrupt amount to \$3,585,000, of which \$2,510,000 are secured, and \$1,075,000 are unsecured."

A poor chance for the unsecured debts. The secured ones are post obits on the estate.

The next is the Duke of Newcastle:—

"The last report of the proceedings in his case states that the judge expressed himself very severely on the conduct of the duke in not coming before the court for examination, and stated that if this nobleman persisted in his obstinate refusal to appear he would be guilty of an offence which, by the English Bankrupt Act of 1849, had been made a felony, but which by subsequent acts had been lightened to a misdemeanor."

"The creditors of the Duke of Newcastle have rejected the offer of a composition; and the estate will now, in all probability, be wound up in the Court of Bankruptcy. The representatives of the duke, at a meeting held yesterday week, could only offer 4s. in the pound, and the creditors were told that if litigation was continued, the assets would be further reduced by one half. The meeting rejected the offer by a large majority."

Four shillings for twenty is a small amount for a noble duke to offer.

Sir Roger C. D. Tichborne, Baronet, is the next:—

"Adjournments have taken place from time to time in the expectation that the bankrupt would be able to effect an arrangement with his creditors. Another postponement was now ordered till Dec. 7 for a similar purpose. The liabilities are said to be about £35,000."

Only \$175,000! What a miserable sum for a baronet. Why, we can fall for more than that in this country.

Baron Mostyn is the next. We have no particulars about him.

No. 5 is the Earl of Winchelsea:—

"The proceedings in bankruptcy against the Earl of Winchelsea, described as of 91 Victoria Street, Westminster, were, on Monday, completed as far as the adjudication is concerned, and the first sitting, for choice of trustee and inspectors was appointed for the 21st inst., at eleven o'clock."

No. 6 is a lord with a long name, almost equal to a Spaniard's:—

"Adjudication was also made against Charles Frederick Ashley Cooper Ponsonby Lord De Mauley, described as of 39 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, and of Langford, Lechlade, Gloucestershire. His lordship signed a declaration of insolvency on Sept. 29, and now consented to the adjudication. The first meeting was fixed for Oct. 24. The petitioning creditor is Mr. Frederick Yates, of Harley Street, a creditor for £1897."

"The Earl of Orkney has been gazetted bankrupt. His lordship is one of the representative peers of Scotland."

Here are two more—Lord Arthur Clinton and Sir Minto Farquhar, Baronet. Lord A. Clinton was a bad case. We believe he died recently.

We have received from the inventor a 'boot-tree,' called "No. 2 Combined Toe and Instep." It has attachments which will stretch the boot or shoe at any place where it pinches. We think it a good contrivance. N. E. Stiles, Middletown, Conn., we presume, is the person who sent it to us.

Why are good husbands like dough? Because women need them.

ANNUAL FLOWERS.

THERE is nothing that adds so much to the effect of a flower garden as a judicious selection of annuals from seed. The early flowering shrubs have been blooming, the hot weather has destroyed the beauty of your roses; it is then you can appreciate the fragrant Stock or Stock-gilly, the sweet Mignonette, the brilliant beds of double Portulaca, Petunia, and Verbena; that gem of annuals, the Phlox Drummondii, with its varied and brilliant colors; the showy double Zinnia, recently brought to such great perfection, rivaling the Dahlia, in form as well as variety of colors; the exquisite colors of the German Camellia Balsam; and the lovely cerulean blue of the trailing Lobelia, so beautiful, too, for vases and hanging baskets. For running vines and trellises, you can have the new and beautiful Ipomoeas, from Japan; Mandarinas, and Thunbergias. These, with many others we could mention, contribute greatly to the attractiveness of the garden during the summer months. Then again how easy they are to cultivate; and how trifling the expense. For one dollar you can have a package containing the above select varieties (and which we consider indispensable in every garden) forwarded to your address by mail, post paid, with full directions how to cultivate.

THE LAWN.—It is impossible to have a handsome lawn unless proper attention is paid to it. In the first place, the ground must be well prepared for the seed by deep plowing, careful pulverization, and heavy manuring. Sow plentifully of the following mixture of Grass Seeds: Blue Grass, Rye Grass, Herd Grass, and White Clover; then roll with a light roller, and harrowing will be unnecessary. Commence mowing this young grass when six inches high, not too closely, and continue to do so, if with a scythe, every three weeks, but if with a Lawn mower (which is decidedly the best), every eight or ten days. Every other year top dress in autumn with a good coat of manure evenly spread. This is the only way to secure a smooth, velvety, dark-green lawn, one of the most charming objects about a well-kept premises. We prepare a reliable mixture of *Lawn Grass Seeds*, which will be sent by mail, prepaid, at fifty cents per pound, or by express, at purchaser's expense, at \$5 per bushel of fourteen pounds. The seeker after novelties in Seeds, new and rare Plants, Roses, Gladiolus Lilies, Dahlias, and every requisite of the garden, we would refer to *Dreer's Garden Calendar* for 1871, which will be mailed to all applicants upon the receipt of a postage stamp, with their address.

HENRY A. DREER, Seedman and Florist,
714 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

"MR. CHARLES ALLEN PERKINS, Assistant Secretary of the American Legation at Lisbon, Portugal, was married on the 12th of November, at Lisbon, to Princess Donna Maria Isabel Francisco de Bourbon Bourbon, daughter of her Royal Highness the Infanta of Spain, and a niece of the ex-Queen Donna Isabel II., and the ex-King Francisco de Assis of Spain."

A nice family Mr. P. has married into—that is, if he has to receive as a relative and guest her late Majesty of Spain.

THE following was written by a crusty old bachelor:—

"A smile of request, an assent, and a giggle,
A shake to the train, to the shoulders a wriggle,
A bounce and a slide, a turn and a skip,
A teeter, a back-breaking bend, and a slip—
All that is the graceful, the fairy-like 'dip.'"

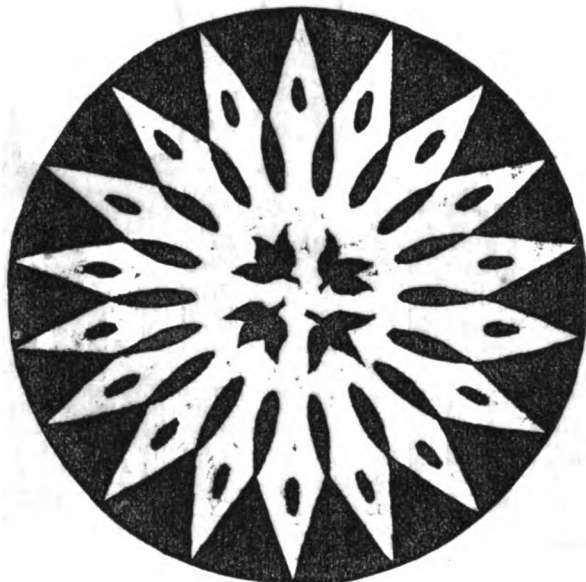
THE public singer that "draws" best is a mosquito. What is the greatest want of the age? Want of funds.

PAPER CUTTINGS.

By folding thin sheets of paper together from two to four or five times, every variety of design may be invented and cut out. In colored papers they look extremely pretty; it is not only useful in acquiring a

A BRIEF market report: Pens, ink, and paper, are stationary; new milk is unchanged; brogans are heavy, but dealers generally are firm; wheat is a grain better than oats; wines and liquors generally have a downward tendency; yeast-cakes are rising.

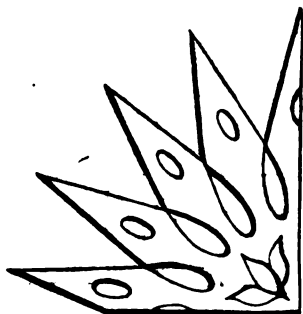
Fig. 1.



steady and correct hand, but it is an excellent plan for exercising the inventive faculties.

To produce the preceding pattern (Fig. 1), fold a piece of thin paper four times, and the pattern, Fig. 2, may be drawn, which will insure more correctness; but, for practising both the eye and the hand, the better way is to try and do without drawing.

Fig. 2.



When cut out, as Fig. 2, and opened out, it will make the pattern Fig. 1. By cutting out a round hole in the centre, and bending over the ends carefully, it will make a pretty ornament for a candlestick, but for this purpose it should be about one-third larger than the annexed pattern, and in colored paper.

"UNAVAILABLE ASSETS.—The treasury vaults of the United States Government, at Washington, appear to be used as if they belonged to a safe deposit company. According to the schedule lately published, there are in that strong place otto of roses, pearls, diamonds, necklaces, golden nuggets, and old gold, Bank of England notes, bonds, etc."

We beg leave to inform the authorities, and all others who own pearls, that, if they are not continually aired, they will lose their color and depreciate in value.

SPLENDID CHROMOS at less than half the price asked in the stores:—

"ASKING A BLESSING." Painted by Professor Jordan. Size 20¼ by 15¼. Price \$3.00.

"Ay; but wait, good wife, a minute;
I have first a word to say:
Do you know what day to-day is?
Mother, 'tis our wedding day!

"Just as now, we sat at supper
When the guests had gone away;
You sat that side, I sat this side,
Forty years ago to-day!

"Then what plans we laid together;
What brave things I meant to do!
Could we dream to-day would find us
At this table—me and you?

"Better so, no doubt—and yet I
Sometimes think—I cannot tell—
Had our boys—ah, yes! I know, dear;
Yes, He doeth all things well.

"Well, we've had our joys and sorrows;
Shared our smiles as well as tears;
And—the best of all—I've had your
Faithful love for forty years!

"Poor we've been, but not forsaken;
Grief we've known, but never shame—

*"Father, for Thy endless mercies
Still we bless Thy Holy Name!"*

"ISN'T SHE PRETTY." Painted by the celebrated Lilly M. Spencer. Size 12¼ by 16¼. Price \$2.50.

"MOUNT MERINO"—Sunset on the Hudson. Painted by Arthur Ponton. Size 19¼ by 10¼. Price \$2.50.

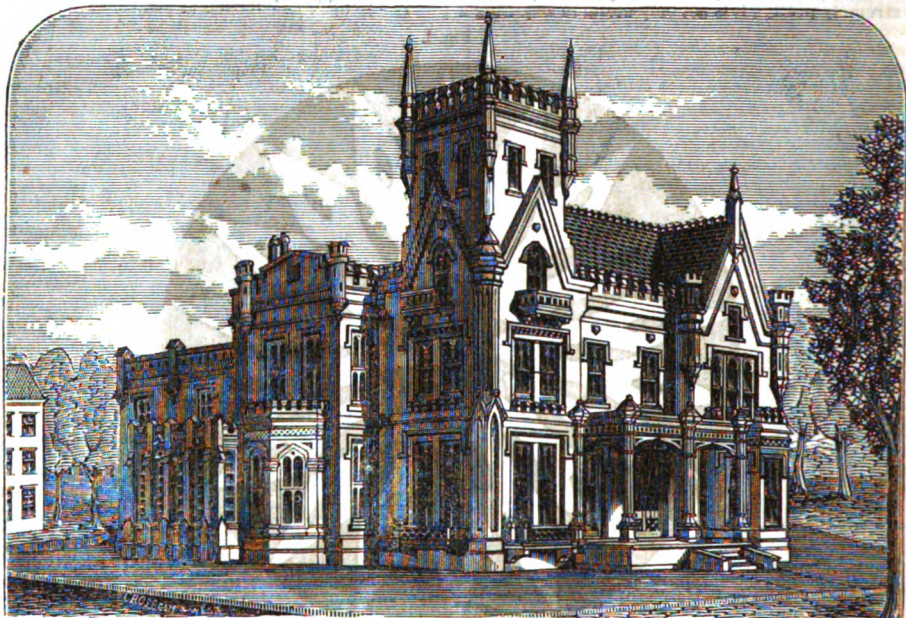
"UNDER THE MISTLETOE." Price \$2.50.

We will pay the postage on all the pictures. These beautiful parlor ornaments must be seen to be appreciated. They far exceed any chromos yet published. Address L. A. GODEY, Philadelphia.

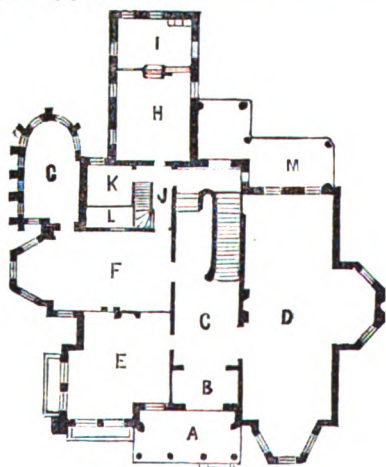
An eminent gentleman of Indiana writes thus:—
"Godey is a great favorite among our Western ladies for the purity of thought embodied in almost every page."

AN ELIZABETHAN VILLA.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.



SUITABLE for a suburban residence. Built of bricks and pointed or rubble stone it would present a grand effect. The cost would be about \$17,000. Good proportion is absolutely required for this style of building, and any change in the forms of our drawings would seriously detract from its beauty. Owners of property should never permit these alterations without consulting the architect who furnished the plan. Our designs are made in perspective, and we adjust all parts by positive ratios.

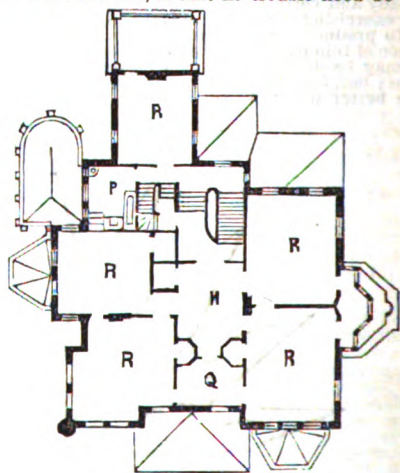


FIRST STORY.

Blank forms, bills of quantities, and specifications are sent to any address for Two Dollars. They are not filled up for any particular building, but have under their various headings those items which necessarily enter into the construction of a first-class residence, and are, therefore, of great value to builders and carpenters in making their estimates.

Our price is two and a half per cent. for full drawings, specifications, bills of quantities, etc. When

constructing our detail drawings of sections, we make them full size, so that no trouble need be ex-



SECOND STORY.

perienced, unless, as we said before, changes are made without consulting us.

First Story.—A front porch; B vestibule; C hall, 12 feet wide; D parlor, 18 by 38 feet; E library, 19 by 19 feet; F dining-room, 16 by 31 feet; G conservatory; H kitchen, 16 by 18 feet; I scullery, 10 by 16 feet; J back stairway; K pantry; L china closet; M porch.

Second Story.—P bath-room; Q dressing-room; R chambers.

"A KITTY (Me.) youth, who desired to wed the object of his affections, had an interview with her paternal ancestor, in which he stated that, although he had no wealth worth speaking of, yet he was 'chuck full of day's work.' He got the girl."

And we may add—he deserved her.

BOURBON FOLLY.—At the time of the Emperor Napoleon's exile to the island of Elba, among other small means to which the Bourbon king resorted in order to stay up his tottering throne, was the passage of a stringent law that no picture, statue, statuette, figure, or resemblance of "General Bonaparte," as he was called, should be suffered to remain in any place, public or private, among any residents, native or foreign.

Consequently there was a sudden disappearance of everything of the kind, from the bronze statue on the top of the pillar made from cannon taken at Austerlitz, which statue Louis Philippe had the good sense and discretion to restore, to the mere top or thimble-case bearing Napoleon's profile upon its outline. Every house was to be visited and examined, to see that the order was strictly obeyed, and all offending articles were to be seized.

Mr. Wilder, an American residing in Paris, owning a particularly fine and correct bronze statuette of the Emperor, buried it, with other things of the kind, in his cellar. His turn for inspection by the police came. In walked into his counting-room the officer, with his secretary and other attendants, who said, in a pompous and semi-contemptuous tone, "Have you any statue, image, or likeness of any kind, of that man?" "Of what man?" said Mr. Wilder. "You know, sir, very well who is meant," said the officer, impatiently; "that man—that usurper." "What man? what usurper?" said Mr. Wilder. "I am a stranger here." "Why do you keep me? You know whom I mean; that usurper—that Bonaparte, if you will have it," said the officer. "Have you any likeness or representation of him?" "Certainly I have," said Mr. Wilder; and, turning to a clerk, "Gougain, bring me a bag of Napoleons." Then pouring them out on the desk before him, "Here they are, sir." The police official stared. At first he could make no answer; but then said: "That money is not what I want. You can keep that." "Go and tell your master," said Mr. Wilder, "that the whole specie currency of the realm must be called in before he can keep from the eyes of the people the features of the Emperor Napoleon." "You are right," said the officer, now leaving, but continuing aside to his comrades, "It is ridiculous, truly, this business we are on, but the Bourbons cannot see it."

WILL our correspondents be particular in giving Town, County, and State. Don't head your letter Pine Apple Place, Hickory Grove, The Roses, The Pinery, Persimmon Retreat, or any other five names; simply Town, County, and State. Here is a case in point from *Appleton's Magazine*:—

"One of our contributors writes to us concerning a manuscript which we have received, but dates the letter from 'Roxbury,' without giving the name of the State. There are eight Roxburys in the United States, each of which has a post-office. We have written to Roxbury, Mass., and to Roxbury, N. Y., and from those places our letters have been returned by the postmasters as not called for. Before trying the other six Roxburys, we wait to hear again from our correspondent, who, we hope, will finally be kind enough to send us the name of the State."

THE New York lady correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican* goes into ecstasies over a flounce eighteen inches deep, a berth, and a handkerchief of the richest old point, for which the price is \$2600. The pattern is a wilderness of roses, and buds, and leaves. These seem to lay upon the beautiful groundwork; the petals of the roses fold over each other. But when breathed upon, the whole flower lifts from the lace, and the leaves stir for an instant and then settle into their places again. It is a wonderful piece of lace—and a wonderful price!

VOL. LXXXII.—19

THE good work is progressing. A New York letter says: "Fashionists state that the exhibition of bridal presents at weddings has in general ceased."

Here is another:—

"The wife of a manufacturer in an inland town, whose daughter was about to be married, sent notes to her friends requesting that if they intended to make wedding presents of silverware, they would send the money instead, as she was about to visit New York and would prefer to buy the articles herself, 'for it will be so nice to have the things match, you know.'"

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

ADDRESS "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. N. G. W.—Sent card case December 20th.

Miss M. E.—Sent hair, etc., by express 21st.

Mrs. M. E. F.—Sent articles by express 23d.

Mrs. M. E. K.—Sent rubber gloves 23d.

W. W. L.—Sent articles by express 23d.

K. M.—Sent pattern January 8th, 1871.

Mrs. H. L. S.—Sent pattern 8th.

D. L. H.—Sent pattern 8th.

Mrs. J. C. H.—Sent pattern 8th.

P. D. W.—Sent articles 21st.

Miss E. H.—Sent articles 21st.

Miss A. E. McC.—Sent articles 23d.

Miss A.—Sent bunch of curls 23d.

Mrs. M. R.—Sent articles by express 23d.

Rosalie.—If the switch is very heavy, and not put on properly, it may cause the hair to fall out, by producing extra heat to the head.

M. L.—You need not return the call, and should not do so, if you do not wish to keep up the acquaintance.

G. H. P.—Apply to your physician; we are not of the "faculty."

M. G. H.—In the January number, page 88.

Mertie.—He was called "Old Clikot" for his great liking for the celebrated widow's champagne.

G.—Certainly; you should not accept presents from a person you dislike.

Allie.—If you have read the *LADY'S BOOK* for many years, it is singular that you have not seen the answer you require in at least twenty numbers. You will find it again in the February number of this year, page 203. We think that the use of the articles you mention are not detrimental. Better omit them for a week at a time.

E. C. R.—We have not the time or space to answer as they should be answered all the questions you ask.

An Attentive Reader.—If this be the case, you ought to have seen the answer to your question at least fifty times in our columns. We will not answer questions the replies to which have been published so often before. "Old Subscribers" and "Attentive Readers" take notice.

H. P.—You will learn much more from observation of the manners of well-bred people than you can from books. Strive to overcome your diffidence, and endeavor to make your home pleasant to visitors.

J. S.—The yolks of new-laid eggs, beaten up with powdered loaf-sugar, have been recommended as good for the voice.

Sufferer.—We have lately met with a remedy which is said to be good. Procure some ivy leaves, and macerate them in strong vinegar for several days; then apply them to the corn. After several applications it is said to remove them.

Harriet.—The white camellia signifies "perfect love-iness."

Kosle.—There is not a shadow of truth in fortune-telling.

Minnie.—A marriage where love is absent is, under any circumstances, to be avoided.

Rachel.—You can take nothing to make you pale without doing injury to your health.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor the Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in re-shipping.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Visiting dress of green silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed around the bottom and up the sides with black velvet, put on in squares; the upper skirt trimmed with quilled velvet and small bows at the sides. Black velvet jacket, trimmed with lace and satin; open sleeves. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with black, and white, and pink roses.

Fig. 2.—Walking dress of purple silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with two deep ruffles, headed by velvet; the upper one trimmed to correspond. Very light gray cloth sacque, trimmed with chenille fringe and band of purple velvet. Purple velvet hat, trimmed with black lace and gray feathers.

Fig. 3.—House dress of cuir color corded silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a deep plaited ruffle, headed by four bands of brown satin, and a row of brown satin bows up the front; the upper skirt is cut in the shape of mantilla ends in front, long in the back, looped up, and trimmed to correspond. Basque waist, trimmed with plaited ruffle, and cut heart-shape. Coat sleeves, with plaited ruffles at the hand.

Fig. 4.—Evening dress of white crape, with an underskirt of pink satin. The front breadth is uncovered, and trimmed with lace, fastened at the sides with small bouquets of roses. The dress is trimmed with *point appliqué* lace, headed by a band of pink satin. The skirt is puffed in the back, and trimmed with lace and flowers. Low corsage, with bretelles of pink satin, and flowers on the shoulders and around the neck; hanging sleeves. Hair arranged in curls and puffs, with pink roses arranged in it.

Fig. 5.—Evening dress of blue silk, covered with puffs of white tulle, headed by a row of blue flowers and leaves. Opera cloak of white cloth, trimmed with swansdown, headed by a band of blue velvet. Hair arranged in puffs, with wreath of blue flowers.

Fig. 6.—Little girl's costume of pearl-gray silk poplin. The dress is made with two skirts; the upper one trimmed with crimson fringe and narrow velvet. Basque waist, trimmed to correspond. Gray felt hat, trimmed with crimson velvet and gray feather.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Walking suit of gray silk, made with two skirts, trimmed with narrow ruffles. The cloak is of a darker shade of plush than the dress, and is trimmed with lace, gimp, and fancy ornaments. Gray velvet bonnet, trimmed with lace and feathers.

Fig. 2.—Visiting dress of purple silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with narrow ruffles and bands of velvet; the upper one cut short in front, deep in the back, and trimmed to correspond. Postillon basque waist, with vest in front, cut surplice at the throat. Hat of white felt, trimmed with purple velvet and feather.

Fig. 3.—Walking suit of light brown serge, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a plaited ruffle of the same, headed by velvet quilled and put on in points. Long upper skirt cut in points, and trimmed with fringe and a velvet band. Basque waist trimmed to correspond. Felt hat of the same shade as dress, trimmed with velvet and flounce.

Fig. 4.—Walking dress of black silk, the skirt trimmed with three narrow ruffles. Cloak of the same, trimmed with fringe and narrow satin folds. Black lace bonnet, trimmed with satin ribbon and blue flowers.

Fig. 5.—House dress of black silk, made with a court train, and trimmed with the silk and fringe; underskirt of crimson silk, made with one wide ruffle and four narrow ones above it. Plain corsage, trimmed square, with small pointed basque around it. Open sleeves.

Fig. 6.—Bonnet of blue velvet, trimmed with white and black lace and blue feathers. The lace falls as a veil in the back, and is brought forward and fastened by a bow in front.

Fig. 7.—Morning cap of embroidered muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and pink velvet.

Fig. 8.—Bonnet of white velvet, trimmed with pink roses and leaves, the back with black and white lace, which is brought forward and fastened over the ribbon strings under the chin.

Fig. 9.—The new velvet walking boot, made of black velvet, with patent leather on the lower part of boot.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Morning house dress, made of blue cashmere, and trimmed with ruffles of the same, edged with narrow fringe; coat sleeves. Belt and sash bow of the material.

Fig. 2.—Ladies' black corded silk sacque, open at each seam, and trimmed with a bias band of satin, edged on each side with gulpure lace; coat sleeves, open at the hand, and trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 3.—Basque waist, to wear with a walking suit, and trimmed with a plaiting of the same, edged with fringe. This is a particularly new and pretty style for early spring wear.

Fig. 4.—Flannel dressing jacket, made of scarlet or blue flannel, and trimmed with black velvet.

Fig. 5.—Dress for girl of thirteen years, made of striped blue and black poplin, made with one skirt and casaque; the skirt trimmed with three plaitings of the same; the casaque is trimmed with a narrow plaiting, headed by a band of velvet.

Figs. 6 and 7.—Panier tournures and crinolines. Fig. 6 is the panier tournure now worn in Paris over the crinoline. It is made of horsehair, bound with braid, and stiffened with steel bands, arranged as seen in illustration. Fig. 7 is made of white horsehair, and consists of five flounces of different size overlapping each other. The lowest flounce is twenty inches deep and twenty inches wide; each of the others is four inches shorter; the upper one is only

four inches deep and twelve inches wide. Each of these flounces is rounded off towards the bottom of the skirt, and hemmed at the upper edge and plaited, the hem remaining free; a thick cord is sewn in at the edge. The flounces are then joined together in the manner seen on illustration, the hems touching each other. Draw two cords in opposite directions through the hem of the lowest flounce, so as to make the tournure stand out still more.

Fig. 8.—Waist for ladies' dress, of thick corded black silk, and trimmed with velvet and thread lace.

Fig. 9.—Ladies' nightdress, made with yoke and cuffs of fine tucks, edged with embroidery.

Fig. 10.—Waist with basque for girl of fifteen, made of black silk or of the same material as the skirt, and trimmed with velvet and lace.

Fig. 11.—Dress for girl of six years old, of plain blue poplin, the bottom of skirt and front breadth being of blue and white plaid, ornamented with blue silk ruches.

Fig. 12.—Dress for girl of nine years, of plain blue serge, with waist, ruffle on skirt, and sash of blue and black striped serge.

Fig. 13.—Knickerbocker suit for boy from six to ten years, made of plum-colored cloth, and faced with velvet of the same shade.

Fig. 14.—Low muslin chemisette, to wear with an evening dress, made of Valenciennes lace, fastened with velvet bows of the color of the dress.

Fig. 15.—Bathing cloak of white flannel, and is used to wrap an infant in after it has had a bath. It is furnished with a hood, and bound with red woollen braid on the outer edge and on the outer edge of the hood. It is made of a piece of the material twenty-six inches long and fifty-four inches wide, which is gathered on the top and joined with a yoke. For the hood cut a piece of flannel twenty inches long and eleven inches wide, round it off on one side, bind it with braid; three-quarters of an inch from the outer edge sew on linen tape for a shirr, gather the upper edge of the hood to correspond to the size of the neck, sew it to the yoke, and bind both together with braid. Furnish the upper corners with a button and buttonhole stitch loop for fastening.

Fig. 16.—Muslin pinafore. This pinafore may be made either of Nainsook muslin, cambric, *batiste*, *piqué*, or Holland. It has a narrow hem round the edge and round the top. It is decorated either with braiding or a design worked in chain stitch. The gulfure in the front and on the epaulette.

Fig. 17.—Morning oversleeves. These sleeves are intended for morning wear, to slip over a dress when its wearer is occupied with household concerns. They are made of brown Holland. The puffs are confined with elastic run into casings in the Holland, and the casings are concealed with bands of scarlet ribbon and bows. The edges of the Holland are buttonhole stitched with scarlet ingrain silk.

Fig. 18.—Basque tunic. This can be made of silk of the same color as the dress, or else of black. It is trimmed with a very handsome chenille fringe.

Fig. 19.—Muslin skirt, made with ruffle, edged with narrow lace. This skirt is made with fine casings, in which steel hoops are inserted.

PROMENADE COSTUMES.

(See Engravings, Page 230.)

Figs. 1 and 3.—Front and back view of a blue merino promenade costume, made with two skirts, and trimmed with an embroidered ruffle. Basque waist and open sleeves, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 2.—Brown poplin suit, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with four ruffles, headed by a band of satin; the upper skirt long and looped up

at the sides, and trimmed to correspond. Basque waist, open at the seams, and trimmed with satin; coat sleeves.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

At this intermediate season, but little new in the way of styles is there to chronicle. The suits made for fall and early winter wear, and which the bleak winds of January and February required to be laid aside, are now resumed, and will be worn until the mild breath of April requires a lighter covering. Double tunics are the latest novelty introduced. These are stylish with dresses of two colors, the tunics being of different colors. As modistes have exhausted invention, and can find no new way of looping overskirts, these double tunics promise to be popular.

A model in blue and gray satin may be quoted. The trained skirt is of blue satin. The upper tunic, of silver gray satin, has a long point behind, and two points on the sides, and is bordered with a double flounce of blue and gray satin. The second tunic, of blue satin, forms a bouffant back, with short, round basque in front, and is edged with a double frill. The tunic must always be trimmed with a material different from itself, and like the tunic accompanying it.

For dinner and evening *toilette*, the court train still continues popular. The newest fancy is to cut the three straight back widths of the skirt half a yard longer than the side widths next them, giving a square train, and trimming the long widths with a plaited flounce, which, extending up the sides to the waist, has the effect of a court train. A skirt of this kind with a corsage pointed in front, the back in a long, slender basque, is very becoming to a stout person. More slender ladies, who delight in ample draperies, prefer the court train over a short skirt. Of the underskirt, but three breadths are of silk, the front and side gores, while the back breadths, covered by the train, are of cambric. The train is trimmed all around, and up to the belt, and is fastened securely to the underskirt at the sides. The underskirt is trimmed with ruffles straight across almost to the belt, and a row of bows extends up the sides.

Contrary to prediction, low corsages are most in favor for evening wear. They are straight around the neck, falling low off the shoulders, instead of the three-quarter square neck with shoulder-straps worn last season. Still, there are many persons who still adhere to the high corsage, which this season is cut down in a deep point, both back and front, and can be filled in with illusion to cover the neck.

For a young lady's evening dress, the following is inexpensive and pretty, and one that, by the aid of a sewing machine, may be readily made at home: The bodice, sleeves, and skirt are of a white book muslin. The skirt is long, and ornamented with ten flounces, three and a half inches deep, cut on the cross. These flounces are bound with colored silk, also on the cross. The silk binding when finished is a quarter of an inch deep on both edges of the flounce, and the flounces are drawn with a fine cord three-quarters of an inch from the top, which forms a pretty heading. These flounces have very little fullness. A high square bodice and tunic of silk, the color of the binding, finishes this pretty dress. The tunic is trimmed with a ruche of satin ribbon, but a frill of the same may be substituted for this if preferred. By pale blondes green should be worn for an evening *toilette*, as it imparts a rosy tint to the complexion. For blondes of a fresh complexion, blue and mauve; for brunettes, pink, cherry, and maize are the most becoming colors. White is generally considered be-

coming to all. The double tunic spoken of for house dresses, is predicted for street dresses, the short dress making the effect the same as three skirts.

We will describe a pretty way of making an evening dress for a girl of twelve years of age. A plain tight fitting bodice and skirt, with two narrow flounces of bright colored silk, has over it a bodice and skirt of white muslin, the skirt reaching only to the top of the flounces of the silk skirt. The muslin dress is trimmed round the top of the bodice, the sleeves and bottom of the skirt with a plaited frill of muslin, edged with narrow lace above the frill. At the bottom of the skirt is a bouillon of muslin, with a rouleau of satin at the top and bottom of the bouillon. A similar trimming goes around the top of the bodice above the frill. The two together form a sort of berth. The rouleau, shoulder bows, and sash are all of satin ribbon of the color of the underskirt.

The newest style of wearing the hair for very young ladies is to have it crimped, curled, or plaited, dressed quite low on the neck, and as simply arranged as possible. Narrow bands of ribbon or velvet, with tied bows, are the ornaments most worn. Plaited coronets are very general. For more matured ladies the long elaborately braided chateaulines, separated by a strand of short, airy curls, is the fashionable arrangement of the back hair for full dress. If the forehead is low, the hair is drawn back over a Pompadour roll, and the hair that has become short from much frizzling is curled over a slate pencil, then combed out to look fluffy, and laid back on the roll. For high foreheads, short, drooping curls are retained.

The novelty in opera cloaks is a large *paletot* of quilted white silk, lined with white cony fur. Violet, blue, and cherry satin linings are also worn in these elegant wraps. A cloak lately worn by a bride to church, when the ceremony was performed had a band of white ostrich feathers for trimming. More available than these, and far less expensive, are large half circles of scarlet opera cloth, elaborately garnished with black chenille thread in a braiding pattern. White opera cloth is suitable for such cloaks, and is imported almost covered with braiding of white and gilt.

Hoods shaped somewhat after the *baschlik* fashion are of white Cashmere, lined with silk of a becoming color, and edged with crimped fringe. Others are of a color to match the cloak, and are richly braided.

The jewelry most in vogue at present is copied from Oriental and half barbaric models, Moorish and Egyptian designs being held in especial favor. Crescents, exquisitely chased arabesque, hoops within hoops—linking as they clash against each other—Egyptian heads, the Sphinx, swinging columns, and pendants that vibrate constantly, are seen in brooches and eardrops. Brooches are very large, and have usually a fanciful hook at the top, by which means they may be swung as a pendant to a necklace. Earrings are long and broad also, consisting of a horizontal bar or a half moon, to which are attached many pendants that shake by the slightest motion of the wearer. The newest hoop ear-rings are not round but oval. They are formed of several slender hoops, wheels within wheels, becoming gradually smaller to the centre, where the space is filled by a ball of gold or a precious stone. Diamonds are now seldom set in the unmeaning clusters so long worn. More gold is visible in the setting than has been seen of late. Emeralds, coral, and the darkest blue sapphires are associated with diamonds. Enamel is scarcely used at all, as the precious stone is allowed to depend upon its own merits. For ear-rings the solitaire diamond is still preferred to several inferior stones. The setting of solitaires is exceedingly

broad and rich, giving the ear-rings the size that fashion requires. Strung pearl sets for brides are in floral patterns, with pendants. The most stylish arrangement of pearls for general use is in dead Roman gold, in massive looking blocks studded with pearls. The most useful sets of jewelry are those made entirely of gold. They can be worn on all occasions, both for day and evening. The pale yellow gold, known as Roman and Etruscan; the red gold, with copper alloy; and the picked gold, a bright yellow, with frost-like decorations, are used for these sets. The designs are artistic and beautiful, and most varied. Long pendants are the most used for earrings for round faces, hoops and balls for slender faces. Turquoise blue enamel on gold is the favorite enamel at present. The designs are similar to those of plain gold sets, but they are colored pale blue. They are exceedingly becoming to blondes, Coral and turquoises are much worn. The former is associated with diamonds, the latter with pearls. There is not, however, a marked partiality for any particular stone, as there was a year or two since for amethysts. A necklace and pendant has come to be thought almost as important an article of jewelry as a brooch, and is often made to take the place of the latter when a large necktie is worn. The newest gold necklaces are the cable chains, heavy-looking links of pale Roman gold, though they are light enough for comfort. Large crosses are popular for pendants, made of Roman gold to match the necklace. Locketts are large, oval-shaped, and with the centre depressed, the outside being a border of gems. Many pendants are worn that have no receptacle for miniatures, being merely for ornament. The most useful, however, will serve as locket, pendant, and brooch. The opera chain is a novelty in the way of watch-guards. It passes around the neck, and has an adjustable slide by which it may be fastened near the throat or lower down on the breast. One end of the chain is long enough to hang below the belt, and to this the watch is attached, while the other is short, and ends in an ornamental gold tassel. New bracelets are broad, thick, clumsy, and ungraceful, more like manacles than ornaments. An inch and a half is the fashionable width. The bands are of massive gold, with pearl, turquoise, or cameo ornaments. The setting of finger rings also shows increase of size. Oblong, square, the slender marquise, medallion, or sets of almost any unique shape, are preferred to the round sets hitherto worn on ladies' rings. Cameo rings are in special favor; they are mounted with diamonds or pearls. A very pretty ring is a marquise medallion of chrysoprase or sardonyx, with tiny rose diamonds set in flowers on it.

As waterproof costumes are now the acknowledged style for wet weather, a description of one seen will, perhaps, be acceptable to our readers, and next month we will give illustrations of two cloaks to be made of this really desirable cloth. The suit seen was merely composed of one skirt, gored in front, and falling in full folds behind, and cut out in deep scallops, and neatly piped around the bottom; and of a loose jacket, also scalloped out in the same manner round the edge, and buttoned down the front. A turned-down collar with revers, all piped with black silk, forms a nice finish to the jacket; the sleeves are loose and open. This suit is very nice to wear over any skirt, and may even be put on over a dress. A novelty imported from London is a very fine and expensive waterproof cloak. It is made of thin fine rubber, very light and of glossy blackness, covered all over with black taffeta silk. The shape is a long, loose sacque, with sleeves and a hood, and is large enough to envelop the entire figure like a domino.

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| Bracelets, | \$5 00 to 30 00 |
| Ear-rings, | 5 00 " 20 00 |
| Breastpins, | 4 00 " 20 00 |
| Rings, | 2 00 " 10 00 |
| Fob Chains, | 8 00 " 30 00 |
| Charms, by the piece, | 2 50 " 5 00 |
| Studs, | 9 00 " 15 00 |
| Sleeve Buttons, | 9 00 " 15 00 |

She can also supply Ladies and Children's complete Wardrobes, Dresses, Cloaks, Trimmings, Millinery, Jewelry, Silverware, Zephyrs, Wedding and Visiting Cards, Paper and Envelopes, Card-cases, etc. etc.

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FASHION EDITRESS,

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Needles Stuck like Pins.

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The advantages of this new Plan are as follows:—

1. The elegance and neatness of style.
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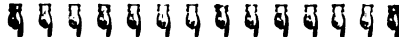
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Both will be sent to all applicants on receipt of 25 cents. To our customers of past years it will be sent without charge.

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TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from \$2c. to \$5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls can nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: Those who are not well satisfied, we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample which will do to commence work on, and a copy of *The People's Literary Companion*—one of the largest and best family newspapers published—all sent free by mail. Heads, if you want permanent, profitable work, address E. C. ALLEN & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER.—Removes superfluous hair in *five minutes*, without injury to the skin. Sent by mail for \$1.25.

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Relieves most violent paroxysms in *five minutes*, and effects a speedy cure. Price \$2 by mail.

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Colors the whiskers and hair a beautiful BLACK or BROWN. It consists of *only one preparation*. 75 cents by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, No. 721 Jayne Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Circulars sent free. Sold by all druggists.

THE NEW WILSON

Under-Feed Shuttle

SEWING MACHINES!

\$25 cheaper than any other!

For Simplicity, Durability and Beauty they stand *unrivalled!* For STITCHING, HEMMING, TUCKING, FELLING, QUILTING, CORDING, BINDING, BRAIDING, GATHERING, Gathering & sewing on gathers, they are *unexcelled!*

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\$5 TO \$10 PER DAY. MEN, WOMEN who engage in our new business make from \$5 to \$10 per day in their own localities. Full particulars and instructions sent free by mail. Those in need of permanent, profitable work, should address at once. GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

WANTED AGENTS (\$20 per day) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the *under-feed*, makes the "lock-stitch" (alike on both sides) and is *fully licensed*. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHN SONS, CLARK, & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo.

Ladies' Trousseau for \$230.

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| 6 Muslin Chemises, at | \$2 50 | \$15 00 |
| 6 Linen Chemises, | 5 00 | 30 00 |
| 6 Pairs of Muslin Drawers, | 2 00 | 12 00 |
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| 3 Plain Skirts, | 2 50 | 7 50 |
| 3 Tucked Skirts, | 3 50 | 10 50 |
| 3 Muslin Night-dresses, | 4 00 | 12 00 |
| 3 Muslin Night-dresses, | 5 00 | 15 00 |
| 3 Tucked Yoke Cambric Night-dresses, | 7 00 | 21 00 |
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| 1 Delaine Robe, | | 15 00 |
| 3 Corset Covers, | 4 00 | 12 00 |

\$230 00

The whole or any single article of this Outfit may be had upon application, or will be sent C.O.D., by express. Every article is made in the best manner, and from the best materials. Complete directions for self measurement sent by mail if desired.

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BREBAN'S INTEREST TABLES. This Work is probably the most complete in the world. A copy will be sent on receipt of \$4.

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TO Remove Moth Patches, Freckles, and Tan from the face use

HOMAS PERSIAN WASH.

Manufactured only by B. F. RACKLEY, Dover, N. H. Sold by all Druggists.

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Great attention is paid to the AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT. Price \$2 50 in advance; \$3 if not paid in advance. Address

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Families who Seek "THE BEST" should Use



THE

FLORENCE Sewing Machine

Will sew everything needed in a family from the heaviest to the lightest fabric.

IT DOES MORE WORK,
MORE KINDS OF WORK,
AND BETTER WORK
Than any other Machine.

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WOODWARD'S NATIONAL ARCHITECT.



1000 Working Drawings,
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GEO. E. WOODWARD,
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Send for Catalogue of all books
on Architecture, Agriculture,
Field Sports and the Horse.

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MORGAN'S
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Cleans windows, scours knives and table ware, removes stains and rust, and is the very best thing ever used for general house cleaning. For sale by all good Grocery and Drug Stores. Wholesale, 211 Washington St., N. Y.



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Permanent Cure for the ASTHMA.
Relief guaranteed in five minutes, by inhalation. Has highest testimonials from the medical profession. Price \$2 per box. Sent by mail, post-aze prepaid, on receipt of price.

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KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure relief for
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PARIS, LONDON, AND BRUSSELS.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



THE NEW

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for sprinkling PERFUMES on the handkerchief, in apartments, sick-rooms, etc. etc.

Special Representatives for the United States,

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THE BEAVER BRAND



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SILK FINISHED BLACK PURE MOHAIRS.

These GOODS are finished alike on both sides, and are distinguished for their silky appearance, brilliant lustre, and pure shade of **fast Black**. Being made of the very finest material, they positively excel all other Mohairs ever sold in the United States.

These splendid Goods are sold by most of the leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants in all the leading cities and towns throughout all the States.

Purchasers will know these Goods, as a ticket is attached to each piece bearing a picture of the Beaver, precisely like the above.

PEAKE, OPDYCKE, & CO.,
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Sole Importers of this Brand for the United States.

SAPOLIO,

For General Household Purposes,

Better and Cheaper than Soap.

Cleans windows, scours knives and table ware, removes stains and rust, and is the very best thing ever used for general house cleaning. For sale by all good Grocery and Drug Stores. Wholesale, 211 Washington St., N. Y.

Pratt's Astral Oil.

WARRANTED PERFECTLY SAFE, IS USED IN
OVER 150,000 FAMILIES.

OIL HOUSE OF CHAS. PRATT,

Established 1770.

108 Fulton St., N. Y.

The Best Hair Dressing in the world is Lyon's Celebrated Kathairon. It has been tested for over 20 years, and is constantly growing in favor. It not only beautifies the hair, but causes it to grow luxuriantly, and prevents it from falling out and turning gray.



Every baby must have it. Is thoroughly WATER-PROOF, protects clothing, retains linen diaper, avoids pins, permits circulation of air. Recommended by physicians and all mothers whose children have worn them. Made in 4 sizes—1, smallest; 2, largest—exclusively by EUREKA DIAPER CO., 532 Broadway, N. Y. Sample mailed on receipt of \$1. Sold also by Stewart, Flandin, Lord & Taylor, Arnold & Constable and first-class Infants Clothing, Fancy and Dry Goods Stores. Ask for EUREKA DIAPER; see they bear stamp of EUREKA PATENT DIAPER CO. Take no other. Agents wanted.

The "MANSARD."

This new and elegant style of the LADD PATENT STIFFENED GOLD WATCH CASE for American movements, recently invented by us, is now in market, and for sale by Jewellers and Watchmakers generally, from whom may also be procured our regular (or dome) and flat-bevel styles in Ladies' and Gentlemen's sizes. Descriptive circulars sent on application.

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ARE RECEIVED ONLY BY
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"DOMESTIC"



The whole world challenged to produce a Family Sewing Machine that will sew as *light* and as *heavy*; light running and easily operated. The best machine for use, the easiest to sell, the most durable—will last a life-time. Lock stitch, noiseless, attachments unequaled. A good business may be established in any city or town in the U. S. This machine has established its superiority in every instance where it has come in competition with any machine in the market. Men with capital are finding it to their advantage to make the sale of this machine their exclusive business. Agents wanted in unoccupied territory. Machines guaranteed as represented.

Address "**Domestic**" Sewing Machine Co.,
96 Chambers Street, New York; or Toledo, Ohio.

OPIOUM EATERS—If you wish to be cured of the habit, address T. E. CLARKE, M. D., Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

L. DREVET,
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5 Rue St. Georges,
PARIS, FRANCE.

All Orders will receive prompt and careful attention.

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" Johnson & Thompson, Boston.
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*Calf Skins, Bronzes, Fancy Paper, Perfumery,
Tooth and Hair Brushes, China-ware,
Paris Dolls and Toys, Artificial Flowers, and all
Articles known as Paris Articles.*

Buttonhole Cutter for 25 Cents.

Patented July 18th, 1871.

Cuts in any cloth. Is sure to cut straight and clean to any size required. Will last a lifetime. A child can use it. Never gets out of order. Will cut 30 correct buttonholes a minute. Medallion silver case. Cutter best of steel. Sample sent, post-paid, for 25 cents; 1 dozen for \$2, post-paid. Agents supplied at discount. \$20 a day. Address CITY NOVELTY CO., 404 Library St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Fashion Editress' Advertisement.

The Fashion Editress of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is prepared to furnish the following articles at the prices annexed :—

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| Dresses, | from \$4 00 to \$40 00 |
| Slips, | 3 00 " 6 00 |
| Shirts, | 1 00 " 5 00 |
| Double Wrappers, | 3 50 |
| Cambric Night-gowns, | 2 00 |
| Plain Cambric Skirts, | 2 25 |
| Embroidered or Scalloped Skirts, | 3 00 " 20 00 |
| Flannel Skirts, | 3 50 " 20 00 |
| Socks, | 62 " 2 00 |
| Flannel Sacks, | 3 00 |
| Cloaks, | 20 00 " 100 00 |
| Hoods, | 3 00 " 40 00 |
| Shawls, or Blankets, | 4 00 " 30 00 |
| Complete Paper Patterns, | 00 " 5 00 |

KNIT GOODS.

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| Split Zephyr Saeque for Infants, | \$2 00 |
| Zephyr Saeques for Infants, | 3 00 |
| Ladies' Breakfast Cosseys, | 6 00 |
| Ladies' Sontags, | 3 50 |
| Ladies' Crochet Shawls, | \$9 00 to 30 00 |
| Gentlemen's Afghans, | 30 00 " 150 00 |
| Infants' Afghans, | 15 00 " 50 00 |
| Ladies' and Children's Roman Scarfs, | 2 50 |
| Gentlemen's Smoking Caps, | 5 00 " 20 00 |
| Gentlemen's Slippers, | 3 00 " 15 00 |

PAPER PATTERNS.

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| Ladies' Cloaks, | \$1 25 |
| Ladies' Sleeve, | 31 |
| Ladies' Full Dress and Skirt, | 1 50 |
| Suit for Little Boy, | 1 00 |
| Dress Body and Sleeve, | 80 |
| Children's Cloak, | 60 |
| Children's Dresses, | 60 |
| Ladies' Under Garments, by the piece, | 60 |

LADIES' ORNAMENTAL HAIR.

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| Grecian Curls, arranged on comb, | \$7 00 to 25 00 |
| Fancy Hair Bows, | 6 00 " 10 00 |
| Hair Waterfalls, | 6 00 " 10 00 |
| Hair Side Braids, | 8 00 " 20 00 |
| Hair Back Braids, | 8 00 " 30 00 |
| Puffs for Rolling the Hair, | 2 00 " 5 00 |

HAIR JEWELRY.

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|-----------------------|-----------------|
| Bracelets, | \$5 00 to 30 00 |
| Ear-rings, | 5 00 " 20 00 |
| Breastplate, | 4 00 " 20 00 |
| Rings, | 2 00 " 10 00 |
| Fob Chains, | 8 00 " 30 00 |
| Charms, by the piece, | 2 50 " 5 00 |
| Studs, | 9 00 " 15 00 |
| Sleeve Buttons, | 9 00 " 15 00 |

She can also supply Ladies and Children's complete Wardrobes, Dresses, Cloaks, Trimmings, Millinery, Jewelry, Silverware, Zephyrs, Wedding and Visiting Cards, Paper and Envelopes, Card-cases, etc. etc. Address

FASHION EDITRESS,

Care of Godey's Lady's Book, Philadelphia.

Established 1861.

The Great American Tea Company

Have Just Received
TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS.

22,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship *Golden State*.

12,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship *George Shotton*.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American house in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in the country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these eight profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, as seen in the Club Order in the next column, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than \$30, had better send Post-Office Drafts or money with their orders, to save the expense of collection by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than \$30.

Parties getting their Teas of us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our Warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their Stock which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best \$1 per lb.

MIXED (green and black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best \$1 per lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 20 per lb.

IMPERIAL (green), 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 per lb.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 per lb.

UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25 per lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), \$1 25, best \$1 50.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40 cents per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we will sell at the low price of 30 cents per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to \$1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street,

Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

CLUB ORDER.

EDWARDS, ST. LAWRENCE CO., N. Y.,
June 3, 1867.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

• DEAR SIR: I herewith send you another order for Tea. The last was duly received, and given general satisfaction. As long as you send us such good Tea, you may expect a continuation of our patronage. As a further evidence that the subscribers were satisfied, you will observe that I send you the names of all those that sent before who were near out of tea, with a large addition of new subscribers. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Ship this as the other, and oblige

Your obedient servant, DAVID C. MCKEE.

| | | | |
|------------------|---------------------|-----------------|--------|
| 4 lb Japan | J. Havens | at \$1 25 | \$5 00 |
| 5 do Japan | J. Havens | at 1 00 | 5 00 |
| 1 do Gunpowder | J. Havens | at 1 50 | 1 50 |
| 1 do Japan | S. Curtis | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 2 do Young Hyson | S. Curtis | at 1 00 | 2 00 |
| 1 do Japan | N. Shaw | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 1 do Young Hyson | N. Shaw | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 3 do Young Hyson | R. McCargen | at 1 25 | 3 75 |
| 2 do Green | R. McCargen | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 4 do Green | Wm. Barnford | at 1 25 | 5 00 |
| 1 do Gunpowder | A. H. Perkins | at 1 50 | 1 50 |

And ten others.....Total.....\$31 05

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by CLUBBING together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (*beside the Express charges*), by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

POST-OFFICE orders and drafts make payable to the order of "The Great American Tea Company." Direct letters and orders to

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street,

POST-OFFICE BOX, No. 5643 NEW YORK CITY.

3



A SAFE,
CERTAIN,
AND
SPEEDY
CURE
FOR



NEURALGIA,
AND ALL NERVOUS DISEASES.
Its Effects are Magical.

It is an UNFAILING REMEDY in all cases of Neuralgia Facialis, often effecting a perfect cure less than twenty-four hours, from the use of no more than TWO OR THREE PILLS.

No other form of Neuralgia or Nervous Disease has failed to yield to this WONDERFUL REMEDIAL AGENT.

Even in the severest cases of Chronic Neuralgia and general nervous derangements—of many years standing—affecting the entire system, its use for a few days, or a few weeks at the utmost, always affords the most astonishing relief, and very rarely fails to produce a complete and permanent cure.

It contains no drugs or other materials in the slightest degree injurious, even to the most delicate system, and can ALWAYS be used with PERFECT SAFETY.

It has long been in constant use by many of our MOST EMINENT PHYSICIANS, who give it their unanimous and unqualified approval.

The following, among many of our best citizens, testify to its WONDERFUL EFFICACY:—

"Having used Dr. Turner's *Tic Douloureux or Universal Neuralgia Pill* personally—and in numerous instances recommended it to patients suffering with neuralgia—I have found it, WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION, to accomplish ALL the proprietors have claimed.

J. R. DILLINGHAM, Dentist.

"12 Winter Street, Boston. Feb. 18, 1867."

DR. T. LARKIN TURNER, BOSTON, MASS.:

"DEAR SIR—I have prescribed the Pills prepared by you, and designed as a specific for the cure of Neuralgia Facialis or Tic Douloureux, during the last fifteen years, to a large number of patients afflicted by that painful and tormenting condition of the nerves which has HITHERTO perplexed and baffled the skill of physicians; and I can assure you—and I do so with great pleasure—that in no instance, as yet, have they failed to relieve the patient immediately, frequently AS BY MAGIC; and after the use of the number contained in from one to four boxes, effectually to remove the malady, much to the delight and astonishment of the sufferers, as invariably expressed.

Very truly yours,

O. O. JOHNSON, M. D.

"Framingham, July 18, 1864."

MR. J. M. STORY, for many years an apothecary in this city, and for three years, during the war, in the Hospital Department under the United States Government, thus speaks of it:—

"I have known Dr. Turner's *Tic Douloureux or Universal Neuralgia Pill* for twenty years. I have sold and used it personally, and I have never known of a case where it did not give relief. Customers have told me they would not be without it if each pill cost ten dollars. I think it the most reliable and valuable remedy for neuralgia and nervous diseases in the world."

Sent by mail, on receipt of price and postage.

| | |
|------------------|---------|
| One package, | \$1.00, |
| Six packages, | 5.00, |
| Twelve packages, | 9.00, |

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| Postage 6 cents. |
| " 27 " |
| " 48 " |

It is sold by all Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs and Medicines throughout the United States, and by

TURNER & CO., Sole Proprietors,
120 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

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No. 490.

My Sister Copeland
APRIL.

The Only Lady's Book in America.

Now is the Time to Make up your Clubs.



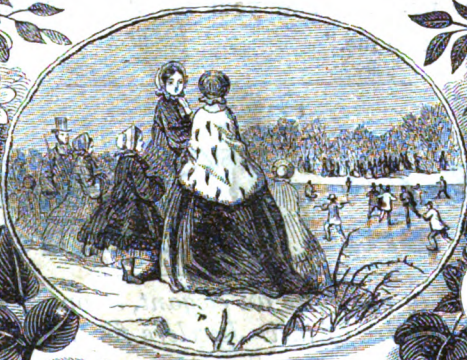
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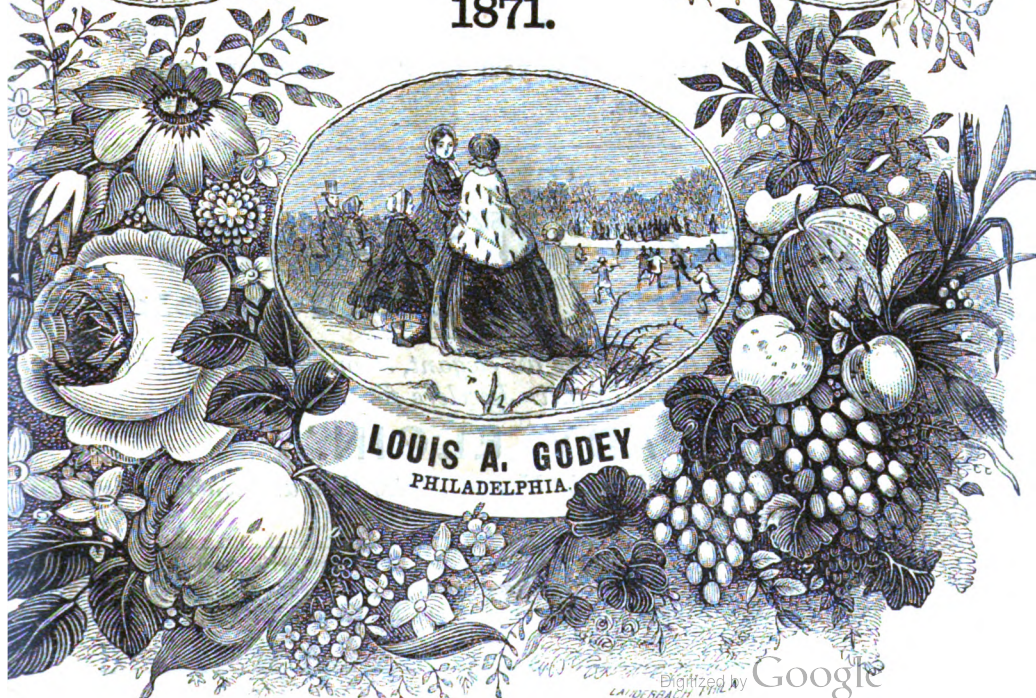
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1871.



LOUIS A. GODEY
PHILADELPHIA.





Old Sol.—"Here, Mother Earth, these Eclipses and Spots have about used me up. Regulate your movements hereafter by this, and don't depend on me."

THE
ELGIN WATCHES
 Are for Sale by all Jewelers.

Ladies desiring to purchase an elegant, strongly made, and correct Timekeeper should inquire of their Jewelers for the

"LADY ELGIN."

More of them are now sold in the United States than any other American or Foreign made Lady's Watch.

The ELGIN ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC for 1871, or the Illustrated Article on "Ancient and Modern Timekeepers," by A. D. Richardson, sent free upon application to National (Elgin) Watch Company, 127 and 129 Lake Street, Chicago, or No. 1 Maiden Lane, New York.



TO BE READ





APRIL FOOL.



CONSOLATION.

Valentine March.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE,

By F. INGLESIDE.

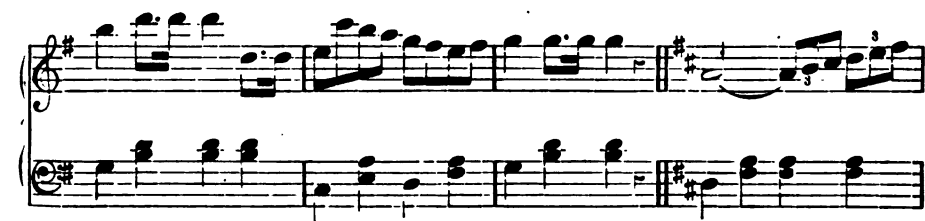
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Tempo di marcia.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of music. Each system contains a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked "Tempo di marcia." and the dynamics are "PIANO.". The music features various musical notations including eighth notes, quarter notes, and triplets, with some measures containing repeat signs.

VALENTINE MARCH.



RIDING HABITS.
(See Description, Fashion
Department.)



GODEY'S

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GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

BY MARION HARLAND.

PART III.

MR. STUYVESANT, on his way to the library, letters and newspapers in hand, was arrested just within the breakfast-room door, by some words spoken at the table he had left, and lingered to listen.

"It is absurd in you to run on so, Guy," Maude had said, scornfully. "And about a girl of that class! Mother, haven't I heard you say that a sister of this Mrs. Wells was once a servant in your employ?"

It was this sentence that caught the attention of the head of the household.

"A sister, or cousin, or something of that kind, was your nurse, my dear, and Guy's also," rejoined Mrs. Stuyvesant, carelessly. "A very faithful creature, too, if I remember aright. I have some recollection, too, of her boasting to me once how well her friends, the Wellses, were getting on. It is really amusing to see how far they have risen above their original level."

Maude, seeing with the corner of her eye that her father was still within hearing, and wishing to shield her brother from harsh rebuke, while she yet made known his folly to one who had authority to declare it must be ended, resumed in a temporizing tone.

"Of course, we understand, Guy, that you are jesting, but don't, please, affect to rave about '*Estelle la belle*,' as you call her, to others as you have to us. There are always people foolish enough to take a young man at his word when he indulges in such pleasantry. And I wouldn't, for untold riches, have your name joined, even in the mouth of such, with that of Peter Wells' daughter."

"You know Peter Wells' daughter, then?"

Mr. Stuyvesant came back to the table, and addressed his son abruptly. Mother and sister looked apprehensively at Guy, in nervous expectation of a scene, while the teasing smile of

the latter changed to a defiant stare, while he tugged nervously at his waxed moustache.

"I do, sir," he rejoined.

"A mere ball-room acquaintance, my dear," Mrs. Stuyvesant interposed. "Society is so horribly mixed in these days, a young gentleman can hardly consult his own inclination in the selection of associates."

"It is desirable in certain circumstances that he should be guided by other considerations," Mr. Stuyvesant observed, thoughtfully, with no sign of displeasure.

He was a tall, dignified man, with a grave face and high forehead, who never said a foolish thing, and weighed his periods deliberately while uttering them.

"I regard this as a very fortunate discovery, a happy coincidence," he continued. "I have been thinking seriously, for a day or two, of the practicability of making interest in the approaching election with a certain set in which this man Wells is influential. I was told only yesterday that it would be a fine stroke of policy in our party if we could win him over to our views."

"The idea!" exclaimed Maude. "Why, papa, he's as vulgar as vulgar can be. He and his wife sprang from the very dregs of the people!"

"Let that pass for the time." Mr. Stuyvesant waved his hand oratorically. "The man has a sort of power, is, it would seem, an oft-quoted authority, with others of the like stamp, and we would like to turn it to account in our cause. A vulgarian's vote counts at the polls as surely as does a gentleman's. It is possible, Guy, that you can do us good service in this matter. Is the girl presentable?"

"Decidedly!" said Guy.

"So-so!" amended Maude.

"Are you sufficiently well acquainted with her to invite her to accompany you to the opera—say, to-morrow evening?"

"There would be no impropriety in my doing so, sir."

"It isn't likely they would be punctilious in such a case," Maude added, sulkily.

"Call upon her, then, to-day, and offer your escort," the father enjoined in a business-like way. "Nothing tells with these people better than a pretence of social equality. And follow up this civility by others of a similar stamp. I take it," smiling grimly, "that you understand how the thing is managed. If the mother is worth winning, or if she is likely to influence her husband, be polite to her also. Wells has in his employ a large number of mechanics, and has, in the business world, a high reputation for sense and integrity. He is also very liberal in the use of his means in whatever cause he espouses. He is an alderman now, and I have even heard"—another gleam of amusement—"that he could go to the legislature if he would stand. But he peremptorily refuses the nomination."

"He certainly shows sense in that," said Guy. "Although I know legislators whose butchery of the king's English is as vile as his. The wife is quite a different creature. She appears well, and might pass as a lady with those who did not know her antecedents. The girl is pretty and taking, as any man of taste about town will tell you, Maude won't allow it, because she isn't in 'our set,' but nine people out of ten couldn't tell the plated from the real article. The task you impose upon me will, in fact, be anything but burdensome."

He looked intensely diverted; Maude supercilious. Mrs. Stuyvesant observed, quietly:—

"Guy would do anything in reason, as would we all, my dear, to further your interests. It seems odd that your election should depend, in the least degree, upon the class of which we have been speaking, but I am learning not to be surprised at the levelling tendencies of the age."

Peter Wells, returning to his home that night from a called meeting of the Board of Trade, of which he was a prominent member, smiled pleasantly to himself in passing the parlor door. Estelle was singing "like a robin in an apple tree," thought her father, and as he reached the library, where he usually sat after dinner, not to be in the way of "company," he heard a manly voice begin a tenor solo. Mrs. Wells was in the library, ostensibly engaged with a book, but the slight shadow upon her forehead did not escape her husband's eyes.

"Not feeling well to-night, Ellie?" he inquired.

He never called her pet names now-a-days. She had left them behind her with so many other things, it confused him sometimes to think of them.

"I am very well, thank you."

Her manner did not invite confidence, yet Peter had a vague impression that she was there to speak to him, and for no other purpose. He certainly had no suspicion that his

next observation was leading straight to the point she wished discussed.

"Charley's in the parlor, I s'pose. I heerd him as I come by the door. I always know his voice. It's a wonderful fine one, to my ear."

"I wish it were not heard here so often," said Mrs. Wells, in extreme dissatisfaction. "I am far from easy about his intimate footing in our family. You recollect I opposed his introduction at the first, but you and Arthur were stubborn. I only hope the mischief caused by this ill-advised step may not be incurable."

Peter's eyes widened, and his jaw dropped slightly. He was far from being a fool, yet the wife said to herself in her petulance that he often contrived to look like one.

"Eh! What is the matter?" he queried, bewildered. "He's one of the steadiest and likeliest boys about town. Arthur will tell you that Charley Burt was one of the main things that kept him from going astray. You needn't be afeerd of him ever."

"I am not thinking of Arthur," returned Mrs. Wells, yet more tartly, "although I never perceived the necessity of his being guided by any one. Still less do I recognize any obligation on our part to the young man you mention. He may be a very estimable person in his way. I have no doubt he is. But I foresee that nothing but evil can result from his frequent visits here, especially now that Arthur's absence in Europe makes it more evident that they are intended for Estelle."

"They don't get along peaceably together, then?" queried Peter, stupidly, a little crestfallen, too, it seemed.

Mrs. Wells fairly lost her patience. "I declare, Peter Wells, you have less discernment than any other man I ever saw! Peaceably! When any one with half an eye can see that he worships her! I wouldn't believe it for a while. He is sensible enough in most respects, and I thought he must perceive for himself how preposterous the thought of such a union was. Since he has not the acuteness or delicacy of perception for which I gave him credit, Estelle's friends must interfere. It is disagreeable, but it is duty."

Peter was chafing his palms uneasily, the crest-fallen look deepening into distress.

"She don't feel to like him, then?" he said, piteously. "Poor boy! poor boy! And I was thinking, jest to-night, how fast he was rising in our business, and how nice it would be all 'round to keep the hull concern in the family, now that your brothers and me is in partnership. I was a-hoping Charley might step into my shoes, some day. You women see further into these things nor men, but I did have a notion that the girl liked him better'n she did any of the other fellows."

"I hope her affections are too well-regulated for that," replied Mrs. Wells, with severity. "I alluded to the subject in a conversation

held with her some months since. She comprehends, as well as I do, how much depends upon her advantageous settlement in the world; that a step downward, now, would be a fatal mistake, one to be lamented for a lifetime. Estelle Wells, the only daughter of a millionaire, with her beauty, breeding, and education, may surely look for a higher matrimonial prize than a grocer's son, who has to make his way in life with his own hands and head."

"He's got a head as can do it," interrupted Peter, with sudden boldness. "Ther' ain't sech another in the State. He'd make money fast enough without my help. But that he'll have if he marries my daughter. He's a safe chance, Ellie. I can't tell you what a comfort it's been to me to see this thing working around all right, as I thought. The fast young men of this day are an awful risky set; you hain't no idea how risky and unsettled. It's worse nor murdering a good girl to give her away to one of 'em. I could name a dozen whose fathers are rich enough to give 'em everything they want, who are going to ruin hard as they can drive. The upper tenners, they call themselves. Charley, now, comes of an honest stock, and he's true as steel to the backbone. He couldn't do a mean thing, and his heart's in the right place. We couldn't ask a better husband for our girl—and, as you say, she's all the daughter we've got, and been raised so delicate in every way. I think I'd kill the man as misused her."

"You are talking wildly now, Peter. Gentlemen do not maltreat their wives. My fear with regard to Estelle has always been that she would be persuaded into an imprudent engagement; that she might suffer her heart and imagination to guide her rather than her reason. The hope that has been dearest to me for years is that she will marry well in every sense of the word. I would not be a faithful mother if I sat by passively until she was entangled in a romantic promise to this young Burt, or some other man equally ineligible. I do not prophesy aloud often, but you may believe that I know what I am saying when I predict that she may be Mrs. Guy Stuyvesant, Jr., within the year, if she will."

It was not her habit to speak boastfully, or to confide her aristocratic aspirations to her unsympathizing husband, but the rapture of this thought made her cast aside the garment of discretion she usually wore with regal grace. There was a ring in her voice, a glow in her eyes, that astonished her auditor.

"My goodness!" he said, staring at her. "I didn't know she was acquainted with any of that crew."

"He has paid her marked attention at several parties to which they have been lately, and he has called twice within a month—this morning

to invite her to go with him to the opera to-morrow night."

"It is time we was interfering, if that's the way the wind blows," said Peter, seriously. "That would be a bad mess."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Wells was mystified in her turn.

"That Guy Stuyvesant business," explained Peter. "There isn't a more dissipated fellow about town. I don't listen to half the stories people tell on him, but I know enough to convince me that he isn't fit for a young lady to speak to. And you say he wants to keep company with our Estelle? Not if I know it. I don't like the blood, to begin with."

Irate though she was, Mrs. Wells could not but smile at this climax. The Stuyvesant blood under censure of Peter Wells was an absurdity beyond comparison or rebuke.

"There is no better family in the land, my love," she observed, mildly. "Estelle—any girl—may esteem herself honored by admission to their circle. And I need not remind you, who are generally so charitable and sensible on such subjects, that rumors affecting character are to be received with great caution."

"I thought you despised 'em, root and branch," blurted out Peter of the thick skull and tenacious memory. "I'm sure I've heard you say so, time and again."

"Have you?" indifferently. "We are all subject to become the prey of unreasonable prejudices. I have had occasion to change my mind very often in the course of my life. Circumstances alter cases. But we have wandered from our subject. What I meant to caution you about was this. Since Estelle does not mean to marry this young Burt, it is wrong and cruel to encourage his visits. I must tell her as much to-night, and in decided terms. She is doing him an injury and herself no good by this flirtation. And when he discontinues his calls here, do not question him as to the reason of the change in his habits. Let it pass, and content yourself with being as kind to him in other ways as your generous friendship prompts. I would not stand in the way of his advancement."

"So she has been trifling with him all this time," murmured Peter, squeezing his broad palms together tightly, and applying to them the additional pressure of his powerful knees, holding his hands, as in a vice, between them, while he looked hard at the opposite wall. "I hadn't thought it of her."

"Girls will be girls, papa," Mrs. Wells pitied his discomfiture, the more sincerely for having gained her point. "And customs change with time. Things were very different when we were young."

"You never said a truer word," Peter pronounced, emphatically. Then he "guessed it was bed-time," and went off to his room.

Mrs. Wells did not keep up the pretence of reading when she was left alone. She listened, with a glooming face, to the sounds of music and laughter from the parlor, until at a quarter-past ten she heard Charley Burt's step in the outer hall. He never stayed late. He knew that Mr. Wells believed in early hours, and had an old-fashioned fancy that the master of a house should have the ruling voice in such matters. Mrs. Wells sneered as she thought how the young man sought in this, as in other particulars, to please his old friend.

"He has manoeuvred well, but his day is nearly over," she said. "Even if I liked him, which I do not, this should be so."

Estelle had followed the visitor from the parlor. The library-door was ajar, and Mrs. Wells saw them stand together for a moment under the hall-lamp. A fine-looking couple, she owned unwillingly. Charley's frank, intelligent face beamed with happiness, and what the spy's alarmed senses imagined was the pride of prospective possession in gazing down at the graceful girl, who detained him with an "Oh, let me tell you!" the preface to a merry anecdote. Nor was there less cause for apprehension in Estelle's heightened color and the sinking of her eyes under his steadfast look when the "good-night" was at length spoken.

"You won't forget?" were Estelle's farewell words, spoken lightly, to cover her trifling embarrassment.

"You may depend upon me," and he was gone.

The mother knew that this was true in a much wider sense than he meant to imply; that her husband had but done justice to his favorite when he averred that he was "true as steel," one into whose hands the tenderest parent need not fear to commit his best-loved child. Yet, before Estelle slept, she had her instructions in full respecting the course to be pursued with her two suitors. Mrs. Wells was not a virago, or heartless, and she dealt as gently with the girl as conscience would allow, taking it for granted throughout that the "well-regulated affections" she had trained had never been attracted by her brother's schoolfellow, her father's *protégé*.

"Charles is an excellent young man," was admitted, with a show of gracious candor. "His genius for mechanics is unquestionable, and there are few draughtsmen who can excel him. When we consider his early opportunities, we cannot withhold from him credit for perseverance and industry. But his antecedents are not only objectionable but ruinous, so far as his connection with our better classes is concerned. He must be content to marry in his own sphere. He has not a relative whom you or I would not blush to introduce to our friends. This seems a cold-blooded way of examining a suitor's claims to special regard; but, when the first flush of romance is over,

these circumstances, so little considered in projecting the match, exercise a powerful influence upon wedded happiness. I have great hopes of you, my darling. What have I to live for but the well-being of my children?"

All this time Estelle had remained mute. She sat upon a cushion at her mother's feet, her head resting upon the lady's lap in such a position that the latter could only get a view of her face by bending forward. But, as her jewelled hand caressed her daughter's cheek, she felt that it was wet with tears, and her heart sank. Not with compassion; still less with relenting. Her task was likely to prove more difficult and disagreeable than she had hoped it would be, and the thought hardened her yet more against the presumptuous underling who had wrought the obstacle.

"Your fate is in your hands, Estelle. I have confidence in your sense and right feeling. You will not throw away the work of many years, turn your back upon the prize when it is within your grasp. A little firmness, now—it may be the sacrifice of a girlish whim—and your end is gained. I will speak very honestly to you, my child. Concealment between you and myself was abandoned years ago, has been a thing unknown since the day you came home with a spirit stung to frenzy by your schoolfellow's taunts of your obscure parentage. I can never stand upon sure ground in society."

She crimsoned with shame in saying it, under the sharp smart of wounded self-respect Estelle understood so well.

"I may rebel against the decree that assigns me a second-class place, where I feel that I deserve the first, but this does not change the order of ranks. There will always be people ready and forward to dispute my right to move in line with them, many of whom are, in truth, inferior to me in all except birth and marriage. I used to think that education and native refinement were the 'Open Sesame' to the upper walks of American life. I have found out my mistake. But with you the strife is, or should be, almost over. I want you to think seriously of the importance of this, the crisis of your life, for such I feel it is. I shall not lecture, much less command. My child will not disappoint me. What shall you wear to-morrow night? Are you going with a party?"

"I don't know."

The tone was listless, and Estelle did not move.

"Mr. Stuyvesant, the father, has a handsome box at the opera. I shall never forget how I looked up at it and the party within it, as I would at a throne and the royal family, the first time I ever went to the opera house during my honeymoon."

Mrs. Wells laughed pleasantly at the reminiscence, but Estelle made no response. Then

came a silence, broken by the mother's saying in an altered tone, grave to solemnity :—

"It may appear to you a trifle, and one easily bought—this public acknowledgment of yourself as the Stuyvesant's peer. To me it is an era, fraught with deep interest and pride. Let me tell you an incident of my early marriage life which has colored all subsequent years for me."

With the color brightening in her cheek, she related the story of her last visit to Mrs. Stuyvesant's nursery, on the evening of her husband's promotion to the post of foreman in the Mansard machine-works, and the gratuitous insult she had received from the mistress of the mansion.

"I can recall her look and tone, and my cruel mortification, as if all had happened yesterday," she concluded. "It may be a morbid fancy that has since that night set the *entrée* of that house, the hospitality of its owners, before me as the summit of social ambition. But it means much to any one. Do you wonder at my secret delight in seeing my daughter the chosen intimate of that woman's children?"

Estelle's eyes were dry and bright. She sat upright, her face lifted to her mother's, with a light upon it any parent, whose heart and conscience were not debauched by world-worship, might shudder to see.

"That family seems to have been set for our humiliation, first and last," she said, with a hard, little laugh. "You say truly that such pin-pricks are seldom forgotten. I owe Maude a lesson in politeness—more than one, indeed. And we of the lower orders practise, among other antiquated virtues, that of paying our debts."

In this spirit she arrayed herself for the opera, as Maude Stuyvesant could not have done had the wealth of the East been hers. The fair patrician's best achievement in toilet was to make herself look like a well-rigged lay-figure in a costumer's window. Blood had not imparted the art of carrying off her dress as if it were a part of herself. In this spirit Ellen Wells' daughter met her aristocratic admirer, and was introduced by him to the stately lady who, with her younger son, sat in the curtained alcove, which had belonged for years to the Stuyvesants. In a spirit even less tolerant of patronage she hated herself for the slight heat that touched her forehead, the dash of awe which quickened her pulses in approaching the *grande dame* of her mother's girlhood; the secret sense of inferiority dampening the pleasure she or any other properly-instructed damsel of that day should have felt at finding herself seated *en famille* in a post of such honor.

Mrs. Stuyvesant intended to be very polite to the daughter of the mechanic who could control the votes of perhaps two hundred other "vulgarians." But the habits of years are not

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to be dropped at one effort, although the prize at stake be a husband's seat in Congress. She bowed and met with her gloved fingers those of the elegant young woman presented by her son, in the course of the evening more than once addressed her as "my dear," and all the while contrived to impress Estelle's mind with the idea that the stooping was not accomplished without great exertion, never let her forget for one instant how she had called her mother a "person" twenty-one years before, and ordered her to assist in the labors of her nursery-maid. Guy had more of the true spirit of hospitality, or his reasons for ignoring caste-laws were more weighty, and his prejudices more pliable. His attentions to his fair companion were so assiduous as to move his mother, now and then, to a faint smile of real amusement at what she interpreted as exaggerated obedience to his father's behest; while the nineteen-year-old Edgar—a studious collegian and, his father hoped, embryo statesman—surveyed them with polite surprise. It was not every day, he thought, that Guy took such pains to make himself fascinating. The elder brother was a slender-waisted, *blasé* man of six-and-twenty, who would have been handsome had his complexion been fresher, his eyes less heavy, and his expression less weary. In mind he was narrow, but university training and habitual association with cultivated intellects helped him to hide his lack of original ideas. He was fluent in small talk; bowed, danced, and walked well; and in art and literature, religion and politics, in everything above his comprehension, affected the *nil admirari* style. Blended with his other recommendations to popular (feminine) favor was an all-pervading flavor of wickedness. "Very gay," said the prudess in his mother's "circle;" "Delightfully naughty," smiled fast girls. The youths with whom he smoked, drove, betted, and drank dubbed him "knowing." Many a man has achieved a reputation for brilliancy with no more capital. Many more will do the same so long as veneer and varnish bring as high prices as solid timber. Estelle was not imposed upon by this specious display. She knew, while she responded smilingly to his flippancy chit-chat, and listened with a show of interest to his criticism of music and acting, that she was wiser and wittier than he; that she would be *ennuyé*, or tempted to sarcastic ridicule, were he one degree nearer her own rank. Once she turned from him entirely, feigning not to observe that he was speaking to her, and looked steadfastly at the stage; her cheeks almost as colorless as the camellia in her bouquet, and her eyes dimming with mist she dared not lift her hand to brush away. Guy wondered, lazily, at her sudden interest in scene and singers.

"Everybody knew that old duet by heart."

He was too polite to question her, and she was not likely to tell him, then or ever, how

often and how long ago she had sung it with Charley Burt. The thought came to her upon the remembered music like a breath of cool, country air, laden with wildflower scent, through the hot perfumes of the theatre. Charley Burt, as her girlish imagination had loved to contemplate him, before she knew what an ineligious *parti* he must ever be, before she vexed her young brain with visions of "advantageous settlements." Charley, the Damon to her brother's Pythias, the man whom her father delighted to honor, as did she before she grew so old and worldly-wise. Charley Burt, who never undertook what he was not resolved to perform, and to perform *well*; who abhorred affectation, spoke truth, and dealt honorably with men, purely and reverently with women; who, as she was near forgetting but last night, must be put out of her dreams and hopes forever, because the blood in his veins was red, new, and healthy, and his father kept a retail grocery. By no stretch of refined phraseology could his business be dignified into "commercial pursuits." No imposing warehouse on land, no ship on sea lent him the prestige of "wholesale" or "importer." He stood all day behind his counter, with a brief linen apron over his out-door suit, and sold tea by the pound, molasses by the quart, doing up bundles of moist brown sugar with his own hands. Estelle had slept little the previous night, and shortly after breakfast had ordered the horses, and driven out upon "some errands of her own." These led her directly through James Street, and she cautioned the coachman to go slowly along the thoroughfare. Thus it was that she obtained a good look at the corner-store, with the faded sign, "CHARLES BURT," over the door; had a glimpse of the proprietor in the dusky interior, holding up a handful of salt herrings, dripping with brine, to tempt a dowdy woman who stood on the other side of the barrel. Charley honored his parents in the olden way that entitles one to expect the blessing of an honorable longevity in his turn, if the Old Testament is to be believed. Honored them too sincerely, loved them too tenderly to be ashamed of them, whatever his position. While he had a home, be it shanty or palace, they would always be frequent and welcome guests. It was a pity, for in himself he was a nobler gentleman than this languid scion of a so-called princely line.

"If I were a princess, I could afford to risk a *mésalliance*. As it is, his father and mine would together form a millstone weight," mused the girl, with the bitterness impatience lends to sorrow. "We cannot swim if united. Perhaps it may be kinder in me to leave him a chance to rise. It certainly is a friendly act to allow him to be happy in his own way, with a mate of his own contented sort."

The curtain fell, and there was no excuse for reverie in the *entr'acte*.

"I wonder sometimes what brings most of the people one sees here to an operatic entertainment. They would be better suited at the negro minstrels, or circus," Guy said, surveying the parquette through his glass. "Take that group over there, for example, the two ladies in crimson and azurine, with the very mountainous frizettes, and their attendant squires. They have done nothing but whisper and giggle and stare at their neighbors' dresses since they came in. They are sisters, I judge, from their style. Florid, isn't it? Yet I *don't* suppose they are knowingly upon exhibition, as burlesques of the mode"—meditatively.

Estelle's laugh was well-bred in its modulations, but not very natural, as she brought her lorgnette to bear upon the party designated, and recognized Fanny Clark and her sister Eloise. For a second she marvelled within herself if Guy's ignorance of their identity was real, or a ruse for her annoyance, such as his sister would not have hesitated to use. A glance at his compressed countenance, as he swept the house with his glass, and a more sensible second thought dispelled the fancy. It would have been more singular had he known the two girls, so many removes below him. He might live in the same city with the Clarks fifty years and never hear their names, much less meet them face to face, unless they chanced to call at her father's house at the same time with himself. Would the like pale of exclusiveness ever protect her from contact with obtrusive vulgarity? She abhorred things low and common with a sensitive disgust begotten of repeated shocks. Such noisy pretension as characterized her cousins could not be more offensive to him than to her. She sat back slightly in the shadow of the curtain, not to be recognized by her objectionable kinspeople. For this impulse let those despise her who have never practised a similar "dodge." There are few of us, I suspect, with whom false shame, pride, expediency—it goes by ail of these names—has not, at some time, gotten the better of natural affection.

Guy nor his mother made any remark upon her change of attitude and tone. That was one of the comforts of association with thorough-breds, Estelle went on to think, during the next act, with a changed spirit: The sight of the Clarks had produced a reaction. Was not her mother right? Was it not better to be in the best circle upon sufferance than to be the leader of the second? Especially as nobody beside herself suspected the existence of the teasing, tingling consciousness of inferiority that hindered her from being quite at ease. This would wear off after a while. It was pleasant to be seen by so many of her acquaintances while she sat with the Stuyvesants, their invited guest; to feel that Guy's show of devotion as he leaned over her chair to murmur the pretty nothings which were his conversational

capital, was noted and talked about by dozens of her old schoolfellows and present associates; to see that Sara Stringham, whose escort was a gray-haired widower, an army officer on half-pay, eyed her with ill-concealed envy and open amazement. It did not occur to her that the emotion of gratified vanity which stole through her—a pleasant glow of excitement—was essentially mean and vulgar; that her mother's aspirations and her own were poor and small, unworthy rational beings; that the structure she went on to rear upon this evening's triumph was contemptible in materials and proportions. Guy might be commonplace, even in his dissipation, of which rumors had reached her in past days. He was self-conceited, and had few views or emotions that harmonized with hers. Altogether, had he been plain Smith, Jones, or Jenkins, there were twenty others she would have selected in preference as partners even for one evening. But—she did not hesitate to set this before herself in downright terms—the wedding-ring he would place upon his bride's finger would be a talismanic key to unlock the door she had longed from her babyhood to enter. There was a restfulness, so she persuaded herself, a refined quiet in the atmosphere about her now; something that fitted in so well with her preconceived ideas of perfect ladyhood, in Mrs. Stuyvesant's mellow accents as she spoke with her sons or herself; in the very flow of her drapery and in her manner of leaning back in her easy chair, as of one whom nothing could agitate beyond the bounds of graceful self-possession; in Edgar's grave taciturnity; in Guy's half-drawl and slow ease of motion, which she accepted as presages of the calm, satisfied life she was to lead, should her mother's auguries be correct.

It would be hard to step out of this enchanted sphere; to leave the setting she felt became her so well, for homelier and baser surroundings; for the arena of strife and uncertainty and humiliation her mother had entreated her over night to desert. She loathed the thought of her grandmother's childish recapitulation of her struggles to "bring up her children right," and her self-gratulations over the result of her labors; her father's loud voice and laugh, and his irreparable grammar; Mrs. Clark's intolerable familiarities, her curiosity, and strictures, and advice; Fanny's boisterous good nature, her slang and babble about beaux and fashion and her neighbors' concerns. Within her self-appreciative bosom Peter Wells' daughter said that she was formed for better things, and hoped for the same. Guy's evident admiration of herself was the olive-leaf she plucked off as a stay to her soul, while her tired feet could find no resting-place. Marriage with him meant safe abode among the sheltering branches.

Seeing her *distracted*, Guy was led to watch her covertly, but closely, and in his turn he

became thoughtful. He had always considered her handsome. To-night, in that peculiar shade of blue-gray that resembled nothing else so much as a summer twilight sky, a rare tint that pleased his æsthetic eye; with the soft ermine cloak falling from one well-turned shoulder, and her golden hair unadorned save by a spray of natural hyacinths, the white bells relieved by trailing ribbon-grass, with the faint shade of pensiveness upon her that was a new phase to him, he found her absolutely charming.

"She would grace the head of any man's table," he decided. "Hang it! where did she get her style and Parisian taste? There isn't another woman in the house whose get-up is so faultless. Lively, too! Makes a fine show in conversation, but is never loud. *That's* queer again! Her father must be worth a million and a half at the lowest computation, and it will all go to these two children. There's a nice nest, elder-lined, for some lucky dog. Why not for me?"

He surveyed his mother—matronly and magnificent—little surmising the mine he was preparing beneath her feet, and pulled his moustache over a mischievous smile.

"There would be no end of a row with the women, I suppose, and the governor would be magisterial and deucedly uncomfortable. The connection isn't the thing, by any means; but a man must be philosophical and accept the drawbacks to his lot with a good grace. It would be an easy matter to cut the parents—when the election is over, that is. There is no hurry. I am canvassing votes for my respected paternal at present. Wouldn't Maude be gracious to her sister-in-law, though? There's the glory of the family name to be maintained, to be sure, but there are six of us to do it, and the coat-of-arms will look the brighter for a little gilding."

Charley Burt and his mother had a long, confidential chat that evening over the fire in their pleasant sitting-room.

"If she were not a rich man's daughter, I would know my fate at once," he said. "As it is, I would not hamper her by a long engagement if it were in my power to do so. But the new prospects my talk with Mr. Wells to-day has opened up to me have made life very bright. They have brought nearer the possibility of my being able to ask her to share my lot; made surer the hope that I may one day offer her a home worthy of her acceptance; a home bought by my own labor. I could never look her father in the face were I to consent to owe home and the means of providing for those I love to the bounty of any man, even one so generous as is Mr. Wells. His manner to-day moved me strangely, it was so full of delicacy and feeling. He is a model of gentleness and strength; a very Titan in heart. It is easy to see why his daughter's nature should

be so sound and sweet as to resist the corrosion of a fashionable education, and the more dangerous teachings of an ambitious, worldly mother."

OVER THE BAY.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

Oh, humble was my early home!
And ne'er, in childhood's hours,
Did I o'er grassy meadows roam,
Or gather wildwood flowers.
Within a city's dingy walls,
An attic drear and high,
Far, far removed from fashion's haunts,
Received my earliest sigh.
And north and south the dusky street
Stretched, curving, far away,
And eastward stood a ruined house—
Beyond it swept the bay.

Ah, they who, reared 'mid fairer scenes—
The mountain, meadow, grove—
Bask in a world of beauty bright,
Can never know the love
With which, when the fair morning dawned,
I looked me far away
To where the tall ships, motionless,
Lay anchored in the bay.
When, o'er earth, and air, and sea,
Stern Winter held his sway,
On rosy morns I watched with glee
The sun rise o'er the bay.

The years have passed, and o'er my path
Waves Fortune's golden wand;
And love and friendship now are mine,
And wealth of sea and land.
I sit amid the bloom and breath
Of summer's fairest flowers;
The south wind, with a soft, low voice,
Sweeps through the fragrant bowers:
But mid the bloom I close my eyes,
And my heart turns away
To where the tall ships, motionless,
Lie anchored in the bay.

Oh, childhood's scenes are ever dear,
And yet, though far away,
I see those golden, sunrise beams
Fall, slanting, o'er the bay.
And still it always seems to me
If my worn spirit rise
When death's still hour shall set it free
Beyond the far blue skies—
(For childish fancies o'er our lives
Will o'er exert their sway)—
My soul shall walk those golden bars
To Heaven from o'er the bay.

Do not allow Idleness to deceive you, for while you give him to-day he steals to-morrow from you.—*Crouquill*.

ABUSE OF AMUSEMENT.—The habit of dissipating every serious thought by a succession of agreeable sensations is as fatal to happiness as virtue; for when amusement is unhappily substituted for objects of moral and mental interest, we lose all that elevates our enjoyments above the scale of childish pleasures.

FROM A DISTANCE.

It is one of those common remarks which everyone makes for the hundredth time as glibly as if fresh out to-day, "How different things look at a distance from what they are when close at hand!" And most people add, "How much more beautiful they are in general, losing their charm in proportion as we come nearer to them and see them clearer." To be sure, certain details are lovelier the more narrowly we examine them; but, for the most part, things get a rich and mellowed grace by distance, and especially they gain a certain sense of mystery which gives room wherein the imagination may expatiate at its pleasure; and imagination and distance are the twin enchanters of the world. Take the magic which this same distance works on scenery. Say a soot-grimed, red brick hovel in the sunshine, set against a field of ripening corn for the golden background—in front a meadow full of ruddled, shaggy, warm-felled sheep and whiter lambs; distance, color, and the sun make the place glorified. It might be the palace of a fairy queen come out for a summer's shepherding, and the broken, cobwebbed panes on which the long rays glint might be burning, precious gems, so gloriously do they shine. Approach your enchanted palace, and what do you find? A sordid, tumble-down old barn, where the cattle sometimes stray for shelter, startling the owl that nests in the ivy—where the shyest beasts run riot, free of fear because free of danger, so deserted, so desolate, so inhuman is it all. At a distance it is the salient point of the landscape, and artists come from far and wide to transfer its gorgeous coloring to their canvas, to copy its marvellous flow of line and picturesque arrangement of natural accessories; but not even the pre-Raphaelites would care to jot it all down close at hand, because close at hand its beauty has vanished, distance having been that, emphatically, which had lent "enchantment to the view."

And what is true with respect to scenery is true with respect to human character and history. Distance modifies our judgment, blurs distinctive qualities, conceals deficiencies, softens down excrescences, and so transforms to us the meaning and the manner of the fact that we scarcely know whether what we see is hero or demon, the brilliant palace of a fairy shepherdess or the ruined hovel tenanted by unclean beasts, that which we ought to admire or that which all teaching calls on us to condemn. There is that *crux* of the historian, that battle ground of the partisan, poor Mary Queen of Scots—what, I pray you, is the final reading after all the controversies that have raged about her name? Final reading? no—we have not come to that by many a hundred volumes seemingly, if we may judge of the future by the past; but what is the true reading? Ac-

cursed witch, murderess, and perjurer, slayer of men's souls as well as bodies, beautiful with the false seeming beauty of a fiend, a ravening wolf clothed in the whitest and silkiest of lamb-skins? Or was she a sweet and persecuted lady, whose loveliness was her crime, whose power of attracting men's hearts was her ruin, who was found guilty because she was proved dangerous, and her dangerousness simply her beauty, her innocence, her love? It is not so very long since she lived—well into the historic times, and within the full view of evidence makers—yet from the distance at which we stand, not so infinite though it be, who can tell? Some take the one side and some the other, and we have found no historic stereoscope as yet which can blend the two halves into one harmonious whole, and show us the woman as she must have been in the reality of her life—sinning and sinned against; guilty, yet not so bad as her sentence; false, yet not falselier than her time; no better than her contemporaries, yet was she so very much worse? Who can decide these knotty points now? We are too far off both in point of time and in point of moral sympathy, at too great a distance from evidence and manners, to give a comprehensive and yet detailed—therefore thoroughly true—judgment. Our barn may be a dilapidated hut close at hand, but it is nevertheless a glorious feature in the landscape, in the sunshine, and at a distance; and the window panes, which sparkle like burning gems, may be cobwebbed, and foul, and fractured, still the flash is there all the same, and none but the blind can fail to see it.

So we may say of everything and almost every person. From a distance and near at hand the lines of perspective vary, and no one's character looks, or is, the same thing when placed at different angles, seen from different stand-points, and under the transforming influences of color. This, too, is another reason—if, indeed, we wanted another, having already so many—why our judgments on each other should be charitable, gentle, and ever believing in the best. We can see no man near enough to judge of his actions entirely according to his feeling, and on the ground plan of his motives; or we can never get so really within the heart of even our nearest friend as to read through and through the complex interlining which goes on through the letters of the simplest duty. In fact, there is no such thing as a simple duty out of childhood and beyond obedience. When once the free will of choice between conflicting duties comes in, there is an end to implicit taken in the sense of unity; and therefore we can never judge with a full knowledge of causes and motives, how clear so ever we may be as to the resulting facts. But facts being only the embodiment of one or at most two feelings amongst many, facts themselves are only our red brick barn with the sunlight

on it or in the shadow, at a distance or close at hand, and so change in their real significance according to their relative distances from ourselves.

Society is about the most extraordinary Proteus fashioned according to distance that we can find. Take, for an example, people who go out a good deal, and who entertain as much as they are entertained, and give beautiful balls and dinners, with a fine name among the guests to make up. What blessed mortals they must be! we think, we poor young ladies whose parents are not rich, who must stay at home while we are dying for only one ball this season, only one modest white tarlatane, as fresh and simple as a rose with a dewdrop in the heart of it. What fortunate people! we growl, we bilious matrons, striving to climb up the ladder step by step, and counting every house that is open to us only by its worth in the way of dinners and concentric invitations. If we were to mention the happiest people in the world, as we know it, we would mention the Asked Abouts; and if we would honestly confess to so mean a passion as envy, it would be of these same Asked Abouts, whom we should like nothing better than to tumble from their place, and fill it with ourselves. So be it. But do you know personally those you so envy? If you do, you can appreciate the analogy of the barn and the broken panes of glass—in the sunlight and at a distance. Among the most miserable creatures of your acquaintance are the brilliant Asked Abouts. He is a disappointed man with a loaded liver, who has failed in all he seriously set himself to win; she is an unhappy wife who married for ambition, got less than she desired, and failed to secure even friendship where she had once dreamed of love. All that these people have, which seems so delightful to you, possessing so little where they have such affluence (comparative), is as dross and lees to them. They want more and ever more. They do not care two straws for the people to whom they go, and only want to be asked to places beyond their social standing, and therefore shut against them; they regard it all as weariness, a waste of time and energies, a something that mocks their wishes and gives them not what they desire; yet they are in the vortex, and cannot get out of it. They seem rich, do they? Their dress and equipage are perfect? So they may to you, but they are gnawing their hearts out with envy, with anxiety how to reach the higher stage; and what would be heaven to you if suddenly translated there is to them nothing but a clod-paved earth, with the empyrean still above, still unattained, and maybe unattainable. They have not enough for their desires, just as you have not enough for your needs; and the cornucopia which you think so rich they hold to be a miserable little screw of tea paper, holding nothing worth taking. You

are an old maid—fast becoming one rather—a flower withering on its stalk, and you hear of the Misses Alllove and their offers. You have never had a chance of marrying, save that which could scarcely be called a chance, when a Mr. Guppy of your acquaintance proposed terms that were inadmissible and impossible. But all the offers made to the Misses Alllove are *fascos*. The nice men are poor and cannot marry, those who can are old and horrid. The eldest Miss Alllove has her secret beloved, but she cannot marry him for want of sticks wherewith to boil the *pot au feu*; and her sister, the pretty one, loves one who does not love her. From a distance it would seem that they have only to hold up their little fingers for a shower of wedding rings to descend thereon; but near at hand it may be seen not one fits. See what a beautiful thing maturity seems to the child badgered with lessons and bothered with control. "When I am grown up!" Yes, when she is grown up, all the roses will have no thorns, and there will never be a sunset to keep the sunrise modest. What does the child find? Much what the youth finds when he is taken for the first time behind the scenes and introduced to the ballet fairies. And when we are old, what was our youth, looked back on from the distance? A great, golden haze, full of sweetest dreams and murmured songs, and happy days and blessed anticipations. That is from a distance. When we were going through the golden time we discovered that a great deal of it was pinchbeck of the most flagrant kind, and we did not always rejoice in the sunlight; but often found it more scorching than vivifying, and less delightful than embarrassing. So that, on the whole, "From a distance" is not always the truest if it is generally the most beautifying stand-point whence to view life and nature; but at the least it ought to render us careful how we judge what we cannot verify, time for time, and point for point; and whenever there is a doubt, it should incline us to the side of charitable surmise and benevolent explanation.

HAPPINESS cannot rest till it has created for itself a claim to happiness; therefore it is a truth that whoever esteems himself is esteemed of others.—*Taylor*.

THE mean and servile soul of a hypocrite is like a dead carcass, in which there is neither heat, fire, nor spark of life remaining.—*Rousseau*.

EVERY other quality is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a building is inferior to the architect who drew the plan and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs.—*Anon*.

APRIL FOOL'S DAY AT ELMSGLADE.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

DEAR RUTH: Did you remember that the 31st of March is my ninetieth birthday? Probably I shall not see another one, and I want all my family to celebrate this. Will you come for a week? I want you all to be here on the 27th or 28th, and to stay some days into April. I believe I can hope to see all excepting Sydney.

Lovingly ever,
GRANDMOTHER.

It was just what I wanted, this little holiday, for I had been hard at work all winter, and was feeling very lonely, very homesick, and dreary, when the invitation came like a glimpse of sunshine.

I knew who would be there. Five daughters, and their husbands, with, oh! so many children, most of them young ladies and gentlemen; I, the only child of a sixth daughter, who had joined my father years ago in the better world, and Sylvia.

I must tell you of Sylvia, the only one probably of grandmother's guests who was not a child or a grandchild. She was grandma's companion. Nobody knew much about her previous history, excepting that her mother had been one of grandma's scholars in the days when she kept a little school, before grandpa came a-wooing.

I think there was not one of the grandchildren who would not gladly have lived at Elmsglade, and been grandma's companion, but she would not have it so.

"Give me your company and your love. Come to me when you can, but never feel obliged to stay," she would say. "Sylvia will live with me till she marries or I die."

So it was Sylvia who wrote grandma's letters, who read to her, and performed the thousand little acts of service old people constantly require. Because she was poor, Sylvia received a salary; because grandma liked pretty things about her, Sylvia accepted the wardrobe she provided, and was always exquisitely dressed. She was very beautiful. Not a merely pretty face, that depended upon color and dress for much of its effect, but a rarely beautiful face, full of animation one moment, yet as lovely in repose the next. The pending expression was bright and joyous, for Sylvia's was a happy nature; but at times there would come to her great brown eyes a wistful look, sad and tender, as if some sweet memory of sorrow or unattainable future joy was in her heart.

We all loved her. Maude, stately brunette, our queen of cousins, patronized her; Susie, the youngest of us all, worshipped her; and all the cousins between gave her their love, unmingled with jealousy, for we knew she was grandma's comfort, without depriving us of one loving throb of her true heart.

I fairly counted the hours in my little boarding-house room until I could pack a valise for a week's sojourn at Elmsglade, and I took an early breakfast and early train on the 28th, drawing a long, free breath of delight as the iron horse snorted its way out of the depot.

Such a houseful as I found. Maude, Claire, and Percy, with Aunt Alice and Uncle Joe; Aunt Margery's twin girls and only son, with Uncle Harry promised for the birthday; Aunt Mary, with seven olive branches, and Uncle Walter coming with Uncle Harry; Aunt Sue and Uncle Lewis, with their only child, Hester; and Aunt Polly, with ten children, and, grandma said, Uncle Phil, the biggest baby of the lot; I, all alone, but welcomed heartily. We were all there, as grandma said, all excepting Sydney.

It was a sad gap we knew for grandma. She had never had but one son, and he died one year after his marriage, killed by a lightning stroke. Three days after his wife kissed her baby boy once, and then joined her husband, leaving the hour old child to grandma.

He was her idol. She loved us all, but she worshipped Sydney, her child of children, her darling of darlings. We were too young when he was at home to speculate about the peculiarities that made older people sigh for the boy's future; but, looking back through the vista of years, I can now understand why older people trembled for Sydney.

Fair as a girl, frail as a flower, beautiful as a dream, this orphan boy inherited from his father an artist's soul, from his mother a sensitive, delicate body. He was a genius, living an ideal life, indulged in every fancy, and causing no other anxiety than that called forth by his feeble health. His mother's large fortune made him independently wealthy when he came of age, for grandma would have no part of it touched for his support or education in boyhood. He was an artist from babyhood. I think he was seeking for souls or fairies in the flowers when his baby hands pulled them into shreds, his great blue eyes looking mournfully and wistfully at every torn petal. Before he could speak, he would sit for hours watching clouds, raindrops, birds, any of the beauties of nature showered upon Elmsglade.

I think the greatest struggle of his petted life was his choice of a profession. Should he devote himself to music, he must give up his hopes of being a painter; if he elected to be a painter, where were his dreams of one day rivaling the master musicians of the past? Painting finally carried the day, yet to hear Sydney touch a piano or a violin made one sigh for him to spend his life in music.

Need I say he was the idol of aunts and cousins? Everybody joined the compact to spoil Sydney, but he would not be spoiled. He was hard-working and indolent by turns, studying as eagerly as a professor to-day, lying idly on

the grass all day to-morrow. His college life brought him no special honors, but its temptations passed him and left him untouched. With his great, soul-lit eyes, his white, broad brow, his sensitive mouth, and fine features, his expression was childlike in its innocent sweetness.

I had not been an hour at Elmsglade when my especial pet and crony of cousins, Ella, came to take me up stairs.

"You and I are to have our old room, of course," she whispered. "Come, let's run off for a chat."

We were out of school some years ago; Ella, a fashionable young lady in society, I, a hard-working little music-teacher; but, when we were alone, we often curled up girl fashion on our broad sofa to exchange confidences.

"Nell," I said, as soon as we were comfortably settled, "why don't Syd come home for grandma's birthday? He has been two years in Italy, and we may never all meet here again."

"Sydia," said Ella, shortly.

Had she struck me I could not have been more astonished.

"How do you know?" I gasped.

"I don't know; I only guess. When were you here last, Ruthy?"

"I have not been here since Sydney left. You know I went to Boston my last holidays, and this visit is fairly stolen. I shall have to give extra lessons for my holiday. But about Sydia?"

"If you were not here when Sydney left, Ruthy, I was sure you had seen Sydia since."

"No, not even to-day."

"I was here for three months before Syd left. I am sure he was in love with Sydia; and, from a sort of cousinly regard, such as we all gave him, Sydia suddenly became a perfect miracle of stately propriety."

"O Nell! who could help loving Sydney?"

"Ruthy, I think she did love him, but she is so proud and so conscientious. You know there was some mystery about her father"—

"No mystery at all, only grandma don't like it talked about. He was mixed up in a trust fund swindle, a scapegoat for an unprincipled lot of men, and, when he found money and reputation both gone, he drank himself into delirium tremens, and so died."

"Is that the story? Bad enough it is, and Sydia thinks has forever disgraced her. She says nothing, but once, in a sudden burst of confidence, she described to me the angelic being Syd's wife ought to be."

"Nonsense! Syd, being rather too angelic himself for this work-a-day world, wants a good, common-sense, practical woman, to worship his genius if she will, and keep him in order. A nice mess the housekeeping would be if Syd married another angel. Sydia is just the wife for him."

"Mind you, Ruthy, this may be all a notion of my own. All that is certain is, that Sydney went off to Italy like a flash of lightning, grandma has grown twenty years older since he left, and Sylvia don't like to talk about it. She is a little sadder, and likes to get off by herself sometimes, but that may mean nothing."

"Or everything. There's the tea bell, and I have not taken off my travelling dress."

"Never mind. Nobody is very fine to-day. We will all beautify to-morrow. Come!"

There is nothing in the conversation given above to tell the reader what a harum-scarum madcap Miss Ella was. Rarely was she so grave as she had been during that little chat. The prime leader of every kind of mischief, full of animal life, overflowing with gay spirits, Nell was the merriest and most mischief making cousin of the group. Alfred, another cousin still, was usually her ally, *aide-de-camp*, or prime minister, whenever there was any especial trick or fun in prospect. It was impossible long to be grave where Al and Nell had any share of a festivity.

It struck me when I entered the room to meet the family at tea how aged and broken our dear grandmother had become, but a change almost as marked had come to Sylvia. I cannot describe it. She was as active in arranging for every one's comfort, as attentive to grandmother, as loving to all, but the old joyous ring was gone from her voice; her eyes had a sad expression in repose; her movements were as graceful as ever, but something of the spring was gone from her step. Subtle differences not easily seen by a casual observer, but I was thinking much of Ella's confidence, and during the evening noted so much change.

The birthday was merrily passed, every one had a gift, and on this occasion grandmother gave us each a keepsake. When all were distributed, she put upon the table where her own presents lay, a diamond ring, that we all knew had belonged to grandfather.

"This is for Sydney," she said to us all. "If I do not see my boy again, this is for him, and for his wife when he marries."

There was a hush in the room for some moments, and I saw Sylvia go softly away. Nearly an hour later I met her in the library, crouched down in a corner, white and still.

"I am tired, so tired," she said, when I came in.

"You have had all the trouble, while we took the pleasure," I said.

"Yes, that is it," she answered, eagerly, as if anxious for an excuse.

"Grandma has enjoyed it," I said, "but it was very evident she missed Sydney. He ought to come home, or he may never see her again."

"O Ruth, he ought to come home to her!"

It seemed as if the exclamation was forced from her, for a moment later she said—

"But he is learning a great deal. He writes that he never knew what it was to be an artist till he saw Italy."

"Does he write to you?"

"I answer for his grandmother. You know I read and write all her letters."

"True! If you are so very tired, Sylvia, go lie down till bed-time, or go to bed, and I will undress grandmother and read to her to-night."

She accepted the last offer gratefully, and I returned to the drawing-room and made her excuses.

The next day the whole household went crazy. It was April Fool's Day, and every one of the busy beehive of young folks tried to outdo the other in the magnitude or mischief of the tricks. Practical jokes were the order of the day. Nobody was safe. Even grandmother joined in the innocent merriment, and gave us for dessert a wonderful pie made of shavings, white cotton, wool, and crimson worsted, a delectable compound so skilfully concocted that half of us tasted it before we discovered our white of egg was wool, or preserves worsted, and our pie crust wood shavings. Sylvia seemed to catch the merry tone. Nobody's surprises were more startling than hers, but she was so wonderfully on her guard that at dusk nobody could boast of having once "fooled" Sylvia. Nell solemnly declared that she would not have one wink of sleep if she did not play one trick on Sylvia, but owned herself puzzled as to the *modus operandi*.

I had gone from the house down to the gardener's lodge some little distance, but on the grounds, on an errand for grandma. Returning, and walking rather rapidly, for it was growing dark, I met Ella hurrying towards me.

"Ruth, Sid is here."

"Here!"

"He meant to be here for the birthday, but the steamer was one day behind time. Ruth, I was right."

"I don't understand you."

"About Sylvia! I did not mean to listen, but I was in grandma's dressing-room when he came to the bed-room. Nobody had seen him, and after a few words of greeting, he asked her, 'What do you think?'"

"O Nell, ought you to tell?"

"You won't betray me. He don't know whether Sylvia loves him or not, and grandma has not found out in two years. She would be glad, Ruthy, to have Sydney happy in his own way, but she cannot say a word to encourage him to hope."

"It seems too bad."

"He is so thin and so pale, Ruthy. She will kill him, hard-hearted as she is."

"Pshaw! Men don't die of love."

"But Sydney is not like other men."

We were at the house by this time, and could

see the whole party assembled in the drawing-room excepting grandmother, who was still in her own room with Sydney. Sylvia was at the piano playing a waltz, as we opened the door. Just as we did so, I heard grandmother on the stairs, saying :—

"How surprised they will all be to see you, Sydney," and at the same moment Nell whispered to me :—

"I'm going to play an April fool's trick on Sylvia, and catch her."

It seemed but a second, and I could still hear grandmother's slowly descending steps, when Nell dashed into the drawing-room crying :—

"Oh! have you heard that Sydney is dead?"

Every face paled, and a cry of consternation broke from every one, but there was a more ominous sound still, a heavy fall, and Sylvia lay insensible upon the floor.

It was a cruel experiment. Sydney's self in their midst relieved the others, but he saw nothing but Sylvia. Only to hear her speak again, only to see her eyes open again, he pleaded as if for his life. We opened the windows and let the cold evening air blow upon her; we drenched her face and hair with water; and, finally, Nell coaxed everybody away but Sydney and myself.

"Will she ever waken, Ruthy?" he said to me, with white, stiff lips.

"It is only a fainting fit," I answered, chafing the cold, lifeless hands. "You heard Nell's cruel joke?"

"Was it that?" he asked.

Oh, the selfishness of men! His color was returning, and a look creeping into his eyes of fond exultation.

"Sylvia," he said, bending his lips to hers, "you are mine now."

She heard him, for a faint color came to her cheeks, and she tried to move. I saw she was reviving, and I left them together. Nell met me in the hall.

"I have got them all in to tea," she said. "Ruthy, have I killed her?"

"No, indeed. Go tell grandmother all is well now."

"You don't mean"—

"I don't know; I only guess," I said; "but I guess we'll get our wedding."

And I was right. Having betrayed so much, Sylvia gave her love fully and freely as her nature was. She let her pride sleep, and Sydney went no more to Italy, for grandmother leads for her best beloved child to close her eyes when they shall open no more in this world, and Sylvia thinks no home can be like Imshglade. You can't make Nell say she did wrong thing.

"I was awfully frightened," she will own, but I am as glad as I can be I caught Sylvia once on April Fool's Day."

THE SPRING SNOW STORM.

BY ALPHA.

THE apple trees out in the orchard
Were robed in garments of green,
With a delicate trimming of blossoms,
The prettiest ever seen.

The peaches vied with them in splendor,
The plums were as dainty and gay,
While Robin sang out in the branches
To herald the coming of May.

He had built him a nest already,
With his little shy brown mate,
And they laughingly whispered together
That the others were "always too late."

Little violet down in the meadow,
With the grasses played "hide and go seek,"
Or toyed with the perfumed breezes
With many a mischievous freak.

And all of old Nature's darlings,
The trees, and the birds, and the flowers,
Rejoiced in the April sunshine,
Refreshed by the April showers.

But grim and greedy old Winter,
With bitterness in his heart,
Looking back on this scene of beauty,
And loth from the earth to part,

Crept back under cover of darkness,
Spring's wary, cunning foe,
And laid on each tree and blossom
A weight of glittering snow.

The apple trees, with a shudder,
Shrank 'neath the burden chill;
Poor Robin crept under the house eaves,
And his cheery song was still.

Little violet closed her eyes gently
Under the shrouding veil,
And the bluebells, nodding together,
Were weary, and sad, and pale.

But Spring remembers her children,
And orders her bright sunbeams
To dispel the ruthless invader
With their armor of golden gleams.

By night they are laughing at Winter,
For his troops in dismay have fled,
And their harsh and wicked leader,
The vallant Jack Frost, is dead.

DELIBERATE with caution, but act with decision; and yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness.—*Colton.*

THERE is no word or action but may be taken with two hands; either with the right hand of charitable construction, or the sinister interpretation of malice and suspicion.—*Bishop Hall.*

It is a good thing to believe; it is a good thing to admire. By continually looking upwards, our minds will themselves grow upwards; and as a man, by indulging in habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises, so the opposite habits of admiration and enthusiastic reverence for excellence impart to ourselves a portion of the qualities we admire. Here, as in everything else, humility is the surest path to exaltation.—*Dr. Arnold.*

RELATIVE POSITION.

BY MARY E. COMSTOCK.

CHAPTER I.

THE Hadly family were at breakfast, and animation of manner betokened some topic of greater interest than usually had place at that rather sleepy and informal meal. Alfred and the girls were in the habit of sauntering in one after another when their elders were half through the meal, or finished and gone, and conversation was usually exceedingly desultory. This morning it was different. Paternal permission had the night before been obtained to have invitations issued for a party in honor of the return of Mrs. Jacob Jackson, and the household were unitedly determined it should be such a party as had never before been given in Jacksonville. Hence each had suggestions and remarks to offer, and the sitting was a remarkably lively one.

The Hadlys, speaking peculiarly, were a rising family in Jacksonville. This busy little place was a manufacturing town that owed its prosperity, and, perhaps, its existence, to the energy and business foresight of the Jackson family, of whom Jacob Jackson—J. J., his wife sometimes called him—was the present representative. The Hadlys, or rather Lawrence Hadly—his brother Edmund was not openly identified in the business—had within a few years risen to the carrying on of a branch of the Jackson manufactories, and was expecting shortly, by the introduction of improved machinery, to pay the principal, get rid of interest, and rival the established, original works. The prophetic ramble and whirr of the prospective machinery was imaginary music to which the expected proprietor's thoughts and plans all set themselves.

Mrs. Lawrence Hadly had a large share of social ambition. What she called "position in society" was the ultimatum of her desires. When Jacob Jackson brought home his second wife, Mrs. Hadly spared no pains to ingratiate herself in favor at the newly-fitted up house, that was at once the pride and envy of Jacksonville.

The two ladies were of congenial tastes and feelings. Mrs. Jackson was one of those who constitutionally need an admirer, some one ready to take opinions and self-valuation unquestioningly; and Mrs. Hadly was glad to attach herself to one whose intimacy, through the influence of "position," in her world of social village life, gave new prestige.

Mrs. Jackson had been a half year absent from home, and brought with her, on her return, a married sister, wife of a millionaire. Her chief adherent and friend considered this a favorable opportunity to pleasantly astonish Jacksonville, by exhibition of new and expensive plate and renewed parlor furniture, and at

the same time pay a handsome compliment to Mrs. Jackson and the wife of the millionaire.

"Seems to me you're putting things up at a pretty high figure," slightly remonstrated *pater familias*, as confectionery and tropical fruits from the city entered into the list of things pronounced indispensable.

"But, pa," exclaimed Emily, "as long as you undertake to do a handsome thing, you don't want to stop at trifles."

"If we are not to have something a little out of the ordinary humdrum line, I say drop the whole thing," seconded Alfred.

The mother, at this juncture, said nothing, but a satisfied smile betokened sympathy with the sentiments expressed.

"Well, well, you'll have your own way, I expect," was the complaisant rejoinder. "When will you have out the invitations?"

And the list of the to-be-invited opened new discussion.

"I declare, pa," said Mrs. Hadly, "I wish you could give Edmund more salary. I suppose Kate will wear that old black silk of hers again. The family are positively dowdy. As long as everybody knows who they are, why, of course, we have to invite them when we do others."

"Of course," said Lawrence Hadly, emphatically.

"Aunt Kate's black silk is very old-fashioned, really shabby," answered Emily.

"I never saw auntie look shabby; I don't believe she could," struck in Lily.

"Little girls should be seen and not heard," reminded her mother, at which Lily fidgeted uneasily in her chair.

"Edmund has as large a salary as young Lyndhurst," reflectively spoke Mr. Hadly.

"Mrs. Lyndhurst and Marian dress with excellent taste," asserted Emily. "That is the loveliest new mantle Mrs. Lyndhurst wore Sunday. I wish I had one like it. They spend a great deal in carriage-hire, too, and Uncle Ed never does. I know Aunt Kate might keep up better. She ought to for the sake of Susie. She dresses her like a child. Why, I had on long dresses a full year and a half before I was as old as Susie is."

"I don't care!" exclaimed irrepressible Miss Lily, "Aunt Kate and Susie are both just as good as they can be."

"Lily, how little you can understand," and "To be sure they are," spoke Emily and her father, simultaneously. "Your mother only thinks they need a little more of her faculty for appearances," continued the latter, "which very likely they do."

"If Aunt Kate only would wear a waterfall and some rats," exclaimed Emily, "but somehow you can never suggest anything that way to her."

"That's where of the two I rather admire Aunt Kate," frankly admitted Alfred. "Water-

falls are an exaggeration. I think a waterfall on Aunt Kate would be a monstrosity."

"That's because you don't know," submitted Emily. "Some people never can acquire an air; but I wish Aunt Kate would try, whether it were possible or not."

The mother and daughter spent the morning hours in consultation.

"It's a good thing that I would have the new sitting-room carpet," said Mrs. Hadly. "I had this party in my eye then. I knew we would have to have a carpet some time, and might as well get it first as last, and done with it, though your pa was minded to hold back in the beginning," and she gazed approvingly at the handsome Brussels. "May as well have things all off the same piece, now we've got the plate and the new parlor furniture. It's every whit as nice as Mrs. Jackson's, I'll be bound." And the question of invitations and dress was discussed.

"Make it worth while, ma," directed Alfred, passing through the room. "If we're going to have a party, let's have a stunner. I'll get the wines," with which stipulation the young man passed out at the street door.

"I hope you'll make yourself agreeable to the millionaire's wife," said Mrs. Hadly to Emily. "It is worth a great deal to a young girl sometimes to have such an acquaintance. I think she seemed pleased with you. I noticed her eye ran over every article of your dress the day we called. I was glad you wore your ermine."

And preparations for the party began in detail.

"I declare I'm tired!" gasped Mrs. Hadley, as evening coming on she sank into the nearest chair, after one of her busiest days. "I'm dreadful worried for fear the things won't get here in time from the city. Goodness! if they should fail, I don't know what I would do. I see my way all clear about the meats, and the chicken salad, and the oysters, and the ice cream; but I've depended so much on that lot of extras that's ordered, that if they fail everything does."

"The trouble is you're tired, ma," said Alfred. "They don't fail. I've told you so ten times. You've been bothered doing things, and you get up that bugbear."

"Well, I have been bothered, that's a fact. Emily was trying on her dress, and I had to see them folks that called, and Miss Leverett she come to see about Lily. She seems to be very fond of Lily, and says she has taken a good start in school. I don't think she knew we had put her into the public school, she looked so surprised when I told her."

"What induced you to do it, mother?" exclaimed Alfred. "I wondered at the time, though I had something else to think of, and didn't say anything. The public school is a perfect jam, and the teachers this year are a

rather poor set. Miss Leverett has started a first class school, and I'd support it."

"Her charges are very high, and Lily's a mere child," hastily returned his mother, "and we are going into so many expenses this year; your pa sometimes quite alarms me about it, but I tell him we must make a certain appearance. Now that he is taking a new start, it's really necessary. Why, the Jacksons, and Hudsons, and Emersons seem to want to be quite intimate here lately. Your father's credit will be a great deal better, too, if it's seen what style of living he can afford."

"Then, for the sake of appearance, don't you think you ought to give Lily to Miss Leverett?" logically questioned Alfred.

"Well, no; it don't weigh much about Lily now, on the whole. She can go to some finishing school a year or two, same as Emily did, and we can just as well save expense now till she's older. I declare I forgot to send word to Margaret I shall want her help to-morrow," and tired Mrs. Hadly bustled out of the room to despatch the said message.

It was a wee bit of a house on a by street, from which through crimson curtains the light shone cheerily. The one large room that served as both sitting-room and dining-room was always very bright in the evening. Mrs. Edmund Hadly, on taking the house, had stipulated to have the partition taken down that had made the one room two, that the small habitation might possess one commodious family gathering place; a true home room, rather than pretentious cramped divisions. The broad chintz-covered lounge, and the chairs with corresponding cushions, looked home-like and comfortable. The three-ply carpet was of cheerful though modest color and design. A well-filled bookcase was supplemented by two sets of hanging shelves containing most used authors and school books. A United States map also had place on the wall, and every other available place was filled with choice engravings. A handsome mounted globe was on a side table; several ornaments graced the mantle, and a stand by the window held a few plants, over which hung Susie's bird. The table, always in the evening drawn to the centre of the room, had grouped around it to-night the members of the family. Here in her low rocker sat the mother at work on a child's garment; little Nettie busy with her French lesson, beside her; Miles sat with a Latin reader open before him; and Susie, her face shaded by clustering curls, was in the animated glow of composition.

"Your help a moment, please, mother," she spoke, impulsively. "I cannot choose between two adjectives." And she brought her paper to her mother.

"Your first is best," said the lady. "The

second pleases your ear by its alliteration, but it does not give your meaning as clearly."

"Oh, yes, I see now!" returned Susie. "I was puzzled. Thank you, mother," and the quick tracery began again on the white page.

"Mother," shortly after, spoke Miles, raising his knit brow, "whatever does this old heathen mean?" And he brought his book and the result of his efforts towards construing, and the mother and son laughed softly, not to disturb the others, at a very natural blunder.

"Please, mamma, give me that rule *once* more," asked Nettie; and the mother, whose thoughts in the moment's space, and in some irregular way that housekeepers can understand, had strayed off to the fact that coffee must be browned for to-morrow's breakfast, replied absently, giving a Latin rule, and Nettie opened wide her blue eyes.

"Why, mamma!" and the lady slowly perceived her mistake.

"I don't know about this confusion of tongues," she said, laughingly. "You two young persons must leave me a margin of time between your appeals; 'the effect is like mixing wines.' Now let us see, little one. 'One verb following another must—'"

"Oh, yes," interrupted the little girl, going on with the rule, "I remember now, mamma!" and presently papa came in, bringing the evening mail.

"What do you think the nomination is?" he asked his wife, unfolding a paper as he spoke.

"Ah! here is a letter from your favorite correspondent!" and he passed it over. "Those are splendid coals for pop-corn, Nettie." And study hour being over, Edmund Hadly and his youngest daughter resolved themselves into a committee of two to visit the store-room for pop-corn, and said coals did excellent service. Susie lingered later than the others.

"I've finished it, mother, ready for copying!" she exclaimed, exultingly, and she showed the title to her father—"The Palace of the Sea King"—and then in a little space she left them too.

Edmund took up an envelope from the table. "Ah! what have we here? A party invitation?"

"At Lawrence's," supplemented his wife.

"Quite elaborate, isn't it?"

"So it seems. Shall we go?" and the face raised to his was very questioning in expression.

"Certainly; I suppose so; just as you say about it, of course. I presume you are agreeable to the proposition?"

"I do not know what is the matter with me lately," said Mrs. Edmund. "I am losing all relish for going out socially. I would rather stay here with the chicks by far. It isn't good for one to shut themselves away from others, I know, and I'm not going to yield to the desire, but I come home from these parties so weary,

depleted; it's a positive dread to me to think of them."

"Don't go to another one, then," said Edmund, in his straightforward way.

Tears actually came into Aunt Kate's gentle eyes. "The fault must be with myself," she said. "In our little village gatherings at home I always used to find so much good; came home feeling better and happier. There were always so many kind, graceful things said and done. Everybody used to look beautiful to me; and in R——, with Aunt Ella, though society was different there, and not so much like that of one family as in our little village, yet I always got good. The Eldons and Raymonds and all that circle had so many good things to say. It was quite a feast to go where they were, though not really better than the home freedom and heartiness. But here"—and she stopped.

Edmund laughed. "Well, just so, here; how is it here?"

"I don't know," and, evidently, genial-hearted Mrs. Kate was puzzled. "I like these people; at least, I think I do, but it will seem to me sometimes that there is nothing real about them. It's all stereotyped, and like a show. I don't want to be uncharitable, but it seems as though they thought a great deal more of what one wears and has than of what one is."

"Not far out of the way, Kate. That's pretty much the tone, I think myself."

"This morning I had been doing over some preserves. I was heated and tired. The children were at school, and I wanted a few minutes refreshment with somebody. I hastily put on my shawl and hat and went over to Mrs. Herrick's for a few minute's sociability. I was shown into the parlor, which, by the way, was chilly, and Mrs. Herrick came, in the most formal way, to receive me. 'Let me come right in where you are sitting,' I incautiously said; 'I just came over for a bit of a talk, but I don't want to interrupt you in the least.' 'Not at all,' she said, 'she was not busy.' We talked about the weather, and the fashions, and the accidents, but some way I felt myself freezing right up. Mrs. Jaynes and Miss Herndon came in, in full calling costume, and offered nearly the same remarks we had been exchanging. I did not sit long after they came. I think we separated without our real selves once coming to the surface. I suppose the trouble is with myself in some way. I will go to this party and see if I can feel better."

"On the whole, I think I would," said Mr. Hadly. "I imagine they are taking a great deal of pains, and it would hardly do to stay away. It is some time, too, since we have spent an evening out."

The next day Mrs. Edmund Hadly said to Susie: "You saw the invitation to Aunt Lydia's, didn't you, dear?"

"Yes, and Lily had told me before," replied Susie. "She says every one is invited, and she wanted to know what I was going to wear."

"The inevitable question," a little morbidly, perhaps, thought Aunt Kate.

"And, mother, she asked what you would wear."

A flush came to the fair cheek. "I suppose Aunt Lydia would like to have us take pains," she said. "What shall I wear, dear?" and the childlike question was very characteristic.

"Your light silk," suggested Susie.

"I would have to get new trimming for it, dear," musingly; "but I will think about it," and, as usual with Mrs. Kate, she executed while she thought.

The anticipated night came. The desired confections had duly arrived. Emily's dress and her mother's were faultless, every arrangement was completed, and Alfred pronounced things "really quite in style." Alfred had spent a winter in town, and had attended parties at several handsome houses, furnished almost precisely alike by the upholsterer, and supplied with refreshments on these occasions by the best city caterer, and he was considered family authority.

"Aunt Kate has had the grace to wear her pearl-colored silk," said Emily to her mother. "She has taken off those old-style bretelles, and made it quite presentable," and the daughter moved away to greet other early guests.

It was late when Mrs. Jacob Jackson and sister made their appearance, and the hostess greeted them with marked expressions of welcome.

Mrs. Jackson appeared in the newest of city styles and the most elaborate detail of trimming and ornament. Her glory was not eclipsed, but rather enhanced, by the brilliance of the millionaire's wife, Mrs. McGibbon, whose heavy silk, that was commented upon next day as "thick enough to stand alone," together with the costly little cap of real lace, which bore upon its delicate texture a miniature flower garden—the effect of all heightened by a liberal flash of diamonds—created quite a sensation. Mrs. Jackson was of a nervous, animated carriage and style of conversation, but portly. Mrs. McGibbon enunciated her words as though they were expected to have the weight of an oracle's. She was communicative, too. Among strangers though she was, the greater part of the assembled company had, before the evening was over, been informed how great a favorite her son John was in society, that he was travelling in Europe now; also how much trouble her servants gave her, particularly the coachman, who was so exacting, and many other items of corresponding public interest.

Musicians arrived with their instruments, and dancing began and continued. Mrs. Lawrence congratulated herself that all was going

well, but her satisfaction reached its height when the luxurious variety of the supper-table won looks of surprise from united Jacksonville. Wines circulated freely, and young men, with kindling excitement in their eyes, came to tell her what "a handsome thing" she had done. "Such a supper was never got up in these parts," they averred, and Aunt Kate involuntarily looked a degree of surprise at the gracious rather than tolerative way in which rather coarse encomiums were received.

"Can it be," she thought, "that Lawrence has imbibed sudden political aspirations?"

Alfred wisely induced some of the young men, who were rather too giddy to pay fitting devoirs to Terpsichore, to adjourn to a snug little room for cards. Some young ladies had done reluctant duty at the piano, and Jacob Jackson, who cared little for bravuras and fantasies, petitioned for a song.

"Don't you sing?" he asked of truthful but unwilling Susie, who, however, after her mother's quiet word, "Do not be disobliging, dear," gave her two little simple ballads. Susie's voice had little compass, it is true, but its expressiveness charmed Jacob Jackson, who vainly petitioned for one more. These were all that Susie's memory could enable her to give.

"Well, give us 'Auld Lang Syne,' then," said Mr. Jackson, and Susie simply gave the opening chords, while several young ladies laughed as though in appreciation of an intended joke on Jacob Jackson's part. That gentleman, who had once upon a time been church chorister, was in remarkably good voice to-night, and took up the sweet old air with excellent spirit. Aunt Kate immediately joined him, and others gathered gladly round, and the familiar refrain was borne on with increasing zest and sweetness. I can see Aunt Kate, now, as the song progressed, leaning on the piano, color mounting into her cheek. The pearl-colored silk, with soft lace at the sleeves and throat, was very becoming; and, if her lustrous, wavy hair had been in the modern style of arrangement, it would have spoiled that pretty, unconscious trick she had of tucking it up over her ear in any moment of animated fun or feeling, as she did now under the impulse of fellowship that sprang from the on-flowing united voices. Aunt Kate enjoyed that hearty rendering of "Auld Lang Syne," that, like a serenely-sparkling stream throwing off ice fetters, broke through the congealing influence of the very handsome, very new furniture and elaborate evening toilets of these people, who, though blessed with such appendages, seldom let their hearts come to social light.

The next morning at breakfast Emily said: "Susie would be a very pretty girl if she would only dress more like a young lady. That white muslin and sash were what any school girl might have worn."

"I thought she looked very pretty," said her father. "Jackson was quite pleased with her singing."

"Her voice hasn't a bit of power," said Mrs. Hadly. "It's lost entirely by the side of our Lily's. I wonder how Mr. Jackson liked Susie's treatment of his son?" with an accent of blame.

"How so?" Mr. Hadly made inquiry.

"Why," explained Emily, "Cady asked her to dance, and, when she got on the floor and found it was a round dance, she refused outright. She said she would dance the next quadrille with him, and after supper, when he came for her, she refused him again."

"Cady was hardly equal to tripping the light fantastic toe just about that time," laughed Alfred.

"Might have been rather too fantastic," said the father. "Served him right. Susie mustn't put on airs, though."

Evidently the party was a great success. It furnished talk topics for the village for a week after, and, in fact, "Mrs. Hadly's party" was long after mentioned as an event of importance. Mrs. McGibbon had the grace to appreciate the compliment offered, and was very gracious. The intimacy of the Hadlys and Jacksons grew apace. Emily was invited to make one of the Jackson summer travelling party, and Mrs. Hadly took care that her wardrobe should satisfy the ideas of the ostentatious people she accompanied.

The dressmakers of the little village began to quote to their customers the style of the Hadlys' raiment, as much as they had hitherto done that of the Jacksons.

"Mrs. Edmund Hadly?" questioned a plain little lady, on being recommended a pattern like one Mrs. Hadly selected.

"Oh, bless you, no!" replied the dressmaker. "She's as quiet as a Quaker. Mrs. Lawrence Hadly, that lives on Pleasant Street, I mean."

"Oh, yes!" spoke the customer, quite abashed at seeming not to know Mrs. Lawrence. "She is very fashionable, I believe?"

"You may always be sure what Mrs. Lawrence Hadly has is best style and quality, and no expense spared," said the workwoman, glad to own her patronage. "She always gets whatever's wanted, and the more work that's put on the better. I wish I had more such customers."

"Well, make it just as you please," said the frightened little woman. "I didn't know as I had cloth enough to cut it in the way you spoke of, and I got the last of the piece."

The clerks, too, began to make mention that Mrs. or Miss Hadly took a pattern like those of which "only one remained;" and Drayton, the merchant peddler, showed handsome jewelry "exactly like a set he sold Mrs. Hadly," or "like a set ordered by Miss Hadly." What the Hadlys had, did, or were going to do, were

items of information exchanged among the villagers, either enviously or harmlessly, as the case might be. Mrs. Hadly decided she must have a city cook; their position demanded they should entertain so many. Sundry improvements were added to house and grounds, and Mrs. Lawrence increased in cares and satisfaction. Alfred drove fast horses, and indulged in wine; was courted by Jacksonville mammas, and was envied by the sons.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Edmund accused herself of uncharitableness and want of sympathy. She did not think she envied Lydia her pleasant things. How could she? But try as she would to enter into the household plans and enjoyments, certain it was she got no comfort from going there. Lydia curiously made her feel a want of confidence in herself. She felt constrained and ill at ease; "put down," in some way; for, though Aunt Kate was very independent and firm where principle was involved, socially she was dependent, and needed the felt approval of her friends. Edmund was so busy she saw him little now; he seemed too tired to talk evenings. The clergyman even seemed to have got the busy manufacturing element into his soul. His sermons seemed manufactured, not inspired. All this was very depressing for Aunt Kate. She had pleasure, however, in "keeping" her wee nest of a house, in helping the children in their lessons and amusements, and in taking counsel about them with earnest, warm-hearted Miss Leverett.

CHAPTER II.

"How would you like to leave Jacksonville?" asked Edmund Hadly one evening as he roused himself from an apparent reverie.

Mrs. Kate looked the surprise that did not at once form itself into words, and then a sunny, hopeful gleam came into her face.

"Oh, I should like it of all things, I think! Most any change you would be likely to make would be for the better, it seems to me," and Mr. Hadly was surprised at her eagerness, betraying secret discontent so bravely borne.

"Do you really think of going, Edmund?"

"It must come to that sooner or later, and the sooner the better, in my opinion. I would have left long ago if I could have got the means I invested in the business, even without any interest. But Lawrence begged me to wait; I 'must not jeopardize him.' The best, most honest thing he can do, in my way of thinking, is to let the works, improvements, and all, go back to Jackson, and start in some new place. I've seen it some time, but it's hard for him to give up. It's well you insisted upon saving your college fund for Miles, dear. This has been a losing business for me ever since Lawrence inveigled me into it. I ought to have known better."

"Where do you think of going, Edmund?"

"I have a place in my mind where I could find something for myself, and it wouldn't be a bad place for Lawrence. There are manufacturing interests there that with his experience might be taken hold of with advantage. The grave old town of Reamington is quite remodelling itself under railroad influence."

"Reamington! Where you graduated? Where the university is? and Mrs. Littlejohn's school? and where Doctor Seaver's church is?" exclaimed Aunt Kate in a breath.

"The very same."

"O Edmund, if we could go!" And a strange little flutter of eagerness came into gentle Aunt Kate's manner, and then—she was quite alone there in the home-room with her husband, you know—she actually burst into sudden tears, and then laughed at herself the next moment.

"I didn't know I cared so much till the prospect of change came," she said, "but I've been so lonesome, hungry-minded here! With you away all day, and the children in school, it had seemed like being in a vacuum, and if I went out, through some fault or weakness in myself, I suppose, I have not seemed to get any good, for I can't, Edmund, I *can't* think so very much of dry goods!"

Edmund laughed heartily. Aunt Kate laughed, too.

"It has seemed to me in the quiet here as though I was in some way losing identity," and there was another flash of tears through the laughter.

"My darling Kate, I had no idea it was so bad as this. I knew you must be lonely, but I did not dream of the whole truth," and within a few days a little journey through lovely scenery, and a visit to a dear old clergyman uncle was improvised for Mrs. Kate Hadly, and it did her great good.

It was some time before Lawrence Hadly could by circumstances be induced to take the view of his affairs that his brother's clearer vision discerned as the only true one. When serious embarrassments came crowding upon him, however, as usual, he relied, without knowing that he did so, on his brother's calm judgment, and prevailing upon him still to be his right hand in business, together they went to Reamington.

"Reamington is a larger place than this," said Mrs. Lawrence to her daughter. "They say it is a very rich, aristocratic old town; a great many old families live there. I hope pa will not think too much about the little reverses he has had lately. It is very important that we take the right position there in starting."

And the lovely old place left vacant by Professor Gilbert was, through united solicitation, secured, though not without many demurs on the part of Lawrence Hadly, who, notwithstanding late experiences, yielded anew to the

representation of the position "the children's prospects" demanded.

Owing to the new influx of railroad people, such a house as Edmund felt must suit his own family could not be procured, and nothing remained but to yield to Lawrence's proposition that they should for the time remain with him.

Sensitive Kate shrunk into herself more and more under the felt, rather than expressed, criticism of Mrs. Lawrence. Only the beauty of the rare old place in anywise atoned for an intangible sense of being found fault with, which she had invariably felt of late years when with the wife of her husband's brother, for under any vague provocation, Aunt Kate always kept the relationship in mind. "She is Lawrence's wife, and Edmund, thinks so much of Lawrence."

"It's curious," said the senior Mrs. Hadly to her daughter, as they noted the two gentlemen walking down the street together, "what a different choice those two brothers made in marriage. Now, there's a great deal of Edmund. Your pa says his business faculty is excellent, but with that quiet wife of his, without any stir or ambition, I don't wonder he is kept back in the world. If they are going to stay right here in the house with us, I shall certainly give her some hints about making a little more show of style. We shall have to present her in our set, of course."

The old residents being sufficient unto themselves, were not especially anxious to receive new comers; but the Hadlys, in taking the Gilbert place, had, as regarded locality, come right among them, and the occupants of that hospitable old house seemed in an intangible way to have a certain claim upon them. Besides, there were some of his old class still there who remembered Ed. Hadly, and none were more ready than Reamington people to acknowledge a claim of the past.

The wives of the clergyman and of the president of the college called, and Mrs. Lawrence sailed down resplendent in rustling silk and choice jewels, and was profuse in wordy welcome. The inconveniences of "getting settled" she treated of at length, descending upon household advantages she had been forced to relinquish in this change of residence, and quite silencing and casting in the shade quiet Aunt Kate, whose kindly eyes had somehow given more response to their greeting than Mrs. Lawrence's extended volubility.

Other callers sauntered in from evening promenade, quite in Reamington way of easy sociability, and a pleasant circle quietly formed, in which Edmund Hadly felt early days renewing themselves. A young gentleman was *à l'été* with Emily, and a sudden lull in conversation—such, as by some mysterious law of social intercourse, so often unexpectedly occurs—gave to the room the benefit of a very well-

turned sentence, humorously bearing upon the title of a serial then appearing in a popular monthly, and occasioning considerable discussion on account of peculiar views advanced. Emily received the *bon mot* rather blankly, and, not having read or known the existence of the serial, made a most inapt reply, to cover which a gentleman sitting near commented on a singular case of extortion on the part of a wealthy and well-known New York merchant, whose name was being quite indignantly handled by the papers.

"A regular Shylock, madam," he said, turning to Mrs. Lawrence Hadly.

"I want to know if you know Shylock?" exclaimed that lady, a merchant who had invaded Jacksonville having drawn upon himself the obnoxious cognomen.

"I think he out-Shylocks Shylock in that the Jew of Venice had some respect for the letter of the law," interposed Mrs. Kate, in her clear, sweet enunciation.

But Mrs. Lawrence had no mind to brook an interruption. She had been sitting rather ill at ease. Accustomed to take a leading part in conversation, although met with the greatest courtesy, she yet found it rather difficult to maintain it now.

"I bought a carpet of that old fellow once," she stated, in dominant tones. "I never shall hear the end of that bargain from Mr. Hadly. I saw after he began to measure it that it was a poor thing, and said I: 'I b'lieve I'll look a little further before I make up my mind.' 'Oh!' says he, 'you'll have to take it, now; I've begun to measure it off,' and he just clipped into it with the scissors. 'It's cut, you see, and you'll be obliged to take it.' I guess I spent half an hour talking about that carpet. He sent it down to the house with the bill, and, rather than have a fuss, Lawrence—that's Mr. Hadly—said I'd better pay for it. He never minds what he pays for anything," with a laugh of self-complacency. "Lawrence said it all come of my love of making bargains. The man had got mad at me about some edgings before that. I hope you don't have any like him at Reamington?"

"I believe the most prominent representative of that class that we have among us at present is a music master," replied the gentleman addressed.

"One might welcome such a one for Seraphael's sake," said Aunt Kate, but further remark or reply was cut off by Mrs. Lawrence.

"Well, really, I'm glad to have a chance to ask about the music teachers here. Our Lily's dreadfully out of practice. We think she has a taste for music, but she got quite discouraged with our teacher at Jacksonville."

"I think you would find Mr. Goldsmidt all that could be desired. He has had the training of some advanced classes in both New York and Brooklyn conservatories, and has himself

published some very graceful compositions," spoke Miss Carrie Oliphant.

"How nice it must be to have music in a conservatory," said Mrs. Lawrence, seizing upon the word to introduce the information, "We were going to have one this year if we had stayed in Jacksonville, opening right out of the back parlor. Emily got a promise from her pa."

Emily, notwithstanding she had been taught to pride herself upon her "style," looked slightly embarrassed, having a vague intuition that personalities were in some way inharmonious, and also having an instinctive impression that the conservatories Mr. Goldsmidt had taught in might be different from the contemplated domestic improvement alluded to.

"Yes, madam," said a gentleman. "The opening of musical conservatories in our American cities is, doubtless, going to have a most favorable influence upon art among us. Except in the manufacture of superior instruments, America has, as yet, done little, musically; but acquaintance with the works and institutions of other countries has rapidly increased within the last few years, and there is a growing appreciation of true art."

And the history of the Paris conservatory, its development by Napoleon, and the impossibility of his rendering justice to Cherubini, were discussed between the gentleman, Carrie Oliphant, and Aunt Kate, and the talk branched off into little aside questions of abstract justice and art questions, and gave rise to a gay little banter of opinion; and, as Aunt Kate's silvery, amused laugh rang out softly once, the others stopped talking to listen, and Mrs. Lawrence Hadly was surprised at Kate's soft glow of color, and lively, earnest play of words, and at the gentleman's roused attention, and a certain slipping off of a degree of conventionality, that had sat gracefully, into real interest; and Carrie Oliphant, upon leaving, slipped her hand into Mrs. Kate's in a way much as though she had known her all her life.

"I don't yield the point quite, Mrs. Hadly," she said, with playful wilfulness. "I shall keep combativeness active on the subject till I see you again," laughingly; and in some way, though polite adieux were made to the others, yet the lingering sparkle of kindness, and humor, and fellowship seemed to linger around Mrs. Kate, and she looked as refreshed when the last genial good-nights had been spoken as though she had been strengthened with a real cordial.

Mrs. Lawrence had gone down the street the next morning. A carriage came to the door, and Mrs. Porter and Carrie Oliphant asked company to Moorshead for the view.

"The light will be just right this morning. I do so want you to see it," said Carrie. And, when Mrs. Lawrence returned, Emily met her in the hall with an account of the same.

"And don't you think, mother," she added, "Aunt Kate went and wore that brown gingham, and just took her hat and sack from the rack, and went off with them? I had my hair in crimping pins, and didn't go down. I never saw Aunt Kate go on so."

A strange discontent came over the family of Lawrence Hadly. Long accustomed to have their mental horizon bounded by self, an atmosphere of general culture, where each was considered and thought himself but as one of many, and where claims of heart and mind were paramount, proved burdensome. Mrs. Kate's painful realization of vacuum was in their case in a manner reversed. There seemed no balancing force within their own spirits, and it was the outside unconscious pressure that was hard to bear.

In vain Mrs. Lawrence was more than usually particular about the family outfit for the season. In vain she attempted a grand party, remembering the social success of an earlier effort of the kind. She could not solve the trouble. Though kind, simple, and unceremonious, she "could not feel at home with these people." She was sorry when Edmund took a snug little home of his own. Kate had given her a certain support, an intangible help she could not explain or acknowledge, and she missed it painfully.

Trouble increased when Mr. Lawrence Hadly gave up the Gilbert place, and likewise took a small, unpretending house, averring "it was no use to hold out longer. Such expenses could not be afforded, and it was folly to attempt it." Chagrin and discontent settled down upon the household like a cold, gray vapor.

Lily Lawrence was growing to be quite a thoughtful girl. Too thoughtful in some respects, perhaps. Some trouble seemed brooding over her, and one day she came in tears to Aunt Kate.

"Auntie, can't you help me? If you can't, no one can."

"My dear Lily, I certainly will if I can. You must tell me how, dear."

"Do you think it is too late for me to begin to get an education?" asked the young girl, with sudden resolution in her manner.

"It is never too late to improve ourselves, Lily; nor shall we ever cease to have need to do so."

"I don't know anything well, Aunt Kate. I didn't learn hardly anything at the public school, and here the girls of my age are all so far in advance of me, I can't bear even to go. I suppose ma would let me leave school, but I want to know something; I really do, Aunt Kate, and if you think it isn't too late, I'll just go into the little classes and work my way up."

"My dear Lily," said Aunt Kate, putting her loving arms around her, "resolution is the

very foundation of achievement. I think I see how I can help you in the same way I have helped Nettie and Susie." And no better, more sympathizing, and hence patient helper, could Lily have found than Aunt Kate proved herself, and the young girl found in the intelligent exercise of her really bright mind a delight she could not before have supposed possible; and hence, notwithstanding the fogs and mental miasma of the household, she dwelt much of the time in a clear, sunny atmosphere of her own.

"It is very strange," said Mrs. Lawrence, "that Edmund's family have taken such a position here. Kate is on the most intimate terms with the Porters, Oliphants, and Wheelers, just like one of the family, and Susie is going to be bridesmaid for Jenny Andrews. And to think that Edmund is going to take the Gilbert place we left, buy it out and out. I think you must be helping him to funds!" in an exasperated tone.

Lawrence Hadly moved uneasily. He was becoming weary of innuendoes. Whatever was said, some secret sentiment of blame for their present restricted circumstances seemed to run through like an undertone.

"So far from my helping him," he replied, with some heat, "it is he that has been helping me from his hard savings, and to my shame be it said, it is impossible to tell when I can refund what he let me have the use of when he came to Jacksonville. Though nominally with me, he has kept his interests separate from mine since we came here, and he has come right up. He says I needn't worry about the old amount; that he is doing well now. I declare, Ed makes me believe in the Christian religion."

"Susie is going to teach in the high school at five hundred a year," vouchsafed Lily, looking up from her books, "and the money that Aunt Kate saved for Miles to go to school with, she can use towards the house, because Miles can board at home and go to the university."

"Seems to me you're pretty well posted," said Mrs. Hadly, with an unpleasant intonation.

"Nettie told me," said Lily, very simply, returning to her books; and further remarks on the social matters of Edmund's family were indulged in *ad infinitum*.

"Who do you think I saw on the street, Emily?" asked Mrs. Lawrence, coming in one day quite excitedly, and continuing, without waiting for an answer, "Mrs. McGibbon and Mrs. Jackson! We'll have to have them here, of course. I wish we were in the other house. I wish they had come before we got cooped up here."

"Did you speak to them, mother?"

"No, I was so flustered, and they were coming across the street, not very near to me, but I'm sure it was them. I wonder where they stay?"

"Mrs. McGibbon and Mrs. Jackson were you speaking of?" asked the sewing woman, who, aside from Emily, was the only occupant of the room.

"Yes, some old friends of ours," returned Mrs. Jackson, concisely.

"They come here nearly every year," volunteered the woman. "Used to be milliners here; come to see their mother."

"Probably you are thinking of some one else of similar names," returned Mrs. Hadly. "We have been acquainted with these ladies a number of years; quite intimate, I might say."

"That may all be well enough, but I guess I know the Knox girls. Lucindy, they say, married very rich; her husband made a power of money out West; and Adaline married a well-to-do man. They say the place where he lives is named after him. They've known what hard times is, though, as well as anybody."

"I saw Professor Andrews talking to them. I guess their position is good here in society," said Mrs. Lawrence, in a rasped tone.

The sewing woman emitted a gleam of fun from her eye. She understood Mrs. Hadly.

"Certainly, perfectly good. The Knox girls were plain, industrious girls, and always respected. Professor Andrews' family were their first friends; gave them free rent of their shop till they got a start, and were their first patrons. Seems to me it was the professor that introduced McGibbon when they went South for goods; and I've heard tell it was at McGibbon's house that Adaline met Mr. Jackson."

It is lamentable to relate, and I do not like to do it, but truth compels me to state, that after the first greetings, there was felt to be a decided lack of warmth and interest on both sides in the Reamington intercourse between the Hadlys and the Jacksonville ladies. It doesn't speak well for human nature, I know, but there was no real bond of heart or mind to keep them together, and the bond of sympathy, in mere externals and local ambitions, is a most flimsy one, and not better than a cobweb against circumstances.

Mrs. Kate Hadly, on the score of old neighborhood, invited the ladies to her house, and albeit there had never been professions of "intimacy," the spirit of true-hearted hospitality made itself felt to such a degree that the visitors were charmed into their best selves unadvisedly. Baby Floy, a new gleam of sunshine that had come to the Hadly home, quite won Mrs. McGibbon's motherly heart by her pretty ways, and although Mrs. Kate felt a little sudden recoil, something as a single aspen leaf may shiver in a whispered breeze when that lady, in a confidential, complimentary tone, volunteered the information, "I wish my John could see your Susie;" nevertheless, she was gladdened on the whole by the visit. Mrs. McGibbon had let a certain kindness in her

nature be evoked by the wonderfully genuine home atmosphere, and Mrs. Kate never suspected it was in a manner the reflection of her own spirit that had brought the flecks of gold to the surface.

Cady Jackson had a great many inquiries to make concerning the Hadlys, when Mrs. Jackson returned from Reamington. Disappointed in matrimonial speculations which his planning stepmother had suggested and approved, he averred that "he knew a girl who wasn't so strait-laced in her notions, and who wouldn't think a glass of wine a heinous crime. He believed he could have Emily Hadly for the asking."

"But, Cady, you can make a more advantageous connection than with the Hadly family if you only reform a bit and take up business," said Jacob Jackson's wife.

"And let myself be mewed up in bands of propriety and sanctimoniousness! No, ma'am! I'll have a home of my own, and I am persuaded I shall keep a will of my own as well."

And Emily Hadly embarked on this perilous sea of matrimony. She had in her young lady life been careful to avoid what her father had in those days stigmatized in Susie as "putting on airs," and she was true to her habit of thought and feeling now.

Alfred, who knew what the young men of his set really were, alone remonstrated, but in vain.

Lily, under the gentle guidance which she asked of Aunt Kate, bloomed into lovely and loving intelligent womanhood. She spent much time with Nettie, and the sweet home influences she there enjoyed were like genial sun and dew, promoting true growth.

Alfred, unable to depend longer upon his father, was forced to go from the paternal roof and trust to his own resources, which were slight enough, poor young man!

Mrs. Lawrence, in the lives of her children began gradually to learn the genuine from the false; began to understand dimly one of Lily's casually dropped assertions.

"It is only what we have within us, ma, that makes us really rich, you know, after all."

Notwithstanding this, however, failing to go back to first causes, Mrs. Hadly used frequently to assert:—

"It was an unlucky day for us that we ever came to Reamington."

Externals are but external, "after all," as Lily said.

I suppose we all expect to change our abode, sooner or later. We all hope to go to live with the angels by and by. I hope we shall not feel as little at home as Mrs. Lawrence Hadly did with the genial, cultivated people of Reamington. I hope the angels will know us for their own as the Reamington people knew at once dear, gentle Mrs. Kate Hadly.

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS
IN DRAWING.

LESSON XVII.

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING. (*Continued.*)

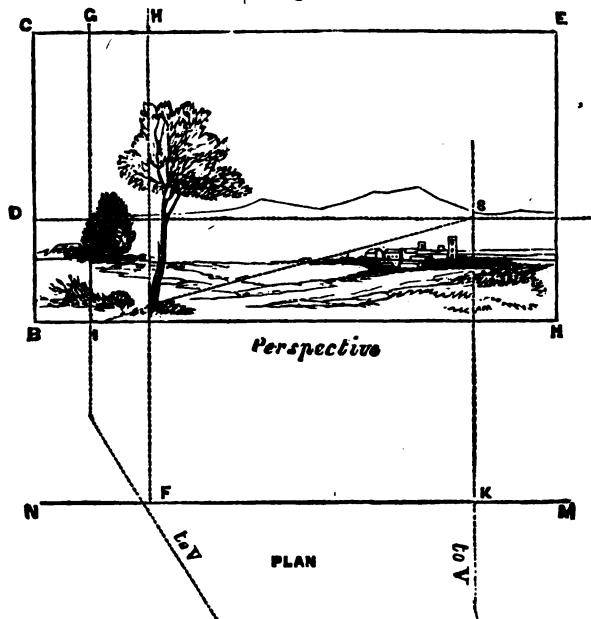
IRREGULAR figures are shown in perspective by finding their points or angles by means of visual lines and diagonals to the distance-point. An example of one such figure will sufficiently explain the mode of proceeding, to comprehend which, however, the mode of finding any point in perspective must first be shown.

Let B H C E, Fig. 15, be the plane of the

made equal to K N. From the position or plane of the object O (in this case a flag-staff) draw O G perpendicular to M N, intersecting it at H. From G, with the radius O H, describe an arc intersecting A B at I, and making G I equal to O H. The diagonal D I will intersect a visual line G S at the required perspective position of the object.

In drawings made on this principle, in which a plan of the object is first laid down, with the positions of the station and plane of delineation, paper more than twice the size of the proposed picture is required, which is sometimes inconvenient. This objection may in many

Fig. 15.



picture, S D the horizontal line, B H the base-line, S the point of sight, V the station, and D the point of distance; S D on the picture being equal to K V on the plan. Let M N be the position of the plane of delineation on the plan, and C that of any object (say a tree) beyond that plane. Required the perspective position of such object.

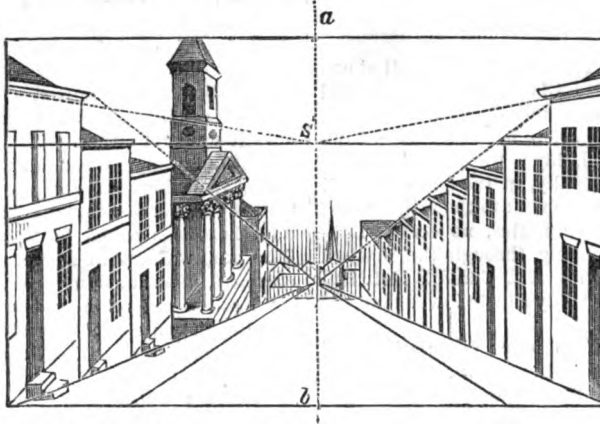
Draw the visual ray V C, intersecting M N at F. From C and F draw C G, F H both perpendicular to M N and H B. Draw the perspective visual ray S I, which is a perspective view of V C. Its intersection with F H is the required point, representing the position of the object.

The same result may be attained in another way. In the following figure (16), the same letters refer to corresponding points as Fig. 15. But the point of distance is now made use of, as in the perspective drawing of squares; its distance D S from the point of sight being

cases be removed by inverting the plan, and making the base-line of the picture serve the double purpose of the base of the plane of delineation and of its position on the plan. In this case the station-point, of course, is placed above the drawing, instead of below it, and the plan of the object is shown inverted, below the drawing.

In parallel perspective, the points of sight and of distance have been those chiefly made use of for determining outlines; but in oblique views they are of comparatively little use, and the sizes and forms of objects are chiefly regulated by *vanishing-points*, the rules for finding which will now be explained. In the street-view, Fig. 2 (September, 1870), and in all views in which lines and plane surfaces are in plan at right angles with the plane of the picture, the point of sight is the vanishing-point of such lines and planes; but in angular views, such as that in Fig. 4 (September, 1870), the vanish-

Fig. 18



ROSE LEAVES—NO. I.

BY JOHN S. REID.

AWAKE, again, O long lost harp!
 Resume thy strain, O sounding lyre!
 With all thy warmest, holiest fire
 Imbue with love my aged heart,
 And let us range the mountain's side,
 Or wander through the birchen glen,
 And sing the songs of youth again,
 Which oft we sang at morning tide.

Like mountain bee, from heather bloom;
 Or evening's wind, from fragrant grove,
 Let us extract the sweets of love,
 The essence of its rich perfume;
 And then, as with a diamond pen,
 Inscribe the thoughts of youth and age,
 And bind in gold each virgin page,
 And thus embalm love's flowers again.

Oh! let no thought find entrance there,
 Whose blush would tinge the cheek with shame,
 Nor break the bleeding heart, nor blame
 Too rashly age's brow of care;
 But trace as with the softest line,
 And form with all the limner's art.
 A photo of the human heart,
 Where flowers and fruit their leaves entwine.

For life is but a morning's dream,
 A dewdrop in the ocean's wave,
 An echo from the lonely grave,
 A sand grain by Time's flowing stream;
 Yet oftentimes some flow'ret fair
 Is found within life's vale in bloom,
 Like beauty smiling o'er the tomb,
 Cheering the heart of weary care.

Come, then, O harp, youth's golden lyre!
 Beloved by me in early morn,
 While yet the silk was in the corn,
 And life was full of young desire;
 Come, let us garner up those flowers,
 And make one sweet and rich bouquet,
 Which heedlessly I cast away
 In morning's bright and rosy hours.

And thus we bind, as on one stem,
 The fruits of age and flowers of youth,
 And teach, with words of love and truth,
 The human heart, that priceless gem;
 For who can tell, when time is o'er,
 What that immortal soul may be,
 Though now a sand grain in the sea,
 Which loves death's dark and unknown shore?

MA BELLE.

BY WILLIAM SIDNEY GREGORY.

That you ever think of me,
 If but once a day it be,
 Is an honor;
 For, by those ever brilliant eyes,
 Every thought of thine I prize,
 Madonna!

For, when the twilight, grown apace,
 Your tender thoughts of me efface,
 Supinely,
 Mine, ever constant, round you bide,
 Like ocean, swelling up his tide,
 Divinely.

And when the midnight hour is rung,
 And guardsmen take it on their tongue,
 Repeating,
 My thoughts of thee to dreams are grown,
 The height of any monarch's throne
 Competing.

My every hour of day or night,
 My every thought, or dark or bright,
 Is given
 To you, *ma petite reine* of earth,
 So near akin of angel birth
 And Heaven.

AT GLENDIMMON FARM.

BY LOUISE S. DORR.

"ORPHANED, beggared, jilted, and all at one fell swoop," wailed Claudia Holt, her proud head bent, her magnificent eyes hazy with grief. At her feet, where it had fluttered from her nerveless hand, lay a tiny, scented note. Its graceful chirography, in the dozen lines it contained, was an ornament to the satiny page. Here were no sharp angles, no erratic individualities, outcropping through the finished elegance of its style. But Claudia Holt had believed its writer "only a little lower than the angels."

Sorrow seems often to be cumulative, and this girl's had come with crushing suddenness. Black night had followed glowing day without the softening transition of an intermediate twilight. Who wonders if, in its primal bitterness, she thought "there is no sorrow like unto my sorrow"? Orphaned, beggared, jilted, the last the unkindest cut of all. She had so trusted Ansel Kingsley! had so exalted him in her heart of hearts! Well, he was fallen. He was of the earth, earthy; a summer friend; a suitor to her wealth and proud position; nothing more. Ah! why had he ever been so much?

But, by and by, her native spirit, of which she was by no means destitute, came to her aid. "Let him go," she said; "he is not worth a sigh. His noble qualities were of my own imagining. They will fit another as well as Ansel Kingsley. It is as if a writer had conceived for her story a hero of lofty character, and had then become enamored of her own creation. Let such folly be for dreamers; I have had my awakening."

She got up, and with nervous haste began collecting together the trifling gifts she had received from him. There were a bunch of pansies, a photograph, graceful, smiling, handsome, like himself; a dried rose, a sea shell, a sketch of herself, sleeping upon the verandah, with a clambering vine falling into a wreath around her head, just as he had found her one glowing summer day; a ring, with their initials wrought together; a volume of poems; a fragment of wood, cut into a profile of herself. These, with a package of his letters, she made into a little parcel, and thrust in a scrap of paper, upon which she had hastily written:—

"What one has discovered to be worthless, one loses without regret. When you are a truer man, I shall wish for you the happiness of which I once thought you deserving.
CLAUDIA HOLT."

Then, having written the address with a steady hand, she called a servant, and ordered the parcel taken to Mr. Kingsley's hotel. She felt an overpowering weariness when this was done, and would gladly have taken a respite

from thought. But there was still a grave question to be considered, and she would not put it off. How should she live? What could she do in self-support? Teach? Sew? Paint? Write? She set these several vocations in review before her, honestly considering her fitness for each, and ended by honestly deciding herself unfit for either. Then came again the urgent question, "What can I do?"

Just then there was a gentle tap at her door. Opening it, Claudia found a girl, scarcely older than herself, dressed in travelling costume, lithe and willowy in figure, and having the cheeriest, most sunshiny face imaginable.

"I see you don't intend to recognize me," said the girl, in a light, cheerful tone. "I am your cousin, Bessie Glendimmon. Have you no welcome for me?"

Claudia recoiled from her cousin's caress, and, crouching in a chair, buried her face in her hands. It was one of the aggravations of her grief that Bessie Glendimmon's property, held in trust by her father, had suffered wreck with his own. How could she look the smiling, unconcerned Bessie in the face, having previous knowledge of what must so soon come to her ears? But the smiling cousin was not to be balked of her caress. She came and knelt by Claudia's chair, throwing one arm around her.

"I know everything," she said, softly, "and am so sorry for you, Claudia. But I have come to do you good. Listen now, and see if I have not. I must tell you first, though, that I consider myself the most fortunate girl in the world. Don't shake your head and look so incredulous. It is really and truly so."

"She can't know," thought Claudia. "Oh! what will she say when she does?"

"It is true that, to a certain extent, I am a sharer in your misfortune. I met Uncle Holt's lawyer, on my way here, who told me all about it. Dear Uncle Holt, I wish he could have known how little I would regret the loss."

"Have you no reproach for him, then?"

"No, none whatever. I know he never meant to wrong me. He believed the investment sure to pay me double, perhaps treble interest, or he never would have made it."

Claudia was weeping now, and clinging to her cousin, whose blue eyes also swam in tears, though she was still smiling resolutely.

"But I have not told you yet what I came here for," said Bessie, softly smoothing the other's hair. "You know it was mother's wish that Uncle Holt should have the care of my property, but that I should live with Uncle Dana Goffe, unless something unforeseen should happen to make a change desirable, in which case I was to come to you. While Aunt Margaret lived, I was like a daughter of the house; but when Uncle Dana had a second wife, it certainly was not quite so pleasant. Aunt Eunice is so genteel, you see, that one need be

always conning an etiquette book to get on with her at all. Then Una did not like me, I am sure, though I tried to gain her good will. Una is Aunt Eunice's daughter, you know; and then there's a Jerome whom I have never seen, because he is absent on his travels. But I have a conviction that Aunt Eunice was trying to get me worked over to suit the Paulding idea of gentility, so that I might get a chance of picking up *Le Grand Seigneur's* royal handkerchief when he should have returned. But I did not like the making-over process, and I didn't hanker in the least for the royal handkerchief. So when it was announced that Jerome was coming home, I determined to come here and visit you, thinking it exceedingly probable that I might not return immediately. That probability has since reduced itself pretty nearly to a certainty. The truth is, Claudia, I have made up my mind to live with you."

"Where? In the street?" asked Claudia, bitterly.

"No, indeed!" with a ringing, bell-like laugh. "I haven't mentioned, have I, that I am still an heiress? The property consists of a farm in Holbrook, worth about two thousand dollars; and personal effects valued at half as much more. It was Grandpa Glendimmon's, and you and I, Claudia, are going to turn farmers, and live on our estate. Superb, isn't it?"

"Farmers, Bessie?"

"Yes, indeed!" with a repetition of the bell-like laugh. "I don't mean exactly that we are to plough, and dig, and plant. I am not quite strong-minded, nor yet strong-handed enough for that. And, to tell the truth, I shouldn't quite know whether squashes and turnips are to be planted whole, or cut in pieces, if we should desire a field of those vegetables."

"Perhaps they have to be grafted into something, like apples and pears," Claudia suggested, looking very much as if she would like to smile, if she did not feel it her duty to be so very miserable.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder much, but I shall find out in time. I have already bought two or three treatises on farming, and I intend to book myself up on squashes and kindred topics at the earliest opportunity. I mean to surprise Holbrook farmers by my practical knowledge of their craft. But I may as well tell you, in confidence, that if I should be invited to deliver the address at the next agricultural fair in Holbrook, I have made up my mind to respectfully decline. There! I knew I should make you laugh. Now come out of this close room, and see how the blessed air outside is laden with sunshine."

"The sunshine came in here with you, Bessie. I believe you are a magician, and have wrought a spell upon it, compelling it to follow you wherever you go."

"In that case," said Bessie, laughing mer-

rily, "I shall walk often among my grain-fields when sunshine is needed for ripening their crops. I hope I shall be a specific against mildew and blight in a rainy season."

"I believe you will," returned Claudia, echoing her laugh.

It was late in April that they arrived at Glendimmon Farm. There was a plain, unpretentious cottage on the place, a little dingy upon the outside, owing to the action of wind and weather upon its white paint; and not quite delightful within to the fastidious taste of the city-bred girls. A farmer and his wife had been engaged as the working force upon the place, and were already there. Good, tidy-handed Mrs. Dunn had done her best to make the house attractive, and, to the extent of scrupulous neatness, had succeeded admirably. But the floors were bare, the furniture cheap and inelegant, the ornaments atrocious.

"Never mind," said Bessie. "We shall have a chance to exercise our ingenuity at improvements. Do you know, I always fancied I had a talent for that, hidden away somewhere in a napkin? Besides, I have several years' numbers of *GODEY* packed in my trunk, and a woman who can't make a house elegant by their aid don't deserve—to own a farm in Holbrook."

I am not going to particularize their various efforts at improvement. It is sufficient to say that shell-work, moss-work, Berlin wool-work, bead-work, wax-work—all were used, and with admirable effect. They had brought with them books, some rare knick-knacks, and a few fine pictures. With these, and the work of their deft fingers, a surprising change was gradually effected. The floors were yet bare, however. Carpets were beyond their means, and there is, unfortunately, nothing that can be substituted for them.

"Never mind," said Bessie, cheerfully. "We shall have to wait. May be the farm will produce a crop of carpets, one of these years, and, in the mean time, we can please ourselves with a glimpse of pre-Raphaelite simplicity whenever we choose to look downward."

At first, the young mistress's practical knowledge of farming certainly was not much to boast of. Farmer Dunn, as in duty bound, always came to her for directions, and very remarkable ones he got sometimes.

"I suppose you will want the barley-ground seeded down?" he said, when a field of that grain had been sowed.

"Yes, I suppose so," was the doubtful answer. "Won't it be a good deal of work?"

"Oh, no! I have only to sow grass-seed over the field."

"Will the field come up to grass, then?"

"Yes, if we get a good 'catch.'"

"But it seems a pity to waste the barley-seed, now it is all sowed. Perhaps you had better use the grass-seed and the 'catch'—

whatever that may be—somewhere else this year."

"Yes'm, if you say so. But what sort of object, now, might you suppose a 'catch' to be?" asked Mr. Dunn, quite gravely, but with a twinkle of drollery in his eyes.

"Perhaps a trap to keep the birds from picking up the seeds."

At this there came an explosive laugh from a corner where Mrs. Dunn was administering pepper to an ailing hen; and, genuine laughter being usually contagious, the farmer's gravity gave way at the same time.

"Now, I suppose I have made one of my stupid blunders," said Bessie, with perfect good-humor. "And here is Claudia trying to look as wisely amused as the rest. Perhaps, if you should explain, she would not have to pretend quite so much."

So Mr. Dunn informed her that the grass-seed was for next year's crop, and that "a good catch" meant its coming up well, whereupon Bessie confessed herself much enlightened. But the "capshaf" of all, according to Mr. Dunn, was when he told the mistress, one morning, that they would want plaster for the corn.

"Plaster!" said Bessie, in a bewildered way. "Oh, yes! I know, now. I saw a lot of sticking-salve" (she meant grafting-wax) "in the granary, and Claudia and I will spread it right away. But how do you use it?"

"Well, we tack strips of it along the edges of the corn-field; and, when the crows go to step over, they stick their feet into it, and there they stay. Don't you see?"

Bessie *did* see the drollery in the farmer's twinkling eyes, and understood *that* better than she did "plaster for the corn," until the latter subject had been duly explained, when they all laughed together, Bessie as heartily as the rest.

Fortunately Mr. Dunn was shrewd, capable, honest, and a practical farmer, withal, while his worthy wife was as good as a host in the management of dairy and kindred matters; so that affairs, within and without doors, were not likely to suffer from mismanagement.

One day, when the girls had gone into the village to do some simple errands, driving themselves thither with one of the farm horses, they had to wait a little in a store, until some customers, earlier upon the spot, had been served. Two gentlemen, standing near them, were talking about some anniversary service that was to be held in their church the next day, expressing great concern because their organist would not be able to attend, and, like Honestus Woodman when his axe was gone, they knew not where to get another.

"Why don't you offer to play for them?" asked Bessie, in a low tone.

"I would, if I thought they would like it," returned Claudia.

"I am sure they would."

So Claudia ventured to tell the gentlemen that she knew something of the organ, and would willingly play for them if they found no one else. They thanked her warmly, and would be glad to depend upon her, without looking farther. It was accordingly so arranged. Probably her ministration proved acceptable, for within the following week the leader of the choir called to engage her permanently as their organist, offering her a salary of two hundred dollars yearly—not much, to be sure, he admitted, but it was all the society could afford to pay. Claudia accepted the offer gratefully.

"We can have carpets, now, and everything we want to the extent of two hundred dollars," she said, gayly. "I never felt so rich in my life before. And only think! less than a year ago I paid a thousand dollars for a shawl, and never thought of the many to whom such a sum would be a small fortune."

It was a tranquil life which these girls now led at Glendimmon Farm. I do not pretend that it was Arcadia upon which they had fallen. They missed many enjoyments to which they had been accustomed. They were sometimes brought in contact with coarse people. Of society, such as they could have enjoyed, they saw almost none. But what was disagreeable in their lot they bravely bore, and for its many quiet pleasures they were truly thankful. They loved Nature, and, holding communion with her visible forms, drew diverse lessons from her various languages. In summer they cultivated flowers and some of the smaller fruits, looked after their poultry, sewed, read, or sketched. In winter they had always plenty of employment, having usually so many plans ahead that time flew too quickly for the accomplishment of all they wished to do. So the third summer of their residence in Holbrook came around, and so, too, into the church where Claudia was organist came the Rev. Adam Underwood. The former pastor had grown too infirm to continue his labors, and the gentleman we have mentioned came in his place.

I claim that the Rev. Adam Underwood was a man of great strength of character. Perhaps you will agree with me when I tell you that he had been seven years a minister, and was still a bachelor. Let one consider the temptations he must have withstood in the mean time, taking the shape of tea-drinkings, slippers, dressing-gowns, lovely penitents seeking comfort, and various other expressions of feminine sweetness. Alas! that it should all have been wasted upon the desert air, and I think none will wish to dispute my proposition. Mr. Underwood was a slightly-formed man, pale and scholarly-looking, with a massive brow above eyes of veiled fire, a straight nose, sensitive lips, and somewhat of squareness in the chin.

His manner was full of nervous force, his tastes scholarly and æsthetic, his opinions stamped with something of the old Puritanic severity, his intellect clear and incisive. Of whatever subject he presented he struck straight to the root. His sermons were full of pungencies. None knew better than he how to command attention. None desired more conscientiously to use his power for the good of souls. His own emolument was a secondary consideration, though to that he may not have been quite indifferent. I think few men, even among ministers, are. In the parish where he had been lately located there came one of those crises from which the best disciplined ecclesiastical bodies are not always exempt. A division arose. The minister's power became as naught. He foresaw that his usefulness there was ended, and resigned his pastorate. It was about this time that the vacancy occurred in Holbrook, and he accepted a call from the parish there. The society was smaller, and the salary less, than in the place he had just left; but it seemed to be the only opening at the time, and, doubting not that the work for his hands was to be found there, he prepared to do it with its might.

On the first Sabbath of his ministration to this new people, Mr. Underwood became conscious of a pair of keen, magnetic eyes, which watched him from the gallery with unswerving attention. Of course, the eyes were not detached from the usual features that make up a face. Very agreeable features they were, too, and in an ordinary face worth particularizing, perhaps; but in this they only formed the setting for those incomparable eyes. The preacher's manner grew more than ever nervous under their steady glance. He seemed to feel that every sentence he uttered was taken up and tested, and the verdict of true or false flashed back to him in their glowing scintillations. When the sermon was done, and the closing hymn being read, he noticed that the owner of the eyes left her seat for one facing the organ. Then came the organ prelude, in which it was apparent that the player had perfect control of her instrument. The minister could almost have believed that her eyes had wrought upon it a mesmeric spell, compelling it to yield up all its wealth of noble sounds to her control.

"Who is your organist?" he asked, as carelessly as he could of the worthy deacon who walked from church with him at noon.

"Miss Holt. She is considered a fine player. We thank ourselves very fortunate in having secured her."

"Does she live here?"

"Not in the village. It is some three miles, I should think, out to the Glendimmon Farm."

Mr. Underwood asked no more questions, though he may have had to put a strong curb upon his masculine curiosity in order to refrain from doing so; for, in the distribution of pro-

pensities at the creation, I am far from believing that *woman* appropriated all the curiosity.

"How do you like him?" Bessie inquired, when they had gone home that afternoon.

"Like whom?"

"The minister, of course!"

"I liked his sermons very well, if that is what you mean. I can tell better how I like him after we are acquainted."

"Are not his sermons exponents of himself?"

"They may or may not be. I think I have heard that the author of 'Tristram Shandy' wrote very good sermons."

"O Claudia! Sterne and Mr. Underwood! How can you compare the two?"

"I do not. I am only illustrating a general principle."

The Rev. Mr. Underwood sprang into sudden popularity in his parish. He got through a vast amount of tea-drinking within the next month, and submitted to wholesale petting with the patience of a Gymnosophist. In the mean time he had not met Miss Holt; but every Sunday her eloquent eyes criticized his words, with flashes expressing approval or dissent. In preparing his sermons, he began sometimes to find it impossible not to wonder how this stirring thought or that pungent laconism would be received by them. This weakness distressed him greatly, and he tried conscientiously to get the better of it, but with indifferent success. Then came a Sunday when Claudia had left home for a week's visit. Consequently there was a new and much inferior player at the organ. After Miss Holt's it was necessary to "make believe" very much, in order to think the playing nice, like the orange-peel and water of Dickens's Marchioness. People wondered somewhat at the deep humility of their minister's petitions that day. They did not know that he had found preaching stale work in the absence of one pair of eloquent eyes, and that his conscience accused him of having set a human feeling above his Master's work.

Later in the week, while passing the village hotel, he saw Miss Holt alighting from the stage. As she sprang lightly to the ground, her veil was lifted by the wind, and fluttered down at Mr. Underwood's feet. He restored it promptly to its owner, and felt a thrill in every nerve, when, for a brief instant, their eyes met, as she uttered her quiet "Thank you!"

That night the Rev. Adam Underwood held communion with himself. "Whither does all this tend?" he questioned, with the air of one who approached a dreaded subject. Then came up old memories—scathing recollections of a love which had once "burned into his bosom's core;" for which he had been upon the point of yielding up truth, his divine work, perhaps heaven itself, encountering rather the

judgment pronounced upon him who putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back. He had conquered the human weakness, but through this experience he had lost faith in the magnanimity of woman's love. If he had not been a Christian, he might have become a woman-hater. Now, in his review of the old ordeal, he renewed a resolution made years before, that, as long as he lived, he would become no woman's lover. And, in order to make assurance doubly sure, he determined to avoid an acquaintance with Miss Holt. Thus, in his self-communing, the Rev. Adam Underwood settled the matter with himself. It was masterly, but of rough hewing without doubt, which, however, was still subject to the "divinity that shapes our ends."

The next day, while returning from a visit to a parishioner in the outskirts of the town, Mr. Underwood came upon a stretch of road cut through the heart of a densely-wooded forest. It was a sultry afternoon in midsummer, rendering this shadowy retreat peculiarly refreshing. He accordingly lingered to enjoy it. Having converted his bridle-rein into a halter, and the trunk of a tree into a hitching-post, he bethought himself of his herbarium, and walked a little way into the forest to see what specimens it might afford him. Presently he heard voices at a little distance, and soon became aware that the subject under discussion was himself.

"For shame, Claudia Holt!" said one voice. "I am surprised at your want of charity. One would think you had some personal spite against Mr. Underwood."

"And one would think *you* had caught the infatuation with which all Holbrook is infected. I don't deny that he may be a very good sort of person; but the trouble is that all you enthusiasts are determined to perch him upon Alps, and, when you get him there, it is as much as a dim-sighted mortal like myself can do to see him at all."

Mr. Underwood walked quickly away, not wishing to hear more. His herbarium was enriched by no specimens of that day's gleanings. He went back to his carriage, and drove at a most unclerical pace, until the open road was gained. By that time, the prick which had wounded his sensibility, or it might have been his pride, was somewhat eased of its smart.

"It is all the better," he said, reins in his horse, and proceeding at a slower rate. "If I needed a safeguard, I have it here. The pigmy upon Alps, whom Miss Holt has such difficulty in seeing, will find his own vision clearer through the medium of her scorn." He had now come opposite a farm-house, fronting which was a garden gay with flowers. "I suppose this is where she lives. I've half a mind to leave word here that I can lend her a medium-sized telescope, which may assist her vision, and then send her a sermon on hu-

mility," he thought, grimly relishing the idea. Then suddenly he halted, and sprang from his carriage—not, however, for the purpose of carrying out the caustic retaliation he had mentioned. Instead, he called loudly through an open window: "Your house is on fire!"

Worthy Mrs. Dunn ran out, nearly distraught in her terror. "What would she ever do, and Mr. Dunn off to the village, and the neighbors so far away?" she ejaculated, helplessly.

"How can I get to the roof?"

"I can fetch a ladder."

"Do so quickly, then, and give me some palls. I can save the house, I think."

The fire had but just caught when it was discovered. With the active co-operation of Mrs. Dunn, he was soon able to subdue the destroying agent. When the last pall of water had been poured upon the blackened shingles, and Mr. Underwood had his foot upon the ladder to descend, he saw Bessie and Claudia coming hastily toward the house. Whether the smoke had affected his sight, or his unwonted elevation (though one might have thought it was nothing to Alps) made him giddy, will never be known; but, at that moment, he made a misstep, and fell to the ground. The three women ran to his assistance. His head was cut and bleeding, and one hand hung useless from its wrist. He was quite insensible. By great good fortune Doctor Rand chanced to be passing at the time. If not a tower, he was, at least, a good-sized column of strength to the frightened women. By his aid the minister was removed to the house, where he speedily revived, where also his bruises, which were not at all serious, and his broken wrist were properly cared for.

"I have got to go to Ladd's Hill," said Doctor Rand, "or I would drive you home. You are not fit to go alone."

"Mr. Underwood will stay here," said Bessie, quickly. "He got hurt in doing us a service. We must not be so ungrateful as to let him go until he is quite able to do so."

But Mr. Underwood would not be persuaded to remain, though Mrs. Dunn declared it would be madness for him to think of going, and Claudia joined her remonstrances to Bessie's.

"A wilful man maun hae his way!" quoted Dr. Rand, "though, if it were myself, I should not need much persuasion from such pleaders. Which of you two young women is the best horsewoman?"

"Claudia!"

"Then she had better drive Mr. Underwood home. She can return, I suppose, with Farmer Dunn. It would be nonsense, sir, to think of driving a horse like yours with a broken wrist."

Mr. Underwood made a feeble protest against giving so much trouble, and Claudia's speaking eyes shot a glance at Bessie, which told that she

was not quite grateful for the preference given to herself in the arrangement. She got on hat, shawl, and gloves, however, thus signifying her willingness to go. It really seemed almost a pity that Mr. Underwood should have taken such trouble with his rough-hewing, since it was to count for so little. He had settled it all with wonderful cleverness only the evening before, and now behold the lady whose acquaintance he had resolved to avoid, seated beside him in his carriage! Undoubtedly there were plenty of young women in Holbrook who would willingly have taken Claudia's place, and would then have thought it a folly worse than Alnaschar's not to make themselves as charming as possible while the opportunity lasted. But Claudia appeared in nowise to regard the occasion as a godsend. Her mood was unaccountably perverse. In nothing that Mr. Underwood advanced would she agree.

"It had been a warm day," he remarked, by way of opening the conversation.

"Had it? She had thought it delightfully cool."

"How fine the landscape on the right! a bright mosaic of brown and gold, and diverse shades of green, rimmed in with purple hills. Did she not admire its quiet beauty?"

"She thought it would be improved by a Niagara or two in the foreground, and a Mount Washington, or something of that sort, among the blue hills in the distance."

"Had she ever visited Mt. Washington?"

"Oh, yes."

"In his opinion, fashion had done a good thing in making that a popular resort. One could not fail, however frivolous or haughty, he thought, of getting truer views of one's self, and of nature's grandeur, while standing on its summit."

"Unfortunately, she had forgotten to bring her pocket mirror when she climbed the mountain, so that she failed to get a view of herself at all from that point of loftiness."

After this manner the conversation proceeded until Mr. Underwood was driven to his boarding place, and very nearly to distraction as well. In taking leave, Claudia hoped he would not suffer greatly from his mishaps, and congratulated him that if the cut on his forehead would leave a scar, it might be concealed by his hair. This was said as seriously as if she thought that a matter of the gravest consequence to him. Perhaps he did feel some solicitude on that point; I can't say. But if he did, I am sure he would never have made any parade of it, and very wicked it was in Claudia to pretend that she believed he could have given the subject a thought. Mr. Underwood, I must say, though he was, may have wished it were not unclerical to indulge in some such mild conjuration as "Bother her impertinence!" But he knew his duty and forgave her directly. How could he help it, indeed, when he con-

sidered that, in spite of her perversity, she was the most charming woman he had ever met? You would scarcely have thought him a person to indulge in the infantile diversion of setting up blocks or resolutions for the sake of tumbling them down again. Yet it is undoubtedly true that he spent considerable time at that gainless exercise, while recovering from his bruises. And all because of Claudia Holt.

But I beg her pardon. In following the diversions of Mr. Underwood, I have nearly forgotten to get her home. She was fortunate enough to find Mr. Dunn at the post-office, and in due time reached the cottage in safety, being the bearer of a letter for Bessie, which proved to be rather important.

"They are all coming," said the latter, with a touch of dismay in her tones. "Uncle Dana, Aunt, Una, and Le Grand Seigneur!"

"When?"

"The twenty-ninth; and it is now the twenty-second," meditatively.

"I hope you are not thinking of running away again to escape Le Grand Seigneur's royal handkerchief?" said Claudia, mischievously.

"No need of that. I'm not a rich heiress now, you know. I hope we can make their visit pleasant for them. I don't mean Uncle Dana. He will be sure to be pleased whatever we do. But Una and the rest."

"Will it be difficult?"

"Perhaps not. But Una is a little peculiar, and Aunt is very genteel, and Jerome, judging from their descriptions, is a compound of both. At least, we shall enjoy Uncle Dana, however, and we'll do our best to make it pleasant for the others."

From that time until the day of the arrival, they were all, as Mrs. Dunn expressed it, "up to their elbows" in preparations. The guests came in a handsome barouche, drawn by a pair of spirited thoroughbreds.

"It isn't exactly an irruption of the Goths, but of the Goffes," said Uncle Dana, kissing Bessie and Claudia, and making toward Mrs. Dunn for the same purpose, but she discreetly threw her apron over her face, and bobbed out at the nearest door, while Aunt Eunice, who, as we have heard, was ultra genteel, administered a curt rebuke to her liege lord for his boyishness.

Pending this connubial setting to rights, Una kissed the girls with a rather underdone affection of vivacity, and presented her brother, Jerome Paulding. These two were in no respect alike. Una was a soft, gentle creature, with dusky eyes and hair, and a languid color on cheek and lip. She was sadly wanting in animation herself, and therefore expected everybody to be at great pains to amuse her. When this was done, she was gently amiable, so that people who did not know her intimately were accustomed to speak of her as "not brilliant, certainly, but so good." Yet, underneath

this plastic exterior, the nature was cold, exacting, selfish. Besides the personal attractions we have mentioned, such as they were, there was the collateral one of wealth. Una Paulding was heiress in her own right to a handsome fortune.

Jerome's eyes, like his sister's, were dusky, but, unlike hers, they were capable of an almost infinite variety of expressions. He could be grave, or frolicsome; intensely active, or dreamily indolent; proud as a patrician, or gentle as a woman; but, whatever his mood, Jerome Paulding could be no otherwise than a gentleman. Bessie lost her old dread of *Le Grand Seigneur* immediately, and they soon became very good friends.

There were now gay doings at the hitherto quiet farm-house, first and foremost, because it was necessary to amuse Una; and secondly, because Uncle Dana, Jerome, Claudia, Bessie, were not indisposed to amuse each other. Whatever the success of their first intention, that of their second was unquestionable. Fronting the house was a green, level field. A portion of this was converted into a croquet ground, where much of their time was spent. One afternoon they were all there, inducting Uncle Dana into the mysteries of the game to which the ground was devoted, and waxing very merry over his funny sayings thereanent, when a wagon stopped at the entrance to the field, and from it alighted the Rev. Mr. Underwood and Ansel Kingsley. The latter had only that day arrived in Holbrook, having come thither partly because his cousin was there—Mr. Underwood—partly because of the hunting and fishing, which were fine in its vicinity, but chiefly because Una Paulding, to whom he was engaged, was visiting at Glendimmon Farm. Now this gentleman, be it known, had no more idea of the impending meeting with Claudia Holt than he had of then and there encountering the sovereign of the Moon, whatever may be the name and titles of that worshipful potentate. Possibly Claudia was better prepared, for Una was very proud of her lover, and was not likely to have been silent concerning his expected coming. At all events, the meeting on her part was characterized by cool, high-bred courtesy; on his, by a nervous shamefacedness, such as, it is fair to presume, the elegant Ansel Kingsley had never before been guilty of. Una was on the point of inquiring how it chanced that these two were acquainted, when she discovered that she had a surprise of her own to attend to; and Mr. Underwood, who had remained behind for a few moments to secure his horse, now advancing, recognized in her his own former love.

The meeting between this second pair of lang-syne lovers was eminently unsensational. Only the languid color in Una's face flamed up a little brighter, and the clerical cravat seemed

to have got an undue amount of starch for the occasion.

"How do you do, Miss Paulding?" with a bow that was encumbered by the aforesaid cravat.

"How do you do, Mr. Underwood?" And then, with a want of tact habitual in women of her calibre, "What an odd thing that Mr. Kingsley's cousin should turn out to be you!"

"Why?" dryly.

"Oh, because—because—it is."

"A true woman's reason, Una," said Jerome, laughing, and croqueting a ball to a great distance.

"Are we interrupting a game?" asked Kingsley.

"We have only been skirmishing a little, thus far, this afternoon. But suppose we try a game now! Will you take the lead upon one side?"

"Willingly, if Miss Glendimmon will consent to take one of my colors."

"Oh, yes," said Bessie, but Jerome did not look quite pleasant. He had certainly meant that Bessie should play upon his side.

Uncle Dana declined playing, and Aunt Eunice was quite too stately to unbend in any such diversion. So the players were Kingsley, Bessie, and Una upon one side; and on the other, Jerome, Claudia, and Mr. Underwood. They were pretty evenly matched. Mr. Underwood had to learn the game altogether, but then Una was by no means skilful. In the common interest, Claudia found it expedient to forget her old perversity, being very vigilant in helping her clerical ally. Nor did she seem disposed to show favor to any upon the opposite side. The blue, in particular, that being Una's color, was always in her way; and after serving her own advance, and that of her party, it was generally left very much out of its owner's way. At last Una threw down her mallet in a pet.

"You never take my part at all, for fear of hurting Claudia, and I won't play any longer," she complained to Kingsley.

"I don't think Miss Holt is much indebted to my magnanimity," he said, coloring a little, "though, perhaps, it would be only fair if she were, for don't you see that Jerome loses no opportunity to favor Miss Glendimmon?"

"Yes, it's the same with you all. Nobody is worth taking any notice of but these farmer girls. I thought it would be different when you came, but you are just as bad as the rest."

By this time she had wrought herself up to the point of tears, and in that lachrymose state went off to the house. Of course Kingsley had to follow and comfort her, and the game was effectually broken up. A part of this little by-play Mr. Underwood had overheard, and he could guess the rest.

"And I," he thought, "have been making a

woman like Una Paulding a standard by which to judge all others of her sex, even Claudia Holt. If I were to confess the impertinence, I wonder if I might hope for forgiveness."

But then he recollected the scrap of conversation he had overheard in the forest, and found he wanted courage for such a confession. He began talking with Mr. Goffe instead upon some general topic. When, by and by, Kingsley and Una rejoined the group, the former was very guarded in his manner toward Claudia. But his eyes followed her movements furtively, and he would break off in the midst of a sentence to listen when she spoke. The truth is, Claudia's beauty had been greatly enhanced during these quiet years at Holbrook, and there was a pith to her occasional utterances which made Una's paltry commonplaces seem sufficiently vapid. Was he contrasting the two, and thinking of what might have been?

Two or three weeks passed, and some part of each day was spent by Ansel Kingsley at Glendimmon Farm. He was sometimes accompanied by his cousin, but oftener not. There were sermons to write, parish and church affairs to look after, and Mr. Underwood was not a man to neglect duty for pleasure. It must be owned, however, that it was daily growing a greater effort of self-denial to allow Kingsley to start off alone. He was not unobservant of that young man's guarded attention to all that Claudia Holt did or said, and was sometimes dimly conscious of a feeling that since it is necessary to love one's neighbor as one's self, he would infinitely prefer that Ansel Kingsley were not his neighbor.

"Ansel, do you love the girl you are engaged to marry?" he asked, abruptly, one day.

"Why? Are you thinking of trying to win the prize away from me?"

"No. Not if the prize is Una Paulding."

"Who then?"

"You know who. It has not escaped me, at least, that even when you are talking to Una, you are thinking of Claudia Holt."

"You were always an observing young man, Adam. I wonder you have not already discovered a second satellite to the earth, or something else equally inscrutable to ordinary vision."

But though he spoke thus lightly, he averted his face, afraid, it may have been, that that would not sustain his pretence of carelessness. He walked to a window, brushed a speck of dirt from his coat sleeve, snipped off a withered leaf or two from an azalia, blossoming on the window ledge, hummed a fragment of the little German song, "Ich denke dein," finally put on his hat, and again faced his cousin.

"So you will not go this afternoon?" he said.

"I have told you it is impossible."

"Oh, yes; that unfinished sermon. Well, don't give the sinners any quarter. Here comes my horse."

On arriving at the farm-house, he found Una alone in the parlor.

"Where are the rest of us?" he asked, after placing a rose in her hair which he had picked in coming through the garden.

"Papa and mamma have gone to ride."

"Well?"

"Jerome and Bessie are driving the sheep out of the corn," with a look of extreme disgust.

"Well?"

"Do you mean Mr. and Mrs. Dunn? I really cannot tell you where they are."

"And Claudia?"

"Oh, yes, Claudia! If I had been missing, you would never have thought of inquiring for me, but it's quite a different thing if Claudia is out of sight."

"My dear Una!"

"I'm not so certain about the 'dear.' Are you sure you love me just as well as when we came here?"

"Quite sure. How can you ask?"

"Because Claudia has such dangerous eyes. And, of course, Ansel Kingsley would be a great catch for a poor girl like her."

"How strangely you talk, Una!" but he had a goaded look, and the adjective Una had applied to Claudia's eyes might have suited his as well.

There were now glorious moonlit evenings. It was arranged that this one should be spent on horseback. Kingsley and Jerome had each a fine horse. Then there were the carriage horses, and two others were procured from the village. Bessie had challenged Uncle Dana to ride with her. He accordingly consented to make the third cavalier of the party. But, when they were all ready to start, Una was seized with a sudden dread of the pawing, mettlesome-looking creatures that, "all saddled, all bridled," were waiting for their riders.

She had never ridden any horse but her own. These were all vicious-looking creatures, she declared. Not one of them would she ever think of mounting. Expostulations, entreaties were all in vain. She would go in the carriage, or she would not go at all.

"Are you sure you will be safe in the carriage with any of these vicious-looking creatures? Hadn't Kingsley better get the farm horses?" asked Jerome, teasingly.

"He can get what he likes, but I'm not going," was the petulant retort.

"Then I believe I will stay, too," said Uncle Dana, "and Kingsley can escort Bessie. The ride was of his own planning, and it seems a pity that he should lose it altogether."

"He can do as he likes," said Una, coldly.

It appeared that he liked to go. The party were speedily mounted, and cantered gayly off; Jerome riding at Claudia's bridle-rein, and Kingsley at Bessie's. After a mile or two, however, they all rode abreast for a little way;

and, when they shot off in couples again, the movement known in chess as castling had been skilfully performed. Jerome was now at Bessie's side, and Kingsley at Claudia's. It is but fair to say that the latter gentleman was not responsible for this movement. It originated with Jerome.

Claudia and Kingsley were now left to their own resources. The former had never seemed so full of animation. There was possibly just a twinge of causticity in her humor, but its sparkle was not impaired by that ingredient. Kingsley was unusually grave, however. His spirits seemed to fall inversely as the other's rose.

"O Claudia, Claudia!" he cried, at last. "I never loved you in the old days as I love you now. Be generous, be magnanimous, and forget the past. Let the old relations between us be restored."

"I was not aware of any change in my fortunes," said Claudia, cuttingly. "Ansel Kingsley has, perhaps, heard that I am mentioned in somebody's will."

"I have deserved this, Claudia," he groaned. "But, now, at last, I need have no thought of fortune. Wealth has come to me from an unexpected source, and I offer it to you. Do you believe I could ever have given you up, if I had not thought riches as necessary for you, as I believed they were for me?"

"That does not matter, now. If you really care for me, I am sorry for you," said Claudia, more kindly than at first. "But, for your answer, you may find it in this:—

"The tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

The old love is in its grave. I have not the power, nor yet the wish, to give it resurrection, even if you were free from Una."

"A birthright for a mess of pottage," cried Ansel Kingsley, bitterly. "I will suggest the subject to Adam for his next discourse."

They were presently joined by the other couple, who were now returning, and who gayly accosted them as laggards. They all rode home together, two of the party, at least, being in joyous spirits. I speak of Jerome and Bessie.

The next day Kingsley found Una in a rather impracticable mood. His own was not quite so conciliatory as on former occasions of their lovers' quarrels, so that they did not get on smoothly at all. At last, instead of attempting to parry one of Una's querulous thrusts about Claudia, he related, with a kind of savage satisfaction, the history of his former acquaintance with her, and ended by describing the interview of the last evening.

"And now, Una," he said, "if you choose to marry me after what I have told you, I will keep to my engagement; but there must be an end, now and forever, of your taunts about Claudia Holt."

Una, finding she was really in danger of losing her lover, grew suddenly amiable, and promised to be good, with affected childishness. Thus they were reconciled. Kingsley left Holbrook that day, and the farm-house guests did not remain much longer. Uncle Dana slipped a roll of bills into Bessie's hand in saying "Good-by!"

"It is for your wedding, chick," he whispered.

Jerome outstayed the others by a day or two, greatly to the dissatisfaction of his stately mother. But Bessie, at least, thought that precious day or two the most delicious portion of the whole visit. During the time arrangements were made which rendered it probable that Uncle Dana's present would find speedy use. Claudia declared that Jerome was looking out for a rainy day, and meant to have sunshine in his house whatever clouds might hang outside. As for himself, he had already learned to call Bessie his Sunbeam, Blessing, Heart's-ease—all which loving pet names were not inaptly bestowed, I think, when applied to Bessie Glendimmon.

"Claudia is to live with us, of course," Jerome had said.

And Bessie had answered: "Of course," as if that were a foregone conclusion. But Fate and Mr. Underwood had other designs for Claudia.

"Do you think, Miss Holt," the latter asked, one day, "that you could make up your mind to marry a man, who may be a very good sort of person, but can never hope to make any great show if perched on Alps?"

"I dare say I could if"—

"If what?"

"If he loved me," was the blushing answer.

"He does, Claudia," said the Rev. Adam Underwood, with infinite tenderness in voice and manner.

So Claudia did not live with Mr. and Mrs. Paulding, after all, but the cousins are still the closest of friends. I have not heard that either of them has ever regretted her former residence at Glendimmon Farm.

PARENTAL EXAMPLE.—Your children will be more animated to vigor, perseverance, and self-dependence, the more they witness your exertions to provide for your future welfare. There are few who can witness the daily display of parental and provident care without having the desire created within them of doing something for themselves. "A thrifty father," says a Hindoo proverb, "may have an extravagant son, but a diligent father rarely has an idle son."

THE HARDEST TRIAL OF THE HEART is, whether it can bear a rival's failure without triumph.—*Atkin.*

ACTING CHARADE.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

BY EMMA J. BUCKLEY.

Characters.

DOCTOR KILLORCURE, *very learned and absent-minded.*
 MRS. KILLORCURE, *his wife.*
 RABELLA KILLORCURE, *his daughter.*
 MRS. DELMONT, *rich and eccentric gentleman.*
 CHARLES DELMONT, *his nephew, and Miss K.'s lover.*
 MRS. LERGYPAN,
 MRS. HOWELL,
 MRS. LIVINGSTON,
 MRS. O'REILLY AND CHILD, } *Patients of the Doctor.*
 MRS. IRISH GROOM,
 MRS. FLANIGAN, *Irish servant.*

SCENE I.—MRS. KILLORCURE and daughter (*weeping*) sitting in a neatly furnished apartment, supposed to be the family sitting-room.

Mrs. K. Cheer up, daughter. One would think you were one of those forlorn damsels storied in story, who wring their hands before the garret window to which a cruel parent has consigned them. Surely you have not yet arrived at this refined state of misery, and can afford to let the sunshine of hope into your heart. Cheer up, my dear. The proverb, "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," is equally true if rendered, "Faint heart ne'er won fair gentleman, or stern father." Follow the example of the great Micawber, and patiently wait for something to turn up, and like him, you will be rewarded. You must carry a brighter face than this, to your grandmother's. You are always her pet, you know, and you will make the dear old lady miserable on your account.

Miss K. I know it, mamma, and I must and will control myself, but it is so hard. If papa could be content with opposing Charles! But that detestable Greenly must be forever quoted as his substitute. Ugh! the thought of him gives me the shudders. I have called on Hope long, I think she must be weary, and flies from me, as I have seen nothing of her cheerfulness since that last scene with papa. What should I do without you, dear mother?

Mrs. K. See, my dear, you are not entirely miserable; you have what so many have not—another who loves and can sympathize with you. I know this trial is very hard for you, but your only course is, to be patient, for I am a time only is needed to accomplish our wishes, for your father has a kind heart, which will yet wear out his prejudices. Charles is willing to wait for you, and you must bear the inconvenience of separation, and live in hopes the good time coming.

Miss K. Reason tells me it is as you say, but an indefinite time seems to be so far away, and trials of suspense are so irksome, Shakspeare says, truly: "Hope, thou art a parasite,

a hanger on, a keeper back of death." Away, and welcome, grim despair, instead, that I may die. And then to have suspense made doubly tedious by the attentions of a man I despise. Oh dear! oh dear!

Mrs. K. Yes, love, though I do not think your circumstances justify the depths of despair you have quoted, I acknowledge you have reason for sorrow. I will try and obtain for you an interview with Charles before we leave the city, and the remembrance of that, with country air and surroundings, must make you less "pale and interesting" before we return. Just hear my prescriptions for you while there: A romp with Bruno, to be taken in open air, directly before breakfast; a large spoonful of ride on horseback, before dinner; a small dose of music, and a large one of nest-hunting in the barn, for afternoon. You must also wear a large plaster of contentment on the heart at all times, while all my remedies must be fortified by a bread and milk diet.

Miss K. (*Laughing.*) Really, mamma, just your recital has an exhilarating effect upon me. I will try and do justice to your system, and prove myself a worthy example of your skill. What a curiosity I have to see that dear old uncle Charles tells me of. He loves him like a father, though he has not seen him before in twenty years, and I love him already from hearing so much of his kind sympathy for us.

Mrs. K. He is very wealthy, is he not?

Miss K. Yes, and so eccentric. I wonder if the East Indies are not especially adapted to developing eccentric character.

Mrs. K. That is a question which might involve difference of opinion. But, my dear, we have some purchases to make before packing our trunks, and must delay them no longer. (*Rising.*)

Miss K. Sure enough, mamma; I had entirely forgotten them. I will meet you in the library when ready. [*Exit ladies.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—DOCTOR KILLORCURE, *in travelling dress, arranging bottles from saddle bags, with powders, papers, etc. Apartment the same as before.*

Doctor. The great science of medicine is reaching a point of perfection, which its first disciples, even in their wildest fancies, never dreamed of. Here but the other day I read of an operation where the occiput's back bone was entirely removed and again replaced, after going through the process of *scrapus de lengthum*. The patient is said to be doing well, and the searchers after the marvellous in surgery have received a fresh impetus in their labors, but I have a tedious round before me, and must be on my way. Where can Mrs. Killorcure be? I will ring and inquire. (*He rings, and enters MRS. FLANIGAN.*) Mrs. Flan-

igan, my good woman, will you desire Mrs. Killorcure to step here a moment?

Mrs. F. Is it yerself, docthur, that's forgotten that your good leddy, Mrs. Killensure, has gone to the counthry to spind a wake wid her mither?

Doctor. (*Putting hand to his head.*) Indeed, Mrs. Flanigan! Now you mention it, I think I do recollect something of the kind. Let me see—if I do not mistake, my daughter Arabella went with her.

Mrs. F. Bedad! it's the illegant mimery ye has, to remimber from the mornin' till noon. Of course Miss Arabilly went wid her mither, an' it's the long face Mr. Granelly will wear till she arrives back again, to be sure.

Doctor. Ah! that reminds me. Where is Mr. Greenly?

Mrs. F. He mintoned over a string of names as long as me arrum, where he was goin', an' it's not the likes of me that can repate thim all, but he tould me ye sint him, and he'd not be back till the afternoon belike.

Doctor. That is unfortunate, *very*. I have directed a number of persons to call in my absence, to obtain their medicines, and they must not be disappointed. I see no other course than to leave directions with *you*, Mrs. Flanigan.

Mrs. F. Arrah, and ye may do that same, docthur; an' it's meself that'll dale out the midcines for ye like a jewel. 'Twas a bashen of a docthur I was in me own counthry; sorry's the day I lift it (*wiping her eyes*), and not a cowlid or a hidache for all the counthry round but Margaret Flanigan was sint for to narse it the day.

Doctor. Silence, good woman, and attend to my directions. This bottle of medicine is for Mrs. O'Reilly's child; to be applied six times a day, certainly. Will you remember?

Mrs. F. That an' I will, sir; six times the day, ye said, sure.

Doctor. This bottle contains the extract of Hyosiamus, to promote sleep; it is for Mrs. Livingston. I will describe her to you: A large, fleshy woman, with a dull blue eye; she complains of sleeplessness because she cannot force nature into eighteen hours of repose. She also fancies herself afflicted with heart disease, and a dozen other ailments, when there is not a healthier woman in my acquaintance. This vial contains eye water; a gentleman will call for it. These two bottles look very much alike, but you will know them apart by the difference in the labels. This with the blue label is for Mr. Hartly's horse—Tom will call for it; while the one with the red label contains bitters for an old gentleman, with whose name I am unacquainted. Now, Mrs. Flanigan, are you sure you can remember?

Mrs. F. Shure, docthur, an' yer orders are as plain to me mind as the nose on yer face. Have no fears but I will supply your place to your admiration, sir.

Doctor. Very well; be careful.

[*Exit DOCTOR.*]

Mrs. F. Och! Margaret Flanigan, it's a great thrust ye has on yer hands, wid bithers, and eye-water, and the likes. Ye'd betther be after finishing up yer worruk, and thin put on yer bist gown to "do the honors of the house," as Miss Arabilly would be saying.

[*Exit MRS. F.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.—*Curtain rising, discovers MRS. FLANIGAN in all the dignity of full dress, wide bordered cap, large bows, etc. Apartment as before.*

Mrs. F. Faix an' I'd give anything to have that saucy colleen Jennie O'Brien to see me now, wid Mary to tind the door, and me sitting up in me parlor to resave company like any other lady the day. (*Bell rings.*)

[*Enter MRS. O'REILLY AND CHILD.*]

Mrs. O. Will ye tell me, mim, if the docthur be at home?

Mrs. F. He's gone out the day, but he lift his orders wid me, and if ye are Mrs. O'Reilly, he lift some medicine for your little boy. Be sated, ma'am, be sated; and it's a fine little colleen ye has there. What may be the matter wid him?

Mrs. O. Shure and the docthur tould me it was the scalded head, mim; but it doesn't look rasonable to me mind, for it's not scalded or burnt he's been.

Mrs. F. Indade! Well, now, how long have ye been over from the ould counthry?

Mrs. O. But two years, mim, but it seems like two hundred, to be sure. It's not Ameriky that can iver take the place of ould Ireland in me heart, and quite sick I am for the sight of a good smart shillalah fight; an' it's not even a rispectible wake ye get, wid the counthry so hilly that nobody'll die. Bad luck to thim that'll chate honest folks out of their lawful pleasure.

Mrs. F. Arrah! an' it's not the ould counthry wakes we get in this place; but are ye at sarvice, if I may ask a bould question, Mrs. O'Reilly?

Mrs. O. Yis, mim; I worruk for Mrs. Graly just down the strate, an' it's a proper fine place, to be sure. Did ye iver see the likes of the ladies' dress in this quare counthry? It's not meself that can kape in the fashion at all, at all. I kape adding and adding to me water-fall, but it's niver so big as Miss Mary's, in spite of me, and I've put the flounces off and on to me gown till it's as thin as a sieve, to be sure, wid the pricking of the needle through it; but it's the bonnets that's the most diffikilt to kape in size, for I've cut and I've pared at me own, but still it's a thrifle too large beside Miss Mary's. It's thinking I am to tie a ribbon over me ears and lade the fashion meself. But

here ye are bleating away, Biddy O'Relly, whin ye promised the mistress to be back immediately. An' did ye say, mim, that the docthur lift the midicine for me little boy?

Mrs. F. He did that same. (*Hands her eye-water.*) He sid to drop it on six times the day sure. (*Bell rings.*)

Mrs. O. An' it's going I'll be.

[*Exit Mrs. O.*]

Enter Mrs. LIVINGSTON.

Mrs. F. Take a cheer, mim; take a cheer. An' the docthur has gone out to spind the day.

Mrs. L. (*Very haughtily.*) Is Mrs. Killorcure at home?

Mrs. F. No, mim, an' she's spindin a wake in the counthry wid Miss Arabilly, but the docthur lift orders wid meself. Mayhap ye're the leddy he tould me was so slapy; an', if ye are, 'twas the hihosyhamis he lift wid me for yees, an' 'twill make ye slape like a pig in his pen, to be sure.

Mrs. L. (*Angrily.*) Do you know whom you are addressing, impertinent creature?

Mrs. F. Impartinent, ye says, mim! An' it's well I knows who ye are, wid yer lazy ways, slaping away yer time, and ye think ye are sick, too; but the docthur tould me all about your disases, that there was nothing the matther wid ye at all. Arrah! go along wid yer midicine, slandering an honest woman in her own house. (*Offers medicine.*)

Mrs. L. (*Rejecting it.*) I will touch nothing from your hand, insolent baggage! I shall inform Doctor Killorcure of this insult, and then I have done with him. (*Going.*)

Mrs. F. An' it's not the docthur that'll be waping for the loss of ye or the likes of ye. Indade, he spakes truth whin he says, "It's hard work docthurin well people." Good-day to yees! I hope ye'll slape well. (*Exit Mrs. L.*) Och! good riddance to the ould thing, wid her blarney about impartinent craythurs and the likes. The docthur'll be after thanking me for telling her a piece of his mind. Indade, an' it's meself that can do the illegant business for him, an' I hope me sarvices will be appraciated in his mind. (*Bell rings.*)

Enter Mr. HOWELL.

Mr. H. Ah, my good woman, I was directed to call here to procure a vial of eye-water. Perhaps you have some knowledge of it?

Mrs. F. An' I has that same, sir. The docthur says to me, says he: "Arrah, Mrs. Flanigan, an' it's not another person in the univarse I'd trust wid me medicines but yerself." An' highly honored I am by the good gentleman's preference, to be sure. 'Twas this leetle bottle he tould me to give yees. (*Hands him medicine for scald head.*)

Mr. H. (*Going.*) I'm much obliged to you, ma'am.

Mrs. F. Oh, not at all, sir; not at all. (*Exit*

Mr. HOWELL.) It's nothing at all to be a docthur. Sure it's the work I'd like, all the days of me life, to be sitting up in the parlor, daling out leetle bottles of medicine.

Enter GROOM.

Groom. It's the medicine for me masther's horse I've come after, and maybe ye knows where it may be, ma'am?

Mrs. F. Yes, indade, an' I do, sir. "It's the bottle wid the red labil ye are to give to Mr. Hartley's hoss," says the docthur to me, before he lift this morning. This is the one, Mr. Mulronee, and proud I am to deliver the docthur's orders. (*He takes bottle designed for Mr. DELMONT.*)

Groom. The top of the day to ye, mim.

[*Exit GROOM.*]

Enter Mr. DELMONT.

Mr. D. Is Doctor Killorcure at home?

Mrs. F. Faith! an' he's not thin. Perhaps ye're the gentleman as was to call for the bitthers? Be sated, sir. (*Mr. D. is seated.*)

Mr. D. Yes, ma'am, that was the object of my call. Is Mrs. Killorcure at home?

Mrs. F. 'Twas but the mornin' since Mrs. Killemsure an' her daughter lift for the counthry, sir, for a wake's visit. An' it's pining away me young lady has been for some time, an' her mither damed the counthry air neces-sary to her hiltth.

Mr. D. Ah! your young lady is out of health?

Mrs. F. No, indade. It's not out of hiltth she is, unless ye call love a disase; but it's losing the red in her cheeks and the light in her eyes she is, because of the ould haythen, her father.

Mr. D. (*Silly.*) Ah, I see! The young lady is in love with her father.

Mrs. F. Get out wid yer blarney! Faix! an' ye'd be blackguarding me. It's not that I mint, at all, at all, but that me young lady wants to marry a young gentleman, but the ould docthur will niver consent, but declares she shall marry the man of his own picking, bad luck to him!

Mr. D. Indeed! Who is this young man whom he wishes her to marry?

Mrs. F. Mr. Granely, to be sure, the young midical student of the docthur's.

Mr. D. What is the young lady's objection to him?

Mrs. F. Objection ye says! Arrah! an' his limbs are that long, yer honor, and he's that awkward and grane that me mistress detists him, an' is like to wape the purty eyes out of her head she is, wid the ould gentleman's obstinacy in his favor.

Mr. D. A sad state of things, certainly. But who is the person the lady prefers?

Mrs. F. Oh! it's young Mr. Dilmont ye mane, and a proper, fine young gentleman he

is. Faix! and ould Doctor Killemsure says he shall niver step his feet in the house again, sure, which was like a death-blow to Miss Arabilly.

Mr. D. Is Mrs. Killorcure also opposed to the young lady's choice?

Mrs. F. Ah! the good lady is Miss Arabilly's own mither, and it's not a straw she would lay in the way of her happiness, bless her good sowl! It's working on the ould gentleman she is, like water on a rock, but it's the long time she has to wait for his obstinacy to wear away that discourages me young lady.

Mr. D. I am sorry for Miss Killorcure. Certainly a lamentable state of affairs, very. May I trouble you for a glass of water, ma'am?

Mrs. F. Yes, indade. An' I'll get ye a sup of fresh wather that'll do yer heart good, sir. Here are yer bitters that the docthur lift for yees. (*She hands him bitters.*) [*Exit Mrs. F.*]

Mr. D. Loquacity is an evil which may be turned to good sometimes. Bless me! what's this? (*Examining bottle.*) "An invariable remedy for all external diseases pertaining to horse flesh." Ha, ha, ha! My good hostess cannot read, I infer, or else has mistaken me for a specimen of horse flesh. This joke must not leak out. I should be saddled and bridled wherever I went. (*Puts bottle in his pocket, and thinks a moment.*) Good! capital! just the thing! (*Rubbing his hands.*) "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." Ha, ha, ha! What an idea! But I'll do it, though. Yes, that's the very thing. My bitters cannot hurt the horse, while I, being ignorant, swallow this delightful compound, which proves fatal. Of course, I then appear to the doctor as a ghost, and charge him with my murder and its consequences. That's it! "The end justifies the means."

Enter Mrs. F., with a goblet of water.

Mrs. F. A fine cowl'd sup of wather I have for yer honor. (*Mr. D. takes water and tries to drink, bursts out laughing, chokes, drinks again.*)

Mr. D. Excuse me for laughing, but I am troubled with a ticklish sensation in my throat at times. (*Going.*) Good-day, ma'am!

[*Exit Mr. D.*]

Mrs. F. Troubled, indade! An' it's more like he's poking fun at me, the ould haythen!

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE IV.—*Curtain rises, discovering DOCTOR KILLORCURE sitting in an arm-chair, in dressing-gown and slippers, reading a newspaper. MRS. FLANIGAN sits near, sewing. Apartment as before. Bell rings loudly.*

Enter MRS. O'REILLY, and flings herself down in a chair.

Mrs. O. Upon me word, it's a swate, purty thrick ye've been after playing on me, Doctor Killycure! But I'll be up to yees yet, ye murtherin' ould villain! (*Shakes fist.*) An'

ye thought I'd niver know the difference, may-be, wid me poor leetle boy's head swelled clear up to the ceiling the night. Oh! it's me hubint that'll dot the two eyes of ye, when he comes home this day week. 'Twill please me, it will, to see him tap ye wid his shillalah, and it's meself that'll duck ye wid hot wather if ye comes near me door.

Doctor. What do you mean, Mrs. O'Reilly, by this tirade? Explain yourself. Did not the medicine I prepared benefit your child?

Mrs. O. Is it *benefit* ye says? Whin me little boy roared as he'd go into fits, when I drapped the vile stuff on, sure, and then his head commenced swelling and swelling, and I kape drapping it on, for ye said six times the day, and me boy is a sight to behold this blessed minit. Is it that ye calls *benefit*, ye ould villain?

Doctor. Mrs. Flanigan, I fear you have given her the wrong medicine. Without doubt, you gave her that eye-water intended for Mr. Howell, for this is precisely the effect it would produce, while I fear the other medicine will destroy his sight. I must attend to it the first thing in the morning. Please remind me. (*To Mrs. O.*) Mrs. Flanigan has made a sad mistake, and given you a wrong medicine, but I will prepare a wash that will neutralize the effects somewhat. [*Rises and leaves the room.*]

Mrs. F. An' it's sorry, it's sorry I am, Mrs. O'Reilly, that I have caused ye so much trouble. Is the little colleen in much pain?

Mrs. O. Och! an' it's rooring pain he's in all the day, an' ye has rason to be sorry, maim. The docthur had better be daling out his own midcines than to bethrusting an ignorant Irish craythure like yerself wid his fiery stuff, to be sure.

Mrs. F. An' whin ye talks about ignorant Irish craythure, I'd like ye to look at yerself the while, an' if ye were not in trouble from me hand, I'd make ye ate yer words, ye insutting huzzey!

Enter DOCTOR.

Doctor. Here, Mrs. O'Reilly, bathe your child's head thoroughly in warm water, and then apply this as often as once an hour during the night. I will call on you in the morning.

Mrs. O. I hope, docthur, ye'll forget the angry words I said to yees, when it was the fault intirely of that dirty craythure. (*Glauncing contemptuously at Mrs. F.*)

[*Exit Mrs. O.*]

Doctor. Mrs. Flanigan, this is a bad mistake, very bad, and I fear Mr. Howell will be seriously injured before I can warn him. I fear this is not your only mistake. Did Mrs. Livingston call?

Mrs. F. Is it the slapy lady ye mane? Troth! an' she did, but she got riled at me, and floeing down her midcine and went away. Sure! an' I ould her jist what ye said about her, and that 'twould be little ye'd wape for her loss.

Doctor. Mrs. Flanigan! Why, woman, what have you done? One of my most influential patrons. Was there ever such a succession of blunders in one short day?

Enter GHOST, dressed in trailing sheets, with a deathlike mask. He advances to MRS. F. DOCTOR starts back.

Mrs. F. The saints protect us! Ooh, good Mr. Ghost, do go away! *(She starts up to fly, and, stumbling, falls against a door. GHOST comes to within a few feet of her, and stops.)* And what ails ye, poor craythure, that ye lave yer grave to trouble honest folks? *(Pause.)* Is it unasy ye are in your grave? An' thin it's mesilf that'll pray for ye that ye may have rest, if ye'll only go back. Ooh hone! ooh hone! *(Puts hand to her face to shut out the sight. GHOST stretches his arm, and points to the DOCTOR, who, very much agitated, addresses it.)*

Doctor. What is your business here, fearful presence? What have I done that I should be thus visited? Speak, if thou canst!

Ghost. (In sepulchral tones.) Murderer!

Doctor. By what right do you use that fearful word?

Ghost. You placed the tools of death in ignorant hands. Behold your victim!

Mrs. F. O docthur, it's the spirit of the poor fat gintleman, sure! An' I must have given him the horse midicine, Docthur Killemsure. Heaven forgive me! Oh, me unlucky stars! *(Wrings her hands, and weeps.)*

Doctor. Is this true?

Ghost. It is. Your act has brought me to my present state; here I remain until you have expiated your sin of carelessness.

Doctor. How can this be done?

Ghost. You have a daughter, whom you are wronging. Unite her to the man she loves, and to the grave I bear the wrong you done me, never to be resurrected.

Doctor. How knowest thou this?

Ghost. Spirits know all things.

Doctor. Is there no other alternative?

Ghost. The name of murderer branded on thy forehead with hot iron. *(DOCTOR buries his face in his hands, and groans.)* Choose! I will be present to witness, or perform, thy choice to-morrow at this hour. Adieu!

[Exit GHOST.]

[Curtain falls.]

SCENE V. — TABLEUX. *Curtain rises, and discovers a richly-furnished parlor. DOCTOR KILLORCURE in great agitation. MRS. FLANIGAN the same. CLERGYMAN. Enter GHOST at outer door, glides along, and takes station at a window. Enter MRS. KILLORCURE, followed by the bride, leaning on CHARLES DELMONT'S arm, and looking very happy. GHOST glides along, and takes station behind bridal pair. CLERGYMAN rises, and stands before them. GHOST extends his arms, as if to bless them.*

[Curtain falls.]

PONDROUS PAPERS—NO. 4.

AFTER we left Stockton, we concludid we had time for a trip to San Francisco before goin' up to the big trees, as June is early enough for goin' there, we was told. So we joggled off down to the city.

We didn't have no adventures worth mentionin' on the way, but when we got to the city, Mr. Pondrous was most as much surprised to find it had grewed so, as I had been at *every-thing* I had seen since I left home.

We rode through the streets, and rode, and rode, and didn't know nothin' where we was agoin to; we was like cats in a strange garrit. We drove by lots of houses lookin' for the sine of a tavvern, but couldn't see none. Bime by John asked a man where was the hotel.

"Which you wish to go to?" says he. "Russ House? Cosmypoilyton? Kneepoilyton? or what? There is the Cosmypoilyton right over there."

"O John, don't go there!" says I. "It strikes me chilly to go into such a grand place. I should lose myself; it is worse than the one at Stockton."

"Don't you know some little quiet hotel, Mister?"

"No, I don't, but my cousin keeps a boardin' house on the next street, No. 246; I know she has an empty room, and I reckon she'd let you have it."

The man went off laughin', and we turned up the street he pointed out to us. Mrs. Freeman, his cousin, didn't care about lettin' us have the room; she might have a chance to rent it for the year before we were ready to leave.

I told her I did not care if I left the city the very next mornin'; it was too confusin' for anything.

"Why, you haven't seen none of the sites yet," says she.

"Well, what is there to see except streets and houses? I have seen enough of them aready."

"Oh, you must go out to Woodward's garden, and to the north beach, and the Cliff House."

I like gardens, and thought if they had a very fine one down here, I'd like to see it. Mrs. Freeman concludid to let us stay, and took us up to our room, which was real cosey. When I got rested, I begun to like San Francisco better. I could see from my window, houses up and down the street, all painted stone-color, with little gardens in front, with a glow of bright flowers among the spruce looking trees. I don't mean that they were spruce trees; they looked more like little cedars, but they was all trimmed up, some of 'em as slim as a dandy with corsets on, and some their branches spread all out close to the ground, like Mrs. Fanham's hoop skirt, and come up in

a point at the top. Perhaps it was their natural way of growin'; I don't know.

The next day we went out to Woodward's garden; Mrs. Freenan's little girl went with us. We rode in a street car, and of all the people that got in and out, I never see the beat. It seemed as though I must be dreamin'. The ladies was rigged out in ev'ry kind of stile. There was one woman sittin' by me, she must have been as old as I am, to say the least, and she had one of those little spots of lace bonnets on the top of her head, and her hair was combed back from her face, iron-gray in color, and on the back of her head were great braids of jet black hair. I never saw the like before.

When we got to the garden, where a flag was wavin' over the gate, we went in, and a man who was standin' at a window in a kind of little room among the trees, nodded to us; so says I to him:—

"Howdy do, Mr. Woodward; we've come to see your garden."

He kind of smiled, and said: "Two bits a piece, and children half price."

Then John gave him some money, and we went along a few steps further, when Mary Freeman said:—

"Don't you want some water, Mrs. Pondrous?"

I told her I did, because she seemed to wish me to; so she pulled at the top of an iron post set near the path, and water ran out of the post into a cup.

"Now drink," says she, "and then I'll show you everything about the garden. Now there's a statue. Do you like statues?"

I did not like it much; it had such dirty feet and queer toes; so had all the statues in the garden. I wonder if a baby's toes, left to themselves, would grow like them? I don't think they would.

So we went along a little further, and there was a house like the palace in *Beauty and the Beast*; and there was the beast, too, sure enough. Right over the front door, jest as though he had stepped out of the chamber window to growl at us, was a great white bear.

On each side of the palace, were long glass houses full of flowers. I thought the garden would have looked better if they had been planted outside round among the trees. We went into the outer court of the palace, and there was a fountain with goldfish swimmin' round in the water; and on each side were great glass cases full of all manner of birds, with gay feathers, green, red, blue, and yellow. I begun to have a faint idea of what the birds of Eden must have been like, only they were living, and these did not look as though they were alive. We went through a door beyond the fountain, and there was a room hung all about with pictures; very beautiful they were, I'm sure. Among them was one in which, as I looked at it, the green leaves shook, light and

shadow went and came, and the scarlet flowers were like reality. I went nearer, eagerly. Why, it *was* reality. I was jest looking through a picture frame into one of those glass houses full of flowers. I soon found my way round among them, but I must say they did look best through the frame; distance had lent enchantment. When I put out my hand to pick a bud, Miss Mary said:—

"Take care, Mrs. Pondrous, you mustn't pick the flowers."

"Why, will the beast be after me if I do?"

"No, the beasts are shut up in cages at the other end of the garden. But it is against the rules to pick the flowers, or grapes, or anything. Shall we go and see the beasts now?"

So we went out the other side of the beasts' palace, and there was a rotary boat just as big round as the pond it was in, and little children were rowin' it, highly delighted that they could make it move with their own hands. Up on the hillside opposite at some tables under the trees were a party of grown-up folks having a picnic. I saw their wine bottles glitterin', and felt like goin' up and giving' them a temperance lecture.

Jest then John come along, talkin' so fast and eager with a gentleman.

"Look here, Janey, do you know who this is?" Then, seein' I didn't, says he: "Why, it's our old friend Mr. Sunbrite that we used to know to home."

"I'm proper glad to see you, Mr. Sunbrite," says I. "And I'd like to see your wife, too. Where is she?"

"That's jest what I've benn tellin' Mr. Pondrous. We live over the Santa Cruz Mountains, and I'm goin' to start for home to-morrow mornin', and I want you both to go with me. Millie will be enamored tickled to death to see you, that's so. We'll go in the cars to Santa Clara, where I left my team, and then I'll take you right on over to my home. Hurrah!" he burst out, givin' John a slap on the back. "Tell you what, ma'am, I never was so glad to see anybody since I come to Callforny, as I was to see John Pondrous this day. Says I to myself, says I: 'I've struck gold this time.' Now, you'll go over, won't you?"

"I'll be real glad to go, Mr. Sunbrite."

"Yes, and I've been tellin' Mr. Pondrous to sell out his ranch, and come down this way to live. Splendid climate; want you to go over and find you a place near by us."

"But it ain't so easy sellin' an out of the way farm like mine; nobody wants to live there," said John.

"Oh! well, well, you *may* have a chance, you *may* have a chance. There's nothin' like havin' your eye out."

"The lawful sakes, Mr. Sunbrite, do you really think so?" says I, for he had lost one of his eyes when he was a little boy, and I al-

ways supposed before that he considered it a real misfortune, havin' it out.

"Yes," says he, "like enough you'll have a chance to sell when you least expect it, and it's well enough to know there's better places in the State than your'n is."

By this time we had walked all round the garden, and, as we was goin' out, John asked Mr. Sunbrite if he wouldn't go with us out to the Cliff House in the afternoon. He said he would, as he had got about all his business attended to. So about one o'clock he come round with Mr. Pondrous, and we started. Mr. Sunbrite said he would drive, as he knew the city pretty well. I don't know which way we went, but bimeby we left the city behind us, and there was the broad sky and the country hills.

Mr. Sunbrite pointed out the lone mountain, though the graveyard wasn't in site. However, we had a good view of the German graveyard, and it was the most curious one I ever lid see. Mr. Sunbrite called them semeterys. After a while we come to a very level road, and Mr. Sunbrite said it was a race course.

"I've seen some pretty little races here in Californy," says he, snapping the whip cheerfully. "Even the ladies get excited about them, and watch the trot with as much interest as the men."

"Do ladies go to races here in Californy? Why, how dreadful! We never used to think of such a thing back in our good old New England."

"But ladies go there, now, as much as they lo here; now, that's so."

"Well, I declare, how can they?"

"I shouldn't wonder a bit if you should go to one before you get back home, Mrs. Pondrous. Now, there's a team comin' up on the track behind us; they mean to pass us, but I guess"—

And then he touched the horse with the whip, and the horse lay back his ears as though he knew what Mr. Sunbrite guessed, and away he went about as fast as John Gilpin ever rode. The wind blew hard before, but it seemed to blow a great deal harder now, and I had all I could do holdin' holt of my hat, veil, and shawl. I was *oazed*, but Mr. Sunbrite's one eye twinkled with satisfaction; and, when we got to the end of the track, and the team went by us, he asked if it wasn't exciting.

I told him it was, for I was almost excited enough to take the reins away from him. But the first thing I knew we was at the Cliff House, which is built on a cliff close to the sea. We turned down a road that had been cut in the rock, and so we got down on the shore where the waves came rolling up on the sand. Away out from the shore some great rocks rose up out of the water, and there were the lazy seal at play upon them.

"The famous Seal Rocks," said Mr. Sun-

brite, with a wave of his whip. "And look, Mrs. Pondrous, here is a dead seal washed up on the sand."

"Poor little seal, how pitiful!"

"Do you like ruins? There is a ruin, no mistake."

The wreck of a ship, a sad-lookin' old hulk it was, but it added as much to the interest of the scene as a ruined castle would have done. I got out and picked up a few shells, and we soon drove back to the city. When we got there, I went to a store and got some little books for Mrs. Bally's children, and Mrs. Denmak's, too. Then I got a present for Miss Spencer; she had been so kind to me.

I went to bed early, and slept well till long towards morning, when somethin' seemed to strike the corner of the house an awful blow that made it reel, and the bed heaved up, too, so it didn't take much effort on my part to git out on to the floor. Before I could hardly ketch my breath, I heard the rushin' of feet, slammin' of doors, and cries of women as well as children. I never was so scart in my life before.

"John, what is it—an earthquake?"

"Yes, but don't be afraid," says he, holdin' on to the bedpost.

"Where is the key to our door, John?"

"There is no use goin' out there, Janey. You're safer here than you would be in the street; the house is not goin' to fall. Do come to the window, and see what frightened frights are in the street now."

Even in my terror, I couldn't help noticin' how an English woman in the next room was tryin' to get her children out of danger.

"Come hout quick, children, or hi'll kill you, hevry one hof you. Come back 'ere hand 'elp me, 'Arry," she continued, to her retreatin' husband.

"He is airy, sure enough," said John, as we saw him appear in the street below, in his drawers, without coat or hat.

I told Mr. Pondrous I was glad we were goin' to leave San Francisco that mornin', for I'd had enough of its earthquakes. About eight o'clock we took the cars for Santa Clara. I felt bad to leave our good old horse in the city; but John said they'd take care of him at Fenessy's stables, unless there come a very big earthquake. Now, what I think is—that John Pondrous was just as scart as I was when he clung to the bedpost. JANE PONDROUS.

MINDS of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range. —Anon.

I HOLD myself indebted to any one from whose enlightened understanding another ray of knowledge communicates to mine. Really to inform the mind is to correct and enlarge the heart. —*Juvius*.

A WISH FULFILLED.

BY CORA HUNT.

"I HOPE to Heaven, Fred, you will get your deserts some day for your nonsense!" And pretty Sue Raynor, all flushed with anger, and trembling with the fright her mischievous brother had given her, continued her way along the hall to her room.

Fred, however, only laughed gayly, and sauntering out of the front door, betook himself off to his father's office, where he assisted in the capacity of book-keeper. He was a young man of twenty-two years of age, quite tall, and had fine dark eyes, ever beaming with mischief; chestnut hair, inclined to curl, and a young moustache, which he was given to petting, and which partly concealed the ripe, red lips, ever ready to smile. In fact, he was at once the pride and pest of his mother and sisters, for he never let pass an opportunity unimproved to frighten or trick the ones he loved best; so it happens that we hear his sister Susie desiring him to meet with a just reward for his misdeeds.

"I think it is too bad of Fred," said she, on reaching her room, where her younger sister Clara was reclining lazily on a lounge reading a novel, and going to the basin she bathed her flushed cheeks.

"What has he done this time?" asked Clara, looking up.

"Oh, nothing unusual," was the reply; "he just sprang out from the recess in the hall—you know it is somewhat dark there—and caught me with such a fearful gripe, and kissed me. I thought he had gone to the store, and was totally unprepared for such an encounter; you know I'm nervous anyhow."

"Yes, I know," said Clara, in a sympathizing tone of voice, for she had often been a victim herself. "I think it is wrong. It does not affect me as it does you, though, to receive a fright. I wish we could retaliate, but he is not easily scared. Oh, say, Sue, wouldn't it be fun if he would only mistake a stranger for one of us, and kiss her that way. Oh! what a joke!" And the mere idea of such an accident made her laugh until the tears streamed over her cheeks. Even Susie now laughed, and said:—

"Let's find *some* way to be revenged. It would be such a satisfaction."

While these two are plotting, we will peep at Fred, who has just settled himself in the office chair, at his father's place of business. "Jupiter! how lovely she is to-day!" he exclaimed, as a lady with blonde hair passed the window. She certainly was a beauty. Fred was quite right when he expressed his admiration. He had seen her very often as she passed the office where he sat, quite unconscious of the havoc she was making in his heart. He was very much in love, and often when she passed,

he walked a little way after her, in order to see her more nearly. He did not know her name even, but he knew that she had very lovely golden hair, in which the sunbeams seemed imprisoned; a lovely complexion, and peachy cheeks, and eyes of heavenly blue. No wonder Fred loved. How he wished that by some means she might enter his father's office. He would certainly be able then to discover, at least, her name; and what bliss it would be to talk with her. It was while he was thus thinking that she passed, and more than usually charming even. In mad haste to get another look at her, he gathered up his hat and rushed to the door, never perceiving that the unknown lady had paused, and had placed one hand on the knob. Consequently, when he reached the door, he gave it a fearful jerk backwards, and brought her in rather suddenly, while he was in the act of rushing out. The inevitable result was a collision. To say that both were astonished is to put the case very mildly. The concussion caused both to lose breath. The next instant the lady recovered, and her blue eyes flashed dangerously, as with heightened color she exclaimed, in indignant tones:—

"You're no gentleman, sir!"

Our hero blushed to the roots of his hair as he stammered:—

"I beg your pardon. I—I—had not the least idea—"

"So I should imagine!" said the lady, curtly and, turning her back, walked out again.

Fred looked after her in bewilderment, then returned to the seat he had so hurriedly vacated, and sat down to think over the adventure that fate had so unkindly led him into. "What had she come for?" "Who is she?" were questions that vexed him for many a long day after. When he went home that night, he was unusually quiet, and ate his supper in silence. His father had not seen the misadventure, for he had stepped out a moment before, and therefore was as unconscious as the rest. His sisters, however, only conceived it to be the prelude to more mischief, and were correspondingly watchful; but they were secure, for Fred remained quiet enough.

Retiring early, he did not rest well. Repeatedly he called himself a fool; indeed, he could not but remember that she had expressed her doubts as to whether he could think. A hundred times he bewailed the unkind fate that had driven her from the door, when, had she been allowed peaceable entrance, he would in all probability have made a favorable impression; then, too, he might have discovered her name and residence. He could get no further, but go over and over the unfortunate event, and reiterate that he was a fool. At last he fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed all sorts of impossible things, and curiously mixed up with all kinds of absurdities was the face of the lady he had so outraged. Morning dawned,

and Fred hastily ate his breakfast, then walked savagely towards the office.

"What in the world has come over Fred?" said Susie to her sister. "I do hope he is not in trouble," she continued, with sisterly solicitude, her face a little anxious, and a serious look in her brown eyes.

"Perhaps your sisterly wish of yesterday is being fulfilled," said Clara, half-wickedly, but inclined to view the matter in a less serious light than her elder sister.

"I am sure I don't wish him any harm," sighed the other.

"Oh, let him alone," laughed Clara; "he will be all right in a day or two."

After Fred had reached the office, he remained quietly busy for some time, but his eyes would frequently wander to the street. For some days he watched in vain. "She has chosen some other street than this to pass to wherever she goes," he thought. The next time he saw her it was through his window, but she was on the opposite side of the street, and she was casting furtive glances toward the door where she had been so unkindly received. But Fred took heart because that he had seen her at all, and so recovered his spirits. Once again his sisters had reason to complain of his mischief.

"Isn't Letty Carrol lovely?" said Clara as the sisters were discussing the pleasant little party they had attended the evening before. "I wish Fred had gone with us." Fred had a previous engagement, and they had been attended by their father.

"Yes," assented Susie; "and she has such lovely blonde hair, very much like yours, dear, only sunnier."

"I feel greatly flattered, I'm sure," murmured Clara. "But I thought her greatest charm lay in her manner. I felt acquainted right away. She told us to call her Letty, too, and was sure we would be such excellent friends."

"Yes, and she promised soon to come and see us," responded Susie, with enthusiasm.

A few days passed, and Miss Carrol came, but in the afternoon. Her visit was returned, and she came again and again. In fact, she became quite intimate in a short time, for the friendship of girls is of rapid growth.

Fred had heard of the visitor, but had never seen her. In fact, he thought little of it, for his sisters had many friends.

Once Miss Carrol came to spend the day—that is, she came about eleven o'clock, and, having been greeted and relieved of her things, proceeded to make herself at home. Soon after Fred came in, and started to his room to prepare for dinner. Hearing light footsteps, he stepped aside into an alcove in the hall, and waited for his supposed sister to come within his reach. A moment more, and he clasped a

light feminine form in his arms, and printed a sounding kiss on the red lips. Shriek after shriek sounded through the house, and Fred fell back in dismay, for it was the fair unknown he had held in his embrace, and who was now bounding away in fright to his sisters' room. The whole house had been roused by Letty's cries of distress, and anxious questions and inquiring glances were bestowed on our unlucky hero, who looked the culprit he was. Fred fled to his room. Let us sympathize with him in his trouble and self-condemnation, as with the gentle Letty, for she had recognized her assaulter, and her astonishment and indignation cannot be described. Now she burst into a flood of tears. Susie and Clara, although desirous of mending matters, were nearly stifled with laughter because of the literal fulfilment of their desires.

"Does your brother—always—greet your visitors in that style?" sobbed the fair girl.

"Oh, no!" cried the sisters, in a breath, and both talked as rapidly as possible in trying to exculpate their brother.

"But I don't understand," persisted Letty, for she could not remember the last meeting without the first, and the sisters knew nothing of the former escapade.

"Indeed, Letty," said Susie, calmly, seeing how seriously their sweet friend took the affair, "it is Fred's usual habit to frighten us girls every opportunity that offers; he is so mischievous. He had not the least idea you were in the house; and, when he kissed you"—here Letty's tears flowed afresh—"he thought he had one of us, for, where he was, he could not see who it was until too late."

Here Clara stifled a laugh, while Susie continued, with what she imagined was conclusive evidence in her brother's favor:—

"Besides, he never saw you before; so how could he mean offence?"

"Didn't he, indeed?" muttered the offended Letty.

"Oh, no!" urged Susie, thinking she referred only to the latter part of the sentence.

Here Clara, seeing that there was but one way of settling the affair, darted out of the room, and in a moment more returned with Fred, who felt very much as if he were about to be hung. Clara had told him her name.

"Miss Carrol," he began, but she turned away. "Nay, hear me," he urged. "'Tis but right that I should have a hearing, when I desire most humbly to beg your pardon for my unfortunate mistake. I had not the idea of a stranger being in the house, and it was my purpose to catch Clara, whom I imagined it was, and give her a fright. I hope you will forgive my rudeness."

"But how can you explain your former attack?" haughtily inquired Letty, looking him full in the face.

Poor Fred reddened painfully, as he began:

"Indeed, Miss Carrol, I must beg that you will take my word for it, that then, at least, I meant no harm, since we were then strangers. I rose in great haste to leave the office, and most unexpectedly encountered you. I assure you my astonishment quite equalled your own."

"So you have met before?" cried the girls.
"Oh, tell us all about it!"

Fred and Letty looked at each other, and both burst into a laugh, for now the whole affair looked so ridiculous.

So they became reconciled, and Fred remained on his good behavior many a day after.

"Now, do tell us all about it," said Susie, when her brother had been dismissed, "for we can't understand."

So Letty told them, and they laughed until their faces were wet with tears.

"But you have not explained how you came to visit father's store," said Clara. "I'll wager it was to see Fred."

Letty blushed. "Oh, no! You see my uncle's office was the very next door beyond, and I was going there with a note from father, who had not time to come. You see I often went that way to walk or to shop, and in a fit of abstraction I stopped one door too soon, and that's all of it."

Fred found it necessary to take Miss Carrol home that evening, and she invited him to call on her. I am bound to say he did so—a great many times. He kisses her now, and she does not object. Clara and Susie are to stand as bridesmaids when the marriage takes place, which is to be before many months have passed.

THE POET'S DREAM.

BY EMMA NASH.

'Twas a golden dream:
All yellow with light,
Where fleecy clouds swam
In a sky all bright—

'Twas a golden dream:
As poets all dream,
With never a wave
In life's fevered stream.

With never a wave,
With never a sigh,
And the glorious sun
All gliding the sky—
All gliding the sky
(So the poet *dreams*),
And piercing dark clouds
With its sunny beams—

And chasing all care,
And chasing all thought
Of the earth's dull way,
As if earth were naught—
'Twas a golden dream,
Where fair flowers bloomed,
And the rosy air
With their sweets perfumed.

Thus the poet dreams—
As his yellow hair
Kisses the pillow
In ripples so fair—
As if molten gold
From his noble head
Had been poured along
His worn weary bed—

With his violet eyes
Of tenderest hue,
That looked as if bathed
In their own sweet dew—
Closed in soft dreams, and
So modestly hid
'Neath the silken lash
And the illy lid.

Oh, blessed are the dreams
Of a mind so bright!
Which God illumines
With his own great light—
For the poet is
The favored of God,
If even in life
He kisses the rod:

Of sorrow and grief,
Of gloom and despair—
His beautiful dreams,
With visions so fair,
Of golden-hued clouds
And skies of azure,
Where the angels sing
In rhapsodies pure—

Is his other world
To which he can steal,
And his inmost soul
To his God reveal—
What cares he that this
Sad everyday life
Is weary with thorns,
Of sorrow and strife?

He closes his eyes,
And flowers most fair
Spring up and conceal
The thorns of despair;
E'en a bed of straw
Seems the softest down
That ever was robbed
From the whitest swan.

His pure, radiant soul
Throws a golden hue
O'er the coarsest meal
And his garments few.
What cares he for gold,
With his golden *thought*,
Which is brighter far
Than what gold e'er bought?

What cares he for *lore*,
When the softest eyes
Appear in his dreams,
Like stars in the skies,
And shower their light
Of wonderful love
O'er his radiant soul
From the clouds above?

In the discovery of truth, in the development of man's mental powers and privileges, each generation has its assigned part; and it is for us to endeavor to perform our portion of this perpetual task of our species.—*W. Herwell.*

WORK DEPARTMENT.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

CLOTHING FOR A GIRL EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

To make a *Plain Skirt*.—Cut it long enough for a twenty-four-inch skirt; allow about two inches for the hem, and half an inch to turn in at the top. The number of breadths used in a skirt depend on the width. It should measure ninety-four inches all round at the widest part of the hem. Make the front width sloped away with a gore on each side. If the width of the material brings a join at the back of the skirt, make the two back breadths plain; but if there is only one breadth behind, let that only be plain; gore the side widths for a child.

terials as long-cloth, alpaca, etc., are the same both sides, and can be reversed. The size of the body can be ascertained by measure by the directions for measurement recently given, or can be taken from the pattern of a body for a velveteen tunic, which will follow, as it is useless to reiterate directions. The body should be lined with union, or, if colored, a black and white speckled gingham or linen; such as is sold for dresses makes a nice lining. The body is stitched together under the arms, and on the shoulders. The backs require an inch-wide hem; the stitches should only be taken through the lining. At the waist it must either

Fig. 1.

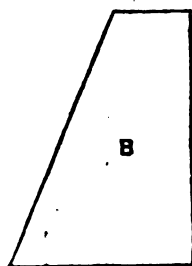


Fig. 2.

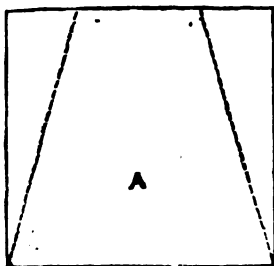
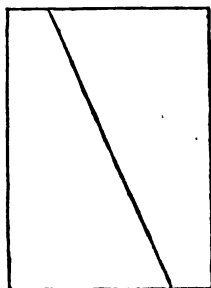


Fig. 1.

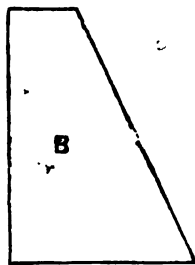
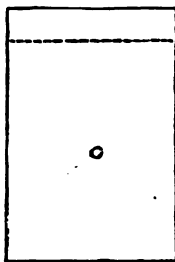


Fig. 3.

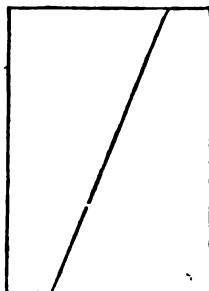


Fig. 1 shows the way the skirt is joined. They are, of course, one, two or three breadths each side (those marked B B), according to the width of the material. A is the front breadth, the dotted lines showing where it is gored; B B are the side breadths, and C half of the back breadth. To cut gores, the breadth must be folded on the slant, allowing enough at what is the broad end of the piece, after they are cut apart, to make the narrow end or top of the other. Fold it on a table, press down the fold with the hand, and cut it. The gores for the two sides must be folded different ways, as illustrated by Figs. 2 and 3. Breadths gored together can only be used for opposite sides, when the material has no reverse. Such ma-

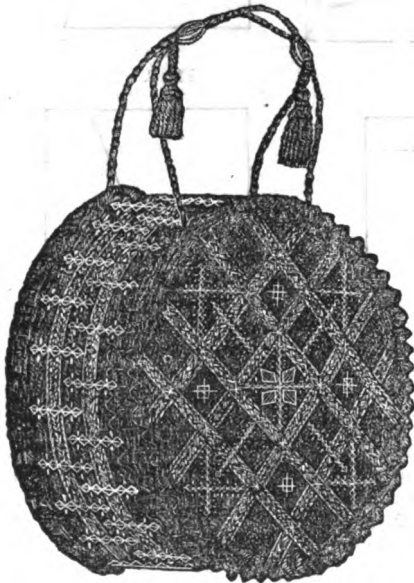
be put into a band or piped, and the piping hemmed on the wrong side. To put it in a band, cut a strip of the material about two inches wide. Turn in two inches, pin to the body, and stitch it to it on the right side. Cut a similar strip of lining, and, after the bone cases are put on, pin it on the wrong side and hem it to the body. Turn in the lower edge of the band and of the lining of the band, and sew them together. To join the skirts, pin the breadths first, and then run them neatly, taking a back stitch every time the needle is inserted afresh. Keep the gored side uppermost. Overcast the edges afterwards. In working with a machine, tack the breadths when one is gored, and keep that one upper-

most. Lay the skirt on a table to turn up the hem, and make a little plait in it wherever it is required. Pin it, and then run it neatly, taking a frequent back stitch. Plait the skirt at the waist, turning down half an inch first on the wrong side. Pin the plaits and afterwards sew them together. Then sew them to the band of the body. A good pattern for a sleeve will be given with the velveteen tunic. An easy way of trimming children's frocks is with braid or ribbon velvet. Black always looks well on any color, and any color on black. Lay the braid on the skirt or body, which should be spread on a table; steady it by a pin or two. Tack it along slightly. Then take the work in the hands, or to the machine, and sew on the trimming.

CAP BASKET.

Materials.—Claret-colored woollen reps, and silk of the same shade for lining; green silk braid of the usual narrow width; blue braid; corn-flower; blue, green, red, light, and dark yellow purse silk; straw-colored sewing silk; black silk cord; two black and yellow (mixed) silk tassels; two oval wooden beads, covered with black and yellow spun silk; card-board.

Our model, which is ornamented with braid and embroidery, consists of two box halves, of unequal breadth, pushed into each other,



formed out of two rounds of card-board, the larger measuring nine inches in diameter.

The outer card-board edge is three inches broad, and the smaller edge must fit into the larger. Both the rounds for the bottom are worked in *point Russe*.

The striped patterns are worked in corn-blue and green alternately, and these, in the middle,

form a square. The green braid is enlivened with separate stitches of red, and the blue with dark yellow silk. The arrow-like figures are in the same colors alternately. The green straps have red, and the corn-blue straps have dark yellow stitches. All the straps are ornamented on the outer sides with stitches of yellow sewing silk, and at their point with leaf-like stitches of light yellow purse silk.

The four square patterns of the middle piece, forming a star, are worked likewise in raised stitches of green and corn-blue silk, and edged with dark yellow.

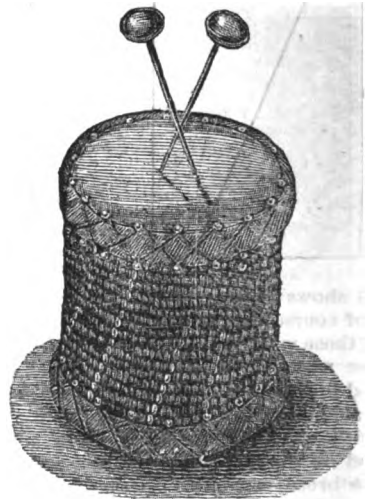
The remaining patterns are in light yellow. Before the two bottom pieces are sewn to the corresponding edge parts, the broad embroidered edge on the inside only and the narrow edges on both sides, must be covered with silk.

Then both the bottom pieces must be covered inside with a silk lining, and a round of card-board firmly gummed on. Two black silk cords, fourteen inches long, are placed at the opposite side of the basket. Each of these ends is drawn through a round bead.

The tassels are of silk, to match the double silk cord. The whole is completed by a black braid *riche* round the outer edge.

DRUM PINCUSHION.

THIS pincushion is in the shape of a drum, with two pins with ornamental heads, for sticks. A straight piece of stuff, an inch and a quarter high, and four and a quarter inches wide is required, and two rounds, measuring



an inch and a quarter. It is stuffed with bran and emery powder. The top and bottom are covered with a piece of white silk; the edge is ornamented with a little band of velvet; on the cross, with stitches of gold-colored silk. Black and white pins are placed in close rows and lines all over the sides of the drum.

NIGHT-DRESS SACHET, TATTING AND EMBROIDERY.

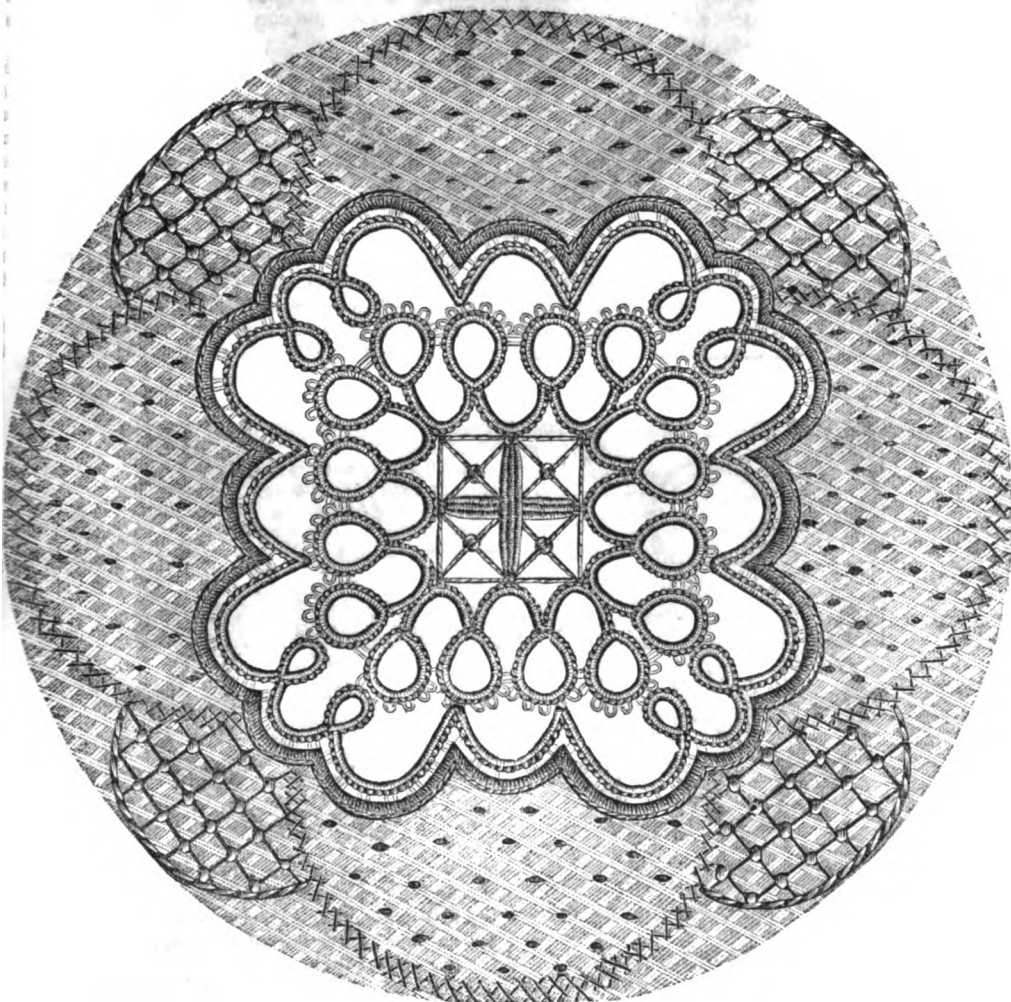
Materials.—Figured *piqué*; medium-sized twisted and red Turkish cotton; thick embroidery cotton; four yards of red sarcenet ribbon (one inch broad); a piece of sarcenet or ribbon of the same color three and a quarter inches square.

This pocket is twelve inches high in the middle, and fifteen inches broad at the straight

and the tatting, with two threads, may be easily worked from design.

The separate closed eye in the middle of each of the outer scallops is easily placed in working the row of crochet chain stitch in the tatted picots, by carrying the crochet thread wound upon the shuttle through the stitch, and looping the separate eye close on to it in order to take up the crochet row again. The border is

Fig. 1.



upper edge; it requires two separate parts. In cutting the part for the back, allowance must be made for the three and a quarter inches broad flap that turns over.

Fig. 3 gives the outer scallop trimming in full size; Fig. 1 the two middle pieces, with the colored ornamental part. The outer open border has a quilled ruche. The embroidery, which is made to suit the shape of the *piqué*, is worked with red and white cotton, and that

fastened to the crochet edge by taking the crochet with the wrong side outwards, and working wide button-hole stitch upon the *piqué*. The button-hole edges of the foundation turned inwards are afterwards twisted round with cord-stitch. This ornamentation, which is worked for border and flap all in one, is finished off with embroidery, in the form of the round. The tatted parts of the middle are firmly fastened by their picots with button-hole stitch

Fig. 2

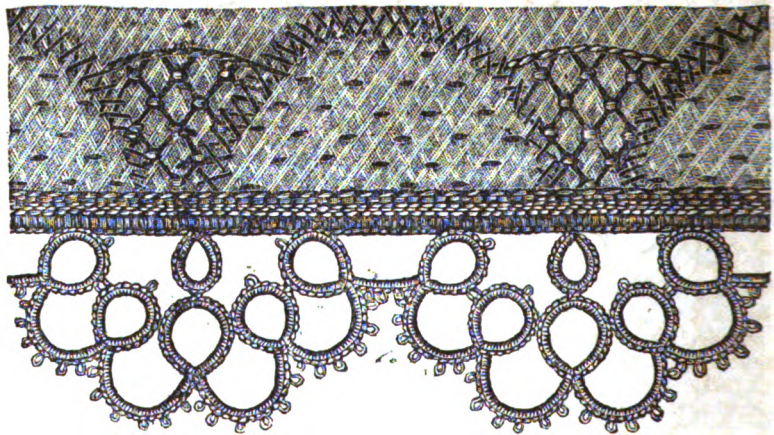


and the centre stitches filled up with guipure. At the flap, the narrow stuff edge outside the fastening of the border is turned inwards, and fastened with the ribbon ruche, and then the pocket is made with the calico lining. Round

an outside black triangular piece, completes the form of the cushion. The brioche must be always worked on the same side.

Crochet always through the whole stitch, one double; then stick the needle in the next

Fig. 3



the outer edge, both parts of the stuff are joined with red button-hole stitch, which closely joins the crochet row, carried, however, under the tatted edge.

The pocket is fastened with buttons, the loops of which are carried under the bows ornamenting the flap.

CROCHET BRIOCHE.

Materials.—Six-thread fleecy or double Berlin wool.

This brioche is worked in separate parts, joined together.

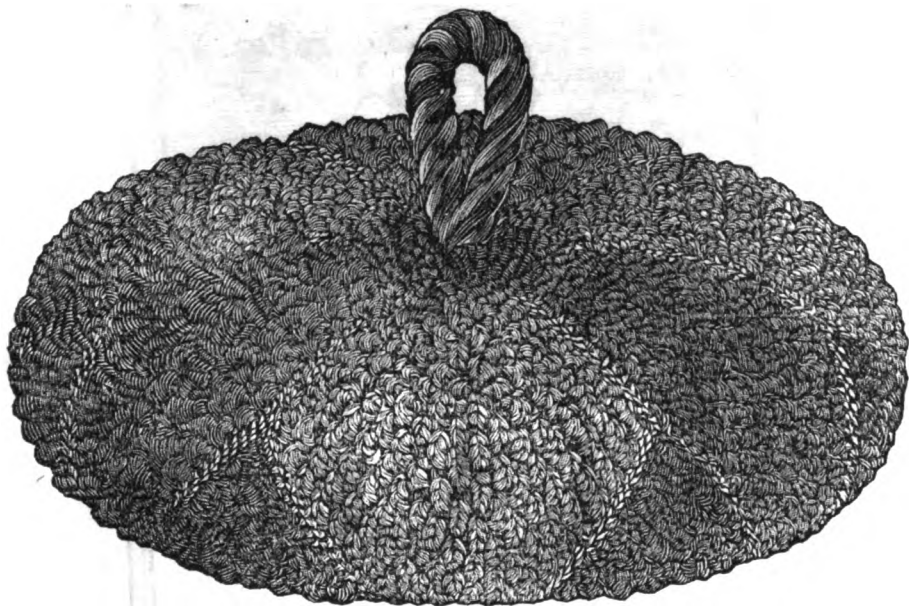
The stitch is a single loop crochet stitch, called point Moscovite. Six parts, in alternate Turkish colors of red, blue, and green, form a large figure in the shape of a star, which, with

stitch of the preceding row; draw one loop through, and work in this loop four chain: as the fifth chain cast off the loop upon the needle, and by that means fasten the loop formed by the five chain stitches.

Then one double in the next stitch of the preceding row; then one loop stitch in the following stitch, and so on alternately. In each following row work the loop stitch in the double, and the double stitch in the loop stitch of the preceding row, so that the loops are transposed. Begin each of the six large parts at the under point. Make a chain of three stitches, crochet one chain, then one double, one loop stitch, one double in the three chain stitches made. Now draw the needle out of the loop of the last double about to be made, pass the

ball of wool through the loop, and carry it along the back of the work, and at the beginning of the second row draw as a loop through the one double stitch. In this one double stitch work first one chain, then one double, and one loop stitch. Here always work through the thread lying loose at the back as well as one double stitch in the next loop stitch, then one loop stitch, and one double in the last double

each, however, at the broadest loop line, and form the triangle by decreasing. Each separate finished pattern must be worked round with one row of double stitch with yellow floselle. Then the several parts are properly arranged and sewn together, the yellow stitches being overcast with black cross stitch upon the right side. In joining the parts together, care must be taken to make all the loops of the



of the preceding row, in which at the last stitch work through the hanging loop and the under thread of the edge stitch of the preceding row. Then, as in the last row, leave the loop of the last stitch hanging free, and carry the thread back to the beginning of the row, which is worked exactly like the second row, so that the third row also contains the described increase of three loop stitches. Work on in the same manner as the beginning, continuing the increasing upon the same side.

Work in this manner till the number of loop stitches has been raised to twelve, by increasing one in each row; therefore, in the same proportion, and in the same manner, one in each row will be decreased until there is only one of the two double stitch inclosed loops to crochet, and with this the pattern ends. During the decreasing, loop the thread at the beginning always on to the first loop stitch of the preceding row, and crochet in this one double; leave the first double of the preceding row free. At the end, crochet the loose loop already in the double stitch over the last loop stitch together.

The six three-cornered little pieces are exactly the half of the large pattern. Begin

large patterns fall downwards. The beginning forms the under point.

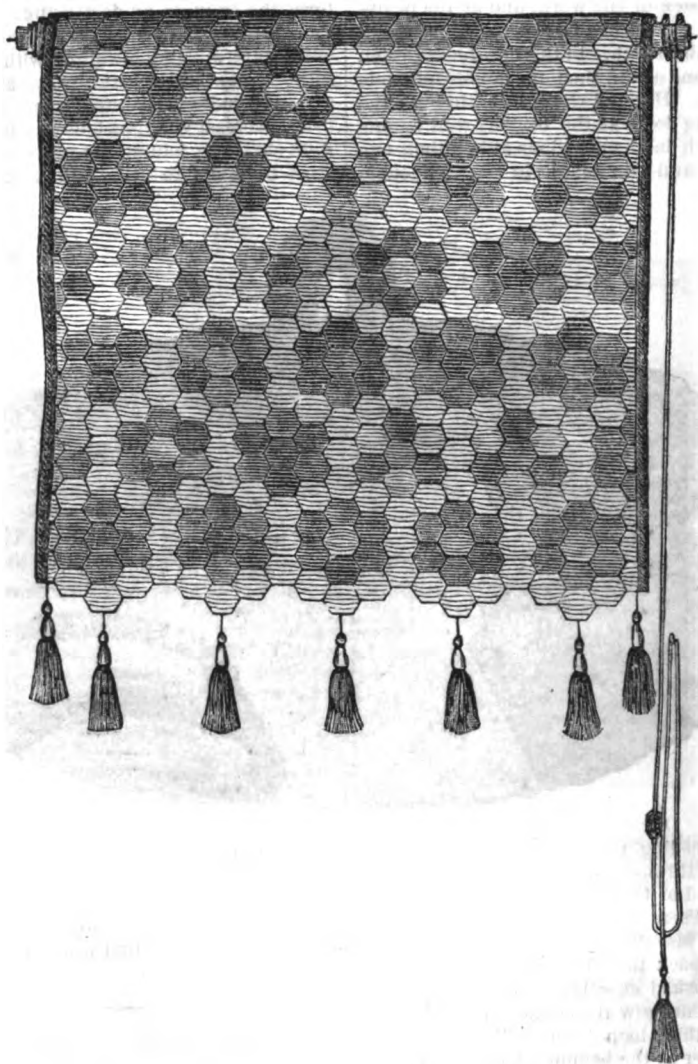
The brioche must be neatly made up over a nicely-shaped cushion, and a loop of cord put in for the handle, round which a row of chain loops must be worked.

WINDOW BLIND IN MOSAIC.

Materials.—Silk or glazed calico in various colors, card-board, wool, wooden tassel heads, floselle.

THIS blind consists of hexagons joined together, as shown in full size in Fig. 2. Seven hexagons of three colors, forming a contrast, are inclosed in the white ground, forming a rosette. According to our model, the colors are irregularly placed, and in every possible variety. A dark red middle is surrounded by yellow and blue alternately; a mauve color by green and pink; a light yellow middle is surrounded by dark red and blue; a blue centre by two shades of yellow; a red by two greens; violet by blue and yellow; gray by blue and yellow. In this manner the colors may be varied according to taste. The joining hexagons of the separate rosettes are white throughout. With this, and all mosaic work, the

Fig. 1.



greatest accuracy must be observed with regard to the size and form of the hexagon. For each hexagon, the silk must be fastened over card-board, the two straight side edges lying opposite to each other. The edges of the silk must be turned over on the wrong side, as shown in Fig. 2, and carefully fastened at the corner with a stitch. The two are then exactly fitted and sewn together, according to design. The even stuff edges represent the lead that unites the panes of glass in colored windows.

The piece of card-board is pushed out with the thumb, and may be used for other hexagons as long as it remains stiff. The whole blind is lined at the upper cross end, and at the two long sides a dark brown hem is placed an inch broad. At the bottom, the lining is cut

to the pattern. The tassels are of bright-colored wool, and the wooden tops are covered with filoselle.

TUB PENWIPER.

A NOVELTY FOR A FAIR.

Materials.—Wood-colored Berlin wool, a little fine pack thread, a few strings of steel beads, No. 5; little pieces of black cloth.

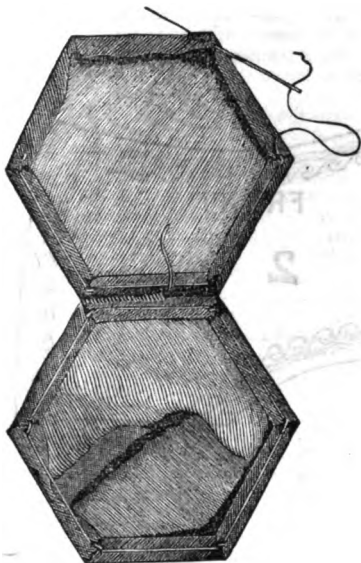
BEGIN from the middle of the bottom, and crochet over the pack thread in double stitch, making the necessary increase for the ground to measure two inches in diameter. The height of the straight edge is one inch; this is also worked with the same number of stitches, and

the pack thread regularly drawn round and worked over.

In the last row the handle is formed on both sides by working ten stitches only over the stitches that cover the pack thread, which close on again after the third stitch of the double stitch row.

By working over with double stitch without pack thread (in the third and eighth stitch

Fig. 2.



three double), the handle acquires the pointed form shown in the design. Two little hoops of steel beads are formed by tying bead upon bead upon one thread, and then sewing that on separately. The middle is filled up by making a second ground, and working from the middle.



In each row, and with each stitch, a piece of cloth, three inches long and a straw's breadth, must be worked, which must be always looped in the middle with the stitch. If the strips should not appear thick enough when done, a row more may be easily placed in between afterwards.

WOOL TASSELS.

These two designs show different modes of

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



tying tassels, for ornamenting articles of crochet or knitting.

FOOTSTOOL COVERED WITH EMBROIDERED TICKING.

Fig. 1.—Frame for Footstool.



This footstool is made of black carved varnished wood. It is eighteen and two-fifths



Fig. 2.—Footstool covered with Embroidered Ticking.

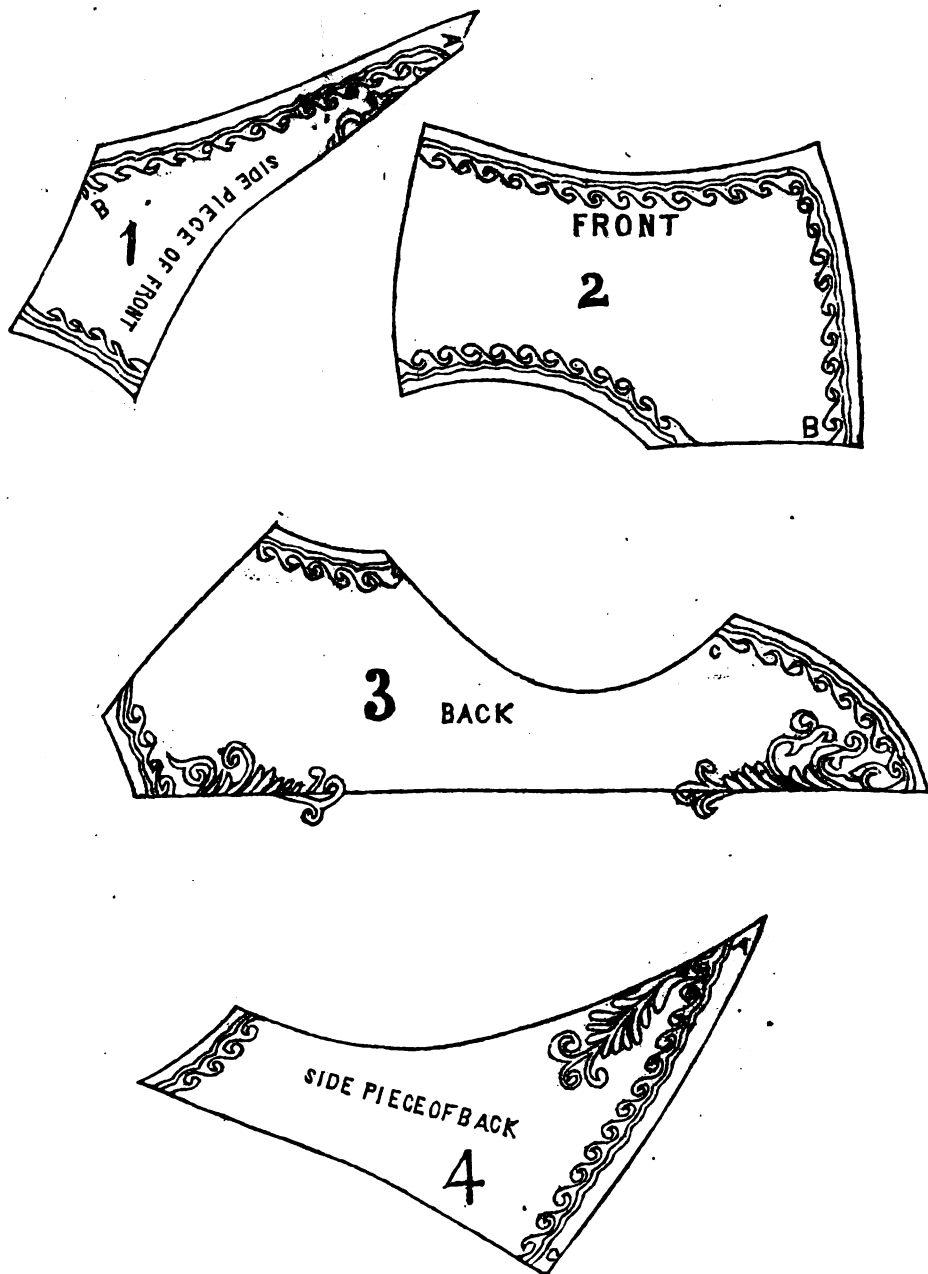
inches long, including the curve, twelve inches wide. Fig. 1 shows the frame of the footstool; a piece of thick tape, two inches wide, is fast-

ened across the stool, so as to give the cushion a firmer hold. The cushion is made of brown Holland, and filled with horse-hair; it is two inches high, and is tacked on the footstool. It is then covered on the top with gray and white

striped ticking; the latter is ornamented with *point Russe* embroidery of colored purse silk. On both sides of this stripe, work small stars and a Grecian border in *point Russe*. The cushion is edged with a thick woollen cord.

DIAGRAM OF LOUISE HOUSE JACKET.

(See Description, Fashion Department.)



Receipts, &c.

THE VALUE OF GELATIN AS FOOD.

The general appreciation of articles of food more or less exclusively gelatinous, such as isinglass, jellies, calves' feet, cow heel, calf's head, etc., was, a few years since, denounced by some persons as an error; and, in opposition to the general experience and common sense of mankind, they maintained that gelatin and gelatinous articles of food were of no value whatever, and that the benefit of, say, half a pint of strong calf's foot jelly solely depended on the tablespoonful of wine which it did or did not contain.

The grounds on which this extraordinary opinion was based were chiefly twofold: firstly, that gelatin is not found in the blood; and, secondly, that an animal fed on nothing else than gelatin speedily dies of starvation. The absence of gelatin from the blood does not prove that it is not nutritious. Milk is the model food, the only substance expressly created for the nourishment of animals, and which has no other use in the economy of nature. Now the albuminoid, or flesh-forming substance, in milk, is the curdy matter, or casein; no one can deny its value, except, perhaps, the persons who say that gelatin is not nutritious; for casein, like gelatin, is never found in the blood. If we turn to the latest, and certainly the most exhaustive, treatise on physiology which has been recently published, namely, that of Marshall, we shall find that the value of gelatin is thus stated: "Gelatin is not found in the blood itself, but when digested, is converted into a gelatine-peptone, and so becomes absorbed as we have seen, but in what state is not yet known. Nor is its destination in the nutritive processes of the body certain. Either it may serve for the direct nutrition of the gelatin-yielding tissues, or—and this is very probable—it may by itself, undergoing oxidation, conserve other more important tissues, and at the same time maintain the temperature of the body. Its efficacy, as administered in jellies, etc., in cases of sickness, especially indicates its importance as an article of diet."

Doctor Edward Smith, F. R. S., in the fourth edition of his valuable "Practical Dietary," states that gelatin "exists very largely in the skin, horns, hoofs, tendons, and bones of animals, and in a less amount in the flesh. Hence we obtain it from calves' feet and cow-heel when boiled for that purpose, from the shin, and other parts of beef when prepared for soup, and from bones which have been broken and boiled for many hours in water. Whether, therefore, as jelly or in soup, this substance is largely eaten; and yet it is affirmed even to this day that it is innutritious, and therefore worthless as food. Experiments have proved that gelatin, like albumen, is transformed within the system, and leaves the body as urea, and hence it must have played its part in nutrition; but whether its nutritive value is quite equal to that of albumen, is another question. We believe gelatin to be a valuable food, and every one knows that, with the addition of wine, and other substances, it is a very agreeable one. It is, however, very probable that it is not an economical food as it is ordinarily prepared, but it may be cheaply obtained in soup from bones."

We now come to the second so-called argument by which the uselessness of gelatin is attempted to be maintained. It is said that an animal fed on gelatin dies rapidly of starvation and inanition. This is perfectly true; but the fact is, that no simple substance given alone will support life. The most nutri-

tive materials, such as albumen, fibrin, gluten—to say nothing of such substances as starch or sugar—all equally fail to support life when given alone. Good wheat bread will support life any length of time; but separate the starch, gluten, and other constituents, and give them singly, and if the argument above adduced holds good, you could prove each of these substances to be totally without value as food, as neither will support life when used alone.

We believe that this false opinion respecting the valueless character of gelatin arose from some experiments on the feeding of convicts in some of the French prisons. They were supplied with a very small quantity of gelatin in place of other articles of food, and soon showed symptoms of starvation. The fact that dogs, though they die rapidly when fed on perfectly pure gelatin, will live any length of time if kept on soft bones, which consist almost exclusively of gelatin and bone earth, is a convincing proof that the gelatin is a valuable article of diet.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

To Boil Salt Pork.—Allow one-third for shrinking; change the water as soon as it boils. Have ready a kettle of boiling water to fill the kettle. Let it boil very slowly. When tender, take it up; remove the skin and bones, and dot it with ground pepper. Serve with plain potatoes, turnips, and cabbage, each boiled by itself. Indian pudding boiled with the pork is a proper dessert, with a sauce of cream and sugar, or maple syrup. The same dessert is proper for boiled ham, bacon, and pork; but the vegetables of pork and bacon should be plain, while those to be used with the ham should be dressed. For baked ham, the pudding should be baked.

Pork and Parsnips.—After the pork is fried, it should be cut in small bits, and boiled parsnips mixed with it cut in small bits, and rolled in flour; let them heat through together. Some make a sort of parsnip stew with pork boiled in small pieces with parsnips. The pork should be well freshened before adding the parsnips.

Curled Cress.—Wash clean, and lay on a dish; let each season to suit themselves at table.

Fricassee Parsnips.—Cut the parsnips in chunks about two inches square, or as near square as convenient, boil until tender in salted water, skim them out, and brown gently in butter; when nearly brown, dust over them some flour, and let it brown, but not burn. Take them from the pan, and add to the butter a little of the water in which they were boiled; if there is not sufficient butter in the pan to form a gravy, add more; if not as thick as brown gravies usually are, add a little flour mixed, free from lumps, in a very little of the water from the parsnips, stir it in, and pour the gravy over them.

Boiled Rabbits.—To keep a rabbit white when boiled, it should, after being well washed, be allowed to lie in salt and water until perfectly cleared from blood, and then be tied in a clean cloth, and placed in water just about to boil, and having a little milk in it. A good white sauce should be made, and the rabbit well covered with it.

Mushroom Soup.—Pick and peel three-quarters of a pint of mushrooms, wash them thoroughly, and cut them up into dice. Stew them in half a pint of veal gravy. Prepare some good soup stock, season it to taste, and thicken with two ounces of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour. Add the mushrooms and the gravy they have been boiled in to the stock. Boil all up together and serve.

Mutton Pies.—Raise some small pies with paste for raised pies; have ready a mince made as follows:

Take the lean of part of a loin of mutton and a little of the fat, mince it fine, put it into a stewpan with a small piece of butter, pepper, salt, chopped parsley, and onion, stir it about two minutes over the fire; when cold, place the meat in the pies, put on a puff-paste cover, brush them all over with egg, bake for an hour, take the top crust off, pour in some good hot gravy, and serve them hot.

Stew Soup.—Two pounds of beef, five onions, five turnips, three-quarters of a pound of rice, a large bunch of parsley, a few sweet herbs, pepper and salt, two quarts of water. Cut the beef up in small pieces, add the other ingredients, and boil gently for two hours and a half. Oatmeal or potatoes would be a great improvement.

Toad-in-the-Hole (a Homely but Savory Dish).—One pound and a half of rump-steak, one sheep's kidney, pepper and salt to taste. For the batter three eggs, one pint of milk, four tablespoonfuls of flour, half a saltspoonful of salt. Cut up the steak and kidney into convenient sized pieces, and put them into a pie dish, with a good seasoning of salt and pepper; mix the flour with a small quantity of milk at first, to prevent its being lumpy; add the remainder and the three eggs, which should be well beaten; put in the salt, stir the batter for about five minutes, and pour it over the steak. Place it in a tolerably brisk oven immediately, and bake for one hour and a half.

Braised Leg of Mutton.—One small leg of mutton, four carrots, three onions, one faggot of savory herbs, a bunch of parsley, seasoning to taste of pepper and salt, a few slices of bacon, a few veal trimmings, half a pint of gravy or water. Line the bottom of a braising-pan with a few slices of bacon, put in the carrots, onions, herbs, parsley, and seasoning, and over these place the mutton. Cover the whole with a few more slices of bacon and the veal trimmings, pour in the gravy or water, and stew very gently for four hours. Strain the gravy, reduce it to a glaze over a sharp fire, glaze the mutton with it, and send it to table, placed on a dish of white haricot beans boiled tender, or garnished with glazed onions.

Baked Minced Mutton.—The remains of any joint of cold roast mutton, one or two onions, one bunch of savory herbs, pepper and salt to taste, two blades of pounded mace or nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls of gravy, mashed potatoes. Mince an onion rather fine, and fry it a light-brown color; add the herbs and mutton, both of which should be also finely minced and well mixed; season with pepper and salt, and a little pounded mace or nutmeg, and moisten with the above proportion of gravy. Put a layer of mashed potatoes at the bottom of a dish, then the mutton, and then another layer of potatoes, and bake for about half an hour.

Asparagus Sauce.—One bunch of green asparagus, salt, one ounce of fresh butter, one small bunch of parsley, three or four green onions, one large lump of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of sauce *tournée*. Break the asparagus in the tender part, wash well, and put them into boiling salt and water to render them green. When they are tender, take them out, and put them into cold water; drain them on a cloth till all moisture is absorbed from them. Put the butter in a stewpan with the parsley and onions; lay in the asparagus, and fry the whole over a sharp fire for five minutes. Add sauce, the sugar, and sauce *tournée*, and simmer for another five minutes. Rub all through a sieve, and, if not a very good color, use a little spinach green. This sauce should be rather sweet.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Bath Buns.—Beat up together a quarter of a pound of flour, the yolks of four eggs and the whites of three, with four spoonfuls of solid fresh yeast, and set it before the fire to rise; rub ten ounces of butter into a pound of flour, and add half a pound of sugar and two ounces of carraway seed, well mixed in, then make up into the required shape, strew with carraway seed, and bake on tins.

French Pancakes.—Two eggs, two ounces of butter, two ounces of sifted sugar, two ounces of flour, half a pint of new milk. Beat the eggs thoroughly, and put them into a basin with the butter, which should be beaten to a cream; stir in the sugar and flour, and when these ingredients are well mixed, add the milk; keep stirring and beating the mixture for a few minutes; put it on buttered plates, and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Serve with a cut lemon and sifted sugar, or pile the pancakes high on a dish, with a layer of preserve or marmalade between each.

Oat Cake.—Mix a handful of real Scotch oatmeal with a little water and a pinch of salt, rub in a little butter; make it of a proper consistency to roll out with a rolling-pin. Roll out a round cake about the thickness of a silver quarter, and put it on the girdle on a clear fire. When slightly browned on the under side, take it off the girdle, and toast the other before the fire. The materials for each cake must be mixed up separately.

Geneva Wafers.—Two eggs, three ounces of butter, three ounces of flour, three ounces of pounded sugar. Well whisk the eggs; put them into a basin, and stir to them the butter, which should be beaten to a cream; add the flour and sifted sugar gradually, and then mix all well together. Butter a baking-sheet, and drop on it a teaspoonful of the mixture at a time, leaving a space between each. Bake in a cool oven; watch the pieces of paste, and, when half done, roll them up like wafers, and put in a small wedge of bread or piece of wood, to keep them in shape. Return them to the oven until crisp. Before serving, remove the bread, put a spoonful of preserve in the widest end, and fill up with whipped cream. This is a very pretty and ornamental dish for the supper-table, and is very nice and very easily made.

A Very Simple Apple Charlotte.—Nine slices of bread and butter, about six good sized apples, one tablespoonful of minced lemon-peel, two tablespoonfuls of juice, moist sugar to taste. Butter a pie-dish; place a layer of bread and butter, without the crust, at the bottom; then a layer of apples, pared, cored, and cut into thin slices; sprinkle over these a portion of the lemon-peel and juice, and sweeten with moist sugar. Place another layer of bread and butter, and then one of apples, proceeding in this manner until the dish is full; then cover it up with the peel of the apples, to preserve the top from browning or burning; bake in a brisk oven for rather more than three-quarters of an hour; turn the charlotte on a dish, sprinkle sifted sugar over, and serve.

Dried Fruit Pudding.—One cup of sweet milk, half a pint of dried fruit stewed, one cup of molasses, one and a half pints of flour, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and spices, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in milk. Eat with rich butter and sugar sauce.

Bread Griddle Cakes.—Soak the bread over night, add sufficient milk for a batter, a little salt and soda, with a handful of flour, and one egg to every pint of soaked bread. A bowl full of soaked bread in a pan of buckwheat batter, is considered by some a great improvement; no doubt the cakes are rendered more healthy by it.

CONTRIBUTED RECEIPTS.

Cream Pie.—Roll out one crust, putting it in a pie pan. Take one or two large apples, cut in about eight pieces; they must be good cooking apples; put the pieces of apple all over the pie crust. Take one eachful of good sweet cream, sweeten with sugar, stir in about two teaspoonfuls of corn starch, flavor with lemon, pour over the apples, and bake. Grate nutmeg over the apples before putting in the cream.

Fruit Cake.—Three-quarters of a pound of raisins, two small cups of currants, one full cup of sugar, three-quarters of a cup of sugar and fill the cup with molasses, one cup of sour milk, three cups of flour, two eggs, three-quarters of a cup of butter, a quarter of a pound of citron, one teaspoonful of soda, flavor with cinnamon, cloves, and lemon. In mixing the cake, I prefer putting only part of the fruit in the batter, all the currants, and part of the raisins. I then put in a layer of butter, then a layer of citron and raisins, until I fill the pan for baking, lastly putting in the batter; this prevents the fruit from being burned on the outside of the cake. Bake about an hour and three-quarters; it requires a good hot oven.

Ginger Pound Cake.—Three eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, two cups of sugar, one tablespoonful of ginger, half a teaspoonful of cloves, one large teaspoonful of soda, one pint of milk (sour), one pint of molasses, two pounds of flour, sifted. We bake his cake in cast iron gem pans, heating the pan and filling each cup. It may also be baked in one large cake. We bake the small cakes about twenty or twenty-five minutes. Sweet milk can be used in either cake, using cream of tartar with the soda.

D. F. M.

Tapioca Cream.—Soak three tablespoonfuls of apioea in a little water (or milk) over night; then add a quart of milk, and steam it slowly, until it comes to a boil, or until soft. Then add a little salt, the beaten yolks of three or four eggs, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, scalded in, beating it to a cream first, adding a little essence of lemon or vanilla as a flavor. Let it away to cool in the dish you are to set on the table. When ready to use, whip the whites of the eggs, adding a teaspoonful of white sugar to one egg spread on the top just before setting on the table; essence improves the frosting.

An Excellent Cake.—Two cups of sugar, three of flour, one heaping cup of butter, two-thirds of a cup of milk, in which is dissolved half a cup of corn starch; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and the whites of twelve eggs. Beat well. F. A. S.

L. A. GODEY: I send you my receipt for *Charlotte Russe*, which is very fine, and different from any I have seen in your BOOK, in response to the many calls that have been made for it. Dissolve half an ounce of isinglass in a cup of sweet milk; have ready a pint of rich cream, into which stir powdered loaf sugar until it is very sweet; as the freezing destroys the sweet taste, flavor with vanilla, beat up the whites of seven eggs very light, stir the dissolved isinglass into the bowl of cream after it is sweetened and flavored, stir until it thickens, then stir in the whites of eggs. Put the mixture into a mould lined with sponge cake. The mixture, omitting the cake, put in moulds, makes what is called "Italian cream." It is not necessary to put it on ice, without the weather should be warm; setting the mould in cold water will be sufficient.

Respectfully yours, F. C. D.

Soap Ball for Softening and Whittening the Hands.—Take a cake of brown Windsor soap, and shave it all up; sift the flour out of one pound of oatmeal, add a little glycerine, and mix all up into a ball; add a little water if not easily moulded.

For Beautifying the Nails.—Take a piece of pumice-stone and pound it to a fine powder, and sift it; put into a little pot. Then glue a small piece of chamois leather on a piece of flat wood. Dip the fixed leather into the powder, and rub on the nails. This imparts a fine, glossy, pinky surface.

CLARKSBURG, HARRISON COUNTY,
WESTERN VIRGINIA, Jan. 28, 1871.

MR. GODEY: I see in your last August number, under the head of "Contributed," two receipts; one for gold, and the other for silver ink, from F. L., of California. It is obvious that its contributor compounds those articles for sale, as it is not likely that any one in these modern times would try to make the ink under his difficult directions. I will give you the receipts in the way I have often made it, and any child can make it in less time than it takes me to give it.

Gold Ink.—Gold bronze and thin gum arabic water, so as to flow easily from the pen.

Silver Ink.—Silver bronze and thin gum water as above. Write slower than with common ink. Bronze can be bought at a paint or drug store for 60 or 75 cents per ounce.

PROF. JOHN A. CAMDEN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Get Free from Ants.—Quicklime is most effectual in destroying ants, if some is put on the window sill, or wherever they get in. This was tried in a larder which was infested with them, and was quite successful, not one remaining nor reappearing, though the quicklime was put down months ago.

Mustard that will Keep.—The following is a receipt for mustard that will keep good a long time after it is made: Take best mustard, four ounces; salt, one ounce; mix thoroughly in a mortar; then take six ounces of water which has been boiled and allowed to cool; mix, and keep in small jars well corked. The best kind of stopper is the one with India rubber band and spring, which, when lifted, loosens the stopper.

Everton Toffee.—Warm, and rub a pan with a little butter, put in a pound of brown sugar, with three tablespoonfuls of water, let it boil on a slow fire till it becomes a smooth thick syrup, then stir in half a pound of butter; when it has boiled about half an hour, drop a little on a plate, and if it becomes hard and leaves the plate quite clean, it is enough; pour it about half an inch thick on a dish or tin well buttered. From twenty to thirty drops of essence of lemon stirred in, after it is taken off the fire, gives it a pleasant flavor.

To Clean White Wool Mats.—A piece of soap should be boiled in a little water, so as to make a very strong lather, and this is next mixed up in a sufficient amount of rather more than lukewarm water to wash the mat in, more of the boiled soap being rubbed on those parts of the mats which may require additional cleansing. Wash the mat well, and then prepare more water in the same way, and after a second washing, give it a third in similarly prepared water, which ought to be sufficient to clean it thoroughly. Now rinse it in cold water until all the soap is removed, and put it into another water in which has been mixed just sufficient blue to keep the wool of a good white, and prevent its having a tinge of yellow. After this the mat should be thoroughly wrung and shaken, and then hung out in the open air, where the sun is not very scorching, and with the skin towards the sun. It must be very often shaken while drying, as otherwise it will be crackly; and I should recommend its being frequently turned—I mean hung up first by one end and then by the other—until it is perfectly dry.

Editors' Table.

SOME HINTS ABOUT WORDS.

TWENTY years ago, Archdeacon (now Archbishop) Trench published his excellent little work, "The Study of Words." Its subject, as the author explains it, is "the study of the use and abuse, the origin and distinction of words, with an investigation of the treasures contained in them." Those who have not read this admirable book should procure it, if they desire to form a conception of the wealth of poetry, history, and moral teaching involved in many of the simplest words which form part of our every-day speech.

Doctor Trench's book has proved to be the first, and probably the parent, of a long list of works on the same subject or on allied topics. The last, and one of the best of these, is Mr. Grant White's interesting and instructive volume on "Words and their Uses,"* which we can commend to our readers as containing many suggestions likely to be useful to all who desire to speak and write the English language correctly. The author has the qualities of a true critic of language. He knows that there is a science in speech, and an art in style, and that both the science and the art have their laws. Any transgression of these laws is an offence to him, which he is prompt to detect and chastise, not so much in order to punish the offender as to amend the fault.

A large part of the volume is taken up with the examination of particular words which are apt to be misused or misunderstood. In some cases, however, the author generously appears for the defence, and throws the shield of his logic and learning over expressions which he deems unjustly assailed. Of the class of misused words, the following extracts will afford examples, and will also present good specimens of the writer's style, which, it will be seen, has plenty of pungency:—

"**HELP MEET.**—An absurd use of these two words, as if they together were the name of one thing—a wife—is too common. They are frequently printed with a hyphen, as a compound word; and there is your man who thinks it at once tender, respectful, biblical, and humorous, to speak of his wife as his help-meet; and this merely because in Genesis we are told that woman was given to man as a help that was meet, fit, suitable for him. 'I will make him an help meet for him'; not 'I will make a helpmeet for him.' Our biblical friend might as well call his 'partner' his help-fit or help-proper."

We suspect that most persons who use the term "help-meet" have "helpmate" in their minds; and if so, the error, though it remains one, is not altogether of the kind that Mr. White censures. In the following paragraph the author manages ingeniously to give a lesson at once in language and in manners:—

"**PRESENT.**—The use of this word for *introduce* is an affectation. Persons of a certain rank are presented at court; and the craving of every item of the sovereign people of this democratic republic to be presented at the Tuileries affords one of the greatest charms of the life of our minister resident near that court, and is the chief solace of his diplomatic labors. In France, every person, in being made acquainted with another, is presented, the French language not having made the distinction which is made in England between *present* and *introduce*. We present foreign ministers to the President; we introduce, or should introduce, our friends to each other."

* Words and their Uses, Past and Present. A Study of the English Language. By Richard Grant White. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1870.

Our last example will show the author in his more gracious mood, and at the same time display the armory of linguistic lore to which he can resort, either for attack or defence:—

"**AUTHORES, POETRES.**—These words, and others of their sort, have been condemned by writers for whose taste and judgment I have great respect; but, although the words are not very lovely, it would seem that their right to a place in the language cannot be denied. The distinction of the female from the male by the termination *ess* is one of the oldest and best-established usages of English speech. *Mistress, goddess, prioress, deaconess, shepherdess, heiress, sempstress, traitress*, are examples that will occur to every reader. Sir Thomas Chaloner, in his translation of Erasmus's 'Praise of Folly' (an excellent piece of English), makes a feminine noun, and a good one, by adding *ess* to a verb—*foster*:—

"Further, as concerning my bringynge up, I am not envious that Jupiter, the great god, had a goat to his *fostress*."

"Gower says that Clytemnestra was 'of her own lord *moratrice*.' Fuller uses *buildress* and *intrudress*; Sir Philip Sydney, *captainess*; Holland (Plutarch), *flatress*; Silvester, *soveraintess*; and Ben Jonson, *victress*. And could we afford to lose Milton's

"Thee, *chauntress*, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy evensong?"

"Indeed, these examples and this defence seem quite superfluous. There can be no reasonable objection made, only one of individual taste, to *actress, authoress, poetess*, and even to *sculptress* and *paintress*."

We do not often find occasion to dissent from any of Mr. White's opinions. Occasionally, however, there are conclusions expressed which seem to admit of doubt. Thus we are told by him that *partially* is often incorrectly used, even by educated persons, for *partly*, as in the expression which he quotes from an English writer: "If this view of the poem be wholly or partially correct." *Partially*, Mr. White says, being "the adverb of *partial*, means, with unjust or unreasonable bias." But it is surely right to say "a partial eclipse;" and if so, the word *partial* must, like many similar words, have a twofold meaning, and may be used with equal correctness in either sense. Mr. White also objects to the word *section*, as "an unpleasant Americanism for neighborhood, vicinity, quarter, region; as, for instance, our section, this section of country." He supposes that this use of the word originated in the West, from the custom of dividing the land, for purposes of sale, into subdivisions which are known as sections. This view may be correct, but the use of the adjective *sectional*, as opposed to *national*, is so well established by the example of good writers and speakers, and is, indeed, so indispensable, that it is not likely to be given up; and if so, the noun can hardly be discarded.

It is but just, however, to say that Mr. White is rarely at fault, and that, even when we are not able altogether to agree with him, we are sure to learn something from his suggestions. In general, his criticisms are such as at once secure assent and yield instruction. He has some excellent chapters on grammar, in which he points out the absurdity which has for centuries been persisted in, of teaching English grammar in the forms and with the rules proper to the Latin and other highly inflected tongues. The mental labor, perplexity, and loss of time thus caused to the students, and particularly to young children, who are bewildered by misapplied abstractions, when they might be acquiring really useful know-

ledge, are shown with great force of reasoning. If the author should succeed in bringing about a reform in this system, he may justly claim the title of a public benefactor.

AN INDICATION OF PROGRESS.

MANY besides Mr. Carlyle have found a great significance in clothes. In particular, the frequent alterations in the fashion of dress in Europe, contrasted with the unchanging attire of the East, have been often dwelt on as showing the difference in the character of the wearers. If so, there is an evidence of the manner in which Western ideas are now becoming diffused in Oriental countries, in the fact that the European garb—for men, at least—is fast becoming general in those regions. An American missionary to Asiatic Turkey, the Rev. L. H. Adams, giving an account of the city of Adana, describes it as presenting this particular sign of progress. A native tailor, who saw his "art and mystery" in danger of becoming obsolete, made sad complaints. "We tailors," he said to Mr. Adams, "have learned to make the proper style of dress" (by which he meant the Turkish), "but everybody wants your kind of clothes; and, if things go on at this rate, within twelve years nobody but old men will be seen in our dress."

As a suitable comment on the fact which this unlucky craftsman lamented, we are further told respecting Adana—which, we may mention, is a city of more than twenty thousand inhabitants, situated about twenty-five miles east of Tarsus, well known as St. Paul's birth-place—that it now "presents much of the bustling life of an American city. Western ideas are making singular strides. The impetus given to its cotton trade by the American rebellion sent it flying far beyond Moslem notions. Instead of the principal streets of ten years since, ten feet wide, with a foot of mud in winter, we now have them wide, straight, beautifully paved, and lined with shops, in which almost any description of dry-goods may be purchased." Better still, a Protestant church has been established, and is in a flourishing condition, having now an average congregation of two hundred and fifty persons, its mere existence being an evidence of the progress of tolerant ideas among the once bigoted Moslems.

The change in fashions has not yet reached the women, who still, in all those countries, are required to swathe themselves, when they go out, in unsightly wrappings and in the all-enveloping veil. But this incongruity cannot be long kept up. When all the men have given up the cumbersome dress which so well suited and indicated their indolent habits, and have adopted what may properly be called the working garb of the Western nations, their wives and sisters must soon follow their example. And then wonderful changes will ensue. When the fashion-plates are as much studied in Damascus and Pekin as they are in Berlin and London, we shall be sure that the old Eastern conservatism has finally given way, and that Western ideas, in art, science, government, and religion, are to rule the earth.

BOOKS FOR HOME READING.

THERE is a marked tendency in our time to popularize knowledge; to bring the facts appertaining to the different branches of science down to the ordinary comprehension by presenting them in an attractive form, in plain and simple language. Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. have been foremost in this good work. They are publishing, in neat, well-bound volumes, "The Illustrated Library of Wonders," each of which deals with a single subject, and condenses into light and easy reading the most striking facts belonging

to it. We have now before us "The Bottom of the Sea," by a French author, well translated; and, from a rapid perusal of the work, we may say that its readers will know enough about the sea bottom to pass a civil service examination.

Some idea of the book may be gathered from the headings of its chapters. "Submarine Orography," "The Water of the Ocean," "Submarine Life," "Man and His Work at the Bottom of the Sea," "Sudden Movements of Submarine Soil" are a few of them. The sounding apparatus, by which so many discoveries have been made, is well described, and the series of careful observations by which Maury and his helpers ascertained the shape of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, their submarine mountains and valleys. But we have only space for one or two interesting extracts: e. g., this description of the sea bottom of the Indian Ocean:—

"Everywhere, throughout this region, the eye is charmed with the brilliancy of colors; delicate shades of sea-green, alternating with brown and yellow, rich purple tints passing from the most vivid red to the deepest blue; nullipores, delicately touched as the peach, covering decaying plants with a fresh development of life, and themselves enveloped with a black tissue of retipores resembling the most delicate carvings in ivory. Near by wave the yellow and lilac fans of the gorgona, worked like jewelry in filigree. Strewn over the sandy bottom are thousands of sea-stars and sea-urchins of the most curious forms and varied colors. The sea-anemones, looking like immense cactus-flowers, brilliant with the most glaring colors, adorn the clefts of the rocks with their waving crowns, or spread out their blooms on the sea bottom. Around the coral-bushes play the humming-birds of the ocean—brilliant little fishes, now sparkling with metallic red and blue, now with a golden green, or with the soft hue of silver. When the shadows of night spread in the deep waters, the exquisite garden which they cover is lighted up with new splendors. The medusæ and the microscopic crustaceans shine in the bottom like fairy stars; the pennatula floats in a phosphorescent light; every corner of the sea bottom sends out its ray of color; and, to complete the marvels of this enchanted night-scene, the large silver disk of the moon-fish moves softly through the whirling vortices of little stars."

The description is fascinating enough to make every boy long to be a Ceylon diver, and it has many fellows in this pleasant book. We are doing our young friends a kindness in opening to them such a storehouse of wonders; and the knowledge which they may gain from it is becoming every day more useful. The sea is now the connecting link of nations, rather than their separator; the highway of trade and the conductor of intelligence. The time will come when children will be taught the conformation and depth of the sea bottom as a branch of physical geography, but for a time the readers of this unpretending volume will be abreast of the knowledge of the time.

GERMAN PATRIOTIC SONGS.

GERMANY is a country of song. Its literature is wonderfully rich in poetry, and its poetry is chiefly lyric. Every student of German must have felt how the very life blood and marrow of the language seemed to be poured into their verses. Unlike the plodding and cumbersome prose, they are bright, and trenchant as a sabre, or tender as a flower.

In the October number of the *London Quarterly* is an article in which a number of the best patriotic songs of Germany are translated. The rendition of these songs into English verse has been carefully made, and the spirit of the original is wonderfully preserved. They are mostly directed against France; but the love of home and country which they breathe is as striking as their hate of the invader. When M. Thiers, in 1841, was stirring up the French to war,

Arndt wrote a battle song, which deserves quotation, not only for its vigor, but for its prophecy:—

"If the Frenchmen again must provoke us to fight,
And the storm-wind of war sweep our land,
Assemble, my Germany, rise in thy night,
And give them the gifts they demand!
Surround them with terror, pursue them with fear,
From hill and from valley, from far and from near,
And shout: 'To the Rhine, cross the river, advance!'
All Germany on into France!"

"They choose it. Then, patience of Germany, break!
From the Belt to the Rhine beat the drum!
The debt they have owed so long we will take;
Up, Frenchmen, bestir you, we come!
To the singing of swords, and the tilting of lances,
We'll lead you the wildest, the bloodiest dances,
And shout: 'To the Rhine, cross the river, advance!'
All Germany on into France!"

"My own fatherland, my brave Germany, on!
We'll sing them a terrible strain
Of what, ages ago, their base policy won
Of Strasburg, and Metz, and Lorraine!
They shall yield it all back to the uttermost mite,
Since for life or for death they compel us to fight;
So shout: 'To the Rhine, cross the river, advance!
All Germany on into France!'"

"All Deutschland in Frankreich hinein" is the epitome of the recent war. Never, since the fall of the Roman Empire, has a whole nation marched to the attack.

Our space is limited, and we must be satisfied with this specimen of the warlike spirit of these songs. The mournful and pathetic side of battle is well represented in the selections of the *Quarterly*; and, with a little song, a great favorite among the soldiers, and which loses much in the translation, we conclude, recommending our readers to the article itself:—

"I had a faithful comrade,
No better could there be;
The drum was beat, the charge was led,
Together to the strife we sped,
And he kept pace with me.

"A bullet came, and who could tell
For which of us 'twas bound?
Alas! for him the missile flew;
My second self, my comrade true,
Lay dying on the ground.

"He tried to clasp my hand once more;
I had my piece to load;
I cannot grasp thine hand; adieu!
I bid thee, O my comrade true,
Farewell, and trust in God!"

NOTES AND NOTICES.

A GLIMPSE OF PARIS IN 1867.—"Our first plunge into Paris was at nine o'clock at night, a soft, warm spring night, with the glittering shops of the Rue de Rivoli on one hand, and the dim glow of the Tuilleries Gardens on the other, while up and down, between light and shadow, flowed the continual human stream. To mingle in this French crowd was an entirely new sensation. The lazy gas-light strolling, the gay out-of-door evening life that seems to go on in Paris, and among a very respectable class, too, is to us unknown; nay, impossible. Only fancy a well-to-do Bond Street tradesman sitting with his family, sipping their social tea on the pavement of Regent Street quadrant, exposed to the gaze of all passers-by! And what decent English maid-servant would choose to saunter bonnetless, shawless on her sweet-heart's arm, staring in at the Strand shop-windows? Yet here they were, men and women, *bonnes, ouvriers, boutiquiers*, every rank of the *bourgeois* class, apparently, their day's work done, all strolling about, bent upon enjoying themselves. The women in spotless white caps, young and old, pretty or ugly (though I declare I never saw one really ugly woman all the time I was in Paris, for the very poorest and plainest of them were neat and clean); the men, acute of face, tidy of dress, and oh! so polite of manner; you overheard the very lowest of them addressing one another as 'Monsieur' and 'Madame,' and bowing or exchanging the civil hand-shake, which

seems even commoner in France than with us, for the British workman considers it superfluous to greet his comrade with anything warmer than a nod of the head, and a gruff 'How do, Bill?'

"Perfect as we think ourselves, our lower orders might learn a good lesson from the Parisians. How much better, for instance, is a recognized costume, plain and neat, of the whole servant class, than the tawdry finery our maid-servants indulge in! If they only knew how much more suitable; nay, to touch still deeper the feminine soul—how much more becoming is the snow-white cap—what splendid *black dresses* these Paris women must be—than the tawdry bonnet stuck over with sham lace and dirty artificial flowers! And what possible harm can it do a man to greet his neighbor civilly, even ultra-politely, rather than grumpily? Why should he not, after work hours are over, wear a cheery face instead of a sullen one, and enjoy himself as much as he can?"—*Extract from the last work of Miss Mulock, "Fair France."*

MEDICAL EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN SCOTLAND:—

"The Edinburgh University has declared itself upon the matter of instructing women in medicine. At the Easter competitive examination, a young woman won the scholarship, but the faculty refused to grant it, on the ground that, although women are entitled to tuition, the university prizes belong to men exclusively. The professor of chemistry, Mr. Crum Brown, was disgusted at this action, and made an application to the corporation to put young women on the same footing as young men.

"The professors of surgery and anatomy appealed to the members of the corporation not to do it, asserting that they could not perform their duties decently when women were in the lecture-room. The professor of surgery declared that he would rather resign than lecture to a mixed class. He read a memorial from one hundred and sixty-one male students, protesting against the admission of females to the classes. But the professor of physiology replied that he found no difficulties as suggested; he could lecture to a mixed class as easily as to one composed of male students exclusively; women made the most expert dissectors, and in his judgment they are by nature better fitted for surgeons than men. The women were in a fair way to carry the day, when Doctor Christison, physician in ordinary to the Queen, came to the rescue and informed the corporation and professors that the 'highest lady in the realm' had instructed him to represent to them that she greatly disapproved of women studying medicine. Professor Burns's request was voted down by a majority of one."

The admission, by a Scotch professor of physiology, of the superiority of women as surgeons, is a striking proof that the prejudices of men are giving way before the light of the truth that women are fully competent for the profession. We agree, however, with the professor of surgery, that women should be provided with separate clinics, as they are in Philadelphia.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE IN PHILADELPHIA.—Extracts from letters of lady-professors in the College:—

February 2, 1871.

"Our College class numbers fifty-five, sixteen of whom hope to graduate. One of these is looking forward to missionary work, under the auspices of the 'Woman's Board of New York.' Another will open soon a dispensary and lying-in charity in the southern portion of this city. The young women have greatly enjoyed the clinical advantages provided for them at the Pennsylvania Hospital, in lectures separate from the young men."

February 4, 1871.

"We have a daily morning clinic at our hospital, conducted by ladies, and for women exclusively. We have, in addition, two clinical lectures weekly, one on diseases of women, the other on surgery. No gentlemen attend any of these clinics except the surgeon, who is lecturing in the surgical clinic. As several new colleges have been opened for women in the West since last year, we feel that we can congratulate ourselves on the success of our institution."

TILTON'S JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE.—We are glad to see that this interesting and valuable monthly

continues to prosper. The editors condense into a handsome monthly pamphlet all the facts, experiments, and items which bear upon the culture of fruits and flowers. To the nurseryman, the gardener, and the country gentleman, this periodical is invaluable.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "A Tale"—"At Last"—"A Wail"—"Fair Edith's Face"—"Mine and Thine"—"The Painter of Seville"—"To Will"—"Hallstones"—"Carl Elliot"—"May Queen"—"The Woodman" and "To a Friend."

The following are declined: "The Old Convent"—"Snow-Flakes" (too late)—"Under the Willow"—"Down the River of Time"—"Voluntary"—"The Gypsy's Prophecy"—"Mr. Highlow's Reflections" and "By-Gone Days."

"M. F. E." Charade—Madcap—accepted. So informed you by letter, but said letter has been returned by post-office.

"Mrs. A. C. B." You sent no stamps for a reply. We would advise your having the articles printed.

"We Never Miss Her. By Gerald." No letter, no stamps.

"S. E. Doran, Harlem, N. Y." Addressed you a letter; returned by post-office—"Not known."

"Miss Marguerite H. Dyar, Racine, Wis." Wrote you January 12: letter returned, uncalled for.

It is almost useless for us to write to authors, as nearly one-half the letters we send are not taken from the post-office.

Health Department.

BY DR. CHARLES F. UHL.

NEURALGIA.

UNDOUBTEDLY, many of the readers of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK know what it is to suffer the attacks of neuralgia. If one is ignorant in this respect, then, surely, "Ignorance is bliss," for it's a terrible malady, and one that any lady may well feel thankful of escaping if she has been fortunate to do so. We propose a desultory description of the affection for the benefit of the initiated. Neuralgia is purely an affection of the nerves, and is liable at any time to attack any portion of the body where nerves are to be found.

It is more frequent, however, in the head and integuments of the face than in other parts, and is known, when it occurs here, as the *tic-douloureux*, or "painful twitchings." This is the most violent form of the disease, and is probably accounted for by the presence of the large number of important nerves that occupy these parts. It seems to be confined to no particular spot when it occurs here.

First it affects the forehead and the regions in the neighborhood of the eyes, then the temples or the cheeks, and then, perhaps, the dental arches, the lips, or even the sides and end of the nose. Occasionally it follows the ramifications of a nerve, or shoots about from place to place, as if starting from no particular point. It is quite frequent in the jaws, and produces, when it attacks this region, the most agonizing varieties of the toothache. Sometimes the eyes are peculiarly affected; then there is much redness of the lids and conjunctiva, and great intolerance of light. In the nostrils it often imitates a severe "cold in the head," and in the throat the angina. Earache is another form of it, which is frequently terribly painful. The neck, the arms, the ribs, and the various internal organs are also subject

to it. So is the back in its different regions, under the names of sciatica, lumbago, etc. etc., and even the limbs and the lower joints.

The causes of neuralgia are very numerous; some acting directly, and others indirectly, to produce it. As a general rule, it is caused by some source of irritation or injury to a nerve, either directly at the point of distress, or at a greater or lesser distance from it. A stomach, irritated by acrid secretions or some offending article of food or drink, may be the cause of a severe neuralgia in some distant part of the body, as the head or lumbar regions. Tumors growing in the brain or along the course of a nerve, diseases of the liver and urinary organs, impurities of the blood, the use of tea, coffee, tobacco (snuff is tobacco, ladies), etc. etc., are other causes. There are certain states of the system, also, that seem to favor its occurrence. Those who are broken down in constitution, or are weak and anemic from any cause, are much subject to it. Chlorotic women are apt to suffer from neuralgia; and malaria, a gouty or a rheumatic habit of body, impoverished blood, etc., are other prolific causes.

As to the exciting causes, the most frequent, perhaps, is cold. Exposure to a keen, cold air is very apt to induce the paroxysms, and cold combined with wet is still more effectual. Sometimes foreign substances, gaining admission to the cavity of a hollow or decayed tooth, is the exciting cause. We have in our mind a case strikingly illustrating this point. The patient, a young man of excellent general health, and not more than ordinarily "nervous," suffered in the greatest agony the repeated attacks of facial neuralgia. A breath of cold air, a sudden surprise, the slamming of a door was sufficient to bring on the most violent paroxysms. They resisted all manner of treatment; and, at last, he was about to give up his business—that of a tobaccoist—as the cause of all his troubles, when he discovered that the cleaning of his teeth immediately after his meals entirely relieved him of the difficulty. He remains entirely free from it to the present day, unless he neglects his after dinner *exercice*, and it was probably some source of irritation to the dental nerves, transmitted during the process of eating, that was the cause of it. We have seen neuralgia to result from a wound or a bruise; and fatigue, strong mental emotion, the retrocession of gout, rheumatism, or cutaneous affections are proverbially its strongest incentives.

We now come to the treatment of the disease, and this is the most puzzling part of it. To attempt to enumerate here the list of remedies, external and internal, that are used as instruments of alleviation and cure, would be utterly out of the question. Doctor Wood, in his treatise upon practical medicine, occupies six pages, as concisely as possible, in accomplishing this end. We can only mention a few of the most important, and confine ourselves strictly to the local applications. Narcotics, upon the whole, are the most efficacious remedies of this kind. *Laudanum*, or *laudanum* and *camphor*, may be applied, either by lotion or in the form of a cataplasm, with often excellent results. A strong *tincture of aconite* is highly recommended, used in the same way; but its use requires some care, as it is a powerful medicine. Tobacco, in the form of an infusion or paste, is also an excellent remedy; and ointments made from *belladonna*, and applied by friction, and *pastes of the leaves* are sometimes used with much success. *Chloroform* has, of late years, been employed with benefit. It should be applied upon a piece of linen saturated with it, and this should be covered with an oiled silk to prevent evaporation. Some burning and superficial pain may be experienced at first, and even a blister has been produced; but the relief of the

neuralgic pain is often speedy and entire, and lasts for a considerable time. It may be incorporated with lard, and applied in the form of an ointment if desirable. Ice or ice cold water occasionally affords relief, and so does steam as hot as can be borne. Covering the parts with *oiled silk*, and then keeping it warm with a layer of carded wool, often has the same effect. *Dry heat*, applied by means of burning coals near the part, and continued as long as the patient can bear it, is another mode of obtaining ease that may be resorted to. Indeed, anything which for the time modifies the nervous condition of the parts may afford temporary relief. *Gentle friction*, even, with a smooth hand over the affected surface, sometimes quiets the pain as if by magic. A change of climate or residence, and exposure to a new set of scenes and influences, and prolongation of the novel impression until the system shall have forgotten the old altogether, is of most excellent service in old and protracted cases. A journey to Europe, and a residence abroad for a year or more, with its excitements and its novelties, its incidents—"pleasant and otherwise"—and its change of air, are remedies very effectual in the cure of obstinate neuralgia. If these objects are unattainable, a complete change of the mode of life at home often is attended with very desirable effects.

Literary Notices.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.—**DOESTICKS' LETTERS; and What He Says.** By Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B. This is a new edition of the original Doesticks letters, which were so celebrated a few years since. It is amusing to glance through the pages of this book, and be reminded of things as they were a dozen years ago, but which the events of succeeding years have, in many instances, so radically changed.

AFTER DARK. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins.

HIDE AND SEEK. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. New editions of two of Collins' earlier works, which every one who has not already read them should now embrace the opportunity to obtain.

HANS BREITMANN AS AN UHLAN; with Other New Ballads. By Charles G. Leland, author of "Hans Breitmann's Party." The patriotism of Hans Breitmann, which was so characteristically developed during our recent war, has again been excited by the present war in Europe. He rides forth, through France, as a bold Uhlan, conquering and to conquer, and returns laden with the spoils of his victories in the shape of substantial aid for his stomach and pocket.

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN FARRAGO. By H. H. Brackenridge.

ADVENTURES OF MAJOR O'REGAN. By H. H. Brackenridge.

THE BIG BEAR OF ARKANSAS; and Other Sketches. Illustrative of characters and incidents in the South and South-West. Edited by William T. Porter.

POLLY PEABLOSSOM'S WEDDING; and Other Tales. By the author of "Major Jones' Courtship," etc. Edited by T. A. Burke, Esq.

These volumes belong to Peterson's "Library of Humorous American Works," and are all illustrated by Darley.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, LIPPINCOTT & Co., and CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

FAIR FRANCE. *Impressions of a Traveller.* By

the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. In 1867, for the first time in her life, Mrs. Mulock Craik left her native shores to visit foreign lands. One of the objects of her journey was to visit the Exposition at Paris, but, wherever she went, she kept her eyes open to what was going on around her. She was not so much a sight-seer as a close and careful student of human nature. Her British prejudices frequently obtrude themselves, and she finds the French altogether a different people from the English, in appearance, manners, and religion. Nevertheless, she confesses she finds much to admire and much to approve, while the novelty of everything she sees greatly interests her.

THE CRYPTOGRAM. A Novel. By James de Mille, author of "The Dodge Club," etc. A well-written novel of English life, by an American author (for such we are, perhaps, justified in calling Mr. de Mille), is one of the novelties of the month. The volume is profusely illustrated, and the story will prove satisfactory to the reader.

A SIREN. By T. Adolphus Trollope, author of "Lindsarn Chase," etc. Mr. Trollope's best stories are of Italian life. When he writes up English scenes and characters, he is apt to prose; but his Italian stories never lag in the telling, or lose their interest. "A Siren" is one of the best of these.

NOTES, EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL, ON THE GOSPELS: designed for Sunday-School Teachers and Bible Classes. By Albert Barnes, author of "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity," etc. In two volumes. Revised edition. These notes, in their original form, were first published in 1832. Since then numerous editions have been issued, with occasional revisions, alterations, additions, and illustrations. The last revision was made by the author a little more than two years ago, at the completion of which he dismissed the work finally, as being completed to the fullest of his ability.

A GERMAN READER: to Succeed the "German Course." By George F. Comfort, A. M., author of "A German Course." The selections in this book are made from the works of the best modern German writers, and the greatest possible variety has been aimed at in their subjects and character. All the poetical compositions given are complete pieces, and the majority of them of the lyric order. The notes and references contain explanations of the more difficult passages and idioms, of historical events, and social customs. The volume is a valuable one to the German student.

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY OF THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A. M. The text of this play is that of the folio of 1623, carefully collated with the quartos, and all modern editions that have any critical value. It is edited in the same manner as Greek and Latin classics are edited, for educational purposes. The volume gives an introductory history of the life and works of Shakespeare, followed by a history of the play which the book contains, the sources of its plot, and critical comments.

HISTORY OF LOUIS XIV. By John S. C. Abbott, author of "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte," etc, with illustrations. This volume belongs to Abbott's series of Histories, the volumes of which have been issued from time to time from the publishing house of Harper & Brothers. This edition is intended to become a standard one, and the utmost pains is taken to make it a reliable one. This volume not only gives a history of the reign of Louis XIV., but draws a picture of the times and narrates events which ultimately resulted in the French revolution.

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York:—
MEMORIES OF PATMOS. By J. R. Macduff, D. D. Doctor Macduff disclaims in his Preface any desire to be ranked among prognosticators and soothsayers. His book is a simple commentary upon the chief visions of the Revelation, and the appropriate lessons to be drawn from them. The author divides the Apocalypse into two parts; the first containing a prologue, and the epistles to the Seven Churches; the second, a prophetic drama in three acts, comprehending the vision of the Seals, Trumpets, and Vials; beginning, also, with a sublime prologue, and concluding with an equally sublime epilogue. The thousands whose imagination has been wrought upon by the grandeur and power of the Book of Revelations, will welcome Doctor Macduff's commentary.

MOSES, THE MAN OF GOD. By the late James Hamilton, D. D. This also is a series of lectures delivered to the author's parishioners. The leading events in the Hebrew Captain's life are delineated one by one, and appropriate lessons drawn from each. Like Doctor Macduff's, this work is excellently bound and printed. Messrs. Carter's workmanship is always neat.

LONELY LILY. By M. L. C.

From THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY and PUBLICATION HOUSE, New York:—

THE LAW OF FERMENTATION, AND THE WINES OF THE ANCIENTS. By Rev. William Patton, D. D. A valuable work, destined to do a good work in the temperance cause.

JOHN SWIG; or, The Effect of Jones's Argument. By Edward Carswell. A short poem, written half in a serious and half in a comical vein, in illustration of the evils of intemperance.

THE TEMPERANCE ALPHABET, with Original Designs. By Edward Carswell.

From CARLETON, New York:—

THE VOICE OF PRAYER. A Poem. By Warren Sumner Barlow, author of "The Voices."

From SIDNEY E. MORSE & Co., New York:—

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER YEAR BOOK AND ALMANAC FOR 1871. This volume is an encyclopedia of statistical information, religious and secular. It contains a directory of ministers of various denominations, and has theological, collegiate, medical, legal, and agricultural departments, each one of which will possess interest for a large class of persons.

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through W. S. TURNER, Philadelphia:—

BIRTH AND EDUCATION. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish, by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. A volume of equal merit with "Gold and Name," which was the first of this author's works translated into English. It is not a Swedish story, as we might be led to expect, but a romance of the French revolution. Madame Schwartz is a voluminous writer, and no less than thirty more volumes written by her are announced to appear from the press of Lee & Shepard.

BATTLES AT HOME. By Mary E. Darling. A pleasant and profitable book for children of both sexes.

THE YOUNG PIONEERS OF THE NORTH-WEST. By Doctor C. H. Pearson, author of "The Cabin on the Prairies," etc. Illustrated. This is the fifth volume of the Frontier Series, a series of books for boys not by Oliver Optic, who produces a large

proportion of the works of this class. As its title indicates, it is a story of hard work seasoned with adventure in the forests and prairies of the West. Boys always like such books.

From GATE CITY PRINTING AND PUBLISHING HOUSE, Keokuk, Iowa:—

IN MEMORIAM. Maymie. April 6th, 1869. By Kate Harrington. There is more poetical merit found within the covers of this little volume than we usually discover in books of original verse. The poetry is smooth and correct, and the sentiments of the highest order. The author promises to take a high rank among American poets. She is a credit to the State which claims her, and to which she dedicates her book.

REVIEWS, PAMPHLETS, ETC.

From THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY, New York:—

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW: October, 1870, and January, 1871.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW: October, 1870, and January, 1871.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY: October, 1870, and January, 1871.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW: October, 1870, and January, 1871.

We receive our Quarterlies with ever fresh pleasure. Their varied covers, with the Index, which tells us of the good things in store, have brightened our table for so long that we should feel the discontinuance of any one like the loss of a friend. We have space only for the briefest notice of their contents. The *Edinburgh* explains—what to many is still unknown—the origin of the old mythologies, according to Mr. Cox and his school; and contains Gladstone's famous article on "Germany, France, and England." "The Growth of a Trades Union" is well described in the *North British*; and "Prevost Paradol and Napoleon III." will help our readers to understand the cause of the melancholy tragedy of last summer.

From PROF. JOHN M. LEAVITT, Editor:—

THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY CHURCH REVIEW: January, 1871. This Review, the organ of the moderate party in the Episcopal Church, is carefully and ably written, and contains at least one article of general interest, the account of "The Fall of the Temporal Power." It is a brief history of the entrance into Rome of the Italian troops, and will interest many who dislike the piecemeal and incorrect information of newspapers.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE: November, December, 1870, and January, 1871. The *Living Age* is so far the best of our eclectics that no single magazine could at all take its place. The variety and interest of its articles are great, while yet it is not filled, like most of its class, with trashy stories. Our space forbids us even to indicate the range of its topics for these three months, but we may say that it never was more interesting than now. A new story, "Seedtime and Harvest," by a famous German author, began with the New Year; and a story by George MacDonald is running in its volumes. We congratulate the editors of this veteran weekly on its large and increasing circulation.

From HENRY C. LEA, Philadelphia:—

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. Assisted by J. Minis Hays, M. D. January, 1871. Price \$5 per year.

Godey's Arm-Chair

APRIL, 1871.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—Have you ever seen, dear reader, a plate where more expression has been given by the artist to the figures engraved upon it? Toby is one of those trick dogs attached to a show, and has been waiting anxiously for his call, to make his appearance before the audience. At this moment his little assistant makes her appearance, and signifies that his time has come. How he brightens up and listens, and looks pleased at the fun he is about to afford his patrons.

Another expressive engraving is given in the "April Fool" picture. If the old gentleman should happen to discover our young friend, won't he make a fool of him in return for the mischief he has been playing on him? Take warning, boys, and don't be caught playing April Fools.

A six-figure fashion-plate, as usual, is given.

As riding habits are seasonable, we have presented three designs on page 232, from which a selection can be made.

And to complete our fashions, we have given on the extension sheet *thirty-eight* engravings of the latest styles of everything adapted to the *toilette* of both old and young.

We copy the following from *Scrüner's Monthly*. It also applies to the LADY'S BOOK:—

"The question is often asked, Why we do not cut the leaves of the Magazine? We do not do so for three reasons, and we will give them all:—

1st. In binding the accumulated numbers of a magazine, it is necessary to trim the edges, and to do it very thoroughly. This trimming uses up all the margin there is to spare in a magazine printed with a decent economy of paper. To trim it as a magazine, and again as a bound volume, takes the whole margin, and spoils the look of the completed book.

2d. To cut a magazine properly, it must be done after the cover is on; and the pressure necessary to hold the leaves firmly, crumples the back of the magazine, and gives it a rough and shabby appearance.

3d. An untrimmed magazine is handsomer than its trimmed mate placed by its side. Any artist will say this, and every true artist will account it as dainty a task to open a magazine as it is to open a casket of jewels. The first fresh look of a magazine, with a paper folder in the hand, which we use as a key to unlock the pages, is a treat which the genuine lover of a magazine will not permit a publisher to slich from him."

As most of the LADY'S BOOK subscribers bind their numbers at the end of the year, we wish them to receive the monthly numbers so that they may present a good appearance when bound.

REGISTERED LETTERS.—On the 18th of February we received five registered letters from Texas, out of which had been stolen \$52 30. The letters were duly received, but the money had been abstracted therefrom. We have warned our friends against this registry system from the time it was first started. It simply designates to the thief money letters. We would advise Texas subscribers not to send money, but drafts or money-order letters. Not one dollar out of ten mailed in Texas ever reaches publishers, and it has always been so in that State.

"One thousand five hundred and seventy-four registered letters were stolen last year."

"FALSE as woman's love." This is a great error of a great author, for nothing can be truer than woman's love. If he had said, "False as woman's hair," perhaps he would have been nearer the mark.

ASBESTOS.—This wonderful mineral, which differs from all others in possessing fine, silk-like fibres, which render it capable of being felted or woven into cloth, has within the past few years excited a considerable degree of attention from its evident value in the manufacture of materials for structural and other purposes, for which it seems eminently adapted, on account of its being indestructible under the most intense heat.

The peculiar properties of this anomalous substance have been known for ages, and it has been used experimentally for various purposes. Lamp wick, gloves, and fireproof dresses have been made of it; but, owing to its supposed scarcity, and consequent expense of procuring it, no practical use has been found for it until very recently. We have seen samples of this mineral from Italy, which, in strength of fibre, etc., resembled tow or flax; but, as it is procured from almost inaccessible mountains, the deposits, although extensive, cannot be considered of great value at present. But the very desirable qualities of this mineral now bid fair to prove of great importance, from the fact that, owing to the untiring exertions for several years of Mr. H. W. JOHNS, of New York, it has been found in large quantities in many parts of the United States and Canada; and this gentleman, who is known to be the leading manufacturer in his line, has utilized it for a number of purposes, which are evidently of great value. Some of the principal uses which have been made of it are a roofing material, a felting for covering steam pipes and boilers, and a sheathing paper or board for lining houses, etc.

WHAT HAS THE LADY'S BOOK DONE?—It was the first lady's magazine published in this country—that is, the first work of the kind that a lady could read—the first to give colored fashions that were not caricatures. It has aroused a host of imitators. Take up any lady's magazine published in this country, and compare with our work. You will find every department we have started has been similarly copied—at least, the idea is copied, but the execution is far from the original. How many have departed this life, and probably because the public saw that they were poor counterfeits of an excellent original. Perhaps, if they had originated something, they might have succeeded. Go on, gentlemen, there are graves enough left for you all.

TENNESSEE.

Do you not think it possible for one to feel something like a human affection for a periodical coming as they do, so regularly with their budgets of good things? At the risk of wearying, besides being pronounced "gushing," I must confess to the "soft impeachment" in the case of your Magazine, and tell you why. I have read it since childhood, and when I as a school-girl, pored over its delightful stories; through the time when I, as a newspaper writer, gave my "best notices" in return for the same, up to the present, when I have the honor to be a sometime contributor, I have always regarded it as a friend. And it is true that the friendship is human, after all, for the writers are *intensely* human, most of them; Marion Harland I love with all my heart. B.

We have recently had brought to our notice a trimming called "Cash's Snowdrop Trimming." It is made of fine cord, with a narrow linen tape passing through the centre of it, which adds strength as well as beauty to it. It is admirably adapted for trimming children's clothing, and will supply a want long felt, as it washes well, which, unfortunately, cannot be said of all cotton trimmings. We advise our readers who are in need of such an article to try it. It can be procured of Messrs. Horstmann, N. E. corner of Cherry and Fifth Streets.

A PACK OF CARDS.—More nonsense got up by the engravers to promote business. The following is given out as the programme of cards for a wedding party: 1, the bride's card; 2, bridegroom's; 3, if to a stranger, the card of the bride's mother; 4, the ceremony card for church; 5, the note-paper for the reception at the house; 6, the card with the married names in full; 7, a card, with "Please present this at the door," which is designed to keep uninvited guests from crowding the church. A better plan to keep "uninvited guests" out of the church would be not to give information to the flash papers in New York when and where the wedding is to take place. Why not have all these cards printed rail-road fashion, with coupons? Here is another one of the humbugs:—

"Hereafter no one will be received into good society in New York whose wedding-cards are not sealed with wax and stamped with the family crest. Engravers keep family crests on hand."

We advise all persons who wish to be or are gentle, to avoid the above nonsense. There are more knaves of hearts in this pack than kings or queens.

TALES, ETC.—There appears to be no attempt this year on the part of other magazines to compete with the *LADY'S BOOK* in producing first-class tales. The field has been abandoned to us. Occasionally a step has been taken in that direction, but failure follows.

"**EVERY SATURDAY**," published by James R. Osgood & Co., is certainly the best pictorial weekly published in America. Some of the engravings are from the *London Graphic*, but even these are printed better than they are in the foreign publication. We take one instance from the 57th number, "Listening to the New Year's Chimes." This is one of the best engravings on wood we have seen. The original pictures in this publication we prefer even to the foreign ones. The literature is good, and it is in every respect a first class publication.

A YOUNG lady, accompanied by a friend, went to a photographer to have her carte taken. She was observed to be very particular to stand upon her dress while being taken, much to the annoyance of the photographer, but no persuasion of his could make her stand in any other position. When asked by her friend why she was so particular in standing on her dress, she replied that she understood the operator viewed the objects upside down.

"**A TRIP TO DAHOMBY**," published in *Lippincott's*, is an excellent article. The writer speaks of seeing tomatoes there in plenty, a vegetable, as he says, not known here thirty years ago. This is an error. We saw tomatoes in the markets in New York more than fifty years ago. They were then called love apples.

STORIES are sometimes sent to us, the writer saying, "If you purchase this story, I intend devoting the proceeds to benevolent purposes." Well, if the story should be worth paying for, it is but little matter to us what the writer would do with the money. If, on the other hand, the writer supposes that we would purchase a poor story merely because she wishes to be benevolent, she is mistaken, because, in that case, the benevolence would be ours and not hers; but, as we are not purchasing at present, it does not matter much. We may add this, when sending a MS. to a publisher, say you want pay for it, or that it is sent simply for insertion; nothing more need be said. Anything more is against the sender; and, for goodness sake! don't send your "first story," and ask pay for it. It is presumptuous and ridiculous.

FREIGHT ON LETTERS AND PREMIUM ON DRAFTS.—Subscribers will please understand that when they send their letters by an express company they must pay the freight, and those who send drafts must pay the premium. We advise subscribers to remit a post-office order or a draft payable to the order of L. A. GODEY. The rates for postal money orders as established by law are as follows:—

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum, but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge will be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE FROM NEVADA—A STYLISH BALL AT CARSON.—A correspondent of the *White Pine (Nevada) News*, writing from Carson, gives some peculiar particulars as to the fashionable customs in vogue there. Here is an account of the style in which some of the ladies dress:—

"Miss X——g was attired in point applyky dress, court train, with green linen overskirt, and hair a la pan yay. Her feet were incased in tournures of red velvet, with silver buckles.

"Miss L——x, of Ophir City, wore a waterfall of magnificent proportions, which a lady friend informed me cost \$40 in Virginia.

"Miss M——n, of Sand Springs, was dressed in blamed tarlatan, with insect sleeves and illusion lace slippers, fluted and flounced, hair cut short, and a cabbage rose, set in diamonds, on her forehead. She was the stunningest looking gal in the outfit.

"Mrs. M——y, of Secret Canyon, looked magnificent in full suit of Mormon homespun, and wore her hair trimmed blas, which set off her masculine beauty to the greatest advantage.

"Mrs. A. C. C——d, of White Pine, was really, to my notion, the most handsomely dressed woman in the room. This is 'on the square.' She wore a white silk alpaca short dress, scalloped, and flounced and trimmed with silver fringe, and looked splendid. Some of these high-toned Carson folks thought it wasn't pretty, because there were not eight or nine yards of surplus silk dragging round the floor, upsetting bashful young fellows like me. But I thought it was, as Marcus would say, smooth as oil from the can.

"Mrs. John W——r, of White Pine, was also neatly and handsomely attired. She wore a dark drab silk, tastefully trimmed with point applyky lace, point lace collar trimmed with scarlet, and her whole appearance was tasteful in the extreme."

A SENSIBLE CIRCULAR.—We have received a circular headed, "Plerian Society, Marshall Female College, Pleria Hall," but in what Town, County, or State it is in, the circular does not inform us, but it does tell us that we have been unanimously elected a member. As the word "unanimously" is printed, we presume it is intended to elect a large number of members. We do not care to be informed where the society is situated, but we write the above to show how careless people are.

BRAVER BRAND MOHAIR, and BUFFALO BRAND ALPACA.—These are a most desirable make of goods, and are by many persons worn instead of silk. They keep their color, and look well as long as they wear.

The **SABLE BRILLIANT** must not be forgotten. It is manufactured by the same firm as the others, and for many purposes is even more desirable. The gloss on this goods is beautiful, the surface is even, and the color excellent; and, what is far better, remains so, which is a great consideration in black goods. We can cordially recommend these goods to our readers.

"CHURCH EDIFICES.—The extravagant adornment of church edifices with gold, silver, and other embellishments, requiring the expenditure of large sums of money, has been criticized with severity, not only as inconsistent with the principles of true religion, but as injudicious, in withdrawing the precious metals from circulation. On this subject it has, however, been remarked that in modern times the expenditures for church ornamentation are much less than they were in the remote periods of the world's history. Thus, in the erection of the tabernacle in the wilderness, it is calculated that the gold and silver alone, out of the vast offerings of other articles, were equal in value to \$1,776,000. When the tabernacle was dedicated, \$18,648 worth of the precious metal and cattle worth \$3500 were offered. In dedicating the temple, Solomon sacrificed 22,000 oxen and 121,000 sheep, estimated to be worth \$2,042,000. Hezekiah received \$57,720 to carry out his religious reforms. The Passover was celebrated by Josiah at an expense of \$444,000. The gold and silver contributed to the second temple after the return of the Israelites was weighed by Ezra, and amounted in value to \$3,330,000. The offerings by David and the princes of Israel for the building of the first temple exceeded any single contribution made by any nation for any religious purpose, and exhibits a wealth surpassing that of any modern nation. The amount given was 113,000 talents of gold and 1,017,000 talents of silver, estimated to be worth \$3,296,875,000."

The above we copy from the *Philadelphia Ledger*. But are not our wonderful church edifices at the present day a very great evil? Why cannot we have simply comfortable buildings, where a poor man may not fear to enter? Sometimes a church is commenced on a grand scale, and, the money running short, a system of begging is commenced, and you are haunted in your house and at your office to contribute something more, and it is quoted to you that such and such a congregation has a splendid edifice, and should be outdone. If you are weak-minded, you contribute; and, if you don't, you are ostracized and pronounced no Christian. We have a case in our mind at the present moment. A portion of a church is standing now, with elaborate stone work and polished granite pillars, but they have stopped. Money has run out, and at least \$150,000 more is wanted to finish the building. The trustees think this is almost too much to beg, and they don't know what to do.

VULGAR AND COSTLY.—At a large dinner party in New York, the other evening, the tablecloth was of heavy white silk, edged with point-lace. All the other appointments were equally parvenuish. The giver of this party no doubt made his money by war contracts.

"In a Washington theatre General G— was so excited over the sleep-walking of Janaushek, as Lady Macbeth, that he vehemently grasped the back of the chair before him, and with it a portion of the curls belonging to an elaborate chignon. The consequence was that when the fair owner, at the end of the scene, threw forward her head the whole structure came tumbling down, curls, braids, hair-plins, and all."

We think her acting must have been superior to Lady Macbeth's, when she found out what had happened. By the way, an idea strikes us. Is it "holding the mirror up to nature" when a lady looks at her back hair by means of a hand-glass?"

DECIDEDLY LUXURIOUS.—One of the newly-erected brown-stone houses on the upper Fifth Avenue, New York, contains a picture gallery and theatre combined; a bowling alley in the cellar, croquet ground on the attic floor, billiard room in the basement, and no doubt a mortgage on it.

SCENE AT A PUMP.—What do the Mugginses do with so much water?" "Oh, I think they must wash themselves in it."

A GOOD IDEA.—The *Cincinnati Enquirer* proposes lectures as a substitute for capital punishment.

The *Chicago Lake Side Monthly* is also out against lectures:—

"A young man or a young woman who can write a fair magazine article can almost always, with the valuable assistance of lyceums and literary bureaux, make it serve the purposes of a lecture-tour, with the difference that, in the one case, \$50 or \$100 would be the remuneration, while in the other, shrewd management will yield several thousand dollars. We know of one instance in which a lecture was comfortably used for two or three years with great profit, and finally, tired of the repetition, or despairing of future gains, the essay was hurried in the pages of a popular magazine at the customary price, and its usefulness as a money-making machine was of the past. If this system is not altogether generous in its treatment of the public, it has, at least, the extenuation of personal gain; but there is more reason to wonder that the great public permits itself to be deluded so complacently. The average individual will hesitate for some time before investing thirty-five cents for a magazine which contains the amount of a dozen lectures, with much greater variety, and often of equal merit, and yet will contribute seventy-five cents to hear a public reading of one such article by the author himself or herself. No wonder, with a popular delusion of this kind, that the lecture field should be so fully occupied by all sexes, nationalities, ages, and even colors."

USEFUL INFORMATION.—A barrel of flour weighs one hundred and ninety-six pounds, a barrel of pork two hundred pounds, a barrel of rice six hundred pounds, a keg of powder twenty-five pounds, a firkin of butter fifty-six pounds. The following are sold by weight per bushel: Wheat, beans, and clover-seed, sixty pounds; corn, rye, and flaxseed, fifty-five pounds; buckwheat, fifty-two pounds; barley, forty-eight pounds; coarse salt, eighty-five pounds.

A LOWELL paper is responsible for the following fish story:—

"Andrew Sheffield, who lives in that city, cut the head off of a large mud-turtle this past summer, and two days afterwards, hearing a great noise among the domestic animals in the garden, he found that the cat had been playing with the turtle's head, when the head in retaliation attacked the cat, and attached itself to the feline's head, causing the animal much pain. It was with great difficulty that Mr. Sheffield opened the turtle's mouth and disengaged its grip on the frightened quadruped."

The above is given as if it was a fishy story. We once saw the mouth of a snapping turtle seize a small stick the day after the head had been cut from the body.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The last number of this incomparable Lady's Magazine has arrived. In addition, the usual number of extra fashions is given in the extension sheet; also numerous designs for fancy work in the "Work Department." The literary matter is of the highest order. Mr. Godey spares neither pains nor expense to make it the most attractive Lady's Book in the world.—*Democrat*, Washington, Ind.

A HALF-WITTED man, and well-known in the neighborhood many years ago, called in at a farm-house in Scotland where the shearers were sitting round the fire in the centre of the kitchen, the master being beside the men at the time that "Jock" looked in. Not being invited to partake, Jock edged himself near the master and said:—

"If I were Mr. Finnie of Swanston I ken what I wad say."

"Well, Jock," replied Mr. Finnie, "and if you were Mr. Finnie of Swanston, what would you say?"

Jack, scratching his head, "Well! I wad say, Jack, tak a tattle"—i. e., a potato.

When is iron the most ironical? When it's a railing. You can always find a sheet of water on the bed of the ocean.

LOVE GIFTS.—From time immemorial the most usual love gifts have been rings, bracelets of hair, flowers, birds, scented gloves, embroidered handkerchiefs, and such like articles. Autolycus has, in his "peddler's pack:"—

"Golden quoifs and stomachers
For my lads to give their dears."

In ancient Greece, pretty birds were generally love gifts; caged birds were sold in the market at Athens for that purpose. Among the Romans, rings were exchanged; and this custom seems to have prevailed in all ages and every country. Chaucer describes Cressida as giving Troilus a ring with a "posy," and receiving one from him in exchange; and Shakespeare frequently alludes to such tokens. The rings that "Portia" and "Nerissa" present to their betrothed husbands play a conspicuous part in the last act of *The Merchant of Venice*; and in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, "Julia" says:—

"This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will."

Swinburn, in his "Treatise on Spousals," gives the following reason for the ring being the chosen emblem of true love: "The form of the ring circular, that is, being round and round without end, importeth thus much, that their mutual love and hearty affection should roundly flow from the one to the other as in a circle, and that continuously and forever." In the most remote ages, the ring or circle was used as an emblem of eternity. In Egypt and Greece, a usual form of emblematical circle was the serpent with its tail in its mouth, and this form has been frequently adopted in rings and bracelets.

The custom of breaking a gold or silver coin between lovers is also very ancient, and may probably have been derived from the old Athenian symbol. A piece of metal or wood was cut into two parts, one half being retained by the native of Attica, the other given to the stranger whose acquaintance he had made. The bearer of the symbol, whether one of the original parties or only a friend, was entitled to all the rites of hospitality from the owner of the other half. Not to acknowledge this duty was considered scandalous and a crime. Coins were no doubt subsequently used because of the facility of recognizing the token by the device. A "bowed" or crooked piece of money was preferred as a love token, being considered more lucky. These broken coins, pledges of love, are frequently referred to in poem and story.

Strutt mentions small embroidered handkerchiefs among the love favors in vogue in England in the olden time. They were about three or four inches square, "wrought round about," with a button or tassel at each corner, and another in the centre. Some were edged with narrow gold lace or twist, and then folded so that the middle might be seen; they were worn by accepted lovers in their hats or at the breast. These were so fashionable in Queen Elizabeth's days that they were sold in the shops at from sixpence to sixteenpence apiece.

Camden, in his "Ancient and Modern Manners of the Irish," speaks of lovers presenting their mistresses with bracelets of woven hair; and among northern nations a knot was a symbol of love and fidelity. The origin of the expression, "true-love knot" is not from true love, as might be supposed, but from the Danish *Trulofs kjæde* do—I plight my troth.

We see it stated as a remarkable circumstance that a New York magazine reprinted one of its numbers. We have reprinted our January and February numbers—January five times, February six times—and are about putting another edition to press.

SPLENDID CHROMOS at less than half the price asked in the stores:—

"**ASKING A BLESSING.**" Painted by Professor Jordan. Size 20¼ by 15¼. Price \$3.00.

"Ay; but wait, good wife, a minute;
I have first a word to say:
Do you know what day to-day is?
Mother, 'tis our wedding-day!"

"Just as now, we sat at supper
When the guests had gone away;
You sat that side, I sat this side,
Forty years ago to-day!"

"Then what plans we laid together:
What brave things I meant to do!
Could we dream to-day would find us
At this table—me and you?"

"Better so, no doubt—and yet I
Sometimes think—I cannot tell—
Had our boys—ah, yes! I know, dear;
Yes, He doeth all things well."

"Well, we've had our joys and sorrows;
Shared our smiles as well as tears;
And—the best of all—I've had your
Faithful love for forty years!"

"Poor we've been, but not forsaken;
Grief we've known, but never shame—
"Father, for Thy endless mercies
Still we bless Thy Holy Name!"

"**ISN'T SHE PRETTY?"** Painted by the celebrated Lilly M. Spencer. Size 12¼ by 16¼. Price \$2.50.

"**MOUNT MERINO.**"—Sunset on the Hudson. Painted by Arthur Ponton. Size 19¼ by 10¼. Price \$2.50.

"**UNDER THE MISTLETOE.**" Price \$2.50.

We will pay the postage on all the pictures. These beautiful parlor ornaments must be seen to be appreciated. They far exceed any chromos yet published. Address L. A. GODEY, Philadelphia.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for April.—Contents: Musings at Twilight, beautiful nocturnal, by Fritz Spindler; Moss Basket Valse, showy little piece; On Yonder Distant Mountain, very pretty song, with German and English words, by Sponholtz; Among the Roses, polonaise for the voice; and a new and spirited March, arranged for beginners. This music is beautifully printed; and the whole number, containing five pieces of music, is furnished to the buyer at about the cost of one piece in the stores. Let every piano-player or singer send for one number (40 cents), or the last three numbers (\$1). Terms \$4 per year, and a premium given of \$1 worth of new music. Address orders only to J. Starr Holloway, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

New Sheet Music.—Phantom Bells at Sea, beautiful new duet, by Mrs. Hackelton, 35 cents. Mary, My Beautiful Angel, by same, 35. Darling, Kiss My Eyelids Down, sweet song, by Stewart, 35. Oh, Pity Me, Lady; or, Father's a Drunkard, but I'm not to Blame, 30.

Also, Wyoming March, by E. Mack, easy and spirited, 20. Park Polka, 10. Ringlet Waltz, by Franz Scherzer, very pretty, 30. Graceful Schottische, by Beckel, 30. Treu Liebe (True Love), beautiful fantasia, by Jungmann, 50. Souvenir de Kieft Schulhoff, 50. Sent free of postage on receipt of price. Address all orders for music to Mr. Holloway, as above.

THE ENGLISH REGALIA.—In Queen Victoria's crown there are 1363 brilliant diamonds, 1273 rose diamonds, and 147 table diamonds, 1 large ruby, 17 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 small rubies, and 227 pearls.

FAST TRAVELLING.—A balloon that left Paris at 11.40 evening of November 24th, landed at Christiansa, in Norway, at 2.20 the next day, a distance of 2260 miles.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

GAMES, FORFEITS.

THE BANDMASTER

Is an excellent game, and appears, from the universal mirth it excites, to embody all the most popular features of such games. The "Bandmaster" may be represented by a lady. All the company is seated in a semicircle, having the bandmaster in the centre. Each member of the party assumes the character of a musician, a fiddler, flutist, trumpeter, cymbal player, drummer, etc. When all the players have chosen their instruments, and informed the bandmaster of their character, the latter begins by beating his hands on his knees for a minute or two, the company attentively imitating the movement. Then, without giving any notice whatever, he suddenly pretends to blow the trumpet, beat the drum, clash the cymbals, or play the violin. The point of the game consists in the player whose instrument is being represented by the bandmaster instantly leaving off beating his knees, and pretending to play his own instrument. Neglect by any instrumentalist to take up the task the instant the bandmaster leads is punished by the payment of a forfeit. During the whole time of the performance, the rest of the company, except the one actually engaged in following the lead of the bandmaster, must continually beat their knees with their hands. The incessant movement is sufficiently fatiguing, particularly if much laughter is excited at the expense of backward performers in assuming their parts when the bandmaster changes the instrument.

UNITED STATES MAIL

Is another mirth-provoking game, demanding ceaseless attention. All the company is to be seated in a circle, with the postmaster in a convenient position to observe every one's movements. On a slip of paper, which he holds in his hand, the postmaster writes down the name of each player and the name of the post town he or she represents. Thus we will say Mr. Smith represents "Colorado," Mr. White "Albany," Miss Brown "Harrisburg," Mrs. Robinson "Chicago," etc. Out-of-the-way places are the best to choose, for the mere fun the allusion causes. The chief aim of the game consists in two or three post towns being on the move at the same time to get into each other's places—a task which is rendered difficult, owing to a blindfolded person being in the middle of the circle ready to catch any one on the way across the circle. For instance, the postmaster, referring to the list, says: "The United States mails are between Colorado, Albany, and Harrisburg." Thereupon the persons representing those localities rise from their seats, and make their way to change places as carefully as they can, to escape the blind man. Whoever is caught in the attempt has to be blindfolded, and so on, as long as the game lasts.

LE BOUQUET

Is a very pretty game, and affords a good deal of fun if the company is so disposed. A gentleman or lady is asked by the leader of the game to choose the flowers of which his or her bouquet shall be composed. We will suppose that a rose, jessamine, myrtle, and geranium are chosen. As each flower is named, the leader writes on a slip of paper the name of some member of the company against each flower. No one is to see what is being written until the list is complete. The leader then reads aloud the names of the flowers, asking the owner of the bouquet what is to be done with their representatives. Thus the leader may ask: "What will you do with the rose?" The owner may reply: "Wear it in my hair." Upon which the leader, turning to the person whose name is written on the list, says: "Miss So-and-so will wear you in her hair." "What will you do with the myrtle?" "Give it away or burn it," may be the answer, etc. etc. The answers should not always be complimentary, lest the spirit of the game should be lost. The ribbon which ties the bouquet is the most interesting feature, and the destination of the ribbon is the crowning point of the game. Some person is generally chosen to represent the ribbon for whom the owner is known to have a decided preference or dislike.

OUI OU NON

Is one of those charming *jeux de société* for which the French nation are so justly famous. It is quite easy to play the game in English, the object being to

avoid saying "yes" or "no" in an animated dialogue. If either of the speakers commits this error, the payment of a forfeit is demanded. Two very pretty and very witty French ladies illustrated this game. The subject under discussion was the payment for a bonnet. One of the speakers represented the milliner, and the other the purchaser. Unfortunately, the bonnet had not been paid for by the time agreed on, and its unbecoming shape, trimming, and general unsuitability to the fair wearer were employed as a plea for payment of the bill being deferred. The milliner became incensed at having her taste criticized, and in the warmth of the discussion retallated upon her customer, pointed out the defects of her complexion and features, and fairly turned the tables on her. It is impossible to tell where the discussion might have ended had not the prohibited word at last been inadvertently uttered, and the forfeit paid. As one of the ladies, flushed with the excitement which the argument had occasioned, remarked: "Talking about bonnets is rather dangerous ground; it is better to suppose that the purchase of a roll of lead is in question. One cannot say anything very personal about lead." Kept within bounds, however, personal traits add zest to the game.

"LE PETIT BON HOMME VIT ENCORE"

Is a very animated game for little folks. *Le petit bon homme* is a paper spill, which is lighted and handed round by the company. The aim of each person who takes the spill is to keep it alight while the above words are repeated, because the person in whose hand it goes out has to pay a forfeit.

FORFEITS

Are the penalty of most round games, and are sometimes very amusing games in themselves. As they occasion a good deal of interruption to the general mirth, it is not advisable to let too many accumulate before they are "cried." If long forfeits are in prospect, not more than two or three should be collected at a time. Most of the cotillion figures are excellent as forfeits, and afford a pretty diversion from regular games. For example, a gentleman having to pay a forfeit takes his seat in the middle of the room, facing a looking-glass or holding a glass in his hand, by which he may see the face of each person who passes behind him. His task is to choose the lady he likes best, and to waltz round the room with her. One by one the ladies of the company pass behind the forfeit payer, pausing for him to survey their features in his glass. The rejected ladies pass in front until the favorite is chosen, when the waltz terminates the penalty.

OUR newspapers sometimes contain valuable pieces of information. Here is one:—

"SERENADE.—Mr. — was last evening tendered by his friends a serenade, at his residence, on Twenty-third Street above Brown, the occasion being the fifth anniversary of his wedding. The C. C. Band furnished the music. The company was invited into the house, and was handsomely entertained by Mr. —."

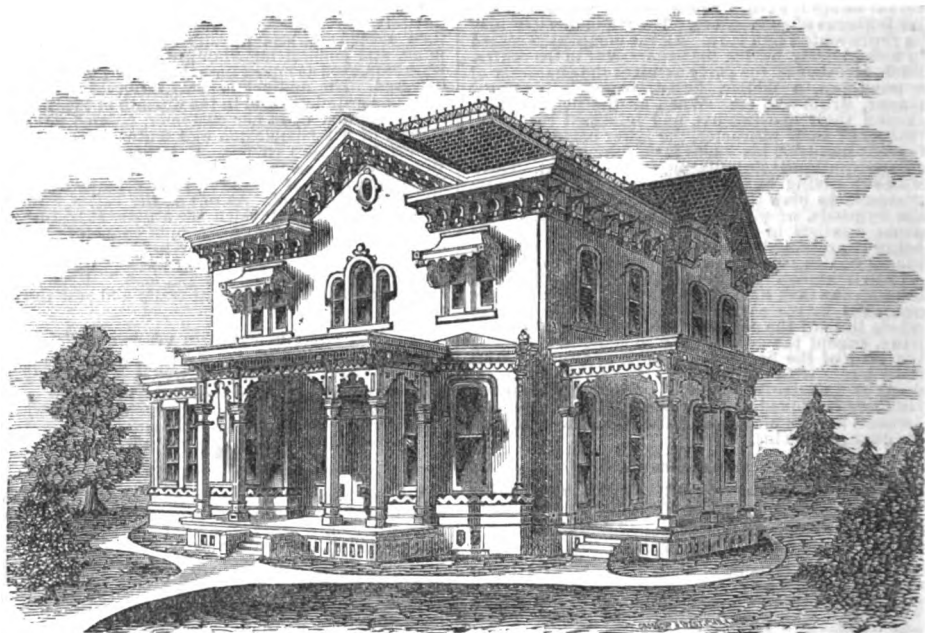
The above shows that we are not appreciated. We have been married over seven times five (the length of time of Mr. —), and yet nobody in all that time has tendered us a serenade. There is something remiss in this. Here is another: The workmen of Philadelphia tendered a certain citizen a silver pitcher because he had his articles made by them. Another want of appreciation. No one has tendered us a silver pitcher because our furniture was made in this city. As Artemus Ward would have said, "Why is this thus?"

MISS VERITROO said: "If she had all the money ever paid for liquor, she could buy every foot of land in the world." "Very likely," replied a crusty old bachelor; "and if you had all the money paid by women for back hair, you could buy every drop of liquor in the world."

To the ladies, GODEY'S is invaluable.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

AMERICAN BRACKETED VILLA.

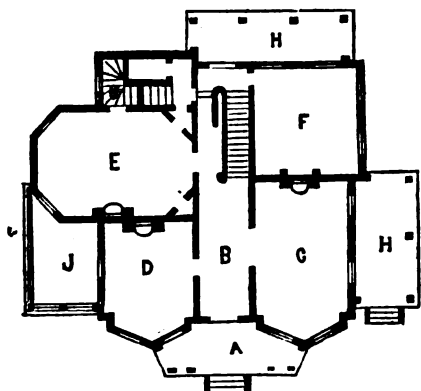
Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.



We present in this number an illustration of an "American Bracketed Villa," designed for Joseph H. Page, Esq., and built by him in the vicinity of Pittsburg. The design itself is so beautiful and attractive as to require no further embellishments from our pen. The difficulty with buildings of this description, where the principal features are duplicated on either side of a common centre, has been the lack of variety to afford a pleasing exterior. In the above

building would look well of either wood or brick. If of the latter, they should be rubbed down and painted. It would cost about \$6000. We will furnish full plans, working drawings, specifications, and bills of materials for one hundred and fifty dollars, or two and a half per cent. upon the estimated cost.

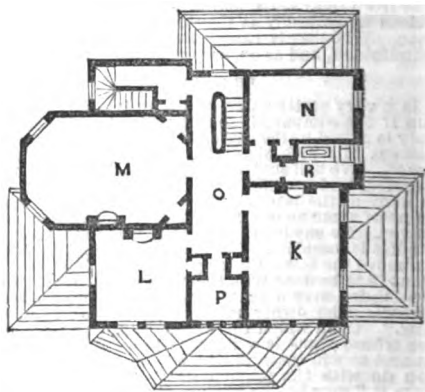
First Floor.—A entrance porch; B hall, 8 feet wide; C parlor, 14 feet 3 inches by 20 feet; D sitting-room,



FIRST STORY.

design the arrangement of the front porch, and the perfect proportion of the various parts, afford as grand an outline as could be obtained by the more costly style of projecting wings.

The plan contains all the requirements of the times, and is capable of addition to or deduction from, without materially altering the appearance of the whole. The back stairway and conservatory might, for instance, be dispensed with, or a kitchen might be added in the rear of back stairs, and the space now marked *kitchen* for a bedroom. The



SECOND STORY.

14 by 14 feet; E dining-room, 16 by 24 feet; F kitchen, 16 by 16 feet; H porches; J conservatory.

Second Floor.—K chamber, 14 by 20 feet; L chamber, 14 by 14 feet; M chamber, 16 by 24 feet; N chamber, 9 by 14 feet; O hall, 8 feet wide; P sewing-room, 8 by 8 feet; R bath-room, 5 feet 2 inches by 10 feet.

JOSH BILLINGS says, with a great deal of truth: "There is sum pholks in this world who spend their whole lives a-hunting after righteousness, and kant find enny time to practiss it."

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

NOT knowing how and what to plant deters many from the enjoyment of a Flower Garden, and the neglected front yards and garden-beds tell the tale of rank weeds and grass, where the expenditure of a little time and money would present a scene of beauty and joy, not only to the inmates, but to every passer-by. Mr. Robinson, a distinguished English horticulturist and author, who has recently visited this country, after admiring our beautiful parks and the magnificent scenery of our country, refers to the lack of taste in our country homes. We quote his words:—

"I am disheartened to see the houses, in nearly all parts of the country I have visited, as bald, and bare, and uninviting looking, from the absence of any trace of a garden, as the flank of a grim sea-rock. I saw numbers of what appeared to be farmers' or respectable mechanics' houses with hateful, tall, green powered weeds, leaning over the pathway to the door, and no trace of any plant useful to man or beautiful. Now, I can conceive nothing more dreary than to live in the country and have no garden. To live no garden is to take the poetry and nearly all the charms away from country life; to have a garden is to have many friends continually near."

Now, we propose to offer a few hints for the formation of a Flower Garden. The first requisite is a good soil. Fresh sods from a pasture field, mixed with well-decomposed manure and leaf-mould, will be found suitable for nearly all plants, either in pots in the garden. A soil that is friable and will not bake. When the soil is of a clayey nature, an admixture of sand will be beneficial. Let the amateur bear in mind that a *fresh* soil is absolutely necessary to grow plants to perfection. It is impossible to grow plants, especially Roses and Verbenas, in old brown-out soil, and this is the condition of the greater portion of town and suburban gardens. No amount of manure will restore the fertility of the soil. Where it is not practicable to renew the entire bed, holes can be dug about one foot deep and square, and filled with fresh soil, in which the plants can be set. In looking over *DREER'S Garden Calendar* for 1871, we find on page 73 an offer of *one hundred plants* for ten dollars, a beautiful assortment, which is carefully packed, and can be forwarded by express to the most distant parts of the country. The following is the assortment:—

Ten Everblooming Roses, twenty Verbenas, four Teas, two Alternanthera, four Heliotrope, four China or Ladies' Eardrop, four Petunias, four Lantanas, four Pansies, two Scarlet Sage, one Rose-colored Sage, five Geraniums, including the new double; also several beautiful foliage plants: Carnations, Pinks, Double Dahlias, Gladiolus, Tuberoses, ger Flowers, etc. etc.—in short, such a collection will ensure a continuous bloom throughout the fire season."

The above, with a dollar package of Annual Flower seeds, which can be sown in the open ground during April, will afford you at all times an opportunity to have a fragrant and beautiful bouquet for the drawing-room, or to send to a friend. The following are ready and easily cultivated:—

Sweet Alyssum, White and Purple Candytuft, Roman Asters, China Pinks, Japan Pinks, Golden Pinks, Blue Ageratum, Blue Browallia, Galliard, Fuchsia, Blue Lobelia, Mignonette, Nasturtium, Phlox Drummondii, Scabiosa, Sweet Peas, Double Zinnia, and others.

Let all who have the means cultivate a taste for flowers, and who is there in our favored land who does not? The simplest flowers when well cared for are a source of pleasure. One of the charms of English rural life is the beautiful and well-kept gardens, not only of the rich, but of the poor and humble cottager.

HENRY A. DREER, Seedman and Florist,
714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE Publisher of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL desires the address of every reader of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, to whom he will send FREE a specimen number; or sent six months "ON TRIAL" to new subscribers for \$1. Subscription price, \$3 a year. Address S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

A CINCINNATI contemporary tells of a charitable man in that city who keeps a pair of dogs chained at his front door, so that poor people who stop to "get a bite" can be accommodated without taking the trouble to go in the house.

A WEALTHY bachelor married off hand a young lady whom he saw inspecting coal stoves at a fair. Since then you cannot get within forty feet of the stove department for the crowd of girls. Like unto the young girl who jumped over a fence just as a traveller was passing. Said traveller being very much pleased with her, married her. No traveller can now pass that road without seeing a young girl jump a fence. They stand in wait for all comers.

BROWNEY.—"Well, I always make it a rule to tell my wife everything that happens."

SMITHKING.—"Oh, my dear fellow, that is nothing; I tell my wife of things that never happen at all."

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. C. S. S.—Sent articles by express January 27th.

Miss S. F.—Sent articles February 3d.

R. B.—Sent patterns 9th.

E. K. H.—Sent patterns 9th.

Mrs. K. M.—Sent patterns 10th.

Mrs. M. C. W.—Sent gloves by express 18th.

Mrs. G. W. B.—Sent gloves 18th.

Mrs. C. E. O.—Sent gloves 18th.

Miss H. H. W.—Sent gloves 18th.

Mrs. A. M. S.—Sent articles 21st.

Mrs. R. J.—Sent patterns 21st.

Miss V.—Sent articles 21st.

Mrs. M. A. R.—Sent pattern 21st.

Ingemisco.—Pronounced Go'teh; Russia, Alexander; Greece, George I; Austria, Francis Joseph; Turkey, Abdul Aziz; a copy of Faust can be procured at any price from \$5 to \$100.

A Subscriber.—In this part of our country, we never have heard of rolling puff paste till the hands were blistered. We think it would be any thing but puff paste after that.

Anna.—If you send a stamp for reply, we will give you the real name of the authoress, and all the particulars you require. For your eyes, consult your physician; we never give medical advice.

Mrs. C. A. O.—We really do not know where to find it, and do not know who wrote it. Thank you for the remittance.

M. F.—A box costs from \$3 to \$20, according to the quantity of materials in them.

Maud.—Don't eat or drink anything sweet, and avoid all articles that have starch in them, such as bread, potatoes, and several other vegetables.

Mrs. J. B. C.—The price includes all the patterns desired.

Country Girl.—It would be impossible to answer all your questions here; send stamp and address. A white French muslin, simply made with a colored silk overskirt, would be prettiest for you for the company.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor the Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in re-mitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of ashes of rose-color silk poplin, made with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with a ruffle, headed by two bands of black velvet, edged with black Spanish lace. The upper skirt is cut pointed, looped up with tabs of the same, trimmed to correspond. Pointed basque waist, with pointed cape and open sleeves, trimmed to correspond. Silk bonnet to match, trimmed with lace and pink roses.

Fig. 2.—Dress of violet silk, the skirt trimmed with six narrow ruffles, the upper one finished with a band of velvet. Silk *paletot* of a lighter shade, forming an upper skirt, trimmed with fringe and ribbon; wide open sleeves. Purple silk hat, trimmed with lace, feather, and ribbon.

Fig. 3.—House dress. Underskirt of crimson silk, trimmed with a plaited quilling of the same. Overskirt and waist of white cashmere; the skirt is scalloped out and looped at the side by a broad crimson sash, which is fastened front and back and brought down. Plain corsage, cut heart-shaped, trimmed with crimson silk; coat-sleeves, with puff and ruffle at top.

Fig. 4.—Visiting dress of silk. The underskirt is of green and white striped; the upper of plain green, trimmed with fringe and velvet; corsage of plain green. White cloth jacket, cut heart-shaped at throat, with revers of green velvet; open sleeves, with narrow velvet binding the same as on jacket. White chip gypsy bonnet, trimmed with green velvet.

Fig. 5.—Walking dress of cuir-colored silk, made with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with a plaited ruffle, with fan-shaped ornaments on every other plait. Brown silk casaque, trimmed with narrow lace and passementerie. Cuir-colored straw hat, trimmed with brown velvet and feather.

Fig. 6.—Dress for little boy of two years old, of white *piqué*, made with one skirt trimmed with a narrow muslin ruffle. Low waist, with a sacque of the same, open in front, and trimmed with a ruffle, and belt or ribbon sash around the waist.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of purple and white striped satin, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with three ruffles of purple silk; the upper one trimmed with two narrow ones, and looped at the sides, and fastened with a large bow, which extends

across the back. Plain corsage, cut heart-shaped; coat sleeves, with ruffle at the hand. White straw gypsy flat, trimmed with purple velvet black lace and purple feather.

Fig. 2.—House dress of gray silk, made with one skirt, trimmed to simulate a court train; the front breadth is trimmed with a deep side plaiting, headed by a band of blue silk; the train part and front breadth are trimmed with a ruffle, headed by a band of silk. Plain corsage, trimmed with ruffle and silk to correspond; coat sleeves.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of black silk; the bottom part of underskirt being trimmed with bias bands of velvet, put on slanting, headed by a wide gimp, with a narrow plaited ruffle on each side of it; long overskirt, looped up, and trimmed with gimp to correspond. Basque waist, with bretelles of gimp; coat sleeves. Black straw hat, trimmed with velvet and pink roses. White parasol, lined with pink silk.

Fig. 4.—Walking costume of cuir-colored silk; the lower skirt is trimmed with one ruffle, headed by fancy bows, made of green silk; the upper skirt is plain in front, cut in points, and a fold of green silk falling below them; the back breadths are composed of alternate ruffles of green and cuir color. The bodice is made of the two colors; coat-sleeves. Cuir-colored straw hat, trimmed with green velvet and feather.

Fig. 5.—Dinner dress of pink and white striped silk; the lower skirt is trimmed with a band of the same, scalloped on each side, and bound with satin; the upper skirt and waist are of white and pink striped, and are scalloped and bound with satin. Low square corsage and open sleeves.

Fig. 6.—Gypsy bonnet of gray chip, trimmed with gray velvet and blue flowers.

Fig. 7.—Bonnet of fine white straw, trimmed with lilac ribbon and white and lilac flowers.

Fig. 8.—Bonnet of white silk, trimmed with green velvet, black lace, pink roses, and white feathers.

Fig. 9.—Bonnet of brown straw, trimmed with brown leaves and ribbon.

Fig. 10.—Bonnet of white chip, trimmed with black velvet and pink roses.

Fig. 11.—Cap for little boy of glazed leather, with ribbon bow at back.

Fig. 12.—Hat for boy of three years old, made of gray straw, trimmed with blue velvet.

Figs. 13 and 14.—*Crêpe* collar and sleeve to match.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Hat of gray straw, trimmed with green velvet and small peacock's feathers.

Fig. 2.—Hat of fine white straw, bound and trimmed with blue velvet, with streamers of the same at the back; trimmed with white lace, and white flowers in front.

Fig. 3.—Hat of white chip, trimmed with green velvet and field daisies.

Fig. 4.—Hat of brown straw, trimmed with brown ribbon and leaves, with gauze veil over the face, which can also be thrown over the hat at pleasure.

Fig. 5.—Gypsy hat of fine Leghorn, trimmed with straw-colored ribbon and scarlet flowers.

Fig. 6.—Black Neapolitan hat, trimmed with black silk, lace, and green flowers.

Fig. 7.—The *Emilia paletot*, made of white corduroy, bound with blue velvet, and edged with blue silk fringe.

Fig. 8.—Ladies' sacque of black silk, trimmed with knotted fringe, and headed by bands of the same piped with white satin.

Fig. 9.—Waterproof cloak, trimmed with a plaited quilling of the cloth, finished with a narrow braid.

Fig. 10.—Ladies' waterproof cloak, made to wear

over a dress, or to make a costume of itself. The cape is trimmed with worsted fringe.

Figs. 11 and 12.—The Louise house jacket, made of white or black cashmere, braided with gilt braid, and edged with fringe. It is without sleeves, and can be worn over a dress, or a white waist of muslin or cashmere, as fancy dictates. Diagrams are given in the work-department. Length of back from neck to end of point 24½ inches; width across shoulders in back 17 inches; length of front 13 inches; depth from armhole to end of point under arm 17 inches.

Fig. 13.—Casaque of embroidered net, trimmed with thread lace and black velvet. It is to be worn over a light silk dress, and for an old dress can be made very serviceable.

Fig. 14.—Dress for a little girl, of blue silk poplin, made with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with a ruffle and puff of the same. The upper skirt is trimmed with a band of blue and white striped silk. Plaited corsage, trimmed to correspond; coat sleeves. White straw hat, trimmed with blue velvet.

Figs. 15 and 16.—Fashionable modes of arranging the hair. Fig. 15 has two colls down the centre, with a twisted coll-surrounding it, with a comb at the top. Fig. 16 is made in a heavy coll, and twisted in and out, with a braid across the front.

Figs. 17 and 18.—Fashionable sleeves.

Fig. 19.—Linen chemise, trimmed with embroidery.

Fig. 20.—This bow is made of pink satin. In the centre there is a cluster of ends of gold cord, each terminating with a gold bead; two small peacock's feathers, and a blue and gold enamelled bird, are added as decorations.

Figs. 21 and 22.—Front and back view of sacque for a little girl of eight years, made of white cloth, trimmed with chenille fringe and a narrow silk braid.

Figs. 23 and 24.—Fashionable bonnet frames.

RIDING HABITS.

(See Engravings, Page 522.)

Fig. 1.—Boy's suit of navy blue cloth, made with Knickerbocker pants and blouse with yoke. Straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Riding habit of very dark blue cloth, made with coat waist, trimmed with buttons; coat sleeves. Beaver hat, with blue grenadine veil.

Fig. 3.—Riding habit of black cloth, made with plain corsage, with revers turned back at throat, and white habit shirt inside. A row of buttons extends down the front of waist and skirt. Beaver hat and veil.

Fig. 4.—Habit of invisible green cloth, made with round waist in front and basque in back; cut open in front, with revers and white vest; coat sleeves, with deep cuffs trimmed with velvet. Beaver hat and green veil.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

OWING to the cold season which has continued so late this spring, goods have not been opened as early as usual, and the styles have not been as yet fully decided upon.

Silks take the first place in the scale of dress goods, and this season are especially pretty, the prices being lower than for some time past. We do not wish our readers to misunderstand us, and imagine silks can be bought for a mere nothing, for such is not the case; but in comparison to the prices of the past year (which have been very high), they are reasonable. Black silks retain all their old popularity, and, although colored suits are worn, no lady considers her wardrobe complete without at least one handsome suit of black silk; in fact, many ladies wear nothing else, allowing the bonnet, or hat, gloves, and scarf, to be the only color worn. Black silks are

seen in all qualities from as low as \$1.50 per yard to \$20. The former are partly cotton, or of a poor quality of silk, which, after a few times wearing, becomes defaced, catches the dust, and looks worse than a good quality that has been worn a year. A suit of the Buffalo brand of alpaca is far more desirable than a poor silk; it looks well as long as it wears, and the gloss on it at a short distance makes it look like silk. Ruffles, quillings, fringed-out ruches, and platings are the favorite trimmings where the material is used. Gimps, fringe, and velvet are also extensively used; the latter, although heavy looking, still meets with favor with a few. A beautiful but frail trimming is ruffles of silk fringed out very deeply, and very slightly gathered where they are put on; a fringed out ruche heads each ruffle.

In colored silks, we notice stripes and small plaids and checks, which are always worn and look ladylike and genteel without making an expensive dress. Plain colored silks in all the many shades of fawn and gray are popular for street dresses; they are mostly made of two shades of the same, or of two good contrasting colors. The striped silks are of delicate gray, fawn, or white, with stripes of blue, green, brown, black, or lilac. These stripes are broad, and narrow, the two together, and, in fact, in all styles that stripes were ever known to assume.

Poplins rank next in beauty. The silk poplin for summer wear is light in texture, and has all the appearance of a handsome silk without being as expensive; silk of the same shade is used for trimming. The Japanese poplins are a thin, wiry goods, pretty to look at in the piece, but wear stringy and look defaced with a few times wearing; they are not worth purchasing except in party colors, where they make a handsome, cheap, and for evening wear a serviceable dress, as a dress of that kind cannot be worn much before it becomes soiled. There are a large number of wool and silk, all wool, and wool and cotton goods that bear the name of poplins, the generality of which wear very poorly, and do not pay for the labor and money paid for making them.

French chintzes are not as much seen as in years gone by; percales have taken their place, and can be seen in all the delicate tints in plain goods; in white and colored stripes, white and plain colored grounds, with tiny bouquets, dots, squares, diamonds, and stars scattered over them.

Ordinary calicoes have reached their old time price of twelve and a half cents per yard; and an endless variety of white grounds, with small black figures over them, are seen. They wash well, and make a neat, serviceable morning dress for a lady, with the addition of a colored necktie at the throat.

For small children, *piques* will this month be made up. They are an inexpensive dress, the principal expense and trouble being the constant doing up which they require, but this is a trifling consideration, for after they are done up, they are like new again.

Braiding, embroidery, galloons, and braids, with plain muslin ruffles, are the trimmings most used; all white is the most popular, as it always washes well, which cannot be said of all the colors which we notice.

White corduroy is again used for sacques. Those persons who were obliged to lay them aside for the cold blasts of winter can again resume them. For children we consider them particularly pretty; they wash nicely, and can be done up at home with very little trouble. For ladies they are nice for cool days for riding, and are convenient where an extra wrap is desired; they are also very nice for breakfast sacques.

Skirts of dresses, both for street and house wear, are ruffled on the back breadths. A black *gros grain* skirt has an apron trimming of velvet bands or gimp.

The rest of the skirt widths are entirely covered with flounces with fringed out edges. *Gros grain* basque, with veat. There is, of course, no overskirt. For evening dresses these ruffles are of two contrasting colors. These narrow flounces on the back of the skirt make a dress gracefully bouffant behind, and the untrimmed front is as flat as fashion requires.

How to make a trained black silk, is the inquiry of many correspondents. The most elegant seen lately dispense with overskirts and flounces, having merely a plain skirt, gored front and sides, with three full back breadths without ornament, unless an elaborate tablier is formed. One lately seen has a train over two yards long, shortened to the stylish demi-length by tapes under the belt tied to others in the seams of the back breadths three-quarters of a yard below, making two irregular bouffant puffs like wings. Straight across the broad front width are nine rows of thread lace slightly full, and each row headed by a cord passementerie passed down the front, around the point, and edging the entire corsage. In this dress, thread lace was used, but guipure and the duchesse are very stylish, the latter producing a beautiful effect. Young ladies wear black duchesse lace over white blonde lace, or else white plaited tarlatane on black silk dresses.

Very fanciful aprons are in style abroad. The design is to form an elegant tablier for plainly trimmed but rich silk dresses. Many are made of black velvet, with lace garniture; others are of silk, laden with braiding, embroidery, and jet.

Extremely pretty indoor jackets are made with short cut-up basques in front, and one long rounded basque at the back, on which two revers are joined. The entire jacket is edged with floss fringe, and lined throughout with silk of the same color. The sleeves, which are of the pagoda form, are very wide and pointed, and are likewise trimmed with floss fringe. They can be made in white, blue, pink, or mauve cashmere. But the most elegant jackets for indoor wear are made of China *crêpe*, and the colors preferred are saffron-yellow, caroubier-red, and black; silk passementerie, with gold intermixed, is used for the trimming. When black China *crêpe* is used, it is embroidered with flowers, worked with thick brilliant silk, or with leaves veined with gold. Very pretty ribbed braid of a checked gold and black pattern is also used on black *crêpe* jackets. The plain gold braid is now considered common, as it has been so lavishly employed on dresses and mantles of all descriptions; in fact, it has been quite abused.

China *crêpe* sashes are now much used with dresses intended for outdoor wear. They are wide scarfs, which are knotted in an unstudied manner in the back. China *crêpe* is such a soft material that it lends itself readily to tunics, cravats, sashes, jackets, etc., and always with advantage.

Braiding is the fashionable trimming for children's clothing. Rich thick patterns, like heavy embroidery, are braided on plain color dresses, in soutache or star braid the color of the dress. The skirts are but little gored, and are box-plaited to a plain waist that fastens behind. A belt with square tab makes this look dressy. Both high and low-necked waists are worn; the latter being made comfortable on cool days by underwaists of tucked and puffed muslin.

The kilt suits worn by little boys still in dresses are prettily ornamented this season with diamond-shaped gilt buttons. They are made of blue, gray, or light-colored plaids or wash goods. Black braid binding is the only trimming. Two rosettes are placed on the skirt on the right side, just where the plaits are left off, and the front becomes plain.

With the new shaped bonnets and hats, the veil fashionably worn is a yard of black dotted net, or of

plain large meshed Brussels, hemmed all around, with a string in one end, or else one of the new steel springs, to fasten it around the front of the hat. The veil should not be very wide, as it must pass smoothly over the face, and hang without gathers. Thread veils, with narrow wrought borders of this shape, are also worn. A thread lace an inch wide surrounds many veils.

In parasols for ordinary wear, the unbleached linen-color pongee is the favorite material, lined with pink, blue, green, or lilac silk. For full dress, lace lined with colored silk, and handsome handle, is most worn.

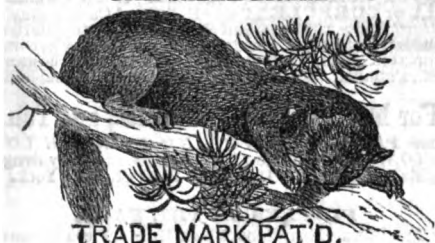
Bonnets have become visible, tangible things, large enough to form a covering for the head, and are likely to increase in size. The close half gypsy, half cottage shapes still remain in vogue, and are gradually superseding round hats. They are universally becoming, and ladies say have "character;" are *distinatif* looking, and are quite as convenient as round hats, since they fit the head closely, and may be removed without disarranging the hair. Gypsies are not worn as far forward as formerly. They show a little of the parted hair above the forehead, and fit snugly over the top of the drooping chataleine of massive plaits. Chip and English straw gypsies, trimmed with black velvet and ostrich tips, are seen for early spring wear. Some of these have a straw curtain or cape, others have a velvet curtain, and again others leave the chataleine exposed. Black straws are also used, and not smooth straws only, but the serviceable rough-and-ready. Later in the season velvet and feathers will be too heavy, and thick repped ribbons, with the fine French flowers now so little used, will be restored. Very large flowers, especially great crushed roses, with browned leaves, are stylish; also wreaths of violets, and vines of ivy. Donna Maria gauze, black, white, and colored, will also be used in the way of ruches and scarfs. Ladies who buy three or four bonnets at once should supply themselves with one of black lace for intermediate seasons. Nothing can be handsomer for early spring. These are extremely stylish when trimmed with ostrich tips of Niles green, blue, or rose color, instead of the tea roses and pink flowers so long worn. Ladies who object to any color permit richly carved jets and a black ostrich tip for garniture.

Crinoline, or rather the hoop skirt, is superseded by the tournure. This tournure or bridle is made very large, rising high above the hips, and extending the dress skirts to such a size that they hang away from the person, and look as round as if hoops were worn. Dress skirts, to fall gracefully over the tournure, must be made very full behind and at the sides. The tournure is made with hoops, either with muslin or crinoline over them. Persons who do not desire to have their dresses to stand out so much around the hips still continue to wear a moderate-sized hoop skirt, which makes the dress hang more uniform.

Ladies of fashion in Europe find fault with the chataleine braids that fall so low behind as to soil the dress, and are returning to classic styles of hair-dressing, modelling their coiffures after those of antique statues. The most successful imitation is of the beautiful head of Pysche, with the slightly waved hair low on the forehead, drawn back from the temples, and confined by a fillet of ribbons, while clustered ringlets fall back from the top of the head. It is predicted that we will return to the purely Greek style—a severely plain Grecian twist at the back, and smooth bands in front. Great, great would the change be from the present style of coiffure of our many would-be belles. Time alone will show.

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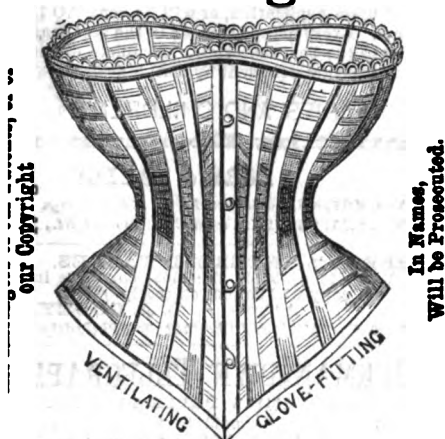
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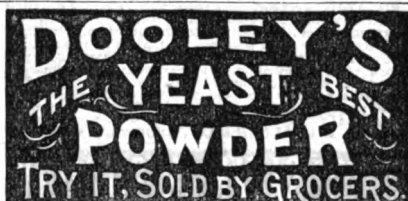
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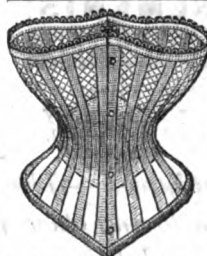
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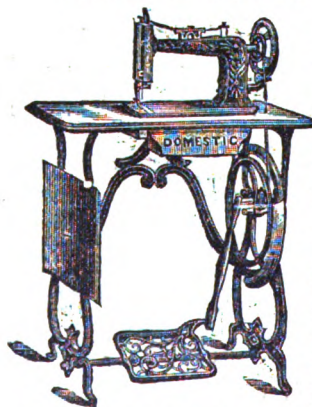
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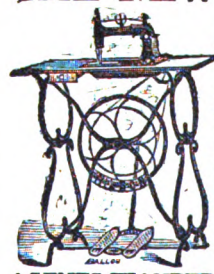
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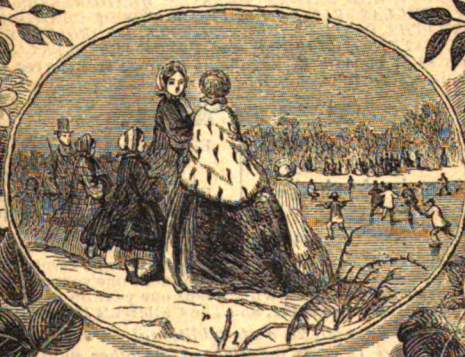
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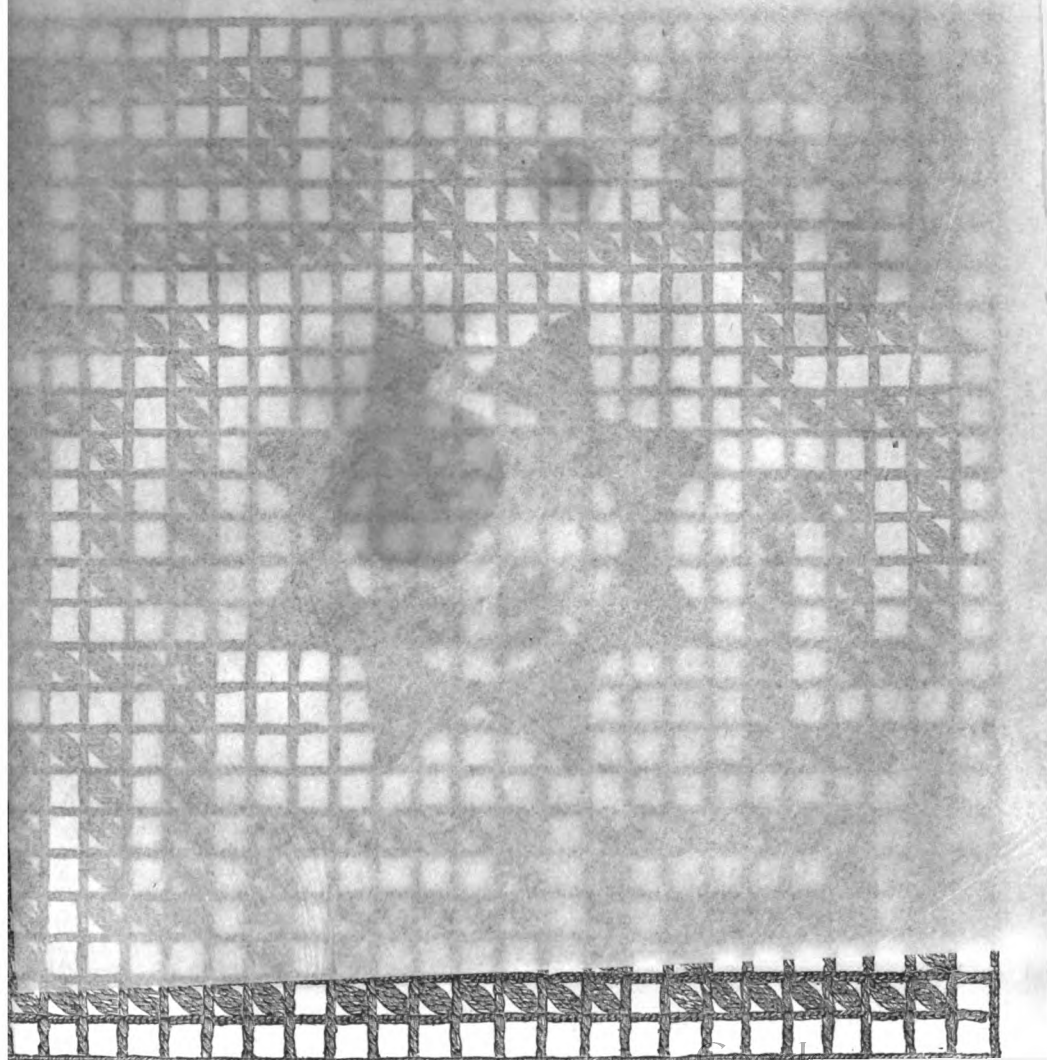
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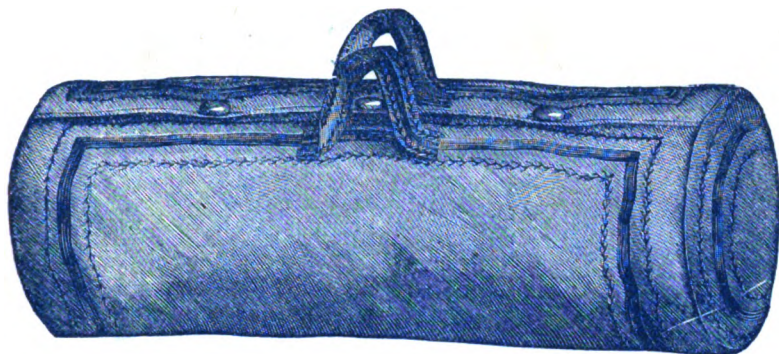
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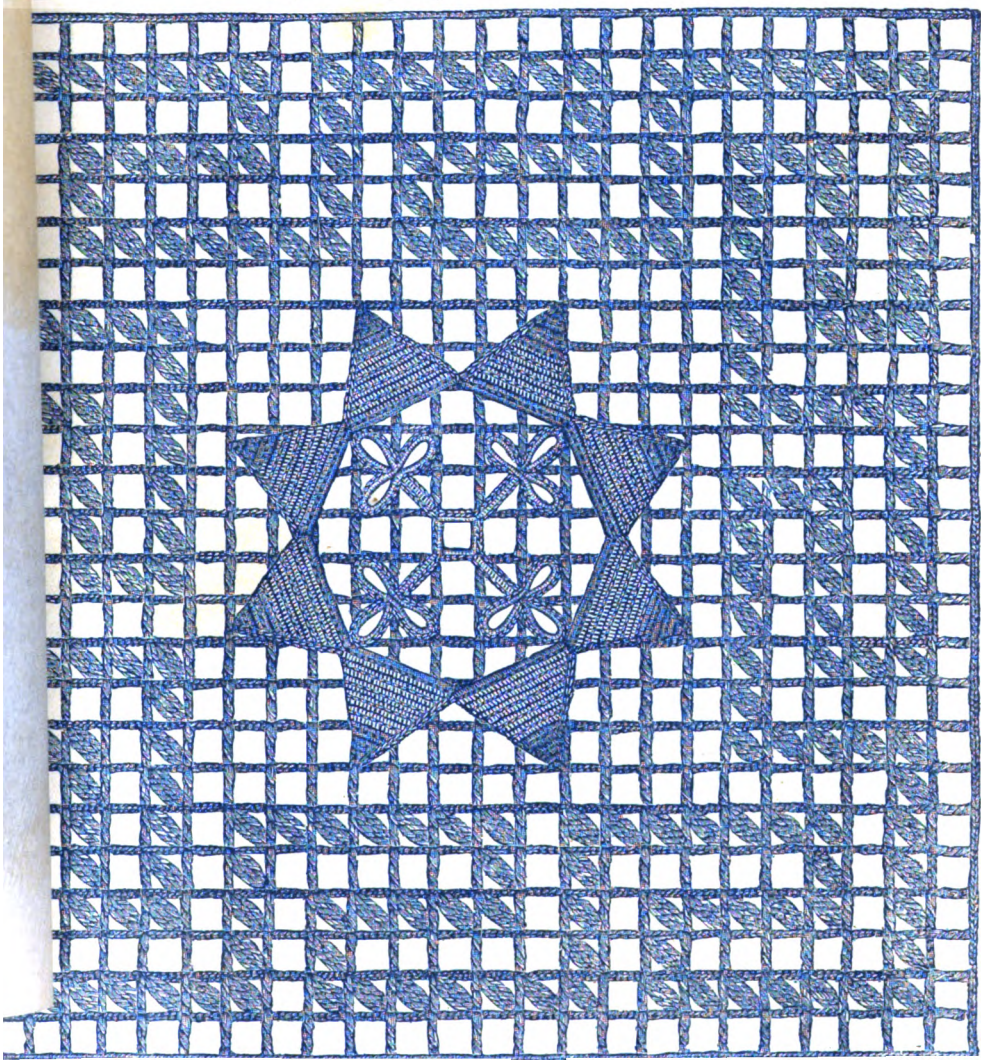
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CHARITY CHILD.

SONG.

WORDS AND MUSIC

By Dr. CHARLES P. UHLE.

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1. Well do I re-mem-ber the day, Though now 'tis for
2. Out in this wide world left all a-lone, To beg for

man-y a year, When they took my as
shel-ter and bread, Oft-en I feel as

mo-ther a-way, And left me lone-ly here.
ach-ing heart, And wish that I were dead.

CHARITY CHILD.

She was good and kind cares to me, And all the
Life is full of

friend I knew, Now they call me char-i-ty
sor rows, too, For I'm on ly char-i-ty's

child, As life I wan-der through.
child, As life I wan-der through.

3. Mother dear, why did you die
And go away from me?
Leaving me here a motherless one,
A child of charity?
Would this weary life was done
And I was in my grave,
I am tired of wandering here
I'm worse than any slave.

COIFFURES.

FOR LITTLE GIRLS FROM SIX TO TEN YEARS OLD.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXXII—NO. 491.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1871.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

BY MARION HARLAND.

PART IV.

"My objection should commend itself to your common sense, Estelle. I have not hitherto opposed your frequent visits to your parents, ill-advised as I have thought the intimacy was. When they have returned these at such times as I was at home, I have received them politely. In their absence, I have refrained scrupulously from critical remarks with regard to their social standing, their manners, or aught else that might wound you. I leave it to your conscience to say whether you have been as forbearing in your strictures upon my friends."

"You have had no cause of complaint." The wife's eyes flashed and her lips trembled. "My relatives have behaved towards you with respect I have often thought was exaggerated and unwarranted, even by what you are pleased to call the 'bottomless gulf lying between you and them.' While, from the day I was married until now, I have been reminded, in every imaginable way and at all times, that I was an alien in your family and circle of acquaintances. Your father scarcely notices me at all, your mother patronizes and advises me as she might a half-witted savage, your sisters are censorious, your brothers carelessly familiar as to a promoted chambermaid; but the same feeling moves them all."

"You are choice in your use of terms," interrupted the husband.

"The thing I describe is more offensive than my language," was the retort. "It is spite—low, ignoble, malicious! Your relatives resented your marriage with a woman of inferior caste as a blot upon your family record, and they will never forgive me for having attracted you on to your degradation and theirs. They have not tried to hide this from me. They have published the existence of it to their associates, who have taken the key-note from them readily enough. These accept invitations to

the house bought and furnished by Peter Wells, drink wines and eat dainties paid for with the marriage-portion Peter Wells gave his daughter, because she is Guy Stuyvesant's wife. They compromise the question of the deviation from aristocratic usage by insolent neglect of, or disgraceful condescension to their hostess. Talk of gentle breeding! My father is a truer gentleman at heart than any I have met in the exalted sphere where I am barely tolerated, and he is unrepresentable."

Guy laughed contemptuously, seemingly unmoved by the torrent of invective.

"Having, as usual, talked yourself into a breathless heat, you have only come around to the point from which I started. Honest Peter, although a worthy man in his way, is *not* presentable in court circles. He puts the king's English to a violent death in every sentence, and is utterly ignorant of the alphabet of polite etiquette. At this party he would be ill at ease, and my friends would have a right to feel affronted at having his acquaintanceship forced upon them. Your mother would get along better, for she dresses in tolerable taste, and speaks correctly. But she lacks the unmistakable stamp of thorough breeding, and is, moreover, as well known as the whilome factory-girl, as your father is for the fat machinist, who may be seen, any day, riding about town on the spring seat of one of his ponderous wagons, chatting familiarly with his driver. You may wish to ignore these things, but others have not your reasons of desiring forgetfulness. These stormy scenes are in bad taste. I have borne with them the more patiently on account of your antecedents. I had hoped that, despite these, you would gradually tone down to the style of your present associates. Altercation is vulgar and useless. I will have none of it in the house of which I am master. That I *am* master here, you will do well to remember."

"You threaten me, then!"

No man of sense and acuteness would have

pressed her further without apprehension of open revolt, after looking in her face, and hearing the indignant disdain breaking up through her voice.

"Threats are undignified and dangerous. I merely assert my rights, and define your position."

"My position! No slave was ever more oppressed! no beggar more helpless!" cried Estelle, bursting into tears. "I wish I were either! I wish I had died before I sold myself to you! I have lost everything that was dear and lovely—and gained what?"

Guy walked out of the apartment without a word; and she heard him, in the lulls of her passionate weeping, knocking about the balls in the billiard-room, humming, meanwhile, an opera air in a high falsetto, always unpleasant to her musical ear, which now rasped her nerves to rawness.

Without a tithe of his father's talents or moral probity, he had a will as stubborn, a sense of his self-importance as strong, as was possessed by the pompous Congressman. For the senior Stuyvesant had gained his election, although unsupported by the wealthy "vulgarian." In this one thing Peter had stood firm, was proof against the insinuating arts of his daughter's suitor and his wife's more direct appeals.

"I'll vote the way my conscience leads me," he asserted, sturdily. "I don't like Stuyvesant's politics no better than I do his blood."

The Stuyvesant interest and Stuyvesant money were more potent in other quarters, and he was returned an "Honorable" by a small majority. Family bickerings might be tabooed in the patrician code, but a cherished spite was not. The distinguished tribe never forgot or forgave the obduracy of the low-born man to whom they had stooped in vain. They were likewise bitterly chagrined at Guy's engagement to Estelle Wells, which he announced by letter to his parents during their first winter in Washington.

"Finding I had wasted my efforts to serve my father," he wrote to his mother, "it occurred to me to undertake a little speculation on my own private account. You have seen the young lady, and that she will not disgrace Lady Stuyvesant's *salon*, even in the metropolis. *Au resto*, there are not ten richer men in the city than her father, whose habit is, moreover, apoplectic. I do not expect to be overwhelmed with parental and sisterly benedictions upon the occasion of my nuptials. I have too much confidence in your worldly wisdom not to feel confident that you will appreciate the solid advantages of this alliance to your too-often impecunious son."

"A cool, young rascal!" growled the august father, yet already half-appeased by the arguments adduced by his eldest hope in support of his choice.

And coolly Guy went through his part of the

performances from betrothment to ceremony; receiving his mother's and sisters' tearful exhortations, his brothers' sneers, his acquaintances' wondering comments as philosophically as he viewed his prospective mamma-in-law's ill-suppressed exultation, Peter's real despondency at the prospect of his daughter's marriage, and Estelle's moods, varying from the wildest gaiety to uncontrollable gloom.

No one but Mrs. Wells ever guessed at the trials, the conflicts, the labors, and discouragements that beset the manoeuvring parent throughout that betrothal season. Perhaps she did not then apprehend clearly the fact that she drove her child into this union as surely as the priests of old dragged the garlanded heifer to the altar steps. She never said: "You shall marry this man, and cast from you the memory of him your heart would have selected." She merely made it seem so far expedient that she should adopt this course, that it was next to impossible for her to break the net of circumstances and sophistical reasoning. And in all this she honestly believed she was serving her child. I have seen the like process carried on to a similar result by other loving mothers—Christian women, exemplars to the rest of their sex in their day and generation. In proportion to the docility and filial piety of the daughter, is the danger that the promptings of her heart and judgment will be thus overruled. "Mother knows best" is a safe dictum for the nursery. There may come a time in the woman's life when, in this, she should put away childish things. The attachment between this mother and child had been peculiarly sweet and strong. Mrs. Wells had found in it her chief solace and encouragement in her weary travel fashionward. It was the main lever in the accomplishment of her masterpiece. Never had she been more fond, never more watchful, never more ingenious in the invention of diversions from serious thought than during the three months separating the betrothal from the nuptials; never before so lavish of caresses and of money. Estelle's *trousseau*; the elegant establishment, furnished from basement to attic in accordance with the young couple's taste; the handsome carriage and horses, which were among the father's wedding gifts; the princely dowry settled upon her beyond recall were the town-talk.

Peter's compeers shook doubtful heads over the relinquishment into the hands of a notorious rake and spendthrift of so generous a share of his well-earned wealth. Guy's associates congratulated him upon his successful cast into the uncertain waters of Fortune, and nearly every one in both sets understood perfectly that the match was entirely one of convenience—a regular barter of social advantages for those money alone could buy. A whisper crept through the community, originating with the clerks in Mr. Wells' employ, that he had

never looked so grave over any other cheques as over the many and heavy ones he drew in those days, payable to his wife's order. He was not an avaricious man, commented the newsmongers, but the most generous architect of his own fortune must feel a twinge at seeing his gains melting away like spring snow in the blaze of the prosperity suddenly shed from the aristocratic firmament upon his humble house. He was shrewd enough to foresee, went on the ale, that young Stuyvesant's easily-gotten riches would be many-winged, and fly in all directions. If these were the misgivings that beset thrifty Peter's soul, he kept them to himself, with other thoughts that shadowed his rubicund face with anxiety, made him more shy than ever of trying to "put things into words." He was taciturn, even with his lately-admitted junior partner, who had a desk in his principal's private office. Charley Burt never complained of this reserve; never mentioned to his mother—the only confidante of his illated love—how often, when the two were together with no observers near, he felt the grave eyes of his old friend fixed upon him with exceeding tenderness of sympathy, with longing and regret. He understood, and so did she, why Mr. Wells made an errand abroad for his confidential agent a month before Estelle's wedding day. Charley kept all his life the letter that followed him to Birmingham.

"I have it in my mind to give you a long holiday," wrote Peter, with his own hand. "Arthur's yere at the Germain colldge is up, and he wrights me he feels to want to travel further yet. He woud like to go to Egypt and he holey land, he says. He's pretty stiddy, but I should be better satisfide if he had someoddy to keep him companny. Won't you bleege me by going along? I ain't got but he one boy"—(he had written "child," and erased it, Charley noticed, with a swelling heart, noting that the letter was dated the day after Estelle's marriage.) "I ain't got but the one boy left, you see, and I had ought to talk good care on him. I can trust him to you. You two was alwayse frends, and the trip will do you good, my dear feller. I have wrote to Arthur to draw on me for traveling expences or as much as he needs. Pleas except the inlosed as a trifling presint from a frend who vill alwayse wish you hapiness. God bless you!"

You may be sure that Mrs. Wells had no suspicions of this letter or the accompanying cheque. She was too deeply absorbed in the contemplation of her own consequence as the mother of Mrs. Guy Stuyvesant, Jr., to waste any thoughts about the absent "ineligible;" too busy laying plans for the winter campaign to be seeking out medicine for the wounded spirit of the grocer's son.

"It is quite a part of a young gentleman's education in this day to make the grand tour

of Europe and the East," she was fond of remarking to the "best people" on her visiting-list. "My son has made a speciality of modern languages during his residence in Heidelberg with a view to this end. And we have sent out a young man—a *protégé* of his, who is a most trustworthy and intelligent person—to act as his business agent and *compagnon de voyage*. I long to have you see my son, my dear Mrs. De la Crème. I have been most happy in both my children; have known the sweetest of a mother's joys, with few of a mother's sorrows."

All this, while she was nearly sure the person she addressed would laugh her, her pretensions to intimacy with herself, and her sentimentality to scorn the moment her back was turned.

"I cannot afford to be thin-skinned," she reasoned, within herself. "If I tell these people often enough how worthy I and my children are to consort with them, they may believe me in time."

Her courage had revived since she confessed to Estelle, with shame of heart and face, her conviction that she could never move in line with the elect of fortune. Elate with her success at achieving an alliance with the "proudest Howard" among them, she became what Mrs. Stuyvesant privately characterized to her daughters as "audacious." She would enter the Paradise of her riper years—Society—in her daughter's train. The first blow to these anticipations was unlooked for and, for the time, stunning. Mrs. Guy Stuyvesant, Sr., made a feast to her lords and ladies, yecept a "reception" for the bridal pair on their return from their honeymoon trip, and pointedly omitted each and all of the bride's relatives from the number of her chosen ones.

"I fear your wife will be wounded," she said to her son. "*Mais ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. We must begin as we mean to go on. If we lift the flood-gates now, we may find it difficult to close them when we would. And you *cannot*"—imploringly—"you certainly do not expect us to adopt *all* these people!"

"By no means." Guy twirled his moustache. "It is the last thing I should desire, nor do I suppose Estelle will care a straw about it. If she is wounded, she must get over it as best she can. I am as anxious to shake off the connection as you can be. The sooner Mamma Wells and Auntie Clark learn their proper place, the better."

Estelle did not care how early or how severe was the lesson to her aunt, but the open slight to her mother stung her acutely; was the cause of the first "scene" between herself and her husband. She had been flattered by Guy Stuyvesant's offer; dazzled by the brilliant prospect it opened to her; pleasantly bewildered by her elevation above the heads of her family asso-

clates. She had not dared to question her heart as to her feelings for Charley Burt. Since she could not marry him, she resolutely put away his image from her thoughts, and as resolutely endeavored to prefer the man she wedded, to all others. Her eyes were open to the incongruity in many of their tastes and views, but she honestly believed that he loved her, and was hopeful of moulding him according to her wishes by means of that affection. In other circumstances, she would have been too proud to sue for such a boon, even at his hands. But she knew how confidently her mother expected to attend this reception; that the dress she was to wear—a magnificent black velvet with diamonds—was already determined upon; knew how much her appearance in Mrs. Stuyvesant's drawing-room as an invited guest signified to the cousin of Guy's *ex-avant* nurse; and the daughter's heart recoiled with pain and pity at thought of her disappointment when the invitations had been issued for some days, and Mrs. Wells had received none. In her distress, Estelle begged her six-weeks old lord to ask his mother for a card for hers; when he evaded her importunities, and then demurred openly, was so unwise as to insist warmly.

"I really think it is due to me," she said. "I shall regard the neglect as a personal insult, and show Mrs. Stuyvesant that I do."

"This is sheer folly and bluster, Estelle," returned the bridegroom, but with no show of temper. "In all matters of social etiquette, my mother is, of course, a better judge than yourself. There must be no appeal from her decision; no disregard of her advice. You will learn this in time."

Apparently it was a hard lesson, or Estelle was an unwilling scholar. A year after her marriage, there was born to her a son, and it was with reference to what guests should be asked to the christening party that her opposition to the Stuyvesant ostracism arose to a hotter height than she had before betrayed. Guy's complaisance with regard to the baby's name had encouraged her to hope for other things than his absolute command that neither of her parents should be invited to witness the ceremony, or to participate in the subsequent festivities.

When the aristocratic scion was but three weeks old, Mr. Wells dropped in late one Sunday afternoon to see his daughter. She lay on the sofa in her dressing-room, playing with the babe on her arm, the fashionable nurse having so far relaxed her rules as to leave him in her charge for half an hour. Big Peter kissed mother and child without speaking, and sitting down beside the couch, watched them for a few minutes, still in silence, hearkening to the baby *patois*, falling from the happy parent's tongue, reminding him more of his merry old-time pet—always his darling—than anything else he had heard or seen in her since he mutely

answered the query, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

By and by, he said, abruptly: "Have you had any thought of calling him 'Clarence'?"

"I have not. The name is not yet decided upon," was the reply.

"I wish it could be so," continued Peter, hurriedly, looking away from her as he spoke, a trick he had when strongly moved. "I've jest been out *there*. Maybe you've never mistrusted that I went there always on Sundays. It kinder helps things along when the world drags heavy on me. You'll understand what I mean better now you've got one of your own. *He*"—nodding at the baby—"looks some like the other. But, of course, you must do jest what your husband says about it, as about everything else. That's the safest rule for a wife in these 'ere matters. He's got a better right nor me to say what shall be. It was only a notion I had, seeing you and the baby here together so comfortable, and thinking to myself how I used to enjoy the little chap that's gone. I dare say I hadn't ought to a'spoke of it."

Estelle, thinking in her turn over by-gone days, and reviewing this little incident in the Sabbath evening, after her father had gone, and the boy been retaken by the nurse, was touched to tears in the remembrance, and took heart, when her husband came in to say "good-night," to express her desire that the child should bear her dead brother's name, enforcing her petition by an account of her father's agitation, and the words that had so wrought upon her sensibilities.

Guy mused, his wife fancied, tenderly as gravely.

"It's a nice enough name," was his conclusion. "And it might be a neat investment for the monkey. On the whole, you may as well tell your father that he has named his first grandson. We ought to be thankful he did not suggest 'Peter Wells,' instead."

The first returns from the "investment" were a gold cup, salver and ladle; knife, fork, spoon, and napkin-ring, marked with the child's name in full, from Mrs. Wells, and an envelope directed to him by his grandfather, containing certificates of bank stock to the amount of ten thousand dollars.

"Very handsomely done," said Guy, in looking them over.

"My father and mother are niggardly in nothing," replied Estelle, "with pride reflecting, as she said it, upon certain parsimonious propensities she had detected in Stuyvesant *père* and *mère*."

It seemed after this munificence, an exhibition of monstrous ingratitude to exclude her generous relatives from her house. She considered, and did not hesitate to say, that they, above all others, had earned the right to appear as her honored guests. She battled to gain the

point as she had never fought before, only to suffer a signal defeat. She had been assisted by her mother in the arrangement for the *fête*. Mrs. Wells had presented the christening-robe, and gone with her daughter to the confectioner's and florist's to order the supper and flowers.

"You were indiscreet," observed Guy, when she stated this. "I have often expressed the desire that you would choose some more suitable companion and adviser in these expeditions. My mother or Maude are fitter to direct your taste. But since the thing is done, you, not I, must bear the consequences of your imprudence."

He was angered by her entreaties, and her intemperate charges against his nearest of kin, but he would not imitate her want of taste by flying into a passion, especially as he was the victor in the conflict of wills. She had had her quietus and her final orders. He hoped the impervious Wellses would be taught by this sharp hint the difference between rank and money. He had no fear of disinheritance before his eyes. He had seen far enough into Peter's character to be assured that no amount of neglect and ill-usage could rob his daughter of her place in his heart. He knew, moreover, through Estelle, from whom her mother had no secrets, that Mr. Wells had already made his will, dividing his immense property into three equal parts, one of which was bequeathed to his first-born, while his wife's third was hers in fee-simple, and would probably at her decease be added to her favorite's portion. Guy, Jr., had lined his nest with softest and thickest down in espousing the pretty plebeian, but that was no reason why eagles should, as a rule, consort with elder-ducks. He was not imaginative, and he put it in different language.

"Hang it!" he muttered, poisoning his cue in scientific style for a "fancy shot" in his solitary billiard practice. "They are not our sort, and I won't have them forever hanging around. A man's wife should take his rank, and this cannot be while she is hampered with a horde of objectionable kinspeople. That Wells woman makes herself altogether too much at home in my house. It sets Madame *Mère's* teeth on edge to meet her. She was badgering me about it yesterday, and the girls vow they will cut her dead the next time they are brought together here, or anywhere else. If Estelle were not so deucedly sensitive, she would see that I mean to spare her pain, and her friends open insult."

Not being imaginative, as I have said, it never occurred to him in this benevolent soliloquy, or afterward, that his wife would resist the imperial ukase. He did not care how ungently the news of her banishment was broken to Mrs. Wells, provided he were annoyed with no more "scenes;" nor how awkwardly painful the task was to Estelle. His part of the

business was accomplished. The details were for her to manage. Yet, in his careless, ease-loving soul, he was relieved that Estelle did not again refer to the subject, and that she had managed to get the revelation over with her mother without offending her; for Mrs. Wells spent the forenoon of the important day with her daughter, discussing with her the preliminaries of the evening's exhibition. Study the proprieties, and school herself in them as she might, poor Ellie had not yet learned to submit the duty of "entertaining" philosophically to fate and trained servants. Guy inwardly swore at her as "fussy," hearing her talk and queries during luncheon, yet treated her more graciously than he generally did.

"She's a sensible woman, after all. She accepts the situation," he thought, noting her cheerful face as she kissed her daughter at leaving. "Estelle overrated her expectations, or her sensibility. These people are used to hard knocks, and being kept under."

Master Clarence's gifts—numerous and costly—were set in array in the rear room of the suite, and when Estelle came down stairs, dressed to receive her guests, she found her husband inspecting them. He smiled disagreeably in looking up at her.

"You are officious in advertising the fact that honest Peter is *père aux cœurs*. There will be but one opinion as to the taste of this display among the people you have invited for this evening. I call this a sort of 'Brumma-gem' arrangement."

Under a glass shade in the centre of the table were the certificates of bank stock set to the credit of Clarence Stuyvesant, with Peter Wells' card laid conspicuously upon them, and next this was Mrs. Wells' present of plate.

"It is customary to place the handsomest presents in a conspicuous position," rejoined Estelle, dryly, and—whether intentionally or not, her husband could not determine—her eye wandered to the corner on which stood a plain silver pap-cup, bearing the Stuyvesant crest, and accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant's card.

Guy liked neither the glance nor her manner, which was coldly, defiant.

"If there were time, I should insist upon a different arrangement of these things," he said, severely. "Your polite design cannot be misunderstood by my friends."

"As you like. It is immaterial to me what place is occupied by my friends' gifts. The spectators will classify them for themselves."

The dispute was arrested by the first ring announcing an arrival; and, three minutes later, the well-mated pair were welcoming their guests with sunny smiles and suave speech, apparently upon as amiable terms with one another as with Fortune.

The Stringhams, haughty and shabby; General Monekton, wife, and daughter, distin-

guished English tourists; the Stuyvesants in great force in honor of the christening of a member of the royal family, and their guest, the daughter of an ex-Secretary; the bishop of the diocese and his stately spouse, who was a blood-relation of Mrs. Stuyvesant; honorables not a few and judges many—all *notabilia* in society and State—poured into the elegant rooms, and were received by the *debonair* host and his beautiful wife, who looked like a princess in her white silk dress and tiara of diamonds. The parlors were three-quarters full, when the crowd about the door parted somewhat widely to allow the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wells!

Guy plumed himself upon his imperturbability in situations that would unhinge most men's nerves and tempers; but his wife heard him draw in his breath hissing, with an execration uttered too low for any other ears, before the new-comers were near enough to be saluted. Then he bowed over his mother-in-law's hand with his wonted grace of ceremony before joining his slender fingers to honest Peter's big, stubby ones, that looked like tightly-stuffed sausages in white kid cases. He understood it all in a flash of thought and memory. His wife was in open revolt, and in the blindness of rebellion she had made her parents the unconscious instruments of her revenge and his discomfiture. The scheme was artful in conception and execution. While he and she lived, he would never forget or forgive the deception and the humiliation. This was the hour of her triumph, for which she should pay dearly. The devil within him was slow, but a deep and vindictive one, as some of his own blood and certain of his early associates had cause to know. Estelle had aroused it in all its might, and it would not be laid easily or soon. It was rampant under the decorous crust of serious attention, as he stood, side by side, with his boy's mother, and listened to the solemn vows dictated by the right reverend to the sponsors, relative to the renunciation on the child's behalf of "the devil and all his works; the vain glory and pomp of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the sinful desires of the flesh."

For did not the name given in baptism recall his acquiescence in a vulgarian's whim and the *ruse* by which his wife had won this? His rule had been too mild. He had been willing to behave to her as a gentlewoman should be treated, but the coarser blood could only be controlled by stringent measures. From this night he would forbid absolutely, and upon penalty of his severest displeasure, all intercourse between herself and her parents. She must be brought into subjection, and be kept there.

Mrs. Wells was in high feather this evening; less inclined than usual to discern slights she yet dared not notice, more certain of her foothold upon the slippery steps of social promo-

tion. Several amiable or money-worshipping guests complimented her upon the taste and munificence of her offerings and her husband's to the infant heir; and Estelle kept her near her most of the time, introducing her right and left with a freedom that startled the mother, until she set it down to the fullness of her child's love for her. The child, who had, at last, unlocked the golden door leading to the really "best circles," brought to her in this hour of glad exaltation fruition and content. She could have fallen down and worshipped her where she stood, the fairest in that assembly of fair patricians—the diamonds, her father's bridal present, set like a crown of glory upon her forehead. In the delirium of her joy Mrs. Wells forgot her husband, until she felt his tug upon her sleeve.

"I ain't feeling just right to-night, Ellie," he said, in a loud whisper. "These rooms is powerful hot, and so perfumery like I can't get my breath. My head has ached all day, and I am downright sleepy. I guess I'll take myself off quiet-like, and get home and to bed."

"The best thing you could do," answered the excellent wife, promptly. "You need not press through the crowd in the hall. Go into the conservatory, and so out to the back gate. You know the way?"

"Yes," said Peter, looking stupid, nevertheless. "You'll say 'good-night' to Stelly and the rest on 'em for me, won't you?"

Mrs. Wells reddened at seeing a young lady in front of her put up her bouquet to hide a smile, also that Mrs. Stuyvesant was near enough to overhear what was said.

"I will make it all right with Estelle. She is too much engaged to miss you. If you take the carriage, don't forget to send it back for me. But the night is so pleasant, perhaps the walk may do your head good."

By dint of patient steering, Peter escaped into the small but pretty conservatory lying back of the state apartments. The air was deliciously fresh in comparison with the reek of Parisian extracts in the steam-heated parlors, and he felt strangely giddy and tired.

"My brain's fairly wore out with looking over accounts these two days," he said to himself. "There's where I miss Charley again. I may's well rest a bit here and listen to the music before I start for home; it's kinder peaceful and pleasant."

He stooped over the tinkling fountain in the middle of the room, and bathed his face; dried it in his pocket-handkerchief, mopping and rubbing his temples hard; and, espying a lounge at the far end of the vista of flowering shrubs, put aside their branches and the vine-streamers depending from the glass roof very tenderly, as he handled all delicate and helpless things, and sidled down the narrow aisle to this resting-place. Several pairs of volatile young

people, straying in thither, saw him sleeping soundly on the rustic sofa, in the course of the evening, and, hearing his heavy snore, made very merry over his supposed semi-intoxication; while the story of the message he had left for "Stelly and all on 'em" went the rounds of the room, gaining as it circled swiftly from group to group.

"Guy," said his mother, as he was passing her after supper, "can I have a word with you?" She lifted her fan between herself and the crowd to unruffle her hasty speech. "Your sisters and I are going home. The mortifications of this evening have been too much for my nerves. How could you suffer your wife to invite those odious parents of hers, and actually force them upon your friends? I never witnessed a more unseemly exhibition. Not even your position can withstand the injurious effects of such behavior. She actually asked *General Monckton* to take her mother in to supper! I thought I should faint when I saw him with that factory creature on his arm. I cannot answer for the consequences unless you have the firmness to lop off these very objectionable parasites."

"You cannot be more chagrined than I am," rejoined Guy. "Imperatively forbade Estelle to invite these people. She has deceived as well as disobeyed me. But it will not happen again. I flatter myself you will have no cause after to-night to complain of the continued intimacy between the Stuyvesant and the Wells families."

He moved forward to the side of a dashing belle, bending to her ear with a smiling compliment; and Mrs. Stuyvesant left her stand by the mantle, giving a chance of escape to Mrs. Wells, who had been cornered by the expansive person of the *grande dame*. Staying not upon the order of her going, she glided up to the dressing-room, hastily assumed her wrappings, and taking a last advantage of her familiarity with the ways of the house, bought and furnished with her husband's money, passed softly through the adjoining chamber to the nursery, where the babe lay asleep. It was a bitter moment, that in which Ellen Wells bowed over her daughter's child, feeling that she said "Farewell" to him and his mother together; a bitter tear she dashed away in time to hinder it from falling upon his cheek. To her justice, love was stronger just then than pride. The mother's soul was up in arms to protect her daughter from her husband's anger and the disdain of his supercilious kindred; yearning to take her and her nursing back to the home in which she had never received an unkind word; the home of which she was the life and pride; the home to which she was never to come again unless by stealth.

"My darling! my darling! If I had but kept her with me! I have made her wretched or life! Heaven forgive me!"

The stairs were full as she went down, but she looked at no one; went right on with a pale, proud face, very unlike the smiling visage she had worn all the evening; on past the white-cravatted, white-gloved youths lounging in the hall watching the departures; down the marble steps, remembering as she trod them that her husband had paid for them and the mansion to which they were the noble entrance; to her carriage; and so to her own house. The house in which she was the beloved and honored mistress; still the indulged idol of a loving husband—not an incumbance taken to his arms for the sake of her wealth; not a chattel of which he was half-ashamed, one to be schooled, and bullied, and deprived of all she best loved or most desired.

"My husband would not have allowed any one, not even his mother, to speak of me as that man spoke of my poor child. He would defend me to the last beat of his brave, loyal heart. God bless him!"

With the thankfulness, came a rush of salt, sweet tears; grief for the helpless, misused wife she had left in the tyrant's hands; gratitude for her own estate, so blessed in comparison.

When the last guest had gone, Guy stalked up and down the parlors in gloomy silence, while his wife directed the packing of the christening-gifts in a huge hamper. As this was borne up stairs by two servants, her husband pushed a chair toward her with his foot with such needless violence that it struck a mosaic-topped table, and both went over with a crash. The stand had been sent to Estelle from Italy by Arthur, and she sprang forward to pick it up. Guy kicked it across the room, and grasped her arm.

"You and I have an account to settle before you look after gimcracks. Sit down."

She looked him straight in the eyes, surprised, but undaunted.

"You have taken too much wine, Guy. We will postpone our talk until to-morrow, if you please."

He swore at her; an oath as loud and coarse as if it had fallen from a coal-heaver's lips.

"We'll have it out now, once and for all! How dared you ask your low-born, low-lived father and mother to my house, to insult my family and friends when I had ordered you not to do it?"

"Because I chose to offend you rather than wound them," Estelle said, distinctly. "You cannot force me to give up my parents. I will cling to them and love them while I live; love them in proportion to the contempt I feel for those whose pride of name and station would set husband against wife; make me as miserable as my girl-life was happy. This is your answer. Now, will you let me go?"

He had held her tightly all this time, glaring at her in dumb fury, and now maddened by

wine and passion, shook her as he might an insolent street boy.

"None of that, young man!" came in strange, gurgling accents from the conservatory-door, and Peter Wells staggered forward.

His face was purple, his eyes livid, his whole appearance so unnatural that Estelle cried out at the sight.

"Papa, don't come in here! You can do no good!"

"I ain't sure of that," still chokingly in the voice she did not know. "I allers said I'd kill the man that ill-treated you, and I'll do it if he lays finger on you again."

"I'll kick you out of the house if you come a step nearer!" retorted Guy.

Estelle threw herself between them. "Papa, dearest, if you love me, go away! You cannot help me! I am married to him remember."

"That's the worst of it!" Peter sank upon a chair, and put his head between his hands. "My little Stelly! my pretty, cunning baby! Yes, she's married to him."

The crouching figure lurched forward, and came heavily to the floor. Estelle's screams brought the terrified servants in a body to the room. They turned him over, his face to the light. The dark-red flush still flooded his temples; his eyes were closed; his lips fluttered once, twice, thrice, to let out the life—then all was still.

"Everybody has expected this great while that he'd go off in a fit of apoplexy," said Mrs. Clark, paying a visit of condolence, a few days after the funeral. "But, of course, though 'twas to be and couldn't be helped, it must have been a shock to you, Ellie. But he's left you well off, and you did your duty by him while he was alive, and afflictions come to all. You'll go to live with Estelle now, I suppose?"

The mourner shook her head.

"You don't say! I supposed that would be just what you wanted, and Estelle, too!" turning to her niece, who, dressed in deep black, sat by her mother's bed.

"Arthur will be home next week, Aunt Fanny. Mamma has something to live for yet."

A year later, Aunt Fanny was impelled by another bit of family news to pay a visit of ceremony to her sister.

"It's true, is it, that Arthur's going to marry young Burt's sister?" I said how 'twould be when I heard they'd gone into business together, Burt and Arthur. How does Estelle take it? And what do the Stuyvesants say? Why, somebody told me one of those girls was setting her cap at him."

"My boy has chosen well," returned Mrs. Wells. "Annie Burt is a noble, lovely woman, well educated, and refined."

"But how about the old grocer?"

"True nobility does not consist in what men call blood and rank, Fanny."

Fanny hitched her chair nearer, and broke in eagerly:—

"If you say *that*, I needn't mind telling you how people talk about Estelle and her husband. They say he's making ducks and drakes of her money, and is unkind to her besides. Some have reported that he wouldn't let her come to see you, and the town cried out shame because not one of the Stuyvesants, except him, attended poor Peter's funeral, rich and respected as he was. So I contradicted that about Estelle's not visiting you, for I said I'd met her here often, but never him, and how dreadfully she looks, to be sure. I never saw anybody break equal to her since she was married. I should think it would worry you."

"We will not discuss public gossip, if you please, Fanny," said Mrs. Wells, with mild dignity, "especially when the subject is my daughter. She is a dear and dutiful child."

But when the busy-tongued meddler had gone, the mother cast herself down to weep with a low, long cry, as from a heart over-loaded to breaking. And this was what she said:—

"They that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind."

VIOLET AND PANSY. A MODERN BALLAD.

BY ESPT.

I.

BESIDE a blue-eyed Violet sprung
A little purple flower,
That o'er her bent to shade from sun,
To shield her from the shower.
It looked down on its charge in pride,
She raised her eyes above;
Asked Violet to be his bride,
Was answered with her love.
And storm and sunshine came and went,
Fair Violet his bride,
While o'er her faithful still he bent,
And shielded her in pride.
And when at length a whirlwind came
To sunder their sweet lot,
She whispered: "I am still the same!"
And he: "Forget me not!"

II.

BESIDE a blue-eyed Maiden grew
A noble youth, and strong,
That o'er her watched in earnest true
To shield her from all wrong.
He looked down on his charge in pride,
She looked to him above;
He asked her then to be his bride,
She answered with her love.
Life's storm and sunshine came and went,
They met both side by side,
While o'er each heart the other bent,
Each shielding its own pride.
And when at last Death's whirlwind came
To sunder their sweet lot,
She murmured: "I am still the same!"
And he: "Forget me not!"

PEGGING AWAY.

ONE of the most useful bits of knowledge to which men and women can attain is the knowledge of their own powers, with the corollary of "pegging away" when they do know them. It is of no use to try and till the rocks, nor to dig for minerals in sea sand, nor to aim at clouds and expect to bring them down fluttering like wild birds; it is of no use persisting in trying things for which we have no real capacity, for the sole result of loss of time and disappointed hopes. Yet how many men we see who will go on trying again and again at that which every one else knows is certain failure. Their persistence may have a touch of the sublime in it, assuredly it has more than a touch of the tragic; but it is sublime only in accordance with the degree of nearness to which they reach success. When they are always far off, never in any way nearer success than they are to the clouds, then it is quite the reverse of sublime; unless that familiar image of cutting one's own throat by swimming against the stream is to be taken as an emblem of the moral grandeur lying in the persistency of seeking failure. But when the powers are equal to the task, and the failure hitherto has come from removable circumstances, then if you like, persist and "peg away," till you have dug down the obstructive heap, and have come to the glistening core of gold within. Nothing is so sure as a wise, strong-hearted, clear-headed constancy, whether in work or plan of life, whether in love for another or in reliance on oneself; and Bruce's spider—that much-enduring beast who bears, like a second Atlas, the weight of the world of "Try" on his back—may once again be pressed into the service of illustration, and be made the peg on which to hang this shred of our subject. Failure again and again, if one can see the cause, and the cause is remediable, ought never to dishearten. Say, you have it in you to do a certain thing, you may not hit the right method at first, neither at the first nor at the twentieth time of trying; but the twenty-first? If all these failures have been lessons wherein you have studied causes, and if you have got to know the great reason why, and understand it from end to end, then try again till you have succeeded, for you must ultimately succeed. The divine impulse must have its *error*; the spirit of the thing within you must eat its way out of the obstructive envelope that now keeps it back; and the chrysalis will one day emerge the winged and perfected butterfly—the deed fairly and finally accomplished. Was not the Kingdom of Heaven itself once obtained by much importunity? and, persisting in spiritual endeavor, however cold and dark the soul may be at times; however much the endeavor may seem a failure, is yet the surest way of coming into spiritual light at last.

Take again the question of slander. Well! if on the one hand you "peg away" at saying evil things of your neighbor, no matter whether they are true or false, you will get some of them believed by virtue of constant iteration, on the principle of throwing plenty of mud when some will stick; but people unfortunately do not want to be taught how to injure their fellow creatures. Some things come by nature, and slander is one of them. If, on the other hand—and this would be the right hand—you are slandered, what you have to do is to live it down, and make your "pegging away" a passive quality in place of an active one, which would alter only its syntax, not its sense. If you let yourself be beaten from your position; if you are timid, oppressed, and have no hold on your own self-respect; if you feel more pain than power, you are done for, and your enemies have got their feet on you, and you know nothing of the value of "pegging away;" nothing of the dignity of self-respect, and the vitality of that same process of living it down; and as we all are hardly handled by our friends at times, by our enemies always, so soon as we are out of hearing, as we all have vulnerable spots where we can be struck, and weak places in our armor where poisoned shafts can penetrate, the art of quietly standing one's ground, and picking out the shafts as they fall; the faculty of living down ill-natured attacks, and going right through the burning fire of evil reports, is a great one, with the blessed result of peace and a good name in the end, if, indeed, one's little flame of life does not get snuffed out before that end comes.

If constancy in endeavor is good in anything, it is good in work. Of all circumstances in which that unwearied uniformity of energy which our heading expresses is of value, work—the thing we have to do, the active object of our existence, and its end maybe—is that in which we should "keep pegging away" without fainting or flagging. All snatch work is sure to be bad; and things done only at intervals and laid aside for idleness, pleasure, or novelty, are never worth even the small amount of pains bestowed on them. This is more than half the reason why women's work is not as a rule equal to man's. It is fitful work, rarely done with the constancy of a man's work; work taken up on occasion, when the fit is on them, and they are not otherwise amused or employed; but it is not taken up and carried on against all incitements to change, all obstacles, all hindrances, as men are obliged to do with their work. Yet, until women learn this, men will carry the flag, and they will have only the cold comfort of marching behind. Here and there, of course, we find a woman who works with this visible persistency, but only here and there; and when we find her, we find her—granting the qualities necessary—successful, at least up to her degree. Her sis-

ter, with more original mental power and less heroism of work, is a failure; and nothing that she undertakes goes well, simply because she does nothing with continuity of energy, but all by fits and fragments, and so lets her ideas cool and her work become disjointed. For everything runs more smoothly the less its flow is broken; and everything is learnt more easily the warmer the brain is kept, and the closer the interest for the time being.

And yet, if women do not know the value of "pegging away" in work, they do in other things. Half their power as wives consists in the unweariedness with which they come back again and again to the same point, the persistency with which they traverse the same line, and will not be beaten off. Argument, anger, silence, disdain, nothing has any permanent effect on them; they have set their hearts on doing this or having that, and they "keep pegging away" till they get what they want. It is very well for them that they have this power. Not being able to take things with a high hand, or to carry the fortress of marital opposition by storm, where would they be if they could not compass by consistency what nature has denied to them by strength? This is not saying that they are to establish a sore place, and show their power of constancy by continual rubbing at it when made; but if they had not this tenacity of hold, this persistency of endeavor and unwearied recurrence to a charge, it would be a bad day for them when they fell into the hands of a man who would give nothing for affection and less for justice, but who could be brought to reasonable yielding for the sake of getting rid of importunity. *Punch's* famous Mrs. Naggleton was a good example of the art of "pegging away;" so was Mrs. Caudle. We cannot commend either lady to the imitation of our readers, but they illustrate in a very remarkable degree, if unamiably, the active force of persistent attacks. Many a man has been brought to ruin and the bankruptcy court by the constancy with which his wife has baited and worried him to do this, to go there, to give her that. She went on "pegging away," and at last got to the point at which she aimed—without counting the cost of her transit. But it was her will, and he had nothing for it but to yield, after a certain time of resistance. The constant dropping wore away even the flint of his opposition; and he came to submission and the financial end as the result. And just as many women have saved their husbands from ruin and despair by "pegging away" on the other side. They have got hold of a moluscous man say, a man without much No in him, or a man with disastrous proclivities of indulgence. So they made themselves strong in the way of buttresses against the weak parts, and went on "pegging away" against his follies and for the better thing, till they had got the upper hand, and forced him, however much

against his will, to accept their wisdom as the counter-agent of his own folly. A less persistent woman would have gone into the depths with him, and nothing short of the importunate tenacity by which he has been pinned and bored would have influenced him. So of the three results—getting her own dues which else she would never have had, making her husband do what he should not to escape her importunity, and making him do what he should for the same reason—the art of "pegging away" is one not to be lightly held by wives, and, on the whole, does more good than ill. As, on the whole, the art does all through life; the instances in which one is tenacious in wrong doing being, let us hope, far more rare than those in which one holds on to the right and "pegs away" in a good cause.

DECORATION DAY GARLAND.

FOR THE GRAVE OF AN "UNKNOWN" SOLDIER.

BY CLARENCE F. BUHLER.

DEAD soldier! though upon thy stone
I read the single word "Unknown,"
Westminster Abbey's gorgeous gloom
Has never held a prouder tomb.

For, like a green triumphal arch,
This emerald hillock crowned thy march,
And thou hast disappeared beneath
To win an amaranthine wreath.

Thine humble sepulchre is where
No gaudy banners paint the air;
But Evening, with a dewy tear,
Will trail her shadowy pennons here.

And over this sequestered nook
The sky will wear a bluer look,
Long as Humanity will thrill
With Calvary and Bunker's Hill.

"Unknown?" Alas, what eager feet
Have hastened thy return to greet,
Whenever in the porch were heard
The lilies that the wind had stirred.

Half-mast, for him whose march is o'er,
The flag he never lowered before!
Such men are forming, as they die,
Legions of Honor in the sky.

And as I tune the solemn chord,
Triumphant undertones are poured,
As 'neath a murmuring pine we hear
The roaring of a cataract near.

In every land by battle cursed
The laws of Nature are reversed,
And palsied Age unto the tomb
Bears Manhood in its ruddy bloom.
But, still, however black the skies
'Neath which a murdered patriot dies,
A sunshine on his funeral sod
Falls like the golden smile of God.

It is worthy of observation, that the most imperious masters over their own servants are, at the same time, the most abject slaves to the servants of other masters.—*Seneca*.

AT REST AT LAST.

BY KAY ESS.

HE said we were third cousins, for Peter Roome, my great-uncle, was his grandfather, and kept the keys of the old jail in New York city, years and years ago.

"We *must* be third cousins, for there could not have been two Peter Roome's, who carried the keys of that same old jail, so that is settled, and now you must call me Cousin Will."

His name was William Lawrance Warrener. But, like most girls at sixteen, I was possessed with a spirit of perversity, and saucily assured him that "I would do no such thing, but should call him 'Lawrance,' as did my Uncle Charles' family; or, if he liked it better, 'Mr. Warrener.'"

I was a country girl, and was really more verdant, perhaps, than I would like now to acknowledge. Be that as it may, I was pretty, I know. I can say it now that my youth is all gone, and there are so few to remember whether it was so or not.

My complexion was as fresh as the rose upon whose delicate cheek the ardent rays of the morning sun has just kissed the first blush; and my teeth were even and white, and the envy of more than one rich city girl, who had spent the greater part of her days crunching taffy. My eyes, I don't know what they were then; he called them "wicked;" now they are gray and sad, and tears have washed away the wicked light that dazzled more once than you would now believe. My hair was darker some than flaxen, but it was pretty; and I did not lack in animation, or that ever-varying expression that lends to some faces a charm more potent, I believe, than that of intellect. But I was poor as poor could be. Lawrance knew that, too, though how he found it out, I do not know; for I was told to keep silent as to my father's circumstances, and my aunt talked grandly of her brother-in-law's—she was my mother's sister—broad acres, and the spacious mansion that commanded such a prospect as painters might enjoy, though what it consisted of was a query in my mind then, for there was only the stone wall in front, and the little shed of slabs at the back that protected our two cows from the cold and wet. But I have learned to think differently of things now, and suppose it might have been a tolerable good prospect for a painter if some immortalized hero had been born there, but as it was only poor I, it will never be reproduced in oil to hang in some rich man's parlor, nor be pressed between the lids of richly-bound albums. No matter; it is indelibly stamped upon the tablets of my memory, and is, therefore, worth more to me than that single picture of Humboldt is to its owner, for let me go where I will, that

picture is still mine to gaze upon as long and often as I choose.

Charles Haven had married my mother's sister Hetty, when my grandparents were thought to be well off in this world's goods, but that was no object with him, I think, for Hetty was sparkling, I have heard mother say, and determined to shine as chief ornament of some handsomely decorated parlor on Avenue Fifth; or, perhaps, glitter in the halls of the Old World.

She did both, for fortune seemed to take delight in lavishing her gifts upon Uncle Charles, and gold increased tenfold by the merest touch of his business fingers. He was a broker on Wall Street the summer I was there. He has since retired from business, and William Lawrance Warrener was head clerk, and had been in my uncle's employ since he was a boy thirteen, and did errands for barely enough to keep his clothes whole at the knees and elbows.

How Aunt Hetty came to send for me, I hardly know, for she had not seen me since I was a little girl, with freckled face and brown, bare feet. A heated wave rushes over me now, though I sit here alone, at the remembrance of the deep mortification I felt when, with her jewelled fingers, she put back my tangled hair to scrutinize my features. I heard her say something about "teeth" and "eyes" as I shrank awkwardly out of the room, and dashed wildly around the house, down the little path to the brook, where I spent the remainder of the day watching frogs and harmless water-snakes dive in and out the sparkling wave.

When I came back, Aunt Hetty was gone, and my mother was crying, though why I could not tell, for the table was piled with bright things, dresses, aprons, and pretty new shoes for me, and father a whole new suit. Putting my arms around mother's neck, I cried too, for I could not help it; then I kissed her softly, and stroked her black hair until I saw her smile and feeling happy again. I dressed myself in my new clothes as carefully as some village belle would have done, perhaps, and danced and admired myself until I was sent to bed; yet I remember that father considerably let me sit up that night two hours later than he had ever done before. I was the only child, and mother was ~~not~~ very well; but I found time to go to school, and father taught me some; and so at the age of sixteen, I had a fair education, though none of the accomplishments that appear so indispensable to ladies of society.

Well, Aunt Hetty sent for me, and mother let me go, yet reluctantly enough, I think; but father thought it best, and I was almost wild at the very idea of New York life. Still, I had not quite forgotten the old impression that Aunt Hetty's grand appearance had made upon me so many years before.

I went, and a queer time I had of it, too. In

the presence of company I was treated as one of the family; when we were alone, only as a sort of upper servant. It was a muddle in my own mind how I stood, and afterward led me to do a thing that I would not otherwise have been guilty of.

It was early day when I reached there, cleaning house time; and every woman, rich or poor, young or old, knows something of the meaning of that phrase. The great heavy, golden-colored satin curtains were taken down, and replaced by web-like lace that swept over the windows like fleecy clouds on a misty morning. The carpets, chairs, and sofas covered with shining linen, and all the beautiful gilt frames, and elegant chandeliers, with their bronze carvings, were hidden away under a green covering; marble mantles brushed and scrubbed; silver fenders, door knobs, and hinges to be polished; and a thousand other things to be done, that sent the servants running hither and thither, up stairs and down, and everywhere.

I had climbed hills and scrambled over rocks from dawn till set of sun, but I was not accustomed to climbing so many stairs; and my evenings were spent at theatres, concerts, and saloons, until I was tired to death, and longed to get back under the cool shades of the apple-trees and blossoming honeysuckles.

When the heated term commenced, Aunt Hetty thought I would not care to go into the country with them; it would be more of a novelty for me to stay and stand as sort of a guard over the servants; and then it was so expensive boarding at those fashionable hotels. I was quite willing to remain in the city, and so it was arranged.

And away went the family, trunks, baskets, and shawls, one morning, for Long Branch, and I breathed a sigh of relief, and vowed inwardly that the beggars who plead at that door should fare better than they ever had done before.

Uncle Charles' head clerk was sent up to stay in the house nights in case of robbers, or fire, or anything of that sort. He was twenty-five then, tall, with dark curling hair, and deep blue eyes. I did not fancy him much, he was so grave.

I remember how it was that we came to talk at all. For some reason, the hall lamp had not been lighted one evening, and I paused, midway on the stairs, to notice the queer shadows upon the wall. The moon shone brilliantly through the hall windows, throwing the shadow of all that open carving, or whatever name architects have for it, upon the frescoed wall. I was thinking of Belshazzar, and trying to imagine the horror he must have felt when he saw the fingers of a man's hand writing upon his palace wall, when lo! the shadow of a man's hand and arm appeared perfectly plain, coming slowly towards me. I screamed, and almost saw the words, "Mene,

Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," and shrank cowering upon the stairs, expecting the supernatural hand to seize me in its icy fingers. The hall door opened, and in walked Lawrance Warrenner, the first that I knew he carried a night key, and it was his hand applying the night key that caused the frightful shadow.

For the first time I was glad to see him, and said: "O Mr. Warrenner, is it you? You frightened me almost out of my senses."

Then we passed into the parlor, and had a good laugh over my foolish fright. After I had answered all the commonplaces he could think of asking, I suppose, he proposed a game of dominoes, hoping by that, I believe, to keep me there an hour or so as a sort of plaything; for the evenings must have been lonely enough, as I always passed mine in my room after auntie went away.

Well, I played the dominoes; and, although the game had always been a tedious one to me, it passed pleasantly enough that night, for it was interspersed with conversation clothed in language more like that I had read in books than I had ever listened to before. I had not been in the city long, you must remember, and had been only to public places of amusement, the time for parties and such things being over, and had heard none of the fine nothings that, to a novice, appear so genuine. But I believe that *he* was really a sprinkle of the salt of the earth; and in all these years that have passed I could never once look back at a word that was not in every light a truthful one.

The next morning being Sunday, he was not obliged to go down town to business, and so remained to chat with me an hour or so before going to his mother's to accompany her to church.

We were walking in my uncle's gallery of pictures, and I had paused before one of an old stone ruin, with iron-barred windows, and said, half-musingly: "I wonder if that is not the old jail that Uncle Peter Roome used to lock and unlock so many times."

"Peter Roome was my grandfather," said Lawrance, and so it was that we came to trace our relationship, and he said I must call him "Cousin Will."

He was more than kind to me after that. Still, he treated me as one would treat a child; and once advised me to go to school, offering to pay my tuition.

I had a thirst for knowledge in those days; and, perhaps, he divined my thoughts when I compared my unaccomplished self with the elegant ladies whom I met sometimes; but I would not accept anything of the kind at his hands, and I could not help feeling piqued that he should treat me so. I did not love him then; but I do, now, with a love that has its basis in respect, and had a firmer hold upon my heart than any other feeling ever did, except the love I have for my darling boy.

Well, the evenings came and went, and I looked forward to each one with a degree of pleasure; for Lawrance lost much of the gravity that at first awed me, and once even ran after me through the long parlors down the steps into the garden, as I went flying before him, with the challenge to "catch me if he could."

O Cousin Will!—I can call you so, now, though I wouldn't then—the remembrance of you is all that keeps me from losing my faith in all mankind.

Those six weeks of seven evenings each that I passed in my Aunt Hetty's Fifth Avenue parlor time has proved was the one oasis of my life, the only time that I find pleasure in remembering. All that has happened since is so fearfully real, that I shudder to recall it; and, but for the cradle by whose side I nightly kneel, and plead for God's watchful care, I might, in some one of the moments of despair that are so frequent now, rush prayerless and unsummoned into the vast domain of eternity, where no cry for forgiveness would ever avail me aught.

You did not love me, Cousin Will, and I thank heaven that you did not. You were too good for me, a thousand times, and there was that in my heart, even then, that needed the chastening hand of the Almighty to purify and quiet it into calmness and submission.

Uncle Charles' family had been home but a week, when I was summoned to the bedside of my mother. Her disease had been aggravated, I think now, by the letters I had written home, and her increased illness required the most tender care.

She was overjoyed to see me, and expressed her pleasure at my improved appearance and manner I had unconsciously acquired. But she grew rapidly worse, and died in my arms,

"When the October leaves turned golden,
And blood spots dyed them red."

She was gone, and I could not call her back; but it was a sweet comfort to linger in the room where she died, and recall each look and word that she had ever given me. But her death made father an altered man. He grew old and bent, and almost shunned the house. He spent all the time that he could in the open air, until the fierce chill of the early winter drove him in. A settled melancholy had fallen upon him, and I grew almost afraid that his mind would become deranged, when we received a letter from his brother Martin, in New Jersey, inviting him to spend the winter there.

I insisted upon his accepting the invitation, for I felt that it was the only thing that would save him. If he stayed on the old place, he would soon follow my mother. I feared he would, any way, but I must do something to save him. I went with him to Uncle Martin's, and from there to Aunt Hetty's, leaving father

in good hands, and the old house locked and desolate.

My aunt insisted upon my laying aside my deep mourning, and mixing in the gay scenes of her parlor, which, I am ashamed to say, that I did; and, before spring, I had fascinated more than one poor goose who believed, I suppose, that I had thousands at my command. I was taken to Newport the next summer, for I was very handy about the children, millinery goods, and many other things; and there I flirted, danced, and smiled, until I was about as heartless as one could be.

I had not seen Lawrance Warrener this time, for he was not of the invited number at my aunt's house, and lately he had commenced business for himself in one of the Western towns. Time did not stop for me here—I wish it had—but it went on, and so did I, until I became so wearied with the life that I was leading, always trying to please, and always striving in vain, that, at last, I would have married any one, I believe, as a means of escape. There was one came to me in the winter, whom I had met occasionally the summer before, and he offered me his hand in marriage.

Philip Tirace was, in every sense, a man of the world—handsome, dark, bewildering eyes and a stylish address. I admired the man very much; but I knew that I did not love him with the fervent trust one should have in a husband, yet my heart gave a throb of gratitude when he whispered in honeyed words of his love, and I believed I would be happier, so I married him, for I longed so much for rest. My aunt approved of the match. Uncle Charles was away at the time; he said afterward that he would have told me better.

Aunt Hetty gave me a wedding, and then, I suppose, considered her duty well discharged towards her sister's child. We went to Washington to travel, afterwards to St. Louis, and so on from city to city, and it was not until I had been married three years that I knew my husband was a professional gambler.

But I did not upbraid him; for he had been kind to me, and I knew that my grief was a just punishment for the sin I had committed in going before God's altar with a lie upon my soul. Two more years of hopes and fears had floated down the dim aisles of the past, and intoxication began to tell upon him.

His manner towards me changed to harshness, and from that to cruelty. And twice he had accused me of practising a deep deception upon him, though I had told him before that it was no fault of mine that rumor reported me rich. Still, I clung to him as only a wife can cling, and the more tenderly now that a startling truth was forcing itself upon me. His luck at the gaming table seemed to have deserted him, and taken with it all his love for me.

We were boarding, then, at a third-rate

house, and he had left me for three weeks with only my doubts and fears for companions, for he knew I would not mingle with the boarders. When he did come, he greeted me with an oath, and there was such an evil look in his dark, bewildering eyes that I feared he would kill me.

That night I fled. It was the only thing left me. My father's house in the Northland should be my home, where *he* could never find me. I sold a diamond brooch that I had left, and came back to this house. I found it little changed, for the old house had careful neighbors. After I had been here long enough to get things managed, so I could once more feel at home, I sent for father.

The dear old man was overjoyed to get back to the house that we might better have never left. I never told him Philip Tirace was yet living, though we often spent whole evenings talking of the scenes I had left. After a time my little baby was born, and with him, I think, I had my share of comfort.

We three lived happily together for a few months; father growing young in the light of my baby's smile. But again death came—silently and unexpectedly this time—and in the darkness of night took father home. I found him one morning with a serene light upon his countenance; but his spirit had fled, crossed the stream from whence there is no boat of return, and again I was left to mourn.

But, oh! there came a time of deeper mourning still. My baby began to droop; and day after day, as I sat by his little crib, or held him to my heart, the conviction forced itself upon me that he, too, was going from me. Oh, surely that was more than I deserved! How *could* I bear it? And with it all a nameless terror came and fastened itself like a vampire upon me. What if Philip Tirace should think of the past enough to know that he must be father of a child, and seek me out, where should I hide? What would become of me? I could trace his likeness in every form I saw coming. And every step upon the stones, and every rattle of the casement I imagined were occasioned by him. Would he take my baby from me?

Oh, those nights of agony that I sat and watched my darling boy! I tell it all in as few words as possible. I cannot bear to dwell upon this latter clause of my life's history. I cannot bear to write it, but I must go on thinking of it year after year without one ray to illumine this inky blackness of despair. Oh, mother, come back to me! My baby is dead, and I am all alone in the world—fatherless, motherless, and childless!

The eleventh day of last month my baby had been buried a year. All day I sat looking out of my window towards those three graves—my mother, my father, and my child. It rained dreadfully all day, and the wind blew the dead branches against the house, and I was so lonely

that I grew almost frightened at the chill that crept over me. As night fell, the rain ceased, and the moon shed her beams lovingly on my leaf-covered mounds; so I walked over there, led by a spirit I cannot describe; and, kneeling between the graves of father and mother, with my head bowed until my face rested upon my baby's grave, I prayed—oh, how fervently!—for grace and strength to endure to the end, and again and again for forgiveness of my past sins.

How long I prayed thus, I cannot tell. I took no note of time; but surely and truly I heard my father's blessing, and saw my mother's wondrous smile, and felt my baby's little arms about my neck, and his dear form against my heart. My own heart ceased its beating then, and my soul almost went home, for I knew that I had a glimpse of heaven; and the light that I saw there shed itself over and around me, and something surged through my soul as only a breeze from its Edenized shores could have done. Through all I heard, or thought I heard, the soft rustling of wings; and with its departure faded the forms that were bending near me, and I heard a voice calling, "Lorinda, Lorinda!" and, for the first time in my life, I fainted.

When I awoke to consciousness, the scene in the graveyard swept dimly before me, and, for a moment, I thought I must be in heaven. But again that voice, "Lorinda!" and this time it was followed by the pressure of a bearded lip upon my own, and I was folded fondly to a great, broad, heaving chest.

I closed my eyes again, and for a moment was at rest; for I knew it was Cousin Will who held me, and I was in my own little room. Then came the thought of Philip Tirace, and I moaned, rather than spoke, my husband's name.

"He went to his reckoning, Lorinda, more than a year ago. I had been a little way West, and coming back there was a railroad accident. The cars ran off the track, owing to the carelessness of one of the brakemen, and three men were injured, but only one dangerously. I carried him to the nearest house; and, when the physician who had been sent for told him he must die, he made a confession of his cruelty to his wife, and fairly shrieked, as he died: 'I loved you through it all, Lorinda, but my sin led me on, and I could not help it.' The only thing I found upon him of any value was this likeness, which proved to be of my little cousin, and I have carried it with me ever since."

"But why did you not come sooner, Cousin Will, to tell me that he was gone?"

"I did not know where you were. Mr. Haven and family were in Europe; but, at last, one day, I thought of your old home, and I might have written at once, but I would not trust to the uncertainty of a letter, preferring rather to wait a few more weeks until my busi-

less allowed me a little leisure. I wanted to see you myself, Lorinda, to know if you had a thought for the past."

"But, Cousin Will, have you never married in all these years?"

"Yes, darling. I married a good woman four years ago; but eighteen months after she litted away to heaven, and left me a wee baby girl as my only comfort. Lorinda, will you be o her a mother? I loved you in the past, and I love you now, with a love that is honest and true; and, if you will be my wife, I will strive to be to you all that you would desire in a husband."

I had no words for a reply, but tears of happiness gathered in my eyes; and, as he held me in his arms, pillowing my head against his heart, as if I had been a weary child, I felt that heaven had, indeed, been opened to me that night, for had I not been clean through the troubled waters, and, at last, reached home?

And, oh, the blissful rest that I found! All night, or what remained of the night, for it must have been near morning then, he held me in his arms, and would not let me go; but it was my refuge now, and I was happy too.

He gave me but one month for preparations for my marriage. A dressmaker was sent on from the city, and with the assistance of my own hands—for I would be allowed that pleasure—I am all ready. This morning she went back o New York, and I have been gathering all my little valuables, mementoes, etc., that I wish to preserve, and amongst the rubbish that I had heaped for the flames, I found this old crawl, written as an escape-valve to my despair, and I plucked it as a brand from the burning to add what I have. If at any time in my happiness and prosperity I seem to forget, I hope some one will point to this page, for I know that memory will stand faithful forever.

Against the wall opposite, set two large trunks, locked, strapped, and marked "Mrs. Warren." Upon one of them my eyes rest lovingly, for it contains, besides a part of my wedding paraphernalia, some letters that I prize, and the pictures of my three lost ones. Oh, would that they could know how happy I am to-night!

Who would have believed in those dark, fearful days that there was happiness in store for me? But God is good; and O, Will, once my cousin, and to-morrow my husband, how my heart goes out in hopeful trust towards you! There is no trembling foreboding that all will not be well; I *know* it will. I feel God's blessing upon me now, and with His help I will be a good wife to you, and a mother to your child.

As the mind must govern the hands, so in every society the man of intelligence must direct the man of labor.—*Johnson*.

ALLAN HOLME'S HOUSE-KEEPER.

BY PETIT LICHEN.

CHAPTER I.

It was a charming place. And so thought its owner, Allan Holme, as, slowly pacing the tessellated floor of the portico at the rear of the fine old mansion, he surveyed, with well-satisfied eyes, his immediate surroundings, and allowed these same eyes to roam, in the same satisfied way, over the autumn-tinted woods and sombre fields that stretched far, far away, and lay bathed in the sweet, peaceful sunshine of a glorious October morning.

The pleasant musing, which might have been indefinitely prolonged, was brought to a rude close by a peal from the hall bell. While the serving boy, Dick, in the absence of reproving voice, somersaulted himself to the door, Allan Holme dropped into a new and less agreeable train of thought. Pausing before the steps leading down to what Nature and art had combined to make a wilderness of beauty, he removed from between his lips the fragment left of a Havana which he had been slowly converting into graceful, fragrant wreaths of smoke. Lightly knocking off the adhering ashes, he stood abstractedly contemplating the smoldering spark, till roused by the voice of Dick at his elbow. The next instant the little spark lay winking out its life on the graveled walk.

"A lady, sah," said that gum-elastic ebony, presenting a mourning card, on which was inscribed, "Mrs. C. L. Berne." "I showed her to the lib'ry, sah."

And with a duck of his woolly pate, that threatened to terminate in a somersault, Dick vanished, only to resume his favorite mode of locomotion, and to indemnify himself, as far as possible, for the momentary restraint imposed on his gymnastic propensities by the vigilant eye of his master.

"Another dowdy widow, with dollars and cents stamped on every lineament, and determined on taking the control of affairs here at Woodlawn whether I will or not," discontentedly thought Allan Holme, seeking the indicated apartment, with a vivid, and by no means agreeable recollection of numerous discussions which had recently taken place there. "I am almost tempted to allow cook and chambermaid to lord it over me at their pleasure, and to give up this search for a model woman in the shape of a housekeeper."

These reflections might have proved destructive of the hopes of any woman less high-bred and noble looking than the one with whom he was speedily exchanging salutations. As it was, "Mrs. C. L. Berne" secured the position of housekeeper at Woodlawn ere she had responded to the courtly greeting of its elegant and handsome master.

Standing there, her stately form clad in deepest mourning, her face was a lovely type of that loveliest of all the lovely things to be seen on earth—a regenerate old age. Intuitively conscious of the purity of her inner life, Allan Holme bent with an emotion of reverence before his strange visitor, coveting her presence at his fireside with something of the longing with which he ever recalled the soft touch of his mother's hand, and the tender cadence of that earth-still voice.

The sacred wrinkles of fifty odd years seamed, without marring, the cheek and brow which, in years long gone, had been beautiful with youth's flush and smooth fairness; and to Allan Holme's poetic mind, the lustrous white of the hair, plainly banded on either side of the placid forehead, was only the gleam of the pure light radiating through Heaven's wide open door. So near he deemed her to that blessed abode. He was not a man to disregard credentials of this character. So that, when in the course of conversation Mrs. Berne mentioned General Cliff, of ———, as being their mutual friend, the name was only received as pleasantly confirmatory of his own preconceived opinions.

With gentle, courteous eagerness he urged her speedy installment in her new office. But there was a hesitancy of manner about the lady betokening some difficulty as yet undisposed of. After a minute's deliberation she said:—

"I have a proposal to make, Mr. Holme, which may prove sufficiently disagreeable to change all your wishes. I have a grandchild from whom I cannot consent to be separated. Quite orphaned, Jessie is not only my sacred charge, but the bright blessing of my lonely life; besides, being much too young to be intrusted to the care of others. Although happily domesticated in General Cliff's family at present, and urgently desired by them to remain there permanently, we yet feel that the idea of separation is not to be entertained for a moment. With this statement before you, I beg that you will reconsider the subject perhaps too hastily decided."

In some annoyance Allan Holme silently revolved the question in its new, and truly unwelcome phase, Mrs. Berne's heart keeping anxious time to his busy thoughts. A bachelor, on the shady side of thirty, unaccustomed to the presence of children, and constantly occupied with pen and books, the prospect of a noisy, mischievous child forever disturbing the quiet of the house was, indeed, a rather alarming consideration. Eminently frank in his nature, he presently looked up, saying:—

"I will not disguise from you, my dear madam, that, could I have disposed this matter to suit my own tastes, we would have no pattering feet about the house—my education being sadly defective in the direction of children—but, assured that you will kindly pre-

serve me from the little Jessie's pranks during my study hours, I beg that you will make me a better and happier man by taking charge of me and my house as soon as you can conveniently do so."

Tears sprang to Mrs. Berne's eyes at the respectful, almost filial earnestness marking his concluding words.

"You are very kind," she replied, "and I can safely promise that you will never be disturbed by Jessie. She is"—

"My dear madam, pardon the interruption, but I cannot permit you to say another word on this point. I am more than satisfied."

The little amused smile curving Mrs. Berne's lips was lost in her bow of acquiescence.

A few more trifling arrangements, and they parted, with the understanding that she would assume her new duties the early part of the ensuing week. An arrangement duly carried into effect at the appointed time, and, to the secret satisfaction of Allan Holme, without the presence of the much-dreaded Jessie; the Cliffs, Mrs. Berne explained, insisting on retaining her for another fortnight.

Notwithstanding Allan Holme's secret jubilee over the prospect of a fortnight's respite, he had a kind and generous heart; and, eagerly desirous to testify that his aversion was children in general, and not Jessie in particular, he made it convenient, a day or two before her arrival, to visit an adjacent city for the purpose of procuring some pretty toy with which to surprise the little maid intruding so frequently on his thoughts.

Shops were ransacked—shop girls, first eager, then anxious, then despairing, were finally left to replace their rejected wares in a huff, tartly and truly remarking that "the gentleman didn't know what he wanted!" Almost in despair himself, the would-be purchaser stood in the last one gazing helplessly about him, and fruitlessly regretting not having gained from Mrs. Berne a judicious hint by which to pilot his bachelor judgment through the unexpected shoals and quicksands of a toy shop. At length his eye rested thoughtfully on a beautifully-finished rocking-horse with side-saddle and other equipments.

"The very thing! I might have thought of it long ago!" he exclaimed, and forthwith it was ordered to be delivered at Woodlawn at the earliest moment possible.

The next morning Mrs. Berne, busily occupied in the dining-room with some housewifely duty, was somewhat startled by an invasive movement on the part of Allan Holme.

"Mrs. Berne, will you kindly spare me a minute of your time?"

"Certainly," she rejoined, with gentle cordiality, advancing towards the hall door, which he held open for her.

"I have a gift here, dear madam, for your little girl," pointing to the rocking-horse de-

posited in the hall a few minutes before by the carrier from —, "and I desire your advice about placing it in readiness for her. Shall it remain here, or to be taken to the front portico to serve as a pleasant greeting? I believe you expect her to-morrow?"

Laughter bubbled up to Mrs. Berne's eyes, and rippled softly from her lips as she responded affirmatively to the latter inquiry, adding immediately, with sudden and earnest gravity:—

"I appreciate from my heart your generous kindness, Mr. Holme, and so will my Jessie, for she is a most appreciative little thing." And a tear softened the still beautiful eyes of Mrs. Berne, as she uttered this naive commendation of her darling. Directly she said, by way of advice: "I would suggest placing the horse within this closet under the stairs, and Jessie can have the fun of discovering it for herself," completing the sentence with another irrepressible laugh.

Allan Holme was happy. Entering his sanctum shortly after, he said to himself, with a radiantly self-satisfied smile:—

"How pleased the dear old lady is! I am heartily glad I thought of it."

Jessie was coming! Gloriously rose the next day's sun at Woodlawn, happily beat the heart of Mrs. Berne, and smoothly moved the domestic machinery. Indeed, since Mrs. Berne's advent, serenity and comfort were the household blessings, reigning supreme where, late, disorder and its crew had ruled triumphant. And Allan Holme, without a questioning thought as to the means by which this agreeable result had been obtained, gratefully luxuriated in the new and welcome atmosphere. Dinners were not only cooked, but well cooked, and neatly as well as handsomely served, while slamming doors, rude, harsh voices, and heavy, blundering feet were but among the things stored in the memory of the once servant-persecuted master of Woodlawn. Even somersaulting Dick acknowledged the firm, yet gentle sway of the new mistress, and was more frequently to be seen with head and heels in the respective positions wisely ordained by the laws of Nature.

All the afternoon of this day, breaking so gloriously, Allan Holme had been superintending the removal of plants from hot-house to conservatory. When he, at length, left the former, it was nearing sunset. In his wake followed the ever-active Dick, who, under shield of his master's back, was indulging in various pantomimic antics. Suddenly Dick was motionless—eyes and mouth agape. Then, with another forward movement, he jerked out:—

"Thar's a ge'man, sah!"

His master's glance was directed in every quarter but the right one.

"Where?" facing Dick, as he spoke.

"Thar, sah, a-dodgin' about the shrub'ry."

As his eye followed the indicating finger, a pleasant voice called out:—

"Halloo, Holme!"

"Cliff! My dear fellow, I am a thousand times glad to see you. But where in the world do you hail from? Or, rather, how is it that you spring up so mysteriously from the midst of my shrubbery?" responded Allan Holme, advancing, and cordially shaking hands with his handsome young guest.

"I hail from my own home, of course. I happen to be among your shrubbery because Mrs. Berne informed me that you could be found somewhere about here. But more interesting than all this is the fact that I am happy to announce myself the happy escort of two—two fairies, who desired to bless Woodlawn with their presence."

"I am doubly, nay, trebly, your debtor, Cliff."

At this instant, a sudden and most disastrous crushing of some late and choice chrysanthemums surprised their ideas into a new channel. Dick, as usual on the alert to see and hear, and scrupulously regardful of opportunities of practicing his great accomplishment, availed himself of the propitious moment of his master's engaged attention, to testify his delight at so unlooked for an advent. Unhappily for him, his lithe body for once escaped his control, and a most inglorious tumble ended the assay, and immediately riveted his master's eye upon him.

"You young scoundrel, what are you about there?" was the vexed interrogatory.

Dick was startled up-right. A musical peal of laughter broke the silence that followed the stern demand, and while Allan Holme's eyes wandered from window to window, in the vain endeavor to obtain a glimpse of the supposed pretty laughter, the crestfallen Dick beat a hasty retreat.

"That strain of sweet music fell from the lips of one of your fairies, I imagine, Cliff. Who are they, pray?"

"One is our little Lady Berne, the other—I will leave you to guess."

"I'll do better than that, Cliff; put myself in presentable trim, and settle the question satisfactorily. But would you not like the use of a dressing-room yourself, my dear fellow?" he added, as they entered the hall.

"Thank you, I believe I will accept the offer, and part with a little of the superfluous dust," brushing his coat sleeve as he spoke.

Having seen his friend provided with all the toilet requisites, Allan Holme retired to his own chamber, from which he shortly issued in linen immaculate, and broadcloth unexceptionable. As he passed into the hall, his steps were arrested by the sight of a tiny form, the very embodiment of a beautiful dream, seated in the great western window, through which

the setting sun was pouring a flood of gorgeous light, turning to amber-like beauty the soft flaxen curls knotted away with a band of blue ribbon from a face of exquisite delicacy and fairness. Seventeen summers must have smiled on this maiden, yet the lovely innocence of early childhood still glorified the face on which nature had so generously lavished her charms. The little white hands lay quietly folded in her lap, while a pair of blue eyes, large and liquid, were fixed dreamily on the fine prospect before her. Repose approaching beatific peace, marked every lineament and every curve of the graceful figure, and Allan Holme stood in almost breathless silence, lest this unexpected vision of loveliness should fade at the first rude sound.

Both were startled by the silvery ring of the tea bell. Fully recalled to himself, he turned hastily away, his footfall wooing the blue eyes from the engrossing landscape, to rest for a moment on his retreating form.

"John Cliff's fairy, I suppose, of whom he was so very chary of giving information," he said to himself, tapping at that young gentleman's door, with a new and uncommonly curious thrill at his heart.

While he waited before the vacant chamber, the "fairy" went gliding down the great staircase, the very loveliest, purest thing that had blessed the old mansion for many and many a year; went gliding into the drawing-room to meet, with her sweet, unconscious gaze, John Cliff's ardent, welcoming eyes, Allan Holme reaching the same spot just in time to note the eager devotion with which she was seated, and to read unerringly what the innocent blue eyes had never once seen, nor the innocent mind once conceived.

There was no time, however, to philosophize on the enslaved condition of the gallant old general's son, for one of the general's prettiest daughters stood smilingly awaiting a greeting from her host.

"Miss Cairra, I am, indeed, happy to welcome you to Woodlawn; happy to find in you 'the other' of whom John so churlishly refused more definite information."

Graciously acknowledging his courteous salutation, she laughed:—

"John was just telling me he had left you in a lamentably unenlightened state."

The next instant he was bowing low before the western window fairy.

"Jessie Berne!" he silently ejaculated, as he recollected the purchase safely stowed in the hall closet. "Jessie Berne!" he repeated, mechanically, offering his arm to the pretty Cairra, at a peremptory second summons from the tea-bell. "Jessie Berne!" he again and again repeated, as, chatting gayly, they led the way to the tea-room, and seated themselves around Mrs. Berne's faultlessly prepared board. And "Jessie Berne!" was the amazed refrain

filling his ears as he dispensed the hospitalities of his table, his heart throbbing a full, glad measure at the recollection that Woodlawn would henceforth be her abiding place.

One quick glance of mirthful intelligence had been exchanged between himself and Mrs. Berne as the little party entered the tea-room, and thus they disposed of his laughable error.

The fair object of all this undercurrent of thought, split her roll, buttered, and ate it, equally unconscious of her host's profound astonishment, and profounder admiration. Wholly self-forgetful, ease and grace marked every word and movement; the ease, grace, simplicity, and sweetness of a little child, devoid, withal, of the slightest childishness. But this exceeding sweetness was finely balanced by a latent force of character only requiring developing circumstances to quicken into active life. When they should come, the child-like Jessie would be prompt to conceive, prompt to execute, and unflinchingly brave and enduring.

As Allan Holme and his guests passed from the tea-room, Jessie lingered a moment beside Mrs. Berne.

"Dear old grandma, I'm so, so, so glad to be with you again!" she cooed, in an eager, loving way, as if the exuberance of her delight must find an outlet before she could descend to the matter-of-fact offer of her services. And she looked greatly disposed to dance forth a portion, as she continued: "Now tell me what I can do to help you, grandma."

"Nothing at all, dearie," smiled Mrs. Berne, her placid face aglow with pure happiness. "I have but a few trifling directions to give, and then I will join you. So away with you at once."

With a mock obeisance, and a musical laugh that reached Allan Holme's ear across the hall, confusing his mind a little to some gay speech of the pretty Cairra's, she obeyed, and entered the drawing-room just as John Cliff was saying:—

"I did not order the hack to call for us to-morrow morning, Holme, thinking that you would kindly drive us over to the station."

"That was right, but you must allow me to choose my own time. I cannot consent to your leaving Woodlawn to-morrow."

"I only wish we could stay," sighed Cairra, "but it is quite impossible."

And Cairra's sigh spoke from John's eyes as he drew forward a chair for Jessie.

"Miss Berne," promptly entreated their host, "will you not add your persuasions to induce these good friends of ours to prolong their visit?"

"Indeed, Mr. Holme, I wish we might reasonably indulge the slightest hope of prevailing on them to do so, but I know that they *will* go."

"*Must* go, Jessie," softly corrected John.

"We will say '*must*,' then, just in polite con-

sideration of your stringent regard for terms," laughed Jessie, mischievously.

"Well, Miss Berne, I see that we are to be contented with a promise for the future."

And so it eventuated. By ten o'clock the next morning, the train that bore them away was sluggishly moving from the depot, while Allan Holme and Jessie, returning to the carriage, extended their homeward drive by making a *détour* of some miles.

If Allan Holme had before been charmed with Jessie, he was doubly charmed during this drive, though he might have felt rather piqued than complimented by the guileless frankness with which he was treated, had he known that it was in a great measure the result of his riper years. Jessie, it is true, liked and admired him immensely, as she had naively confessed to Mrs. Berne the previous night, adding, in her pretty way: "And, grandma, it is so nice that he is *old*. You know it places me so entirely at my ease." A confidence received by that lady with an amused smile, though wisely permitting her darling to cherish the pleasing fancy. As they were about to enter the Woodlawn grounds, Jessie paused in an animated recital of some diverting event, exclaiming, in a hushed voice:—

"O Mr. Holme, what a fearfully evil countenance!"

Ere he had time to reply, a man whose approach he had scarcely observed, reached the side of the carriage, demanding, rather than entreating, a gift of money. Checking the horses, his eye wandered gravely, almost sadly, from the massive frame to the face on which forty years of unrestrained evil passions had left their diabolical impress.

"I cannot give you money, my poor fellow," he mildly replied. "You are strong and healthy, and should work, and these are not times when work is difficult to be found. I will, however, see that you are provided with food if you will go up to that house," pointing to Woodlawn mansion.

The slumbering passion of the man's nature glared from his whole face as, with a fierce oath, he cried:—

"It was not your advice, but your money I asked, you fool!"

And, with a muttered threat, he turned away, impotently shaking his fist at the receding carriage.

"I perceive that you are not a particularly brave lassie," said Allan Holme, smiling down upon his pale and trembling companion.

Jessie's responsive smile was rather shadowy. Directly she thoughtfully remarked:—

"It is quite impossible for me to say how I would deport myself if placed in circumstances of actual danger, requiring prompt and efficient measures, but I have a fanciful idea that my action might be more creditable to me than when only obliged to face a countenance like

that. There seems to be something so life-destroying—I speak not of mere material life—in the presence of such evil, that I am hopelessly and inexpressibly terrified, even while my heart is filled with pity, and a longing desire to aid."

"I think it probable that your 'fanciful idea' may be a correct one. But do not lose sight of the beautiful truth so beautifully expressed in the Holy Word: 'The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He shall preserve thy soul!'"

"It is only a momentary forgetfulness," softly returned Jessie, fixing her reverent eyes on the fair blue sky above them.

And the blood flowed slowly away from her heart, and once more tinted lips and cheek with its rich hue, while the remembrance of the wicked face was soon buried in the happy days that came and fled so swiftly.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. BERNE had brought order, comfort, and serene happiness to Woodlawn, but the child-like Jessie crept into the old house, and flitted through the old halls and rooms the very brightest sunbeam that had ever been there; and the once almost—hermetically—sealed library door was now daily kept wide open, that the soft rustle of an unpretending gown, and the welcome music of a light footfall might oftener gladden the heart, and point the pen of the busy writer within. And in this same writer's calendar, that day was inscribed sunniest that had brought most of these gifts, however the leaden clouds might have been telling their beads to the precious seeds and bulbs hidden under the ground.

It was a bleak morning about a month after Jessie's arrival. Allan Holme, suffering from the effects of a severe cold, sat before his table, rather listlessly turning the leaves of a book, when his quick ear caught the sound of Jessie's footstep in the hall. Then came the repeated turning of a key in a lock, and the light shaking of a door. Evidently the household fairy was in trouble.

"What is the difficulty, Miss Jessie?" inquired he, leaving the room, and hastening to where she stood in front of the memorable closet under the stairs.

"I am sorry to have disturbed you," she said, regretfully, "but I am either very awkward, or have a most rebellious door to deal with." And she gave it an energetic shake as she spoke.

"Let me try my more vigorous arms," putting her gently aside.

After many fruitless efforts, he smilingly asked:—

"Is it absolutely necessary that an entrance should be effected?"

"Oh, no! Grandma only sent me for a lap board which she fancies she once saw here."

"She wants it, of course, or she would not have sent for it, so we will make another praiseworthy attempt."

Eventually the door yielded before the alternate poundings and shakings liberally bestowed. The first thing attracting the eyes of both was the rocking-horse; but Jessie, intent on the object of her search, at first made no comment, an example studiously imitated by her assistant, for certain weighty and secret reasons of his own. But the desired article once triumphantly drawn forth, the embargo was removed from Jessie's tongue.

"You occasionally have children here?" innocently asserted the little maiden, with a pleased smile, stroking the horse's mane as tenderly as if the soft curls of some cherub rested beneath her hand. "I am glad; I love children; they seem so fresh from Heaven, and so very near there, too. Don't you think so?" she added, in a naive and winning way, that sent the blood in quickened passage through his veins.

"I am afraid I have never once had a thought about them nearly so sweet as that. But you are mistaken; the horse is yours."

"Sir?" And profoundest amazement dilated Jessie's blue eyes, as she scanned Allan Holme's face of undisturbed gravity.

"The horse belongs to you," he repeated, folding his arms, and leaning nonchalantly against the door-post, his fine eyes brimming with repressed merriment.

"To me!" incredulously exclaimed Jessie.

"It is even so. I know positively that it was bought expressly for you."

"You do? Who bought it?"

"I, please your ladyship?"

And Allan Holme bowed profoundly, while mirth began to dance in Jessie's eyes, and curve and dimple lips and cheeks, as a glimmer of the truth dawned upon her mind.

"And wherefore?"

"To give pleasure to the little child I expected to welcome to Woodlawn."

Jessie's tiny white hands were suddenly clasped together, and a peal of gleeful laughter echoed through the old hall, Allan Holme's deeper tones chiming harmoniously with the voice he loved so well to hear in speech, song, or laughter.

"Did grandma know?" inquired Jessie, when she had recovered sufficient breath.

"Certainly. But for all practical purposes my confidence was yielded too late, and I was consequently left to learn the truth at the moment of our introduction. Imagine my consternation when your name was announced, for I do assure you my very first thought was of this harmless little animal here."

And another merry peal awakened the echoes once more.

"No wonder," cried Jessie, presently, "that she favored me with so many remarkable changes about my deportment, counseling me, among other things, 'not to go frisking over the house like a young kitten,' in consequence of which, you see, I had to leave all my friskiness at General Cliff's," completing the sentence with a mischievous glance.

Allan Holme still stood gazing down upon his laughing companion, but the mirth had died out of his eyes, leaving in its stead a softer light beaming there.

"Is that indeed so, Miss Jessie? Have you felt at all restrained by my presence?" he questioned, in a pained tone.

"Indeed, no, Mr. Holme; I did but jest, I assure you." And approaching a step nearer to him, she gravely laid the two little white hands in his, as if thus to confirm her protestation, and lifting her innocent, earnest eyes to his face, emphatically repeated: "No, indeed, no!"

The soft light deepened in Allan Holme's eyes, and the hands were closely imprisoned as he entreated:—

"And you will promise never to be guilty of any such crime against my—my sleepless care of your comfort and happiness? Promise me, little Jessie."

And Jessie promised with a sweet flutter at her heart, of which she had yet to learn the name.

If heretofore there had been a slight barrier of reserve marring their intercourse, this little incident very effectually put it to flight, and from that hour Jessie's manner settled into a more trustful, running dependence, his assuming a protective gentleness that imparted a new and unanalyzed happiness to her daily life. And that evening, when he entered the parlor, he felt that the compact of the morning bore with it a secret charm, which had united them very closely.

Since the first day of Mrs. Berne's coming, he had drawn freely on the rich stores of library and mind for their mutual entertainment, and these regular evening reunions had become a very delightful portion of the twenty-four hours to each. But on this particular evening, hoarseness and lassitude indisposing to exertion, the book was closed earlier than usual, and at length, excusing himself, he retired to his chamber. Shortly after, Mrs. Berne proposed to Jessie:—

"Suppose we follow Mr. Holme's example, dear? I am unusually weary, and the servants, too, will be glad to be off duty, I suspect."

"Go, by all means, grandma, and I will soon come. I am neither tired nor sleepy, and would like to write to Cairra if you do not mind going up alone."

"Then the servants had better remain till you are ready, dear."

"Oh, no grandma. I am not subject to nervous fears, you know, and shall feel just as safe as if you were all around me. I will go into the library though, for my writing-desk is there."

The house was soon quiet, and Jessie in the library comfortably ensconced in the depths of the great carved chair, descended to Allan Holme through a score of grand old ancestors. It was a deep and rather narrow room, with two large bay windows at the side, now heavily draped with green damask. Directly opposite to one of these windows, and between the fire and table, sat Jessie. Always a pleasant room, it was this night particularly attractive to her in the cheerful glow of the Argand lamp and the flaming bitumen, and for a little she remained quite absorbed in luxurious enjoyment of the brightness, pen, ink, and paper lying untouched on the table beside her.

She made a pretty picture leaning indolently back in the quaint chair—the graceful little brown-draped figure, with fair, sweet face, and flaxen curls—two little feet resting on the cushion before her, two little dimpled hands loosely clasped in her lap, and a pair of soft eyes wandering in smiling content around the shadowless room. Presently aroused to the recollection of the neglected letter, this pleasant inertness was shaken off, the paper drawn toward her, and pen industriously employed. One, two, three pages were written with scarcely a pause. Then, leaning smilingly back in her chair, she fixed her eyes on the carpet before her, while debating the expedience of narrating the laughable disclosure of the morning.

Suddenly horror thrilled every nerve, and for a brief instant a gray mist darkened her vision. But she sat unmoved. Not a muscle told of the unutterable terror within; not an eyelash stirred unduly. Calm as marble was the face from which the pretty smile was slowly fading, but from which only a tint of color had fled. She knew there could be no mistake. It lay before her frightfully distinct; distinct as anything else in the brilliantly lighted room, a portion of a bare foot, protruding beneath the damask curtain. And even while paralyzed by horror and dread, and actively deliberating on her course of action, she counted in a vague, objectless way, the five disgusting toes, critically noting their exact proportions, and unwittingly drawing therefrom certain conclusions in regard to the size of the concealed figure. She felt that behind that curtain vigilant eyes were watching every motion, and realized that, under God, safety depended wholly on her own self-possession. But vainly she struggled to resist the spell that bound her in the terrifying consciousness of those mysterious, unseen eyes, and the oppressive silence reigning over the house. She seemed utterly, hopelessly powerless. Just then the little time-piece on the

mantel slowly and musically told the hour. The effect was electrical. At the first sound, more vigorous life flowed through her veins. Starting up in her chair, she glanced at the clock, exclaiming, as she hastily resumed her pen:—

"Eleven o'clock! What will grandma say?" and, committing herself to the keeping of the Everpresent, she again bent over the unfinished sheet, resolutely repelling every thought of the watchful eyes beyond. The task was soon completed. Carefully and methodically the letter was folded and placed within the envelope, which was duly addressed with a firm hand. Then, striking a match, she lit the taper, and, with the same steady hand, dropped the wax, and fixed the seal. Rising, she slowly restored her desk to order, lit her night-lamp, extinguished the other, and left the room.

The closing door was the signal for falling strength; but she went bravely on, though with panting breath and trembling limbs. At the door of Allan Holme's dressing-room she paused, a momentary flush tinging her cheeks as she softly turned the lock and entered. The room was aglow with a blazing fire, and the first glance discovered the gentleman she sought asleep on the sofa drawn partially before it. Fearful of his springing to his feet if suddenly aroused, and thus startling and awakening the suspicions of the miscreant below, she approached close to his side and whispered:—

"Mr. Holme! Mr. Holme!"

"Little Jessie!" he murmured, a tender smile touching his lips for a moment, and the pleasant dream went on.

"Mr. Holme! Mr. Holme!" she repeated, in increasingly unsteady accents, laying her trembling hand on his arm. "Mr. Holme, do awake!"

He was now wide enough awake, and only Jessie's restraining hand kept him quietly on the sofa, as he gazed, with anxious, wondering eyes, at her pallid, terror-stricken face.

"Be quiet! speak low!" she hurriedly whispered. "There is a man concealed in the library, behind the curtains of the window opposite the door leading to the hall."

He smiled incredulously, but indulged her by observing the caution.

"Poor child!" he murmured, compassionately, "your face is as white as a dove's wing. Sit here," placing her on the sofa from which he had just arisen, "and tell me what has terrified you so sadly."

He listened to her story in profound admiration, convinced that she was possessed by no deluding freak of the imagination, and unutterably thankful that the fair head was safe under his immediate eye. For a little he stood in thoughtful silence.

"What will you do?" at length inquired Jessie.

"Secure him, if possible, in order that he may no longer be a scourge to himself and his neighbors. I shall call old Davy, who, though happiest when peaceably employed in hot-house and garden, is yet bold as a lion when occasion demands, besides having a deal of bull-dog tenacity about him," he concluded, hastily arming himself with cane and revolver, Jessie's great blue eyes following him wistfully as he did so. He caught the gaze, and paused before her, conscious power and resolute will yielding to the brooding tenderness that beamed from his countenance as he smiled.

"Well, what is it? You do not like this?" touching the little weapon concealed in his breast pocket.

"I would not like you to kill the man," she murmured, shudderingly.

"Nor would I like to kill him, Jessie; but I may be forced to cripple him."

"Yes," and the blue eyes still gazed wistfully in his face.

"That is not all?" he again smiled.

Tears dimmed the eyes now.

"He may be a very desperado, Mr. Holme."

"Well?" quite conscious of her meaning, but intensely covetous of its full expression.

"I am oppressed with dread; your life may be sacrificed," and a tear flashed its diamond light, dropping among the folds of the modest brown dress.

"Sweetest eyes were ever seen," passionately thought Allan Holme, watching it tremble and fall; his reply being only a smile of exceeding tenderness. Taking her hand, he placed it on his arm, saying gently:—

"I must first see you safe in your room."

They noiselessly approached and opened the door. A momentary pause on the threshold, but only the occasional sigh of the wind through the old firs broke the silence. A few hasty steps, and they had reached Mrs. Berne's room.

"Secure your door," he was whispering, turning the lock as he spoke, when a low, shivering exclamation of mortal fear escaped Jessie's lips. One lightning glance at her face, and his eye followed hers up the hall running through the right wing of the building. There, within a few feet of them, stood the insolent beggar of the month previous, his evil countenance blazing out the passion of thwarted plans and murderous purpose.

"In, quick!" cried Allan Holme, thrusting Jessie into the room, and closing the door. It was done in a second, but it was a valuable second to lose.

The next instant lamp and cane were dashed from his hand, and a powerful blow sent him reeling against the wall. In total darkness, and half-stunned by the blow, he could not tell whether he had been hurled against the wall of the main hall or the wing, and of the position of his assailant he knew nothing. Stilling

himself into breathless silence, he listened. Not a sound; then the faint creaking of a board, a stealthy movement. It came from the right toward him, was near. Fully prepared, now, he waited the decisive movement, with something better than mere brute force as a dependence. This trust was rewarded in a wholly unexpected manner. On a sudden the hall was ablaze with light, discovering his antagonist little more than an arm's length distant, crouching along the wall, a bit of steel glittering murderously in his right hand. The blinding light was a startling change to the villain. Springing erect, with a muttered oath, he glanced over his shoulder toward the quarter whence it issued, his evil eye resting on Mrs. Berne and Jessie standing in pale horror at their door. Taking advantage of the favorable moment, Allan Holme possessed himself of the cane, lying providentially near, and in a twinkling the brawny figure was stretched senseless on the floor.

"Safe enough for the present," he remarked, lightly touching the broad chest with his moccasined foot. "But the future is to be considered. If you will allow me to rob you of that lamp for a moment, Mrs. Berne, I will speedily insure our safety."

Hastening to his room, he quickly reappeared with a coil of rope, which soon reduced his late formidable adversary to a very harmless state.

"What will you do with him?" inquired Mrs. Berne, as signs of returning consciousness manifested themselves.

"I shall mount guard for the night, and in the morning see him properly sheltered. And, now, Mrs. Berne, be kind enough to take this brave little ghost of ours, and calm her to a rose-restoring slumber," he added, smiling down upon the pale and silent Jessie.

"Ay, she is brave, curse her!" hissed the prisoner, in impotent wrath. "For, if she had but winked an eyelash, I would have killed her, and curses on me that I didn't do it, as it was!"

Mrs. Berne and Jessie shudderingly withdrew. And that night three psalms of thanksgiving ascended as incense before the mercy seat. The morning dawned brightly, and long ere noon the unscrupulous disturber of the peace of Woodlawn lay, securely fettered, in a little cell, whence he was soon borne to receive the due reward of many heinous crimes.

CHAPTER III.

It was late in February. Over all things brooded the stillness of intense cold. The wind, hushed to slumber, breathed not a sigh, stirred not a twig. Only a belated snowbird, hopping hither and thither, showed that life was not wholly stagnant without.

Woodlawn parlor formed a very different

picture. Glowing grate; rich, crimson curtains, heavily corded away from the windows; luxurious sofas and chairs, draped in the same color, and crimson carpet, on which the sprays of half-blown white roses seemed verily to be exhaling a faint perfume, gave an aspect of warmth, comfort, and brightness, in delightful contrast to the bleak, cheerless scene beyond. And this balmy atmosphere was deliciously odorous of the fragrances floating through the open doors of the conservatory in which budded and bloomed the rarest and sweetest flowers. Tea-roses, heliotrope, and mignonnette here breathed out their perfumed sighs, whispering, each passing moment, of love, and truth, and heaven; of the blessedness of living with high and holy purpose—for Christ above, and the brother below. Beautiful, precious, happy hours, that live the lesson they teach!

Before the grate lay a Maltese cat, purring its content on a crimson, tasseled cushion, while not far distant stood Mrs. Berne's sewing-chair beside a quaint, little table, on which rested basket and work, cast hastily down on some recent household demand; a dainty crochet needle and a bit of delicate fabric speaking of another and fairer hand. From the western horizon purple and gold had quite faded, and twilight was fast dropping her mantle of deepest gray. Yet, unmindful of all this, Jessie, curled up in one of the low, broad window seats, still poured over the enchanting page that had hurried her thither to catch the last rays of waning light.

It was a pleasant home picture; and Allan Holme, entering from the hall, paused a moment to enjoy its sweetness, ere proceeding onward the dainty figure, partially shrouded by the heavy curtain. Directly he stood beside her. Not a movement indicated her consciousness of his presence, save the shadow of a pretty dimple curving itself among the roses on her cheek. So he laid a white, muscular hand across the seductive page.

"I'll call thee Jessie, Snowdrop, Fairy, and bid thee spare thine eyes."

She still sat motionless, her gaze fixed on the well-shaped hand, smilingly awaiting its removal. Her expectations proved slightly erroneous.

"Nay, you are cruel! Let me read just those last two lines!" she pleaded, still looking at the hand.

"Not a line, not a word!" and the book was gently withdrawn from her detaining fingers. "Do you want me to send you to a blind asylum, Fairy?"

"I believe I am quite destitute of any such ambition," she laughed, resting her fair head against the curtain's bright folds, and lifting her sparkling eyes to his.

He was smiling down upon her in the tender, earnest way so frequent with him; she luxuriating with child-like simplicity in the protective

fondness of his manner, which she constantly received with an exquisitely child-like grace and freedom, that made him sometimes wonder whether her woman's heart would ever awake, and tremble for the stability of a certain airy castle on which he had lavished many a rainbow-tinted dream and brilliant hope.

"Well, then, be good, or I shall have it to do," and he opened the volume at the title-page. "Goethe. You may read him in the original if you like."

"I may go to the moon, too," nodding her head in saucy mirth, as she looked at him from the pillowing curtain.

"No, I should object, prevent it," he replied, grave as a judge.

"You have become a very despot!"

"What do you think, Mrs. Berne," turning to that lady as she entered the room, "of my placing a German grammar in the hands of this young lassie? Just to keep her out of mischief, you know."

"Any grammar you please, Mr. Holme, only accomplish that desirable end." And she smiled love and blessings on her beautiful idol.

"O Mr. Holme, will you teach me? Do you indeed mean it?" exclaimed Jessie, palpitating delight at every pulse.

"I do, indeed, Snowdrop. Come to the library to-morrow morning, and you shall receive your first lesson."

And thus it befell that morning after morning found Jessie studiously bending over her German books at Allan Holme's side, and all unconsciously learning the sweeter lesson requiring neither teacher nor books; Mrs. Berne looking on the while, profoundly happy in her darling's happiness, and utterly oblivious of the aforementioned lesson.

It was a charming task to Allan Holme to watch, beneath his developing hand, the unfolding of the fine mental powers stored under Jessie's soft curls. And to both teacher and pupil the days went by in winged flight, their pleasant monotony only varied by occasional visits from the neighboring gentry, and flying ones from John and Caird Cliff; these latter visits serving but to rivet more strongly the gentleman's welcome fetters, and to awaken in Allan Holme's mind the thought of a future possibility, without disturbing in the slightest, the serenity of the little lady herself. So the blossoming, fragrant-breathed month of May stole softly among them, and hung forth her delicate garlands ere they had quite awakened to the fact that their happy winter had really gone.

One of these balmy mornings, Jessie, mounted on the ladder in the library, was availing herself of an especial act of grace on Allan Holme's part, in the privilege of removing from the shelves some of the accumulated dust of years, when Dick burst into the room and panted at her side:—

"O Miss Jessie, please come out and see!"

For an instant his shining face was eclipsed by the shirt-sleeve applied to it with energetic industry, but only to emerge in even a higher state of polish, delight, and impatience.

"Say, Miss Jessie," he promptly urged on the completion of the operation.

"Dick, will you *ever* learn manners?" laughed Jessie, surveying from her perch the whimsical speck of humanity.

"I guesses not, Miss Jessie. But please come. Oh, if you only know'd what I knows!"

And, notwithstanding the presence of the young mistress he adored, his exultation was vented in a chuckle, and an elaborate somersault on the spot. Once more erect, he rolled the whites of his eyes guiltily up at Jessie, on whose face mirth and gravity were contending for the victory, saying, in subdued, apologetic tone:—

"If you only did, Miss Jessie, you'd turn over, too," an assertion quite too much for Jessie's gravity.

At this moment, Allan Holme's step sounded in the hall. Dick, shrewdly surmising that his interference might not be exactly relished by that gentleman, forthwith acted on the principle that "discretion is the better part of valor," and made an unceremonious exit through one of the open windows, much to Jessie's amusement, if not to her enlightenment.

(Conclusion next month.)

AN APPEAL TO THE WIND.

BY MRS. H. R. MORSE.

Oh, wind of summer, wind of night!
Linger and tell me of the hills,
Linger and tell me of the rills
Which you have swept in all your flight.

Tell me of all the greenwood dells
Through which your airy presence flew,
Where song-birds trilled, and wildflowers grew,
Where cornfields decked the upland swells.

Tell me of all the glorious things
Which summer scatters in her train,
Filling the earth with joy again;
Tell something of the songs she sings.

Tell me if near the homestead wall
The bluebells blossom, sweet and rare,
As when I twined them for my hair,
When youth's gay dreams were over all.

And tell me if the roses bloom
On the lone hillside far away,
If e'er is heard the robins lay
Above the stillness of the tomb.

For, oh, sweet wind! oh, whispering wind!
Those summery Junes are not for me;
Beyond the blue waves of the sea,
I left their splendors far behind.

And now I only hear the roar
Of Huron's waters, night and day;
I dream of summer far away,
I linger on a wave-washed shore.

LOOKING THEM OVER.

"CAN'T you look over some manuscript for me, my dear?" said my affectionate spouse, a few days ago. "I have been so busy for the last two months that I have not had time to read up, and we are in want of matter for the next issue."

It was a way of assisting my partner, in that much-enduring position, an editor of a weekly paper, that was not entirely new to me, so I assented at once.

"I'll send them up by John as soon as I get to the office," he said, with an air of relief, "with a note of the number of columns we require."

In accordance with that promise, a smutty little printer's boy, in a paper cap, presented himself before me, an hour later, with a huge bundle of manuscript. Manuscript in envelopes, manuscript in packages for express, manuscript in newspaper with the direction on letter paper pasted over the strings, manuscript "done up" in every variety of style, directed in every kind of handwriting. I smiled faintly as John deposited his bundle upon the table, and handed me the promised memorandum. The quantity required looked absurdly small compared with the pile from which to make selection; so I told John to return in about two hours, drew my rocking-chair close to the table, settled myself in a comfortable attitude, and, after arranging the nondescript bundle into neat piles, commenced the formidable task of looking them over. This was the first effusion that met my eye:—

"SNUGGLESVILLE, Dec. 13, 18—.

"EDITOR of the *Blazing Meteor*: DEAR SIR: I send you the following hints for your Agricultural Department, founded upon actual observation and experience. The price is \$50 (fifty dollars). Address WM. B—, etc."

And these were the hints:—

"Creatures of the bovine species require much devoted attention on the part of those desirous of extracting a voluminous amount of the lacteal fluid. During the season when Nature smiles and summer reigns, the nourishment of this domestic animal becomes a sinecure; but when stern winter reigns, the dried mantle of the meadows must be preserved for the use of this most useful species. When the foaming, snowy waves of creamy lusciousness fill the dairy."

Did the man have his cows milked on the floor? I decided that he was entirely too extravagant in his demands for the funds of the *Blazing Meteor*, and took up the next. Poetry! I groaned in spirit, but read:—

"THE BREAKING HEART.

"Will it never, never, never break,
This bleeding heart of mine?
Must it live and dwell forever
On the faithlessness of thine?
Can I bear the daily torture
Of seeing thee afar?
Can I think of thee forever,
And never know where you are?"

Comment is needless! There was no letter nor address, so I put the choice production aside to commence the list of "respectfully declined" articles. The next production, written upon the coarsest of paper, and sealed with a thimble, was as follows:—

"CARTUR'S HOLLER, January 2.

"DERE SUR: This cums hoppin you'll talk pitty on a lone widder wummum, who wants to maik an onist liven with her pen, and rite fur the paypers. Send me the prise you give regglur, and except my blesin.

"Ures, to kummand, etc."

"SEENS ON THE OSHUN.

"It was on the Mary Ann that I seen these Seens with my own ize. We was kumin from the Injees, my late lammented beln a ship kapten, and it was in the wintur we left, tho it was warm out thare as gewlie is uther plases, and I wore a musling dress when we startid, a blew musling, with white figgers under it, maid with a fishew cape, and fit me kumplete, for I fell in with a frensh wummum out thare that maid me four dresses, and munney thrown away, for he died afore ever we got to Bostin, and I had to put on mornin as soon as we arriv at land, and the cargo was as good as throne away with dewtys and sellin anyhow, and no head man about, and me but a weke wummum to see to evrything, and am always that see sic I ain't fit for nothin for a munt after a voyalge, and them as swinduled a widder under such sirkumstances won't never proffect by the gane they git, and so say I, mi loss ante yure gane, if yer did poket the widder's mite promiscuous"—

I was sorry for the "widder," but limited as to time, so I had to send her to keep company with "The Breaking Heart." I was not getting along very well with my selections, and tossed over my neat ples a little to see if I could not find an encouraging looking envelope. There it lay under my hand, white and glossy, directed in a compact, business-like hand, not too thick nor too thin, about two columns in bulk, I thought, measuring the writing and package mentally. I opened it hopefully. The letter was charming, pleasant, and graceful, and desiring nothing for the article beyond the pleasure of seeing it in print. As for the article, you will find it in the *Blazing Meteor* for the coming week. Much encouraged, I proceeded in my work. The next envelope contained the following extraordinary epistle, without date, address, or signature:—

"In the cause of suffering humanity I ask you to publish the following tale, the record of a heart crushed and forsaken, but, alas! still beating. Only the names are false. Let some who read feel their guilty hearts tremble! Let my suffering and wrong warn the young against the flatteries of the other sex. Print! I bid you print:—

"A TALE OF TRUTH.

"In a village not a thousand miles from here lived a maiden, whom I will call Katie Jones, though there are those who know her name was no more Jones than it was Smith. She

was fair, and had blue eyes and glossy curls, whereas the other girl had a snub nose and her hair was as straight as a shingle. But what is beauty, when an artful piece like that comes along and talks honied sweetness to him that has been courting one girl steady two years, and driving them as might a-been constant, and some of them richer, too, into the bargain."

Thinking the *Blazing Meteor* far too feeble an organ to carry this explosion of feminine spite, I put it also aside. My next envelope contained a neat little note, modest and wistful, from a novice, who would "like so much" to become an authoress. And this was her maiden venture, poor child! :—

"TO A VIOLET.

"Peeping from broad leaves of green,
Little blue-eyed treasure,
Nothing fairer can be seen,
Nor give purer pleasure;
Soft as velvet to my touch,
Fragrant as no other,
Let me press thee to my lips,
And in sweetness smother."

Tweedle dum and tweedle dee! There were seventeen verses, and the words "blue and fragrant" came in twenty-eight times. Of course, I was very sorry for the poor little writer; but, you see, the interests of the *Blazing Meteor* were at stake, and scorched up the unfortunate violet, who was consigned to the rejected pile. The next package was without a letter, and contained the following:—

"THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

"Hope! Fleeting goddess of the sanguine soul!

Hope! Who can deny to thee the foremost rank in those transient emotions that fling their rosy light upon the human bosom? Without hope we are utterly hopeless!"

This sentence being utterly undeniable, I put the effusion among the hopeless efforts on my table. Really the pile was swelling ominously, and only one poor little article accepted to balance it. The next letter was to the following effect:—

"WALKERSVILLE, Dec. 18th, 18—.

"DEAR SIR: I rede a grate dele, and git most of the nu novils as they come out, and I thote if you woud like some kritisisms on modern orthurs, I could furnish you sum at ten dollars a kollum. I could use up them you wanted used up, and prase the rest. I ain't never predjewisied by redin the books, but would kritisise just as you wanted.

"I've got two writ on two novvuls, and can send them if you desire. Yours, etc."

"Kritisism" is useless. I was getting desperate. Judge how much the following helped me:—

"THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

"Mary Jeslyn was a drunkard's wife, and lived in a drunkard's home, where three drunkard's children nightly dreaded the drunkard's return, after a drunkard's wages had been spent in a drunkard's carousal at the drunkard's favorite resort—the tavern. Mary was the child of poor, but respectable parents, who would have been heart-broken if the grave had not kindly

opened for them before their child became the object of a drunkard's abuse. She little dreamed when she stood beside her handsome husband at the altar that already her rival, the wine cup, was more powerful than her love, and that a drunkard's home awaited her, where year by year her husband would tread the drunkard's path to a drunkard's grave unless he reformed, as you will see if you read on."

Which last sentence failed to stimulate my interest in the twenty-five closely written pages that followed. The next envelope contained what purported to be

"A GOST STORY.

"People now-a-days don't believe in gosts except them as raps, but in the good old times they would have doubted their own existence as soon as doubted the existence of gosts. It was in those days that there lived an old miser whose name was Graball, and who was said to live on fried candle-ends and heel-tops sooner than buy one solid meals vittuls! Anyhow he was thin as a match, and mean as they make 'em. One night a traveller stopped at Graball's for a night's lodging, but was only taken in upon promise of paying handsome. He was that simple that he told old Graball he had a bag of gold in his pocket; and the old miser first put him to bed, and then murdered him, and carried the body to a river near by and drowned it. But if the body sank, the gost riz. From that hour the murderer was a doomed man. Day and night he was haunted by the gost of the murdered man. He pined away till he was a perfect shadder, and finally died confessing his crime, and wildly calling upon the gost to let him die in peace."

For this choice literary effort the modest sum of twenty-five dollars was demanded, but the writer kindly offered to take it in weekly installments of five dollars each, if the *Blazing Meteor* was unable to command so heavy a sum at once.

Poetry again! Oh! if the would-be poets could imagine the competition that drives editors to the verge of insanity!

"TO SOPHIA.

"O Sophia! my own Sophia!
My aspirations soar no higher
Than to seat me at thy feet
And look upon thy beauty, sweet!
Could you turn your radiant eyes
On him who before thee lies,
You would grant his heart's desire,
O Sophia! dear Sophia!

"O Sophia! my own Sophia!
Should a rival wake my ire,
I would choke him where he stands,
With these desperate jealous hands.
I could never see thee smile
On another being vile;
Should another thus aspire,
I'd throttle him! I would, Sophia!

"O Sophia! my own Sophia!
Every charm that I admire
Wakes my love to thee alone,
Sweetest girl I've ever known!
Smile upon me then, my dear;
From my heart take every fear;
Let the parson knot the tler
That binds thee to me, my Sophia!"

The author only wanted thirty dollars for that! Ten dollars a verse, he wrote, seemed to him "about fair." About fair!

The next envelope was not very bulky, but I found upon opening it, that the contents were written on both sides of ocean paper, in a small cramped hand, It contained

"INSTRUCTIONS FOR RIDING A VELOCIPEDE.

"You can never ride a velocipede if you are addicted to the use of beverages that make your head heavy and your feet unsteady. It can't be done, because you must sit on the thing right straight, or over you go, wheels and all. Of course, you know what a velocipede is. It is one of those new fangled go-carts that you see now on Broadway any hour of the day; a sort of a cross between a go-cart and a stick-horse. If you are expert in riding a velocipede, you can run down a locomotive as easy as winking; but if you are not expert, you are apt to find out just how much harder the floor is than your own nose. Velocipedes were started in Paris, and they do say that legs are of no further use to a Frenchman, as the velocipedes over there waltz, polka, and dance the German. I don't know as we shall ever reach such perfection in their use in this country. I tried to run mine up stairs the last time I came home from the club, but either the stairs or the velocipede, I forget which, objected so strongly that I have never dared to repeat the experiment."

I was interrupted. "If you please, ma'am, Mr. Hopkins says if you can send him about two columns, he can get along this week."

So I gladly dispatched my one accepted article, and postponed the further task of looking over my still unopened manuscript.

MINE AND THINE.

BY UNDIS.

Soft and fair, as a rose-bloom white,
Was the dainty hand I pressed that night,
In the silver flow of the May moonlight.

Bright and chaste was the golden band
I left that eve on the plighted hand
Of the purest maid in a Christian land.

Sweet the lay of the minstrel bird
In its chamber green, by zephyrs stirred;
But, aye, sweeter far was each trembling word
Dropt by the fragrant, rare-ripe lips,
Like scarlet buds, where the trochil dips,
And the bee of the honeyed nectar sips.

Dim the light of the morrow's rise,
Though a rosy flush o'erswept the skies,
For the dead lids sealed down the sea-blue eyes.

Mine! when the misty moonbeams fair
Swept o'er the gloss of her golden hair,
And the night-buds breathed on the dewy air.

Thine, O God! ere the sunbeams kissed
The skies into gold and amethyst—
And my life throbs on through a tearful mist.

HUMILITY is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves.—*Zimmerman.*

WHICH CORNER?

BY DELL STANLEY.

ZADEE ROBBINS stood by one of the great windows of her pleasant city home, tapping uneasily on the window pane. She was in a sadly discontented mood. The weather was certainly dismal enough to make even the most cheerful person depressed in spirit. Besides, there was nothing to anticipate for the coming week; no parties or wedding receptions on the tapis; no more pleasant evenings at the Academy, for Ristori had left for New Orleans; and then the carriage horses were lame, so she could not drive in the Park. Most decidedly, there was nothing at all attractive in the programme for the next week's performances.

She had drummed on the glass until her fingers ached, and was about to turn from the window, with a long drawn sigh, when suddenly some object in the street below brought a happy smile to her face, and she ran lightly down the broad stairs to welcome her grandfather, whose visits being very infrequent, were always doubly welcome.

The dull weather was all forgotten in grandfather's pleasant society, and, best of all, he had come with the determination of taking Zadee back with him to the old homestead, situated in the charming county town of Sardine, about an hour's travel from the city. He said: "Cousin Kate was very lonely, and he knew a few days of Zadee's society would be a great treat to her."

Zadee was delighted at the prospect of a change; and, although she found it rather difficult to obtain her mother's consent to a trip into the country at that inclement season, after permission was once gained, it did not take her long to don her pretty new walking dress, and pack a travelling bag with the few necessaries required for a short visit to Sardine.

Zadee and Kate were never happier than when together. Being nearly of the same age, and of similar tastes and habits, they were almost inseparable; and, although their nominal homes were separated by several miles, yet they managed to see each other frequently, and, when absent from each other, were always faithful correspondents.

Kate was an orphan; and, since the death of her parents, had been cared for by her grandparents, to whom she was fondly attached. They were both in the sere and yellow leaf—three score years and ten had passed over their heads—and grandma especially was very feeble, and required much nursing and care. Kate delighted to make their home sunny, and she often prayed that with them "at the evening time of life it might be light."

One hour from the time Zadee left the city with her grandfather, she stepped upon the platform of the depot at Sardine; and, among

those waiting there, soon discovered Kate's bright black eyes, rosy cheeks, and smile of welcome. A stranger would imagine, to see their greeting, that they had been separated from each other for years instead of a few short weeks. For a day or two they were entirely satisfied with each other's society; and then Kate began to fear the country must be dull to her city cousin, and proposed, by way of variety, a walk in the village. So having pulled on their thick rubber boots—the only sure protectors from the mud—they started on their tramp, "in search of an adventure," Kate said.

By and by they passed a snug little cottage, on the door of which Zadee noticed the sign, "Edward Cooke, M. D."

"What doctor is that, Kate? I never noticed his shingle before. Is he a new arrival? Is he old or young? Have you ever seen him? Do tell me, quick! That cannot be he, sitting in the office window, so young and handsome!"

"Why, Zadee, you seem to have found a very sudden interest in this young physician, for young he is, and handsome, too. I have seen him several times, but have not yet been presented to him; he has practised in Sardine but a short time."

"Let me see, what is that other notice on the door? I left my glasses at home; perhaps you can decipher those hieroglyphics, Kate."

"They are certainly plain enough—"Communication Box."

"Oh! I have a plan, Kate. Come, let's go right home, and I will tell you what we shall do. We will send a communication to this handsome young doctor."

"Zadee, you must be crazy! What do you mean?"

"I mean to have a little fun, and you shall help me; 'twill be such an oasis in the desert of country life in winter."

"What do you intend to write in this wonderful epistle?"

"Come home, Kate, and you shall see. But, remember, if I write it, you must drop it into the box; that will be your share of the plot."

"Very well, Zadee. I am ready to do anything that will contribute to your amusement; but will it not be rude and unladylike thus to address a stranger?"

"Bah! No, indeed, he never will know where it comes from. We shall mystify him."

The girls soon reached home, and seated themselves at the little writing-desk in Kate's room. Zadee selected a delicate sheet of note paper, and, after a moment's thought, took up the pen, and scribbled off a short note, and then handed it to her cousin for perusal. Kate took it, and read aloud:—

Doctor Edward Cooke will please call on the corner of Cherry Street to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, and greatly oblige A. C. S.

"But, Zadee, suppose he should come. But,

then, he never will, for your note is so very indefinite. Of course, there are several corners to Cherry Street."

"Well, my dear cousin, you know a young physician is always anxious to secure practice, and I will venture to assert that he will make his appearance to-morrow punctually at ten o'clock."

After dinner, the girls again started for the village, Kate carrying the missive, which, with trembling fingers, she dropped into the box. That night, before retiring, they spent more time than usual crimping their hair, and deciding which was the most becoming of their morning dresses, for they were determined to make an impression on the doctor should he make his appearance the next day.

But disappointment and blighted hopes come even to merry young girls. The next morning they watched in vain. Ten o'clock came without the expected arrival, and Zadee's face began to assume a rather long look; but Kate looked up from her work, and said, quietly:—

"The doctor certainly has common-sense. He evidently knows better than to come on such a ridiculous errand; his time is too precious to waste."

Zadee smiled, but only said: "We shall see."

The next morning Zadee went to take a sleigh ride with her grandpa. It had snowed heavily during the night, and in the early morning the sleighing was excellent; but a thaw soon set in, and the sleighing was spoiled in a few hours.

While the others went to ride, Kate stayed at home to read to grandma. Quiet reigned in the old homestead, broken only by Kate's sweet, girlish voice, as she read aloud a long, dry article, written by some starchy, antiquated person, on a subject not at all interesting to the young; but it pleased grandma, so Kate was content. She was just approaching the end of the second column, when she was startled by a knock at the front door; the knocker was evidently handled by one not accustomed to those old-fashioned institutions. Kate, glad of some excuse to rest her weary throat, laid down the paper, and determined to wait on the door. She opened it, and—there stood the doctor. She was startled, but she willed down the blood which she felt flying to her cheeks, and answered pleasantly his "Good-morning!"

He said: "I regret that I could not call yesterday, as you desired, but I was obliged to go to New York on business." As Kate remained mute, he continued: "I came in answer to a note left at my office."

"What office, sir?"

"Doctor Cooke's office on Main Street. Here is the note," and he took from his pocket the note, which Kate knew too well, handing it to her. He watched her closely as she read it.

She felt his eyes, and, after glancing at it, said:—

"You must be mistaken, sir. 'A. C. S.!' There is no one with those initials residing here."

"The note is very indefinite," said the doctor. "Of course, there are four corners to every street, and it does not mention which corner."

"'Tis too bad," said Kate, in a sympathizing tone. "On the corner opposite there is a sick babe; you might try there."

He decided to do so; and, raising his hat in the most approved fashion, bade her "Good-morning!" and took his departure. Kate determined to watch his proceedings; so she ran to the parlor window, and through the half-open blind saw him cross the street to the opposite corner. His patent-leathers suffered slightly by coming in contact with the mud, and he had scarcely finished rubbing them on the mat when the door opened. He made quite a long call, and, when he came down the stoop, Kate saw that he was laughing; but he certainly could have made no discovery there, for the neighbor opposite knew nothing of her flirtations, so she could not conjecture the cause of his merriment. He crossed over, unhitched his horse, which was attached to a post, and she saw that he had taken his departure.

Kate intended to know what his next step would be, for she imagined that he was about to try at the other two corners of Cherry Street; so she ran out to the gate, and watched the sleigh. Surely enough, he drove up to one of the other corners, and, having hitched his horse, went into the house, which Kate knew was unoccupied; and she laughed merrily, as she thought how he would bruise his knuckles in vain, trying to gain admittance to that domicile. After a time, he again made his appearance, and rushed over in rather a frantic manner to the cottage opposite, in which lived a lone widow. Here, too, his errand was evidently fruitless, as he remained but a moment, and then returned to his sleigh, and drove off in the opposite direction.

"What a capital joke!" thought Kate. "More appropriate, though, for the first of April. How cheap the doctor must feel! But, oh, what elegant eyes, and those side whiskers are superb! If Zadee had only been at home! How disappointed she will be!" She could scarcely wait for her cousin's return.

Zadee was dreadfully provoked when she heard that the doctor had called during her absence. "She would not have missed seeing him for fifty sleigh rides, and the sleighing was so miserable that morning she did not enjoy it at all."

Kate gave a vivid description of his gentlemanly manner, etc., and Zadee said: "She was determined the romance should not end

with that morning call. Next week will be the middle of February, so 'Valentine's Day' is not so very far distant. Kate, let's send a Valentine to this paragon of a doctor. You know it must be original, and to the point; poetry, of course, or rather rhyme. Our two craniums, I am sure, will be able to manufacture one which will be presentable. Let's run up stairs, and commence right away."

The writing-desk was again brought into requisition. One would suggest one line, the other the next; some were rejected, others turned and twisted to make the rhyme complete. Finally, after several hours spent in writing and re-writing, Zadee completed the final copy, which Kate read aloud. Zadee listened attentively, applauding each line, and, at the conclusion, there was a most terrific clapping of all four little hands.

"Pshaw!" Kate said, after a momentary pause. "I believe it is full of horrible mistakes. You and I appreciate it much better than the doctor ever will."

"Well," Zadee replied, "in my opinion, all the rhetoric and such stuff that doctor's attempt to learn goes in at one ear and out at the other; they devote all of their time to cramming their brains with the laws of chemistry, and the Latin names of herbs and drugs. He will not take it as a grammar lesson, to be analyzed, and parsed, and to discover all of its awkward imperfections; but, if there is one particle of fun in him, he will appreciate our Valentine, and we shall receive a reply before another week has passed. You must go to the post-office every day, and see if there is not a letter directed to 'the corner of Cherry Street.' You know I shall be obliged to return to the city before the fourteenth, and I shall depend upon you to drop the Valentine into the 'communication box;' and, if we receive an answer, as I am sure we shall, send it down to me, for I am anxious to discover whether or no he will excel us in writing Valentines."

After a few days Zadee returned to the city, her last words to Kate—from the car window as the train moved off—were "Now, mind, don't forget the fourteenth."

Kate did not forget, but deposited the Valentine on the proper day. The answer, however, did not arrive as soon as Zadee had confidently affirmed it would. Kate visited the post-office every day for the remainder of the week, without any result, and she wrote to Zadee, saying, "She thought all the time that the doctor would never deign to notice anonymous epistles."

But Zadee had decided that Kate *should* receive an answer at all hazards; so, after reading Kate's letter, she took her pen, and commenced scribbling at a furious rate; and, finally, with a triumphant smile, she said: "That will do," and gently patted a huge yellow envelope, directed in a very masculine hand to "Miss Kate

Robbins." The next day Kate's visit to the office was rewarded. But she was prevented by household duties from forwarding at once the doctor's Valentine; so Zadee watched for the postman's arrival very impatiently for several days, and finally received the following note:—

DEAR COUSIN ZADEE: We have at last received an answer from the doctor, or rather I have. Strange to say, it came directed to me, but how he discovered my name, "I dinna ken." I inclose the Valentine for your perusal. Perhaps you will consider it a splendid effusion, far surpassing ours. But what will you say when you read that *he has a little wife*? O Zadee! is it not shameful, to think that we have attempted a flirtation with a married man? I think he is a most miserable writer, and I notice several grammatical mistakes; besides, the lines do not rhyme at all well. I imagine I see your pretty lips curl, as you say, "Sour grapes. Married men are so dull and uninteresting."

You do not know how I long to see you. You helped get me into the scrape, and now you ought to help me out; for, Zadee, you have not yet heard all. Grandma has been more feeble lately; and yesterday, when our old family physician came to pay his customary visit, he said, that "He was obliged to leave Sardine to go West, and would probably be gone several weeks. He was sorry to leave grandma when she was so ill; but he would leave all the directions necessary, unless her symptoms should change for the worse, in which case we must immediately call in another physician; and he would recommend *Doctor E. Cooke*—one young in the profession, but talented, and worthy to be trusted with the most precarious cases." He wrote his address, and handed the card to me, saying, "Now, remember, my dear, to send for this doctor if your grandma should get worse;" and then he gave me a searching look, and said: "I hope you are not subject to rush of blood to the head, Kate; you look very much like it. Keep cool, my dear," for you know, of course, at the mention of Doctor Cooke I had blushed scarlet. But the dear old doctor attributed my unusual color to disease, and, if he was to remain at home, would probably put me through a series of doses not at all palatable.

Don't you pity me, Zadee? I am confident that Doctor Cooke's services will be required; and how shall I dare to meet him, when I have been guilty of such very unladylike deportment? I assure you I repent in sackcloth and ashes. Write very soon, and comfort, if you can,
Your own loving KATE.

"That muddy walk up Main Street has brought about quite a romantic snarl," thought Zadee; "but I can see no reason why I should attempt to pick it out, or why I should let Kate know that the Valentine was not really from Doctor Cooke. She will probably discover that, sooner or later, and I may as well let things take their own course." However, she wrote back a sympathizing letter, saying, "Would it not be odd if the doctor was not married at all? You know he might have inserted that line about his better half to make the rhyme complete."

After this, for several weeks, Kate's letters were very short and unsatisfactory. She apologized for their briefness on account of grandma's feebleness, but she never once mentioned the doctor's name. This was very tantalizing to Zadee, for she knew that Doctor Cooke must be attending grandma during this severe illness, and Kate was generally so communicative. She could not account for her silence on this subject.

One afternoon, as Zadee was sitting in her own room, playing with her pet canary, the servant came up, bringing a card, and saying, "A gentleman in the reception-room desires to see Miss Zadee."

She glanced at the bit of pasteboard, and read: "Edward Cooke, M. D." Dropping the card, she ran in girlish fashion to the mirror to see whether she was presentable. She had just arranged her chignon very high on the head, after the prevailing mode; so, pulling a sprig of trailing arbutus from a bouquet holder on the toilet table, she pinned it in her hair, and giving each cheek a vigorous pinch to bring back the roses, which the arrival of this unexpected visitor had banished, she gave a little approving nod at the reflection in the mirror, and started for her first interview with the handsome "M. D." of Sardine.

The call was a long one, and some rather important truths were communicated, if we may judge from Zadee's last sentence as she bade him adieu: "Tell Kate that I intend to give the 'announcement party,' and she must come down as soon as possible to make preparations for it."

Kate came the next day, and gave Zadee a long account of that which she had omitted in her letters.

"You do not know, Zadee, how surprised I was, when I discovered that Ned was not married," she said. "After grandma grew worse, and I was obliged to send for him, I kept in the darkest corner of the room during his visits, and behaved as demurely, as any spinster would have done, who had turned more than one corner. I was so in hopes that he would not recognize me as the damsel who played 'hall waiter,' on that fatal morning; but it seems he knew me all the time. His treatment proved so beneficial to grandma, that she improved very rapidly; so, after a time, I thought it not essential to his patients' comfort, that he should call so frequently. Because, you know, after he had attended to grandma, he would always linger to have a little chat with me, or to hear me play an air or two from his favorite opera. And one day he asked me to drive out with him, and I thought it would not be right to go if he was married, as I supposed; and when I declined his invitation, he seemed to feel so hurt about it that I thought he had best know the reason; so I managed to bring into the conversation some

allusion to his wife, when he stared at me in blank amazement, and said, 'Miss Kate, I am minus such an appendage.' And then, Zadee, as soon as I knew that he was not married, there came a very queer feeling into my heart, and I knew I was very much in love with this talented doctor. By and by he said, with an odd little smile, 'The horse and buggy are at the door, won't you go to ride with me now?' And I went. It was a lovely moonlight evening; and before we returned he told me a story, which was very sweet to hear, and—I made a promise. And afterwards grandpa and grandma did not say 'no,' because they admired him so much, and they wanted that their little granddaughter should be happy. Very soon I wore another ring on this finger. Here it is, Zadee; is it not a beauty?"

"You see," said Kate, "he had never even mentioned our first note, or the Valentine, until he gave me the ring; and that evening he took from his pocket both those epistles with which you and I are so familiar, and said, that 'I was quite a little rhymster, but he thought I would never make a Mrs. Browning; indeed he knew, I would not.' Then I ran up stairs, and brought down the Valentine, which I supposed he had sent, and pointed to the line where he spoke of 'his little wife.' He looked puzzled, and after a while he said, 'I never wrote this, Kate. Examine the letters separately, and see if they correspond with the chirography of any of your friends;' and then, Zadee—you wicked girl—I saw some of those curious flourishes, which our old writing professor could never teach you to forget, so I knew you had been at the bottom of it all. And the doctor took the Valentine, the next time he came to the city, and said he was coming to see that naughty cousin of mine, and scold you for representing him as 'twice one,' and so nearly losing for him a 'darling little wife.'

"He says, Zadee, that you explained it all satisfactorily, and I believe you are good friends, are you not? I know you are, or you would not give for us the 'announcement party,' which, you say, is to be the grandest affair of the season. And after the party, I must commence immediately to arrange my *trousseau*, for the engagement is to be a short one, as Ned is intending to sail for Europe on the first of June, and he says he cannot go without me.

The old homestead wore a more bright and cheerful appearance than usual, on Kate's wedding day. Many friends came out from the city, laden with elegant bridal presents. Zadee was first bridesmaid, and after congratulating the groom she said to him, slyly, "Are you quite sure, doctor, that you have found the right corner of Cherry Street?" He looked down at his beautiful, blushing bride, and then said, in a deep, fervent tone, "Yes, Cousin Zadee, I am sure."

MARRIED FOR FUN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MALBROOK" AND "HONOR BRIGHT."

MAY WHARTON was a sort of solecism among women. She was both handsome and puzzling, winning and reserved, a romp and yet proud. Pious old ladies always shook their heads when she was mentioned, and said she was a hoidenish, daring, reckless coquette, and added, with a sigh, that "She was in the Lord's hands," as if it was infinite relief to clear *theirs* of her. To gentlemen she was fascinating, bewildering, and offish as a bird.

The girl was an orphan, without "kith or kin," and boarded in the family of her guardian. Judge Harmon resided in one of our towns, which, like the beautiful, spontaneous fruit of the tropics, had sprung up, as it were, in a night, on our "Western wilds," with all the elegance and refinement of cultured energy.

Judge Harmon's home was palatial in aspect. The lawns were like spread velvet—England never boasted of softer or richer—and in all his wide estate generous Nature had been lavish, with her long kept gifts, as if rejoicing in a recipient, imitating her Maker, who urges His own creatures to accept His love.

Underneath a spreading oak stood this girl of whom we are telling. She was the centre of a merry group, whose fortunes she was reading; her dark eyes flashing, her dark cheeks brightening with excitement. Palm after palm was bared to the young priestess, whilst she held them spell-bound with her chaumaturgic powers, tracing through the delicate network of each the striking incidents which had marked each life from its birth; causing some to grow pale with fear, and others to blush scarlet with anger and shame; or, with characteristic daring, she shielded none in laying bare the past, and, with mystical fascination, she predicted the leading events to come, seasoning each with a terse, pertinent, funny bit of advice.

Outside the circle stood a young man—a large fellow, with broad shoulders and splendid figure—his Panama was in his hand, his light curly hair cut close to his well-shaped head. He had given rapt attention whilst the prophetess had fearlessly penetrated the forbidden Arcana of the future. As he listened, his clear blue eyes flashed and sparkled, as if planning mischief. He waited until each of the group had his or her peep into the beyond, when he entered the circle, and with innate grace knelt at the girl's feet, baring his large, hapely hand, with an expression of mock faith upon his face. The girl flushed as she touched his hand, for between these two existed a strange sort of magnetic influence, now attracting, now repulsing. Oftenest they were at variance, disagreeing on all subjects, and occasionally trenching on open quarrel. But

sometimes a single glance from those teasing blue eyes would send the blood surging up the girl's dark cheeks, and the accidental touch of her small hand would thrill the man's strong frame like a powerful electric shock. This mysterious influence, whilst it puzzled, had its fascination to each. To cover the sudden blush, the girl looked fearlessly into his eyes, exclaiming:—

"Am I the subject of a mental hallucination, or do I really behold Park Lloyd, the acknowledged skeptic of all hidden, unexplainable things, coming to question occult lore?"

His only reply was to raise his hand a trifle toward her bending face. After that she never glanced at his, upturned and teasing, but served his hand as she had done the others.

"You are both better and worse than people think you. Your nature is positive, not negative. You are genial, generous, sometimes gentle. To counterbalance these virtues, you are tyrannical and exacting, and require as much and *more* than you give. If you ever have a wife, she will have a stormy time of it. Your will is inflexible and unrelenting. In your past life you have had no great trouble, and have committed no glaring sin; not that you have resisted from principle or conscience, but because you are not open to influence. Temptations will not mix with your nature, any more than water will mingle with oil. You owe your freeness from taint, not to any self-fought battles, but to the fact that you were born morally, as you are physically, strong; so may thank your God, and not yourself. You have imagined yourself in love ever since you were in pinafores, but the great passion has never yet swayed you"—Suddenly she stopped, with a little, low, ringing laugh. They all drew nearer, with breathless curiosity, exclaiming:—

"Why, May, what do you see?"

The girl only laughed the longer, dropping his hand to bring her own together, a habit she had. Merriment is contagious. The whole group became convulsed, laughing until they could not stop, simply because she did. Park Lloyd caught the clasped hands in his; and, looking up into the irresistible face, said, with that determination and will that she had told him was a part of his being:—

"May, what do you see in my hand to evoke such laughter? Tell me, instantly!"

At once she obeyed, controlling her lips, and answering comically in the sudden silence:—

"Why, Park, your hand says that you will marry *for fun*."

A sudden determination, sealed as soon as conceived, flashed across his teasing face. He sprang suddenly to his feet, keeping her hand in his, and, opening her small, white hand, spread it quite before her face, demanding:—

"And what will *you* marry for?"

It is when the castle is stormed through

quick strategy that it falls. The unexpected attack found her unarmed. She was surprised into reading the riddle of her own life:—

"I—I shall marry in terrible earnest."

He retained the hand firmly, his blue eyes full of inexplicable lights.

"Let us cheat fate into refuting her own decrees, May. Dominie Bowen has just gone into the house with Uncle Harmon. Marry *me* now, *for fun*, will you?" and his blue eyes, with their strong, unbending will, looked down into hers.

The blood rushed to her very brow, then ebbed, leaving her pale as death; while those around, not seeing the swift current beneath the surface, and thinking it all a farce, laughed long and loud. The blue eyes never moved from hers, with their subtle, fascinating will power.

"May, this is an age of progress—you are a type of the age, brave, and courageous—let us show ourselves two moral empirics, and declare all such conventionalities as engagements effete."

His tone was low, though so clear that all heard, and the merry laughter continued to ring round the circle at what they deemed his perfect acting. We have said this girl was a solecism—daring, reckless, and self-sustained, having been used to making her own decisions from her birth. Never had the magnetic forces existing between these two been stronger. It drew them together with a force utterly irresistible. Neither loved the other, yet each demanded the other as his own. The power was that of mind and will, not of heart, a sort of mental and nervous magnetism. The smothered fire in her dark eyes blazed and sparkled. Instantly he caught the flash. He bowed his head so low none other ears than hers caught the words:—

"May, shall I seal it?"

Her head was neither raised nor drooped. With bright, triumphant eyes he stooped; his lips touched hers. It was but for an instant, but lips never touch without hearts pulsing. A kiss upon brow or cheek is simply a kiss, but the meeting of lips is the touching of souls. At that sudden, unexpected kiss the merry circle looked at each other in startled surprise, then greeted with a round of applause what they considered the very consummation of fine acting; while Park Lloyd took the girl's hand, and led her into the house, the others following with laughing curiosity.

Judge Harmon and Dominie Bowen were in the bay-window in the drawing-room, the judge displaying some rare exotics that filled the apartment with their exquisite perfume. They went quite in front of the minister, the others grouped about with all the graceful effect of an impromptu tableau. The dominie and judge looked on in mute surprise. Park explained in his clear, coherent way:—

"Dominie, will you please speak the words that shall make May and I husband and wife?"

In an instant there was great excitement, all, at length, catching the deep meaning of the seeming farce. The dominie exclaimed, the judge laughed heartily. Park was his nephew, and he had long desired the match. The confusion increased. Park Lloyd raised his hand with an impatient gesture, his face demanding silence, with that expression seldom disobeyed. He said, quietly:—

"Dominie, there is nothing to keep us apart; marry us at once."

The dominie, though a good, was a weak man, and Park Lloyd's will was iron. He yielded instantly, drew his prayer-book from his pocket, and proceeded with the impressive service of the Episcopal church. The hand that the bridegroom held had grown cold as ice. At its increasing chill, his lips had for one moment set themselves, then relaxed with a smile of triumph at the words "I pronounce thee man and wife." When they arose from this blessing, they were met with laughing congratulations.

In the dining-room a feast had been spread for the benefit of the little company. Judge Harmon invited them to partake, and make it a symposium indeed. At the dining-room door Park left the wedding guests to enter alone; he, by a sudden turn, leading his bride away from them, out upon an adjacent veranda. When there, he raised the little cold hand to his lips; the blood tingled to its very finger ends. He looked into her face teasingly. She flushed painfully, and snatched her hand away; then, lest he should possibly think she had mistaken the caress as given in earnest, she returned it gayly, touching his hand with her lips, and saying with a laugh, from which all merriment had fled:—

"For fun."

The set look stole about his lips again; instantly he led her back to the dining-room. After that the bride and groom led the feast with their gayety.

A little later, in the drawing-room, there was music and dancing. The bride's hand rested on the bridegroom's arm. They were conversing merrily with those about them. The dreamy strains of a waltz floated through the room. He bent his head to her's.

"Will you waltz?"

They had waltzed together many a time, and did it to perfection. Now, the girl drew back. He bent his head still lower, and said: "For fun." She yielded instantly. Always before, he had laid his hand lightly upon her waist; to-night he quite encircled her in his arms, yet never had they seemed so far apart, even in their quarrelling days. The girl shivered; the man set his lips. They were married before ever they were lovers. Of old they were the last to tire; now they made but one round of

the room. After that dance he left her for a moment. When he returned, she was standing by the judge's wife; he came quite beside her, and said, in a low tone :—

"There is a train starts for the East in an hour. Can you be ready, Mrs. Lloyd?"

She bowed assent, and instantly left the room with Mrs. Harmon to make preparations, whilst Park called his younger brother Roy to one side, sending him home to pack his trunk, and ask his friends to meet them at the depot. An hour later the good-byes were spoken; the engine shrieked its shrill whistle, and the train whizzed out into the night.

Park Lloyd and his bride sat side by side. She, with pale still face resting in her hand; he, with set lips and folded arms. Yet these two had married 'for fun.'

Fate is not to be hood-winked. She is like a weasel, you cannot catch her asleep. Her flats are unchangeable. They had 'married in fun,' and found it in "terrible earnest." The relation in which they were, henceforth, to stand to each other was settled in few words. They were spoken in a tone so still, so bitter, so poignant, you would never have recognized it for Park Lloyd's genial, heartsome voice.

"May, we understand each other. The farce has proved a tragedy. It has made but one change in your life. To the world only, you are May Lloyd, instead of May Wharton."

And yet in the heart of each at that moment the love, which was born in a kiss 'neath the oak tree, grew strong, wild, wrestling. But neither understanding the other, each sought to crush this thing, with its Titanic proportions, and bury it deep, carving upon its sealing stone—"For fun."

This man said bitterly to himself, what the patriarch, Abraham of old, said of his wife—"She is my sister." His blue eyes grew cynical and unbelieving, his fine mouth set and cold: whilst in this journeying, though this modern Sarai grew pale and apathetic, "the Egyptians beheld the woman, that she was very fair." Everywhere this man heard and saw the suppressed admiration his beautiful wife elicited—heard and saw, writhing with jealousy even of the eyes resting upon her, and with a bitter, exultant triumph that she was his.

There was no more of the old quarrelling; every thing, antagonistic and polemic, seemed to have forsaken their characters; they treated each other with studied politeness. The world could have found nothing at which to cavil; would have pronounced them elegant in their etiquette and dignity. They had travelled thus for weeks, visiting the several watering-places, and every point of interest in our Eastern States.

One day Park Lloyd entered their private parlor in the hotel at Newport. A book lay

open on the table. His wife had evidently left it suddenly, perhaps hearing his approach. He picked it up, and kissed the leaves, where but a few minutes before her fingers had rested, then glanced at the page. It was one of Emerson's works, open on travelling. He read these words—"Travelling is a fool's paradise. We owe to our first journeys the discovery that place is nothing. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea, and at last wake up at Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad, self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions; but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go."

He smiled bitterly. He was her stern, sad, unrelenting fact; her hated, ever-present giant.

That evening when they were promenading the piazza among the gay throng, he asked her if she would like to go home. She bowed assent.

Through the agency of his brother Roy Park had prepared a beautiful home for his bride. All that culture and elegance could suggest, had been garnered with lavish hand, for Park Lloyd was wealthy. A splendid *fête* in the new home, celebrated their arrival. For the first week or two after their return they were in a constant whirl of excitement. The little world in which they moved, curious to see the result of this daring experiment, this infringement of an established rule of society, were on the alert. Woman is more apt at a part than man. Thus May succeeded in misleading them more readily. Never had she been more brilliant; whilst Park's even disposition seemed to have undergone an entire change. Sometimes he was unnaturally gay; but oftenest morose and taciturn. In company he watched his wife with jealous stealth, and, when she was the centre of an admiring circle, his blue eyes grew gray and sharp as steel, his fine mouth set to fierceness.

All this escaped not the Argus-eyed world. Gossip "rolled this dainty morsel under her tongue" with infinite relish. Nice old ladies, of the "I told you so" school, said: "They always knew if Park Lloyd and May Wharton married, there would be lawyers' fees to pay," though the most far-seeing croaker of them all would have found it utterly impossible to predict results from a thing whose immediate existence was its consummation. They found great delight in it, however, like

"The juggling fiend, who never spoke before,

But cried: 'I married thee!' when the deed was o'er."

The younger people shrugged their shoulders; some pitying May Wharton in the stormy life she had herself predicted for Park Lloyd's

wife; others spending their sympathy on him, reasoning that, since he was the more changed, he must necessarily be the greater sufferer of the two.

But all the excitement and dissipation incident to their return had to come to an end. The result was inevitable. The quiet routine of daily life was before them, and they were forced to meet it. Park plunged deep into business, May into books, renewing her long forsaken lessons, her French and German. Each sought as much as possible to avoid the other; but their contact was constant, and the very suffering it inflicted was filled with an intense fascination. If they but met in the halls, and exchanged a common-place remark, or came upon each other suddenly in the garden walks, the presence would cling to each for hours. Their very desire to avoid each other constantly had a diametrically opposite effect. May, walking in the garden, would catch a glimpse of her husband under the trees, and turn suddenly to go into the house; and he, having simultaneously seen the flutter of her dress, and not wishing to obtrude his presence, would seek to accomplish the same object by another route, thus bringing them face to face at the door step, when, with his courtly grace, he would touch his hat, and say:—

"Do not let me prevent your walking, madam," and she would return to the garden without speaking. Thus each, in his strong effort to conceal his heart secret, confirmed the other in his cruel conviction.

One evening May was in the drawing-room, playing the piano by moonlight. Quite unknown to her, Park sat on the closely-shaded piazza, a little to one side of the French window, listening. His blue eyes were full of such longing despair as we would imagine an artist would paint in the eyes of Tantalus. After awhile she ceased, and, driven by her restless spirit, stepped out on the piazza, intending to go into the garden. It was so dark she put out her hand to grope her way, and laid it directly on his cheek. She started, with a little cry of joyful alarm, which he mistook for horror and repulsion. He arose instantly, saying, in a low tone:—

"Your pardon, madam!"

Then, as she, mortified and flushing lest he had discovered in her tone what for weeks she had been seeking to hide, turned quickly toward the house, he added:—

"Do not let me disturb you. I am going to the library." His tone was cold.

She replied, with well-feigned indifference: "I was only on my way to the garden, sir," and left him, walking as far as the first rustic seat, there crying as if her heart would break. "The very touch of my hand is hateful to him," she thought.

A few evenings later his mother was with them. They were in the library. Park had

wheeled a stool to the old lady's feet, and laid his head upon her lap, and she was stroking his hair with her gentle, mother hands. May was seated at some little distance, bending over her worsted work. They had been silent for a space, when the dear, unsuspecting old lady said:—

"Park, you are just as fond of petting as ever. May, darling, does my boy tease you most to death with his loving ways?"

The blood surged to the wife's very brow. She bent low over her work. The old lady laughed merrily, saying:—

"Why, you little bashful puss! I thought, by this time, you were so used to Park you would not mind his mother."

Park changed the subject.

Everything must have an end. When things come to the worst, they naturally better themselves. Thus their fate reached its crisis. In the weeks that had passed Park had grown careworn and haggard; whilst May, through constant excitement, stood on the very verge of a nervous fever.

One morning she was wandering about in her restless way—her cheeks burning, her eyes unnaturally bright, her pulse bounding at fever rate—she happened to pass Park's room. The door stood open. Impelled by an irresistible impulse, she crossed the threshold, and stood for the first time in her husband's apartment. The quick, guilty blush of an interloper dyed her cheeks. She closed the door softly, and turned the key. She stood for a moment motionless, looking about with a sort of frightened curiosity, in which pain and pleasure were strangely mingled, then moved about, touching the articles he was wont to handle with a sort of tender reverence; looking into the mirror that was used to reflecting the face she had not looked at, save by stealth, for weeks; handling the brush that had pressed the curly locks her fingers had longed but to touch with a sort of bitter jealousy; toying with each article of the toilet, even once peeping into a bureau drawer, and starting back with sudden fright as if she had been a detected thief. At length the overwrought nerves relaxed. She threw herself into his easy-chair, and cried as if her heart would break. Love, with wild, rushing tide, dashed aside every obstacle, even pride. She felt as if she could fling herself at his feet and implore him to love her. In the excess of her grief she arose and hurriedly paced the room. In her walking she noticed what had before passed unobserved—his writing-desk stood open upon a table. She approached it, with quick jealousy, as if he, her husband, had no right to aught apart from her. Upon the desk lay an open letter. May Lloyd was an honorable girl, but the temptation was strong. She paled in the struggle, and was turning quickly away, when her own name caught her eye. It was an unfinished letter to herself. She seized it

greedily, her hands trembling so she scarce could hold it whilst she read. The contents were in this wise :-

"MAY: Neither of us can longer endure this agony; the tortures of the inquisition were mild in comparison. It is only exceeded by the sufferings of the damned. Since the first time I ever met you, you had a strange, unearthly attraction for me. It was not love; sometimes I said to myself that the passion you elicited was the perfection of refined hatred. To me you were scarce human. I had a strange notion that, if I could catch you in my hands, I could crush you to an essence, and then gather your being into mine. But you were so offish, I dare not even so much as take your hand in mine. The power you wielded over me was inexplicable. I think you were yourself ruled by it. There seemed a cord reaching from your being to mine, which now contracted, drawing us to close contact; now relaxed, parting us wide, yet never broke. I did not wish to make you my wife; yet felt assured if you ever married another man, the moment that made him your husband made him a corpse. That day under the oak-tree I was seized with a strong, irresistible longing to own you. The idea took possession of me and ruled me. I was its slave. Judgment and reason crouched before my wild demand. I determined you should be mine, past all reach save God's. My will trampled yours; I conquered. My God! we were 'married for fun.' The words are sharper than Damascus steel; they cut, and hack, and tear my very soul. The vow that made us one rent us asunder. The world calls us husband and wife; the words are the perfection of poignant sarcasm. Husband and wife! And but one cares, that given in the presence of the world 'for fun!' That kiss changed my entire being. From the time your beautiful lips touched mine, my heart has pulsed in wild, craving, agonizing love. Sometimes I think it will drive me mad. You grew to hating me. If you but chance to meet me, you pale and shiver; whilst if your skirts but touch me when you pass, every nerve in my being thrills and quivers, with an excess of joy that trenches on exquisite pain. You have not looked into my eyes for weeks. I never!"

There it stopped suddenly, as if he had been called away. The wife bowed her face, white with this sudden joy; then, through very excess, calm and still, knelt and thanked her Maker. A little after she replaced the letter, carefully erased every trace of her presence, and left the room.

The first sudden burst of joy rendered her quiet. In its continuance she grew restless and excited. He thought she hated him! She longed to tell him of the love that had filled and absorbed her entire being. It seemed as if the hours grew to eternities, as if the evening would never come. How should she correct this mistake? His strong will had won her ere he had wooed her. Her pride forbade the revelation. Then, with the versatility of happiness, she burst into the old merry laugh, that had been silent for weeks, at the remembrance of those awkward encounters in the garden, where each was hiding the self-same secret

from the other. She made her evening toilet early in the afternoon, thinking to attract her attention, and thus chase time. She arrayed herself with exquisite care, hoping to look beautiful in his eyes. Scarcely was it completed, when she heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs in the broad carriage road, and reached the window just in time to see him dismount and enter the house.

"What had brought him home so early? Was he ill?" She trembled and grew pale, longing to assert her wifely right, and hasten to his side; but, bashful and frightened, she lingered in her room until she heard him go to his apartment, and after a little leave it again, then with cheeks now brilliant, now pale, descended the broad staircase. As she passed the drawing-room she glanced in. He sat in an easy-chair, wheeled in one of the windows, his eyes closed wearily, and an expression of pain about brow and lip, as if his head ached as well as his heart.

She hesitated a moment, then, for the first time since their marriage, entered the room where he sat alone. He moved slightly, as if to warn her of his presence. She blushed painfully, but did not draw back, as was her wont; but, instead, seated herself at the piano, and began playing. He looked surprised, but remained seated.

She made countless mistakes, timid and trembling, in the presence of this man, who had been her husband for weeks—aye a long summer, for now it was early fall—yet to-day, for the first time her acknowledged lover. The position was novel, and full of fascination. A wife yet to be wooed. A spice of her old coquetry returned, a sudden determination seized her. She turned on her stool and looked at him. He was leaning back in his chair, his eyes closed.

He had acknowledged in that letter that the very touch of her dress thrilled him. She would take him unarmed, and draw a declaration of his love from his own lips.

She went timidly to his side, with brilliant cheeks and half veiled eyes, standing so closely beside his chair that her sleeve touched his shoulder. The blood mounted to her very brow; she did not glance at him, but said, in a broken, bashful way:—

"You are home early."

He answered: "Yes," shortly, looking at her in utter astonishment.

"Is there anything the matter, Park?" She had not spoken his name before in all that summer. The man paled with the inward struggle. Her close presence—her very sleeve resting on his, and yet so far apart.

"Nothing but headache," he answered, in a voice rendered hard and sharp by excess of anguish.

"I am sorry," she said, simply, and bashfully left him, going into the window by which he

was seated, and trimming some rose-trees that grew in rustic baskets there.

He was watching her; she knew it, and grew restless and uneasy. How should they ever understand each other. Our lives, like rose-trees, may be trimmed into beauty and symmetry by very small pruning knives. This is how fate, by the hands of May Lloyd, trimmed the thorns that parted *two* lives which months before by Divine law had been declared *one*. The knife was sharp. The mind, utterly absorbed, left its management entirely to the fingers. They, unused to freedom, lawlessly dashed it into the palm of the little white hand. The blood flowed a crimson flood.

Park Lloyd sprang to her side with a cry of mingled agony and terror. She turned deathly pale, and reeled at the pain. He caught her in his arms, carrying her to an adjacent lounge. She sank back in the cushions sick and faint. He knelt at her side, and bound up the wounded hand with his handkerchief, his own strong hand trembling as he did it, then hastily brought her a glass of wine. She did not offer to take it, thus compelling him to place it to her lips. His hand was unsteady; she raised hers, and laid it on his to guide it. At the light touch the man flushed to his very brow; but with fierce setting of the lips, he drove the color back. She drained the glass; then with one quick, bashful look thanked him.

He left her instantly, going over to the window where the flowers were, and standing, his back to the room, his arms folded. The touch, light, frightened, lingering, of that little hand; the look incomprehensible, which he had never seen before in those dark eyes, baffled, bewildered, maddened the man. He could endure this agony no longer. Never before had he questioned the dislike of his wife. Now he said to himself: "The girl either hates or loves me." And with white set lips he determined to know his doom at once, and if the former proved true, to leave her then and forever.

He turned, she had left the lounge, and sat in an easy-chair, drawn in front of a window, through which the wind blew fresh and strong. A slight blush dyed her pale cheeks when he stood beside her.

"May." She could not raise her eyes. Quiet through every excess of suspense, he wheeled an ottoman to her feet and sat down. Since their marriage he had not even so much as touched her hand, now he rested his arm upon her lap, and leant forward, thus bringing his face directly and closely before hers. She did not shrink, only the blush deepened. "May, neither of us can longer endure this. I love you so, that to be longer in your presence without love will drive me mad. The relation we have sustained to each other has rendered indifference utterly impossible, you must either hate or love in return. If the former, bid me instantly leave you; if the latter, renounce that

fearful 'marrying in fun,' and show me that *now* you are my wife in earnest."

He waited, she, paling and flushing before him. Her face drooped, seeking in vain to hide itself from those searching blue eyes. She had not calculated his close proximity; he moved a trifle, their lips met.

A little later, the servants looked in wonder to see so indifferent a couple as the master and mistress come out to dinner arm in arm. Her face brilliant with happiness, his overspread with a proud deep joy.

That evening a notorious gossip called, with her husband. They found Park Lloyd and his wife enjoying the moonlight on their vine-clad veranda. She on a low rustic settee, he reclining with a sort of lazy grace at her feet, his head upon her lap. Her wounded hand was held in his gentle caressing clasp, whilst the other toyed with the light closely cut curls, which she had longed but to touch.

The gossip made but a brief stay, going away delighted with the happiness these two were enjoying, though they had "married for fun."

TO A FRIEND.

BY EMMA NASH.

WHERE'ER they meet thee, all must feel
The goodness which thine eyes reveal
Lying beneath the drooping lid,
E'en as the violets by leaves hid.
At sight of pain thy tears will start—
Flowing in pity from thy heart,
And hungry child, and shivering poor,
Each finds a welcome at thy door.
And ne'er a rude word meets the ear
Of those who love thee and who hear
The gentle accents of thy voice,
At sound of which thy friends rejoice;
For 'tis so like the silver note
That gushes from the graceful throat
Of bird, that all who stop and listen,
Feel their eyes with glad tears glisten.
Thy gentle ways, thy graceful form,
Thy tender words so free from scorn,
Thy lovely smile, thy soft blue eye,
Makes thee a vision of the sky.

MANY delight more in giving presents than in paying their debts.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

WE are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants. If they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want will soon want what he cannot buy.—*Colton.*

SELF-FLATTERY.—It often amuses me to hear men impute all their misfortunes to fate, bad luck, or destiny, whilst their success or good fortune they ascribe to their own sagacity, cleverness, or penetration. It seems to such minds that light and darkness are one and the same, concentrating from, and being part of the same nature.—*Coleridge.*

THE HAWTHORN COPSE.

BY LOUISE BARTON.

"I AM awaiting your answer, Mildred."

There was a thrill in the words which jarred on Mildred Ravenstone, as she stood apart in the shadow of the draped bow-window. She moved with an impatient gesture, and glanced round at the speaker. There he still leaned against the mantel, his head bent, just as it had been when she rose up from the low seat, facing him, and came away to gaze out on Ravenstone Cliff, and the valley which it overhung, and see if she could possibly resolve to leave them.

This heterogeneous gray-stone mass, by courtesy *ye*apt The Towers, crested the cliff with odd projecting turrets and eccentric gables. Round them a broad flagged terrace, flanked with a flowery oak-shadowed slope, swept away to the very brink of the precipitous front, whence purple heath, broken by rocks, descended to the dale far beneath. There the Dent River, shrunken in the summer heats, brattled along its bed of solid rock which lifted wave-worn furrows now and then above the waters like storm-black billows. Over it, on either hand, Barking, and other mountains of the winding range, stood up shoulder to shoulder, and well nigh foot to foot, their steep base rife with cultivation. The frequent gills that leaped in foam, or twined in gleaming threads from pasture-perches, white with flocks, lent an Alpine aspect to this Yorkshire vale, sustained by little Denton at its farther end, with overhanging roofs and stairs that mounted outside to the open galleries.

But Mildred's attention had not strayed all the way to Denton. Looking toward that village, Ravenstone Fell was cleft by a turbulent gill, fringed on this side by a tall and straggling hawthorn copse, which veiled the bridge across the stream, and the rock-rent crags beyond. Mildred's eyes flashed while they rested on the copse, as if some memory lurking there angered her. And hastily she reverted to the lovely scenes below.

Could she leave these? All things were cold, uncertain, dead, to her, but this familiar face of the one lonely home she had ever known. Nothing else she loved; she had almost said, had ever loved. A tear plashed down upon her dress, the crape folds of which were crisp and fresh, the outward mourning for her last of near kindred—the brother on whom yesterday shut the ancestral vault of Denton Church. But he was not now more deeply buried from her in the hush and coldness of the tomb, than he had always been in the hush of his great library, the coldness of his never-opened heart. Once in her life had he summoned her to that solemn room to lay before her an offer of marriage from a gray

earl, who had met her, shy and silent, and wondrously lovely, at the one or two dull county dinners, her sole glimpse of the world. The young girl had instantly declined the honor, which her brother did not urge upon her. He merely stated that it was an honor, such as did not offer itself every day in a secluded life like hers, and she must be aware that by law of entail his death closed the doors of The Towers upon her, to open them wide for her far-away cousin, Hugh Ravenstone.

She had that day concerned herself as little about prospective homelessness as he in reality about death. While he spoke, she had been fronting the west window, through which wafted the faint breath of those hawthorn boughs, and seemed to whisper words which had thrilled among them not many gloamings past. That whisper shut out from her hearing the formal utterances of the brother.

But to-day a year had passed since then, and these tones of Hugh Ravenstone's were the only sounds which had recalled those passed, she knew not how nor why, out of her life. She only knew that Arthur Vere had said farewell, as if for a brief space, beneath that hawthorn tryst, and he had never come again. In the first months a sick fear smote her that he might be ill, even dead. Until one Sunday, at Denton Church, she met his cousins of the Grange, and heard them mention him as travelling abroad with a gay party, one of whom, an heiress, rumor said—. Mildred would listen no more to their whispers, nor to those of the gloaming hawthorn copse. And the thrilling of Hugh Ravenstone's voice now vexed her with somewhat of the self-scorn with which she turned from her one day-dream faded out so dully. She had almost decided to take The Towers, as Hugh Ravenstone proposed. But that she must also take that paltry thing called Love, was not to be thought of for an instant. She looked again at her cousin, and that second look decided her. Had she beheld a graceful figure, dark and fiery glances, which forced her own to fall before them, then memory must have stirred the mould of pride which she had heaped above it. And then she would have turned her face from him, have turned her face from the beloved one of her home. But that heavy frame; the strongly marked countenance; the deep-set fire of his eyes hidden as they lowered under straight, thick brows, were nothing in her past. She moved from her retreat until she came and stood also on the hearth, opposite to him. He raised his head, shading his eyes from her still.

"I hardly know," she began, composedly, "how to thank you for what you have just said. You cannot understand how dear to me is this ruinous old place. It is the one thing which I have loved—which I love; and to leave it, would be bitterer than death. You say you are waiting for my answer, but the answer you

yourself must give. You have asked me not to leave my home; to keep it as your wife. Perhaps, in speaking thus, you thought I was as easy and quick to love as other girls of eighteen are. I tell you, no. All my life long, all feeling has been crushed out from me. I love my home, only my home. Hugh Ravenstone may well find a truer wife than this."

"Hugh Ravenstone will have this wife or none," he said, quietly, without a moment's hesitation.

The glad color rushed back into her face. "You are very good," she began. And, rosily bashful as ever a just-promised maiden should be, she sank once more upon the seat from which she had moved away to the window.

He looked down on her steadfastly. He was paler than his wont, and the gray eyes had a strangely wistful, yet pained tenderness, within their depths. He answered nothing, hardly seemed to have heard her last words, but started as from a reverie when the library-clock chimed out the hour, through deserted halls between.

"Not a moment to lose," he said, "since I must not miss the London train. This day four weeks, then, Cousin Mildred; I shall leave you in undisturbed possession until then. On that day you will make the home you love forever yours. You must let my sister come to you shortly before. And now, good-by! God bless you!"

She rose and gave her cold little fingers to his hold. She hung her head in dread unspeakable, lest he should not be content with that formal farewell. Once only in her life could she remember any one had touched her lips, and he—Kisses, it seemed to her, were only to betray.

Whether her cousin read something of this shrinking in her clear young face, certain it is that he merely grasped the fingers till they grew warmer in that grasp. He merely glanced at the fresh mouth, and watched the fluttering of auburn lashes over warm bright eyes of the same shade. And then he loosed the hand, and the door closed upon him before Mildred had stirred.

She drew a deep breath of relief, then went to the window, hearing his step upon the terrace.

"How good he is!" she said again, and then, watching him cross toward the stables, "How comfortably prosaic!"

Her brow sank on her folded arms upon the window-sill, and did not lift itself again, although Sir Hugh, while waiting for his horse, was walking up and down the terrace, within sound, and more than once glanced toward the window for some sign. The rebellious thought had come to her that this might be her task: to follow at his beck, like any purchased thing, since Ravenstone Tower was her price. Yet no desire to draw back from that sale awoke.

She could not go; the shred of heart she had was there. No, she would not draw back; she would but be free until her time. And so Hugh Ravenstone flung himself upon his horse and rode away, and Mildred rose up smiling, as the hoof-beats rang out on the twilight air. Upon that dewy air stole in the scent of hawthorn, and she shut the window hastily and rang for lights.

"Will he hear of it? Will he be sorry, then?" escaped from her, at the last glance she cast upon the hawthorn copse, the snowy boughs of which brought to her mind white orange flowers.

"Will he hear of it?" The same question was ringing its changes through Mildred's mind, when, on the last day of that month which had seen her sole ruler of The Towers, she escaped from the kindly scrutiny of Hugh Ravenstone's sister and the final arrangements as to the white wedding attire that sister had ordained.

"Will he hear of it? Will he care for it?" She was troubled more and more by these recurring questions, as she wandered from the terrace, and struck into a path which fringed the Denton side. Mechanically she turned into it, without at first appearing to mark where she was. The way led midway down the fell, behind the hawthorn copse—no very secure path for twilight wanderings. But those feet strayed on, as if they did not move by any will of hers, until they reached the pathway's very end, where Ravenstone Fell overhung the dale. The rivulet there made its last plunge down a rock, and lost itself within the Dent, and lashed with spray its strip of margent turf. High above, a mossy bridge, closed by a stile, spanned the ravine, and formed a short cut to the village—disused now, however, since the decaying moss-grown timbers were no longer deemed quite secure.

Notwithstanding which, at this moment, who but Hugh Ravenstone came sauntering up the cliff beyond, and through the Woodland fringe, and set his foot upon the bridge? Who, but Hugh Ravenstone—although he was supposed to be still far enough away, awaiting the morning express to Ravenstone? But he started back when he saw the young girl at the farther end upon the stile. He had longed for the sight. Once, toward the close of Parliamentary duties, he had come up for one hour, and gone away unseen, but with a glimpse of his bride's face to carry back with him. He had longed for the sight; but, as he looked, his eyes grew dark with pain. How little like a bride's that drooping face, from which the shielding hand was now dropped listlessly. The mouth was shut with a harassed weariness, the eyes were set in a hard, cold glitter. He could not bear that apathy, apparent in the features' every line; in the very folding of her hands, as she clasped them with the rosy palms outward, and

let them fall listlessly over the railing. He must have gone to her in another instant; but in that instant she had lifted herself up wearily, and turned away.

He went down to the beach again, and there strode up and down a gray, bleak hour before he followed her. He had not yet determined what to do, but followed with the feeling that, when the time was come, he would be given that which he should speak. Mildred had gone on before, and he did not see her until he reached The Towers. But over the bridge, in the shelter of the hawthorns, near where she had stood, there was a knoll all arched in by snowy boughs. Beneath them a something else as white was there. Hugh Ravenstone stooped and raised a dainty handkerchief—quite wet, soaked through with tears. He took it up.

"The poor, poor child! She shall be free, if it is this which makes her wretchedness," he said.

He thought he did not doubt, he did not hope. But his was not the calm of hopelessness, but of self-control. He went on till The Towers gloomed between the gloaming trees. He mounted the steps to the portico. The drawing-room windows opened upon it; and, as he stood there, he heard her voice within that room in which a month ago she had given him his answer; heard it for the first time since she had blushed before him, stammering of his goodness to her. Was it goodness to suffer her to bind herself with fetters she might one day chafe against, yet never break? His resolution did not falter; only he paused one instant that his words, too, might not falter.

In that pause her voice came once again in the deep peace of the twilight—he could see her through the half-drawn curtains where she sat, her head against his sister's knee, while the kind, matronly hand was stroking back the shining auburn hair from the girl's temples—Mildred's voice, so softly, saying:—

"And you will sometimes come to me, sister, will you not? It seems so strange that I shall have love given me—I, whom no one ever loved! You will teach me to be loving, good, and gentle like yourself? You will teach me to forget!"—

"What, dear child?" as the wistful eyes were suddenly hidden in the folds of her dress.

"All this dreary, dreary time," she answered.

"Shall not that be my brother's task?"

"How good, how good he is!" the sweet lips said, again, as on that other evening. And the listener turned and went his way.

She did not love him; that he had not dreamed. But he did dream his task should be accomplished—that she should forget "this dreary time," and learn to be happy, shaking off that strange, ungrish depression which touched him so in her. And, yet, against his

breast the handkerchief was lying, wet with the bitter, wrathful, heart-wrung tears wept for another's falsehood, and almost still warm with the sighs in which she had wailed Vere's name, her face pressed down upon the hawthorn-checkered bank.

The marriage morning came, and Mildred stood before her mirror, flushing a brighter flush before the radiant loveliness reflected there.

"If *he* could see me!" she was saying to herself; and forthwith rose a vision of the quaint, old village church of Denton, sunshine streaming in a rosy flood through long, narrow, painted windows on her white-robed figure; while another—upon his bowed head should flit no ray in his dim, distant corner of the church, but to him be darkness without as within. No third form did she see. All else was misty and vague. Vague, even when Hugh's sister entered presently, and, with a smile of approval, laid her hand on Mildred's shoulder, saying, "Hugh had just arrived, and was so bent on seeing his bride that she must indulge him." Mildred followed in a dream, from which the opening and shutting of the library door failed to arouse her.

Radiant with the triumph of her vision in the church, she did not remember that she was alone with the man who, an hour hence, would be her husband. He turned from the window at the rustle of her dress. A tardy fear had struck him, which he was now here to solve. Was he taking advantage of her helplessness to bind her? Yet, surely, this brilliant creature was no victim adorned for the sacrifice?

"Mildred," he said, slowly, "I must have from your own lips the assurance that you do not fear to trust yourself to me. Even now it is not too late to draw back if you would. Do not think of me in this—or, rather, think of me, remembering that your happiness is mine. If even now you regret!"—

"Regret! Draw back!" An almost scornful emphasis was on the words, uttered in her sweet, clear, ringing tones. "Draw back!" and Arthur Vere believe it might be for his sake!

"Regret! Draw back!" The thrilling voice left no more room for whisperings of fear. His face changed rapturously, and he would have drawn her nearer, would have spoken, but the door swung open. A London friend of Sir Hugh's stood on the threshold, confounded at the bridal apparition. Mildred started, and vanished precipitately through the conservatory; while Sir Hugh, nothing disconcerted seemingly, advanced and gave his friend the hand he had held out to Mildred.

It seemed hardly a moment after that she was walking up the churchyard path, where yew-shades flickered on her floating veil, and the dank scent of rain-beaten grass and flowers,

still wet in the shadow of the tombstones, blew chilly on her face through the lace folds. No shadow had darkened that face this morning hitherto. The keeping of her home, the gaining of a sister, the care which should henceforth surround her—all were dimmed, forgotten in the glow of pride and triumph as she thought of Arthur Vere. But now those visions faded out; and, as she glanced around, and saw how she was walking among graves, the color fled her cheek. The shadow of the great yew by the entrance porch, the chillness of the tombs—what was she doing?

Just overhead, upon the yew branch, that so nearly bent to touch her orange flowers, swayed and twittered a sparrow. A dim remembrance crossed her of a shelter where the little helpless and uncared-for sparrow might build her nest in safety. Was she wrong—poor, fluttering, scorned heart!—to nestle in the shelter she had found? The "No" to her tardy self-questioning did not come. All triumph died out. Entering the aisle she cast a shrinking glance around, and saw the thronged, familiar faces of the cottagers, gay and smiling on her over the huge nosegays one and all were wont to bear. There, too, were the young girls from the Grange, the old earl, and a few close friends of Sir Hugh's own; none else. No dark, lithe figure bowed down with remorse; no fiery eyes following her every movement with passionate regret; no lips that quivered, fain to speak, to claim her for his own, while she should sweep by, calm with scorn.

Instead, she glanced up to Sir Hugh, as they two stood together at the chancel railing. He was looking down upon her, with his whole soul in his eyes. For the first time she saw in his gaze a something more than charity, or the fullness of that charity which hopeth all things, trusteth all things. Was she betraying that trust? Giving nothing for everything? Dared she do it?

Dared she do it? The first solemn pause came after the words: "If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace." Hugh Ravenstone stood erect, conscious of rectitude; but Mildred bowed and quivered, shuddering and white.

The second adjuration followed: "I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that, if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together, ye do now confess it."

Mildred heard no more. She felt the spirit of the words, and knew that by that spirit she were perjured, keeping silence. There was that which Hugh Ravenstone might well hold an impediment between them. He might turn from her now, and she go forth into the world alone. What matter? She dared no longer deceive him. With every instant she grew

deadlier white, and now she held to the chancel rail for support, shivering so that she could hardly stand. She raised her great, wide, frightened eyes to Hugh. There was none other in the church or in the world that moment for her, though before she had not so much as once remembered him. Hugh, watchful of all change in her, saw how the color went and came, and put his arm out. But she stayed him with a repellant gesture.

"Hear me first," she said, in tones that, despite their quivering, were clearly audible, and had in them the strength of her resolute mood. "Hugh Ravenstone, I have dealt untruly with you. There is an impediment between us. There is a heart once given to another man, and flung aside by him as nothing worth."

It was all over, and she trembled no more. She merely bowed down, covering her face, waiting till she should hear his footsteps leave her side; waiting till she should be left alone in the deserted church, when she might steal out unobserved. Whither she did not think or care; only never to her dear old home, never where familiar glance might seem to taunt her with her shame. She waited, but the footsteps did not stir. There was only a faint rustle through the awe-struck church, a fluttered breath of southernwood and thyme in the hundred rude nosegays. The place seemed heavy with it, and she gasped for air. A man's hand touched the braids of her bowed head.

She lifted it up slowly, slowly. Hugh's true eyes looked downward into hers. What had she done? The gray, bleak look upon his face smote her. The manly breast was heaving as with passionate struggle, and the firm lips set. She shrank away, shame-stricken at her work.

"Forgive, forgive!" she moaned, "and I will go, will never cross your path again."

With evident effort, he returned: "Mildred, you have told me all?"

"All. I dare not perjure myself."

"You love that man?" He spoke with greater effort still, and his voice sank, audible to her alone or to God's priest who stood so near.

"I do not love that man, Hugh Ravenstone." Her reply was audible enough, and she lifted herself haughtily.

One step and he was at her side. One movement and he grasped her hand.

"You have heard," he said, quietly, to the clergyman. "There is no impediment. You will proceed."

He did proceed, unhesitatingly, reading the two faces turned to him. His voice, more earnest than ever, was broken by the low sob of the bride, who leaned against her lover. And when the last words of the service were pronounced, she clasped both hands upon Hugh's arm, and looked up to him with flashing eyes.

"God has made one noble man," she said.

And she walked out proudly through the aisle and down the path among the graves, seeing none save her husband ; needing no sunbeam even underneath the yew-tree glooms, and in the shadow of the tombs.

They were bright days, those that followed that morning begun so drearily. Mildred's life had hitherto been bounded by the narrow Denton glen, shut in by Barking and his fellow mountains, as completely as was ever Rasselas within his Happy Valley. Her lonely life had known little change, save when new and then, in some escapade of her childhood or earlier girlhood, she had gone with her old nurse to the "knitting rounds," when man, woman, and child, among the peasantry assembled in some cottage to knit and tell old legends, and to sing their knitting-songs together. But now she saw beyond the mountains, and that "beyond" was surely a new world. Her utmost day-dream had been once to see the Tower of London. But now she went much farther, even across the channel—to Paris—and at last actually up the Rhine.

She had gazed eagerly up to the "Castled crag of Drachenfels ;" had listened to the syren echoes of the Lurlei Berg ; passed the ruined Schonberg Castle, where in the river's bed slept its seven fair countesses, all turned to stone for their stony-heartedness to faithful knights. And now she must also visit that crowning glory of the Rhine, its falls of Schaffhausen.

It was a jewelled crown indeed, as Mildred and her faithful knight, Sir Hugh, watched it one evening standing on a bridge which crossed from a wooded promontory to a slender tower on an insulated pile of rocks. There had been a thunder shower, from which she had sought refuge in the tower, and now she stood with Hugh upon the balcony and watched the misty rainbow spanning the river to the other shore, which stretches back in long and lofty undulating ranges. Three straight towering rocks uplift themselves in the fall of fifty feet, and the water dashes round and past them in great showers of spray that, as the setting sun breaks forth from clouds, flash out and crown the river with a gem-like glow and glitter. Mildred lingered, facing them, and glancing ever and anon up to the far-off mountains, when a voice below her startled her.

She could not see the speaker, for he must be on the bridge just under her balcony. But it was a man's voice, speaking English, and she once had listened for those tones too eagerly to be mistaken in them now. At first she flushed and drew herself up with a proud smile toward Hugh, who was looking down absently into the water. Upon her wedding morning she had wished for Arthur Vere's presence in the village church, simply because she longed to see in him some sign of wishing for the prize beyond his reach. But now his presence

brought no such feeling ; brought only a glow of pride in the man at her side. With the instant, however, both glow and flush vanished. She remembered her confession to Hugh in the church, and she knew that he remembered it. He had borne himself toward her not like a man who has won, but rather as one who hardly yet begins to woo. He anticipated her every wish ; he walked, and rode, and talked with her ; but she often strove to check her growing liking for him, because she could not be sure that he felt more than kindly and generously toward her. "The hand of the giver is ever above that of the receiver ;" and Mildred's was so freighted down with his gifts that it could not steal up to meet his. As she thought over all this, she became nervously anxious that Hugh should not meet Arthur Vere ; and she was engrossed in thinking how a meeting could certainly be avoided ; so engrossed that Hugh observed she no longer took any interest in the scene around, and so he proposed to set forth on the return to Schaffhausen, which was more than a mile distant.

"Ah ! no, not yet," began Mildred. But then, as she heard a footstep ascending the flight of steps to the tower, she amended, hurriedly : "Yes, yes, let us go." And she put her arm in his, and drew him round the balcony in the opposite direction to those mounting steps.

She had grown so suddenly pale that Hugh stopped, anxiously.

"I was very wrong to linger here so long," he said, with concern. "You are really thoroughly chilled. What was I thinking of?"

"Of my pleasure, as usual," she said, smiling up at him.

For the first time, she saw another expression than the calm and friendly one she was accustomed to, in the eyes which met her own. The narrow stairs were reached just then ; were descended ; and, as he stopped to offer his arm again, he lifted the little ungloved hand and just touched it with his lips. But Mildred turned abruptly away ; so abruptly that he immediately believed she was offended. Without a word she passed on before him, never looking back nor pausing until she reached the end of the bridge. For there, close by the stairs, leaning on the railing of the bridge, and gazing over toward the falls, stood two Englishmen. Mildred's dress brushed against them in the straitened passage, and she needed but one glance at the face averted from her to tell her one was Arthur Vere. She passed unseen ; the peril was over, but she was deathly white as she stopped for Hugh to join her.

"Sir Hugh," she said, breathlessly, "cannot we go to Berne early to-morrow ? You know we were to see the Bears of Berne," she added, trying to smile.

Sir Hugh looked at her gracefully, and the words faltered on her lips. He too had observed the Englishman ; more, had observed Mildred's

glance and manner in passing him. He needed not to be told who that man was, nor why Mildred was seized with so sudden a desire for visiting Berne, and for leaving Schaffhausen, where they had only that day arrived, and with which she had expressed herself so delighted as to be eager for a stay long enough thoroughly to explore.

But he only replied, "Certainly," to her tremulous question. And the next morning saw them on the way to Berne, while Arthur Vere was left behind, unconscious that Mildred had been near him.

Mildred congratulated herself upon her clever avoidance, and her presence of mind upon the bridge. So gay and bright she was now, and so at ease, that she did not think of closely observing Hugh, and never noticed that although he was still ready to follow her every whim, the zest of travel was over for him. He was not slow to second her movement at last toward home.

"That hawthorn copse, Mildred—it is that which breaks the view of picturesque little Denton. What do you say—shall I give orders to cut it down to-morrow when the shrubbery is trimmed?"

Hugh Ravenstone was just mounting his horse, and Mildred stood above him on the terrace. They had been pacing there together till the lengthening shadows warned him to use good speed if he would make his ride by set of sun. Yet he lingered unaccountably. Mildred's hands were full of bright October roses, and their breath was blown to him by the freshening breeze. Mildred herself was radiant as those roses—more radiant with a sudden flush, as she started at his words.

She hesitated, looking towards the hawthorn absently.

"Yes—no—yes, cut them down," she said. "Their blooming is long over, and—their blooming was not sweet, I think."

She watched him while he wheeled his horse round rapidly, and with a wave of the hand dashed off. And as she watched, vividly recurred the first time she had seen him ride away from Ravenstone Fell. She recalled her thoughts then, mockingly—"One might be a little proud of him, however." The words which now rose to her lips she stifled with a sigh.

She went within-doors to the library, no longer closed and dim, but with signs of life in books and music and sketches carelessly strewn on the tables; while upon the window ledge there sat a dainty work-basket with a half-mended riding glove of Hugh's. She arranged her flowers on his writing-table, idly whirled the leaves of his book lying open there, touched a cord or two on her piano. But all did not drive out the spirit of restlessness which possessed her, and she went out once more on the terrace to watch for Hugh's returning.

Up and down she strolled, with a strange sinking at the heart—a foreboding of she knew not what, which wearied for Hugh's homecoming. She mocked at herself for childishness, and tears stood in her eyes. She sauntered from the terrace down across the flowery slope, and struck into a path beside the hawthorn copse, which, in the summer and the early autumn rains and suns, had sprang up, arched above her head in wilder growth than ever, intergrown with longer, darker shades of sapling birch or ash. And on the other, the steep gorge of rocks, in the clefts of which the mountain cistus swayed, or crimson geranium found shelter by ferny mosses. Now and then an oak upreared its head just under Mildred's feet; and lower yet the gill was brawling.

This was but the second day since her return to Ravenstone from the prolonged bridal tour upon the Continent. She was truly glad to be at home again; but on this evening the past weighed upon her. Nearly eighteen months ago, just here in the gloaming, Arthur Vere had loitered by, admiring the sunset-view—had started when he saw her there, and had come and leaned beside her. Just here, too, upon the eve of her marriage, she had flung herself upon the sword, and wept and sobbed in bitterness of heart—not with love, but wrath, for him who had gone his way and left her to herself—not that the morrow would build up an everlasting wall of separation between him and her, but that she could not hope that wall would cast a chilling shade across his life. No sob, no tear, came now—no thought for shadow or for sunshine upon him. The only bitterness still in her heart was, that through him she had been forced to speak words which all this while stood between herself and Hugh. True, Hugh was ever gentle, thoughtful of her every wish. But he never forgot her avowal.

She sighed as she seated herself. The branches of the copse and of the trees on the ravine's farther brink, were rustling in the twilight breeze. But to her ear a louder rustling came. She glanced around. With just the bridge between herself and him, there stood a man. The branches threw dense shadows on him; yet she lifted herself to her full stature, and with very slightly heightened color, said:—

"Colonel Vere, I believe."

He crossed over hastily, and stood close by the stile in the full light of the last sunbeam. A dark, handsome man—a passionate face—waxing still more passionate before her.

"It is you! in the old place!" he cried, borne on past the bounds of prudence by the hurrying tide of memories.

"Why have you come here?" she asked.

"Mildred! can you ask?"

"I need not," she said, haughtily. "You have heard of the words I spoke before the altar. You have dared to dream I loved you

still—and dreaming thus, have thought to enact an idyl underneath the hawthorn boughs, as once—”

“On my soul, you wrong me!” he broke in, paling even to the lips. “I did not hear of your return. I came here because—O Mildred, you would have some mercy, did you know how I have wrecked my whole life!”

“Was it your fault, mine is not also wrecked?”

“And are you happy, then?”

“No, Arthur Vere!” she cried out, hotly. “No. Although the memories you came to seek here, died long months ago; although I love my husband with a life-abiding love, before which such a dream as I dreamed here flits like the vision of a moment, I am not happy. Because the words which you forced from me on my marriage-day—”

She broke off in a storm of tears, and, sinking on the stile, crossed her arms there and bowed her head upon them.

The agony in his face was terrible. But he made no sign—only it seemed he could not drag himself away; could not withdraw his gaze, which, once removed, must never more rest on her.

For he had loved her all this while. That he had struggled against this love—had striven to convince himself that she would not remember the week’s trysting by the stile—had tried to turn to the fair heiress who could build again his fallen fortunes—that he had so striven, and so failed, was but in keeping with the character strong to feel and weak to will: and it brought its own most bitter punishment.

She was still weeping there, oblivious or careless of all presence save that of her own grief, when a firm, quick step approached along the lawn. Though Arthur Vere heard nothing, Mildred’s ear had far too often yearned and listened for that footstep, ever to be closed to it. She rose up, dashing the drops from her lashes, and when her husband stood beside her, she turned and put her arm in his.

“Colonel Vere,” she said, “let me present my husband. Sir Hugh, Colonel Vere is an old friend.”

Hugh Ravenstone colored angrily, for he was not slow to read the man before him. But he met his wife’s clear glance, uplifted. At once he advanced, still with her arm in his, and shook hands with the stranger, without shrinking or mistrust.

Arthur Vere, still deadly pale, with difficulty commanded himself so far as to apologize for his intrusion on the ground of ignorance of Sir Hugh’s and Lady Ravenstone’s return. Then followed sundry comments on the beauty of the evening and the scenery. And then he bowed and would have taken his departure.

But Mildred stayed him.

“Good-by!” she said, gently. “If you ever think again of Ravenstone Fell, think of it as

you see it now—calm and peaceful through the twilight shades.”

“I will,” he said, hoarsely but firmly—wrung her offered hand, and forgetful of Sir Hugh, recrossed the bridge and plunged into the wood.

Hugh had been courteous as his wont, but his grave brow lightened when the young soldier disappeared. Mildred sank upon the stile again, as if she watched the shadows gathering and chasing one another through the dale. Not Arthur Vere had gazed on her with more of passionate yearning than this man, so calm and unimpassioned in her sight. The silence tortured him, and presently he said the dew was falling, and—

She interrupted.

“Sir Hugh, do you know who Colonel Vere is?”

Her voice, full of tears, her humble shrinking manner, moved him. In an instant he had thrown himself beside her on the stile.

“I would know only that which my little wife—my true, sweet girl!—would have me know. I trust her utterly.”

She kept away no more a downcast head; she turned and laid her two white hands upon his shoulder, looking in his eyes. But something she saw there, put to instant flight her hardihood. Her lashes drooped, quick flushes flitted after one another, and she stammered:—

“You trust me utterly?”

“Because I love you utterly.”

“Hugh—it cannot be!”

“And you?”

But what need to ask? One glance from the shy brown eyes, and they were hidden on his shoulder.

An hour later, when they reached the terrace, he paused, and again he said:—

“Mildred, that hawthorn copse—it breaks the view just there. Shall I give orders to-morrow—”

A rosy palm laid on the mocking lips.

“The hawthorn copse has blossomed for the first time this night, Hugh; and its blossoming is—”

“Sweet!”

SONNET—TO SUNSET.

BY C. E. L. HOLMES.

FROM Orient to Occident once more
The sun has whirled his blazing chariot rims;
And, now, his coursers bathe their wearied limbs
In that aerial jasper sea, which pours
Its baptism of golden spray sheer o’er
The crimsoned bastions of that high sea wall,
Upon the foreheads of the hills to fall.
Day passes outward through the jewelled doors;
And star-eyed twilight—timorous, dusky maid!—
Steals in, with backward glance and dainty tread,
Of e’en her own sweet, shadowy self afraid;
She dances coyly through the fading light,
To rest in the enamored arms of night.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

HUMAN nature, in all its various phenomena, has occupied the attention of the most learned moral philosophers, both of ancient and modern times; and after all their research and study it still remains a sealed book.

The mysterious combination of mind and matter, the motives of action, must always remain a problem, never to be solved till we bow before the throne of Him, "in whom we live and move, and have our being." The most accurate knowledge of human nature, at which we are permitted to arrive, is probably derived from a thorough investigation of our own hearts; for, "as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." Thus, by a strict examination of ourselves, we can judge more justly of other men's characters. This, of itself, is very advantageous to us in our intercourse with the world, enabling us to exercise an influence over the minds and actions of men, which we could not otherwise attain. The power thus obtained, is invaluable, both to the philanthropist and to the votary of the world.

In the social circle, where the softer feelings of our nature are supposed to prevail, one, who has a nice perception of the secret operations of the inner man, can, by soothing words and gentle smiles, illumine the cloud with which sorrow has draped its victim. And this influence can be duly appreciated by the manly heart, which has been bowed down by the frequent disappointments in the battle of life, and is taught by it to look upwards to the image of Hope, beckoning him to more enduring efforts.

The corrupt and designing man, too, derives peculiar advantages from the exercise of this power. He is much more likely to succeed in his dark plots and nefarious schemes by so intimate an acquaintance with the ground which he has to traverse. But as this is the abuse, rather than the use, of self-examination, and the close inspection of such a career would be revolting to the purer feelings of our nature, it will be best to pass it over, without further remark. It has been the habit of great and good men, throughout all ages, to indulge in this practice. The Psalmist says, "I will commune with my own heart, upon my bed."

There is nothing better calculated to elevate us in the scale of being than this habit of self-examination. The contemplative man can scarcely be oblivious to the immense disparity that exists between himself and the most imperfect celestial beings, of which any knowledge has been vouchsafed to us. This reflection should arouse to action any mind at all imbued with a desire of improvement, and should have a tendency to strengthen his endeavor to rise above the low standard of human perfection. When we behold the dignity of virtue, we feel more inclined to regulate our

lives according to the precepts of the divine Philosopher, and to emulate, in our degree, the purity of the angels.

But how few of us are even willing to deal ingenuously with our own souls! Who is willing to take a brilliant action to the caverns of his heart, and there, disrobed of its attractive attire, behold it in its new deformity? The world, with its syren voice, applauds, and its pleasant smile greets us, and we would fain believe that it is "an offering worthy of Heaven." But in self-examination the plain story is told. There is no flattering deceit available here. Conscience points to the base, selfish motive that prompted us to action, and the blush of shame involuntarily mantles the cheek of the world's hero. "What in me is dark, illumine; what is low, raise and support," might well be the prayer, arising from such a heart, to the throne of the Eternal. To the good man, self-examination is a source of most sustaining comfort; for, where he has erred, he makes resolutions of amendment, and he knows where to procure the necessary strength to resist evil and to do good. Thus, knowing the sincerity of his own heart, "he lies down to pleasant dreams," amidst the tumult of this restless world.

VENTURES.

BY MARY E. NEALY.

I.

OUR ships sailed out on a summer's day,

Willie's, and Tom's, and mine,
And they parted each on a separate way
Across the glittering brine.

Willie's was lost in the deep mid-sea,
Tom's on a foreign strand,
And mine alone, of all the three,
Came back to our native land.

And mine alone came back again,
But tattered, and broken, and old;
And I learned how the dreams of youth are vain,
And how little that gleams is gold.

II.

We set our hearts afloat one night—
Afloat upon Love's dear stream,
While Hope shone out for a beacon light,
Like the starlight in a dream.

Willie's came back with another as pure;
Poor Tommy's was cast away;
While mine, ah! I cannot say, I'm sure,
That I never have rued the day.

But ships *will* venture the treacherous wave
For the chance of a golden prize;
And Love—it will risk an early grave
For the light of answering eyes.

POLITENESS.—He that is truly polite knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

CLOTHING FOR A GIRL EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

(For Figs. 1, 2, and 3, referred to, see last month.)

Dress and Tunic.—It is very usual now for little girls to wear frocks of two colors, or

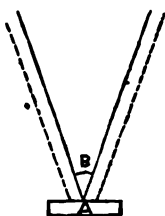
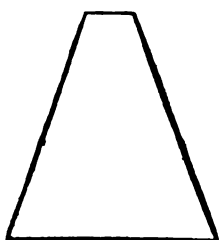
Fig. 4.



black and a color, and consisting of body, tunic, and petticoat. These skirts are entirely gored, and have no plaits at the waist. Fig. 4 is an illustration of one made of black vel-

Fig. 5.

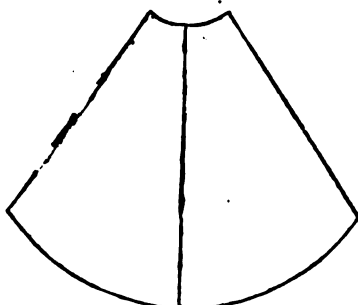
Fig. 7.



veteen and blue Cashmere. The petticoat has four entirely gored widths, cut like Figs. 2 and 3, and a front width gored away each side till it is as narrow at the top as at the side gores (see Fig. 5). The side gores are joined on to the front, as shown in Fig. 1, and the slopes meet at the back, as shown in Fig. 6. When completed, it must not measure more than twenty-six inches round the waist. The back can be left partly open as a placket hole, and here it must have false hems of the material, cut on the straight, of ribbon. A false hem is a piece run on the right side, turned over, and hemmed down on the wrong side like a real hem. To strengthen placket and pocket holes in children's dresses, put a transverse piece of ribbon or tape, as shown at A in Fig. 7, on the

wrong side, and hem it down neatly and strongly. Also make a loop and overcast it at B. Cut a lining for the gored breadths of

Fig. 6.

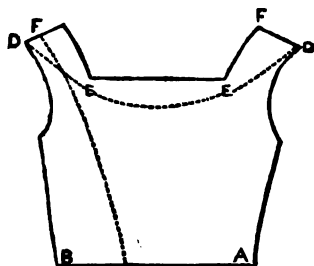


the petticoat in gray twilled calico. Tack each breadth of Cashmere to a corresponding breadth of lining; then stitch them together, and overcast the wrong side—it is lined to allow it to bear the weight of the flounce; hem the bottom. Cut a number of pieces on the cross of the Cashmere nine inches wide, for the flounces, and join the breadths. It may be hemmed or bound with black velvet at the lower edge. Finely plait all the length at the top, and afterwards arrange it on the skirt with pins, and finally neatly stitch it all round, or run it merely at the top. Before plaiting it, tack down about half an inch all round the top. Put the waist of the petticoat into a two-inch wide band, or sew it to a body made of gray Derry. The latter is very preferable, because skirts on bands drag round the waists of children, and spoil their figures. Put no sleeves to the Derry body, and merely hem the neck and armholes narrowly. The length of each breadth of the skirt is twenty-six inches; half an inch of this is allowed to turn in at the waist and one inch for the hem. When finished, it should measure ninety-four inches all round the hem of the skirt and twenty-six round the waist. If it is a little fuller in the waist, make a few plaits at the back. The flounce, when completed, is seven inches wide. From the waist of the skirt to the top of the flounce should measure seventeen and a half inches, when complete.

The tunic is either cut in the same way in gored breadths, or, if the velveteen is wide enough, is cut out in one like a cape. The gored skirt of the petticoat should be folded in half, the fold coming at the back seam and down the front. Lay it on paper, and cut out the pattern. Newspapers may be joined with pins when not large enough, and afterwards tacked together with needle and thread. Cut the pattern double in newspaper, make it eight inches shorter than the petticoat, by cutting

off the lower part. It then serves to spread on the velveteen as a pattern. The tunic looks best if cut wide enough at the waist behind to allow all that part to be gathered which joins to the back of the body; but it may be plain all round. The tunic measures sixteen inches long. Down the centre of the front it must be exactly on the straight of the material. Cut out the turrets as shown in Fig. 4. They are each three inches long and three wide, making three-inch wide tabs. See that one comes exactly in the centre of the front, and that they meet well behind. If the skirt is in breadths, the breadths must be joined before these tabs

Fig. 8.



are cut. There is also a space of exactly three inches between each tab. Run a half-inch wide strip of black muslin lining, cut on the cross, on the right side all round the edge of these tabs, very easily; turn it over on the wrong side, and hem it down. If it will not stretch enough to be flat, it must be snipped at the corners. A better way is to tack a four-inch wide strip of soft black Victoria lawn all along the right side of the tabs or turrets. Run the tabs all round to this. Then cut out the lining between the tabs. Untack it; turn it on the wrong side; tack it down again, and finally hem it. The tabs are handsomely trimmed all round with narrow braid and jet beads.

Fig. 9.

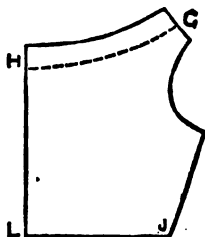


Fig. 8 shows the front of the body of black velveteen. From A to B the waist is twelve inches; from C to A, the side, it is fourteen inches; D to D, the dotted line of the neck, is seventeen inches; E to E, the square of the neck, is eight inches; F to F, the dotted line which shows the length of the brace, is twelve inches. The brace comes to the top of the shoulder seam; it is not carried behind. The

back, Fig. 9, measures from G to H, the dotted line at the neck, nine inches; from H to L, the length of the back, nineteen inches; from J to L, the waist, seven inches. This does not allow for turnings. It will be noticed that, although the back of the neck is cut square in shape, it is very much higher than the front. Fig. 10 is the shape for the brace, twelve inches long from A to B. When the pattern of the body is cut out, the braces are lined (the shape must be reversed for the two sides) with Victoria lawn. Trim them by a pattern with narrow braid and jet beads. The braces are then to be joined to the body by the dotted line, shown in Fig. 8, taking corresponding slopes both sides. The wrong side of the brace is first tacked and then stitched to the right side

Fig. 10.

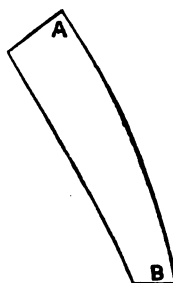
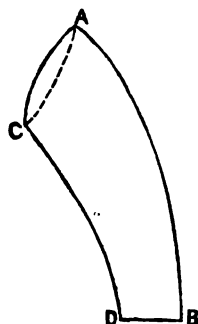


Fig. 11.



of the body, and turned over. This is accomplished by rounding both conveniently over the hand. Tack the brace at the shoulder to the front of the body and also at the waist. Then join the backs and fronts of the body, stitching the sides and shoulders, and hemming the back full an inch broad. No allowance was made for this hem in the size. Next pipe the waist, using black silk or satin; then pipe the neck. It is better not to hem down the piping, but leave it raw and narrow, and run a ribbon or a tape over it. Children's dresses are better without bones at eight years of age; otherwise bone casings are run on before the pipings. Pipe the armhole.

Next cut the sleeve by Fig. 11. From A to B this measures eighteen inches long, and from C to D eleven and a half. It may be cut in two pieces, and joined together. One piece is hollowed by the dotted line from A to C. The rounded side is put to the top in stitching it in, and the seam an inch behind the shoulder seam. Pipe the cuff, and line it a few inches up with black silk or satin. Braid and bead it to correspond with the tunic. Round the neck of the dress a deep lace is tacked inside, and drawn round the throat by a narrow ribbon. The braces cover the tops of the sleeves like epaulettes. A handsome blue sarcenet sash completes this pretty costume. The shoes should be blue or trimmed with blue bows.

A charming summer dress can be made like Fig. 12. The measurements and pattern may easily be taken from the previous costume. The under-skirt and low body is of silk; any color, or even black, may be used. A light

Fig. 12.



grayish sage-green is pretty. The skirt is quite plain, and gored like Fig. 1, with plain back breadths. Over this is a fine sprigged book muslin tunic. It is gored first like the front breadth in Fig. 1. (A), but wide enough at the top of the waist to go from one side-seam of the body to the other; the slope in the skirt, of course, proportionate. It is hollowed out at the waist to sit well, and scalloped at the hem.

Fig. 13.

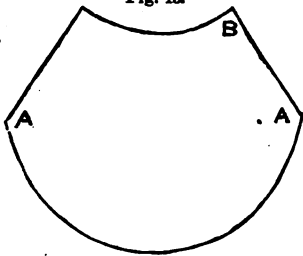
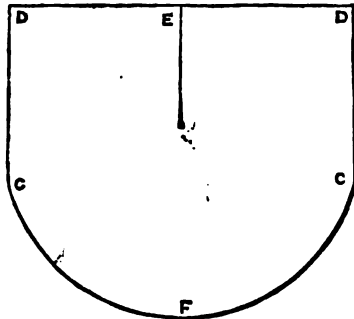


Fig. 13 is an illustration of it. Cut the pattern first in tissue paper, try it on the child over the silk skirt, and make any necessary alteration. It is to cover the front like an apron, A and A forming a seam straight from the side-seam of the body down the skirt as shown at B in Fig. 12. The back is a single straight breadth, rounded at the lower part from C to C, see Fig. 14. From D to C, each side, it must be the same length as from B to A, in Fig. 13; but it hangs much longer in the centre, from E to F. Join these two breadths at the side by a mantuamaker's seam; hen all round the lower edge very narrowly indeed, and neatly sew on an inch-wide insertion and a narrower edge, both Valenciennes lace. Gather the back breadth, without turning down the edge, from D to D, having first made a placket-hole at E. Set the waist into a very narrow band,

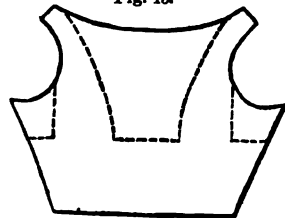
hemmed over it both sides. Cut the bodice, by the help of a low body pattern, in the way shown in Fig. 15; the dotted lines represent the corslet, now to be cut from the muslin. The

Fig. 14.



body of the tunic is a good guide for this one, and can be cut away in the manner shown in Fig. 15. Make a very narrow hem round the top, after joining the sides and shoulders, and run the insertion over the muslin, not beyond it, as in the skirt. Hem the waist, and fasten it to the skirt-band. A handsome sash of a corresponding color to the dress is worn over this, and bows on the shoulders and on the skirt, as in Fig. 12. As an out-door dress in

Fig. 15.

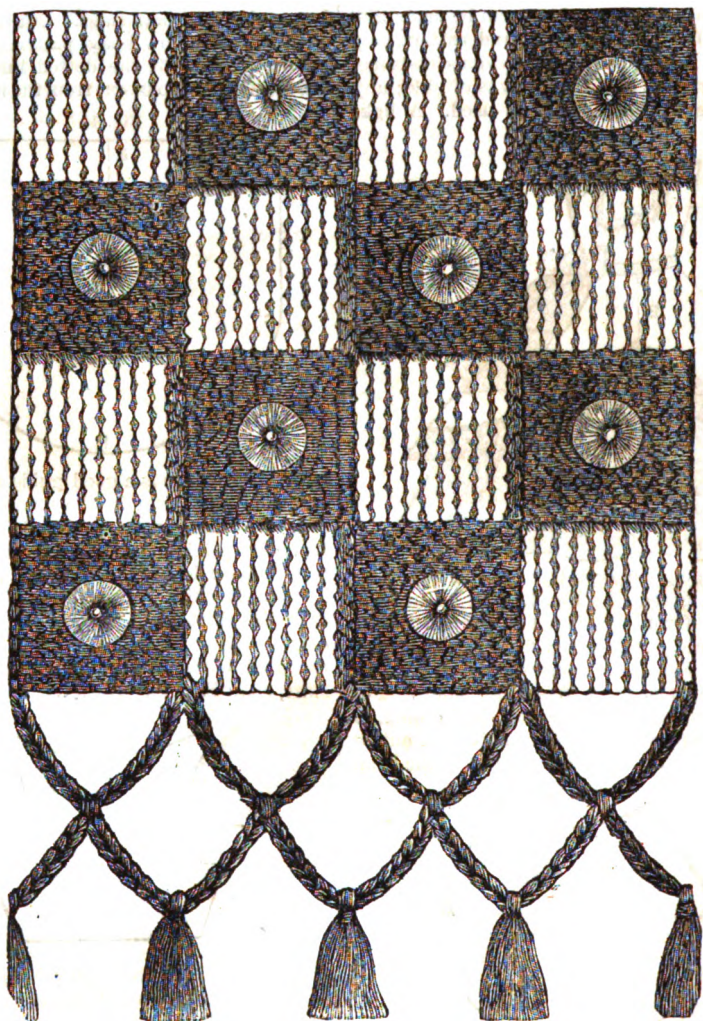


summer, a short loose jacket, cut up in the centre of the back a few inches, completes the costume. Place a ribbon bow at the neck. The hat should be white, of a color like the dress. We shall shortly give directions for making a mantle.

The articles on dress-making, which will be published in future papers, will be a great assistance in the making of the clothing of children over four years of age, because the principles are generally the same in regard to the rules and methods of cutting and placing.

KNITTED BERCEAUNETTE COVER.

THIS cover is knitted with white, blue, pink, red, and black wool, and fine wooden knitting needles. Cast on eight stitches, and knit a strip as long as you wish the cover to be, in plain knitting, and always with wool of two colors; for instance, white and blue, white and pink, black and red, or two shades of one color. When you have worked a sufficient quantity of



strips, join them together from illustration, passing one strip alternately over the next one, and under it, alternating the colors. On each square place a silk button or a small tuft of white wool. Then work a fringe for the cover. Our pattern consists of chain-stitch loops of two colors, finished off with small tassels. Any other fringe you prefer can be worked round the cover.

CROCHET SQUARE.

(See Plate Printed in Blue, in Front of Book.)

THIS crochet square, which imitates darned netting, forms a pretty cover for a toilet pin-cushion; arranged with other squares, it makes a handsome couvrette, or antimacassar. The original pattern is worked with crochet cotton, in rows backwards and forwards. The raised pattern in the centre is sewn upon the ground-
ing when completed.

GARTER AND INITIALS IN EMBROIDERY.



MADE of fine cloth, and ornamented with chain-stitch in different colors.

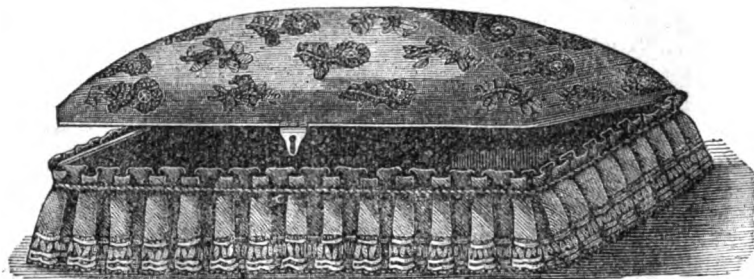
LEAD CUSHION FORMING A WORK-BAG.

THIS lead cushion consists of a deal box seven inches long, four inches and four-fifths wide, two inches high. On the bottom of the box place a flat piece of lead two-fifths of an inch thick, then cover the box on the out and inside with calico, then with green silk. The

plaited on the other side. The sewing-on of the ruche is covered with green silk cord.

WALL BASKET.

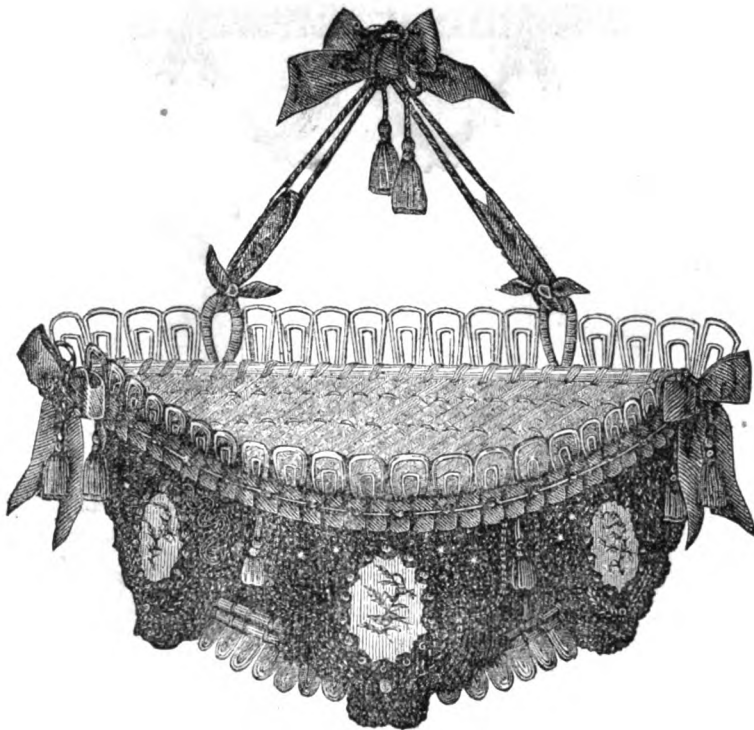
A WALL basket of willow work is the foundation. It is lined at the back with bright scarlet silk. The drapery shown in the full size in



cover consists of a thin piece of deal, covered inside with calico and green silk, and quilted on the outside. It is then covered with green silk, and ornamented in the manner seen in il-

Fig. 2 is of scarlet velvet, with a little embroidered medallion, worked with floss silk on white satin. The draperies should be pinked, according to design, and embroidered with purple silk.

Fig. 1.



ustration with flowers of green purple silk worked in satin stitch. Then sew the cover on to the box; ornament the edge of a box with a ruche of green silk ribbon, edged on one side with white guipure lace, and box-

A gold braid is sewn on above the scallops. The basket is also ornamented with ruche trimmings. Two designs in the proper size are given in Figs. 3 and 4. Fig. 3 is made of scarlet silk, with a satin rouleau and knots.

Fig. 1

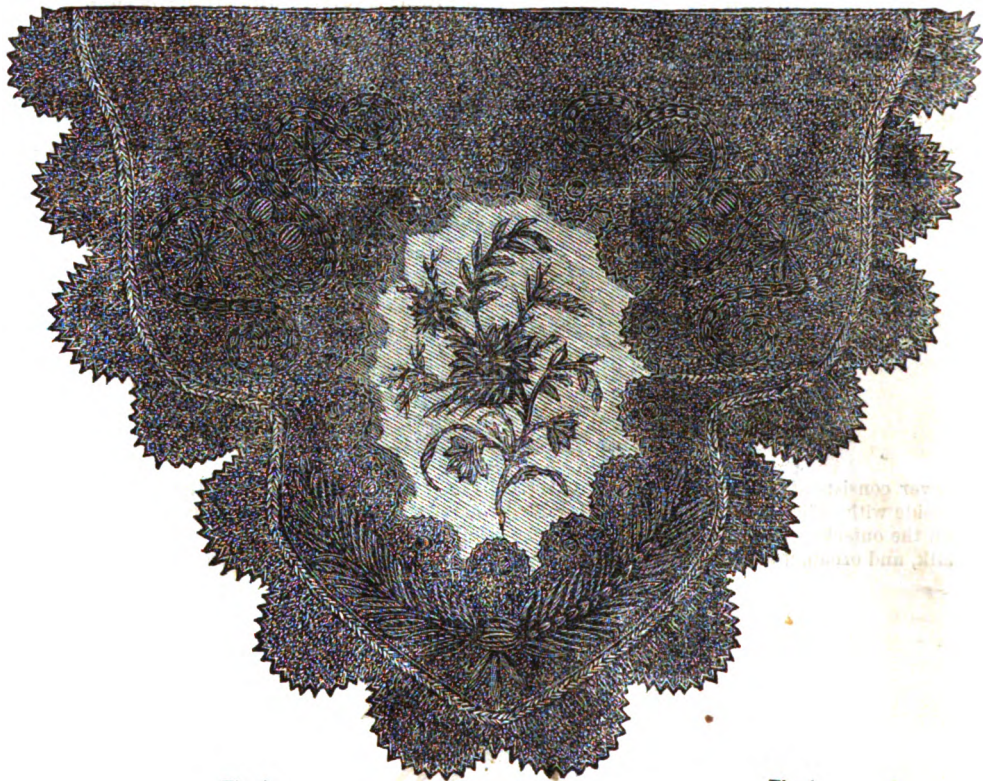


Fig. 3.

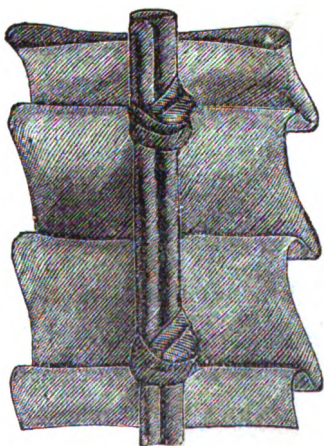


Fig. 4



Fig. 4 is of ribbon, of two widths. The arrangements of ribbon and cord, with tassels, by which our model is suspended, is very tasteful, and should be carefully copied from the design.

COVER FOR INFANT'S PILLOW.

This cover is of muslin, trimmed on the edges

with an embroidered ruffle an inch and a half wide, and on the upper part in the manner shown by the illustration, with plaited strips half an inch wide, which are worked in button-hole stitch on the edges, and headed by strips of muslin a fifth of an inch wide stitched down. This trimming is edged along the sides with tatted insertion an inch wide underlaid with ribbon, and again edged on the outside with a

plaited ruffle; both these are also headed by stitched strips of muslin. Cut of muslin one piece of double material from engraving, and of the same another piece sixteen inches and a half long and seventeen inches wide; then cut of single muslin two pieces each sixteen inches and a half long and eight inches and a half



wide. Having hemmed these latter pieces on one side and on the ends, bind the other side between the double material of the other piece. Furnish the hemmed sides with several tapes, by means of which they are fastened. Run the edges together on the remaining rounded edges, sewing in the ruffle at the same time. Then arrange the trimming on the upper layer of the smaller upper piece in the manner shown by the illustration, run the edges together, and join the under edge of the upper part with the principal part, fastening in a ruffle at the same time. On the upper corners of the upper piece, and on the corresponding places in the under piece, sew on tapes, by means of which the over piece is tied on.

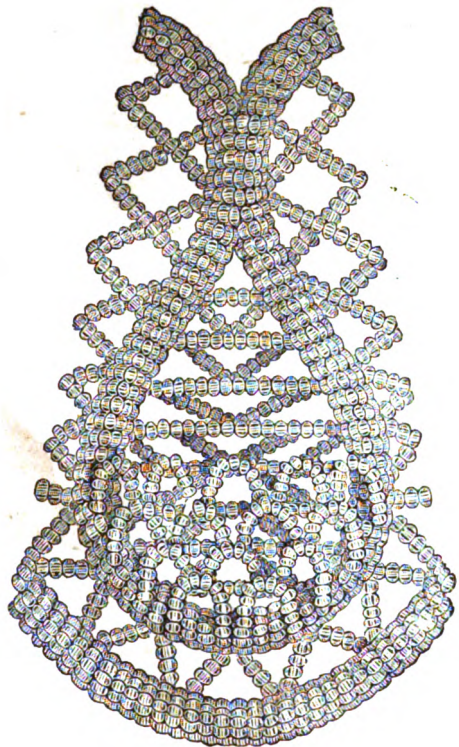
VISITING CARD BASKET.

THIS tasteful basket, which not only serves its purpose as a receptacle for visiting cards,

but would also prove an ornament to any drawing-room, is formed principally of crystal beads. Of course, it is impossible in the design to give the brilliant effect of the reality, but our readers may believe us when we assure them the result of carrying out this triumph of bead-work is charming.

Begin with the foundation. Form five strong

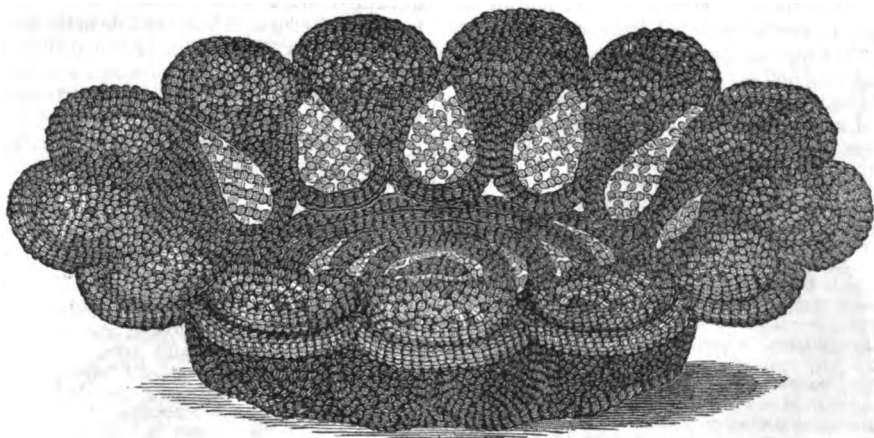
Fig. 1.



rings of iron wire. For the relative sizes we refer you to the illustration. The foundation is surrounded by scallops, also formed of wire, adorned with strings of crystal beads. The outer and under scallops are twelve in number. The wire of which they are formed is bound round with cotton, and then surrounded with beads strung on white silk. A section of the basket, Fig. 1, gives better directions (as to the manner in which wire is either threaded with crystal beads or surrounded by beads already strung on strong silk) than mere written explanations can convey.

Both the foundation and the sides of the basket are supported by staves (straight wire), covered with crystal beads. The illustrations must serve as guides for the use of the larger or smaller beads, and the thick or slighter wire. This visiting basket should only be undertaken by those who have talent, ambition, and a decided taste for fancy work.

Fig. 2.—Visiting-Card Basket.



WREATH AND INITIALS FOR MARKING CORNER OF TABLE-CLOTH.
TO BE WORKED IN WHITE AND SCARLET COTTON.



Receipts, &c.

SALADS AND SALAD MAKING.

THE art of making a salad is one of those attributes with which every person credits himself, whereas, in truth, it is possessed by a very small number of the favored few. The English, as a rule, are as crude and coarse in their salads as in their cooking. A hard, overgrown cos lettuce, some tough, pungent, fibrous, or woolly radishes, a few onions, and a bunch of watercress put into a dish, with some common malt vinegar, pepper, mustard, and salt, constitute to the majority of English people the *beau idéal* of a salad. We would as soon graze with Nebuchadnezzar, or turn ruminant at once.

There are, however, salads, and salads graduating from the simple repast got together extemporaneously to the most elaborately prepared viands, culminating in the glories of a delicious lobster salad. Even the simplest form of salad admits of preparation on several different principles. Our own method is diametrically opposed to the common practice, but let our readers give it a trial; they can but return to the other system if they do not like our directions.

The ordinary plan may be exemplified by the following directions for a lettuce salad: Wash and pick two or three well-bleached lettuces, taking off the outer leaves; then dry them well in an open wicker-work basket, swinging it to and fro at arm's length to get rid of the water, and cut them across a few times (not very small); mix a saltspoonful of salt into a tablespoonful of vinegar until dissolved, and pour it over the salad, adding half a spoonful more of vinegar to suit the palate if desired; then pour in three tablespoonfuls of Lucca oil, sprinkle a little pepper over this, and mix the whole with a wooden spoon and fork, and keep turning the salad over and over as you mix it, until it has well imbibed all the ingredients. A few nasturtium flowers are often added, which give a far more pleasant zest than Cayenne pepper; watercresses, or mustard and cress, may be introduced if agreeable. In this plan the vinegar is first added to the washed salad, and a large amount of stirring is required to diffuse the oil, so that the salad should not taste oily.

Our system is the opposite. The lettuce should not be washed if the process can be dispensed with; but if necessary each leaf should be separately wiped, cut up, and put into the bowl; now add the oil, and stir until each portion is covered with a thin film; then stir together in your salad spoon the salt, vinegar (which should be real French), pepper, and a little powdered white sugar, without which no good salad was ever made. Add these to your lettuce, stir, eat, and be thankful.

If you like additional flavors, they may be added. Mustard may be mixed with the vinegar, and Cayenne used with or instead of common pepper. The remotest suspicion of scraped onion may be added—not large slices, which will make you odoriferous for a week, and other vegetables, as beetroot, cresses, lamb's lettuce, etc., may be introduced, but let the grand principle still remain, namely, that the salad be dry, and that the oil be universally diffused before the vinegar is added. By so doing the salad is never greasy, and the vinegar and other adjuncts preserve their true flavor, not being absorbed by the vegetables. So much for the preparation of a simple salad.

Mayonnaise Salad Dressing.—Beat up well the yolks of two fresh raw eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and Cayenne to taste; mix with this by slow degrees

four tablespoonfuls of oil, till it is about the consistence of cream, and then stir in gradually two tablespoonfuls of Chili or tarragon vinegar. This excellent sauce is frequently used for meat or fish salads; like all salad sauces, it requires great care in mixing.

PEAS AND THEIR PREPARATIONS.

GREEN peas, the most delicious of vegetables, are now coming into season. Every one knows how to cook them, although, after cooking them, some spoil them by the addition of melted instead of plain butter. The ingenuity of French cooks has devised many other modes of preparing peas in addition to the plain boiling. Some of these may be new to many of our readers, and others may like to try them. We therefore subjoin a few French receipts:—

Peas à la Bourgeoise.—Put your peas, which should not be old, into a clean stewpan with butter, in the proportion of half a pound to a quart of peas; add the heart of a good large lettuce, a bunch of parsley, a few small onions, and a pinch of salt; let them stew together slowly till done; thicken before serving with a little butter and flour; add a little white sugar in powder, and serve. Some cooks thicken with the yolks of two eggs instead of flour.

Petits Pois au Lard.—Fry thin bacon in small pieces in a stewpan. Moisten with a little water or sour stock; put the peas into this with some white onions, the heart of a lettuce, and a bunch of herbs; simmer till done, then take off the fat and serve.

Another.—Fry some fat bacon cut in dice; drain your peas well, after washing them; put them into a stewpan with a piece of fresh butter; let them heat, then add a little stock; put in your bacon in dice, add a bunch of parsley and thyme, pepper and salt; put them on a quick fire, and let the fire diminish so as to stew them slowly until done enough; skim your sauce, take out the parsley. Serve.

Purée of Peashells for Soup.—The French even utilize the shells of the common pea when young and green. They carefully reject all the damaged shells, wash the remainder carefully, and boil them in water until tender. They are then pulped through a cullender, which is most conveniently done by using a coarse-holed cullender first, and then a finer one. The *purée* is then flavored, and used either with or without some peas as stock for vegetable soup.

VIRTUES OF BORAX.

It may not be generally known how very valuable borax is in various purposes of household use. We find it the very best cockroach exterminator yet discovered. One half-pound, costing but fifty cents, has completely cleared a large house formerly swarming with them, so that the appearance of one in a month is quite a novelty. The various exterminating powders puffed and advertised have been found not fully effective, tending rather to make the roaches crazy than to kill them. There is something peculiar either in the smell or touch of borax, which is certain death to them. They will flee in terror from it, and never appear again where it has once been placed. It is also a great advantage that borax is perfectly harmless to human beings; hence no danger from poisoning. It is also valuable for laundry purposes. The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing-powder instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to ten gallons of water. They save soap nearly one-half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, etc., an extra quantity of powder is used; and for

crinolines, (requiring to be made stiff) a stronger solution is necessary. Borax, being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of linen. Its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on the toilet-table. As a way of cleaning the hair nothing is better than a solution of borax in water. It leaves the scalp in a most cleanly condition, and the hair is just sufficiently stiffened to retain its place. This stiffness, however, can be readily removed, if objectionable, by washing with water. Borax is also an excellent dentifrice; dissolved in water, it is one of the best tooth-washes. In hot countries it is used, in combination with tartaric acid and bicarbonate of soda, as a cooling beverage.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Calf's Liver and Bacon.—This is commonly tossed in butter, the liver sliced moderately thin, is first dressed, and the rashers of bacon afterwards; serve garnished with the latter. Calf's liver may also be fried; dip the slices into seasoned beaten egg and olive oil, and fry quickly. In France, similarly shaped pieces of liver and bacon are skewered together, then dipped into oil, and subsequently sprinkled with bread-crumbs, and broiled; season and serve. When tossed without the bacon, a glass of wine may be poured into the pan, and served in the dish, with the liver arranged round.

Cooking New Potatoes.—New potatoes, when they first appear, are considered a delicacy, though not so wholesome as the old, unless they are perfectly ripe, and can be cooked without being made waxy. If they are plainly boiled, a sprig of mint will be found a most pleasant addition. The following is an excellent though more elaborate way of dressing them: Choose the potatoes as nearly of a size as possible; wash them, and rub off the outer rind; then wipe them dry with a clean napkin. Put a quarter of a pound of fresh butter into a stewpan; set it on the fire, and when it boils, throw in the potatoes. Let them boil in the butter till they are done, taking care to toss them every now and then, so that they may all go successively into the boiling butter. They must be carefully watched, because if done too much, they shrivel up and become waxy. When the fork indicates that they are done, they must be taken out before they lose their crispness, put into a dish, and some salt sprinkled over them. As soon as they are taken from the boiling butter, a handful of parsley may be thrown into it, and, after it has had a boil or two, laid upon the potatoes as a garnish. They must be eaten immediately. This is a beautiful dish to serve up with fish, or it may be eaten alone. The butter in which the potatoes were dressed may be poured into a jar, and serve again for the same purpose. Old potatoes may be cut into round pieces about the size of a large walnut, and dressed in the same way.

Curries.—With Oriental people it is mutton; with the French it is veal; and with the English it is chicken, which most frequently forms dishes of curry. Rabbit, too, is particularly good curried; but it is an unpardonable error to make use of flour in the composition of this dish. When cold meat is warmed up as a curry, it is only requisite to cut it up, and toss it in butter, then pour in some curry, mixed in either wine, gravy, milk, or lemon-juice and water. It may subsequently be thickened with tomato sauce, yolks of eggs, or cream. Fried onions, apples, or cucumbers are often added. Serve surrounded with capscums or other strongly spiced pickles. For a curry made with meat not previously dressed: first, toss in butter some neat rashers of bacon; when done, take them up and put in the meat, which should be cut

into moderately-sized pieces; if a rabbit or a fowl, the thick parts of the joints should have the flesh scored across; toss it till done, then pour in the curry, mixed as above directed; replace the bacon, stir it about till the meat is well colored, and dish it up with the sauce poured over it. There are no fixed rules for the quantity of curry to be used; tastes differing and the strength of the powder varying; but it should always be *piquante* in flavor. A few chopped pickles, such as gherkins, shalots, etc., are an advisable addition.

Tomato Soup.—Slice two onions, and fry them in butter until brown; then fry two dozen tomatoes just sufficiently to heat them through, and put them into a stewpan with their gravy and the onions, adding a head of celery and a carrot sliced; stew these gently for half an hour. Add three pints of gravy, and stew for an hour and a half; then pulp the whole of the vegetables through a sieve, season with white pepper, salt, and Cayenne, and serve with toasted bread cut in dice.

Scrambled Eggs.—Break four eggs into a saucepan into which a large pat of butter has been thrown, and keep stirring the whole until they are cooked, which will be in a few minutes. You will know when they are done by their appearance, as they will get into lumps. Some buttered toast should be ready on which to spread the eggs, and then pepper and salt them. Some people add the latter while cooking. They are easily prepared, and very good.

Ham Toast.—Chop some lean ham fine, put it in a pan, with a little pepper, a lump of butter, and two eggs beaten; when well warmed, spread on hot buttered toast, and serve.

Hashed Mutton.—The remains of cold roast shoulder or leg of mutton, six whole peppers, six whole allspice, a faggot of savory herbs, half a head of celery, one onion, two ounces of butter, flour. Cut the meat in nice even slices from the bones, trimming off all superfluous fat and gristle; chop the bones and fragments of the joint, put them into a stewpan with the pepper, spice, herbs, and celery; cover with water, and simmer for one hour. Slice and fry the onion of a nice pale-brown color, dredge in a little flour to make it thick, and add this to the bones, etc. Stew for a quarter of an hour, strain the gravy, and let it cool; then skim off any particle of fat, and put it, with the meat, into a stewpan. Flavor with ketchup, tomato sauce, or any flavoring that may be preferred, and let the meat gradually warm through, but not boil, or it will harden. To hash meat properly, it should be laid in cold gravy, and only left on the fire just long enough to warm through.

Apple Trifle. (*A Supper Dish.*)—Ten good-sized apples, the rind of half a lemon, six ounces of pounded sugar, half a pint of milk, half a pint of cream, two eggs, whipped cream. Peel, core, and cut the apples into thin slices, and put them into a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of water, the sugar, and minced lemon-rind. Boil all together until quite tender, and pulp the apples through a sieve; if they should not be quite sweet enough, add a little more sugar, and put them at the bottom of the dish to form a thick layer. Stir together the milk, cream, and eggs, with a little sugar, over the fire, and let the mixture thicken, but do not allow it to reach the boiling-point. When thick, take it off the fire; let it cool a little, then pour it over the apples. Whip some cream with sugar, lemon-peel, etc., the same as for other trifles; heap it high over the custard, and the dish is ready for table. It may be garnished as fancy dictates, with strips of bright apple jelly, slices of citron, etc.

Buttered Eggs.—Beat together the yolks and whites of four or five eggs, put a quarter of a pound of but-

ter into a basin, and put that in boiling water, continuing to stir the butter till it is melted; then put the melted butter and the eggs into a saucepan. Keep a basin in one hand, and hold the saucepan with the other over a slow part of the fire, shaking it one way; as it begins to warm, pour it into the basin and back, then again hold it over the fire, keeping it stirring in the saucepan and pouring into the basin, more perfectly to mix the eggs and butter, until they are quite hot without boiling. Serve on toasted bread, or in a sauce tureen to eat with salt fish.

Carrot Preserve.—To make carrot jam, boil some carrots till quite tender, and rub them through a sieve. To one pound of the pulp add three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar; boil it to a jam, and when nearly cold, add the juice and grated rinds of two lemons and half a teaspoonful of essence of cloves. The latter may be omitted if the flavor is not agreeable. For **Carrot Marmalade**: Well wash and scrape some carrots, cut them into pieces of about two inches in length, and put them into a pan with only as much water as will prevent the contents from burning. Cover them close, and let them stew over a moderate fire until they are quite tender; then mash them thoroughly and pass them through a hair sieve. Prepare and clarify a syrup, using for every pound of pulp a pound of sifted sugar, and half a pint of water; clarify it, and boil it up until it adheres to the spoon; put in the pulp, and boil it up until it forms a fitting marmalade; then put it into pots.

ECONOMY DISHES.

Old Mush.—Cut it in thin slices, and fry brown; serve with syrup or molasses.

Pie Crust, left over.—When any is left after baking, work in all the flour possible, and form it in crackers.

Remnants of Preserves, to use to advantage.—When several jars of preserves have been opened, and a little of each left without being enough of one kind for a dish, mash and cook them down to a jam with the syrups, and use the jam for tarts, or save the syrups to put in pudding sauces, and make jam of the fruit only.

Cold Potatoes.—These can be prepared in many different forms; the best are fried, broiled, and in hashes.

Cold Corn.—Grate it, and make in cakes with egg and a little flour, fry brown.

Cold Peas.—Mash them; boil cream and thicken with peas, or make a soup with water and butter thickened with peas; beans can be used in the last-described manner.

Cold Egg Plant.—Egg plant can be heated over, as also squash, turnips, onions; beets are better used cold. Parsnips are better heated the second time than the first; cold sweet potatoes are nice fried or broiled; soup, if not left in iron, can be warmed several times, but to be kept sweet long, it must either be heated boiling hot each day, or be kept very cold.

Dry Bread.—When bread has accumulated and there is danger of losing it, it is well to make a plain beef soup, and boil in it as much bread as the family will use. Bread left from the table each day should be thoroughly dried, and kept in a dry place, where it can neither mould nor contract unpleasant tastes. For dressings, thoroughly dried bread is much better than when only moderately dry or stale.

Rusked Bread.—Dry and brown very gradually slices of old bread; it should be browned through without scorching; pound it in a mortar until as fine as Indian meal; use in it milk as a meal for children

or lunch for adults. Use with clams, fish, cutlets; to thicken soups, in scalloped fish, or dressings for geese, duck, or pigeons. Dried bread without browning is nice for scalloped oysters, to make griddle cakes and puddings, etc.

CONTRIBUTED.

Rhubarb Pie.—Cut the stalks into small pieces, and stew them soft in a small quantity of water. When sufficiently done, sweeten with sugar, and allow them to cool. Then bake as we do other pies in two crusts of rich paste. They should be used the same day they are cooked, for after the first day they become insipid.

Chf's Foot Jelly.—To five quarts of jelly put two pounds of loaf sugar, one quart of Maderia wine, one glassful of good vinegar; lemon-juice, mace, and cinnamon to taste.

Red Currant Wine.—To eight quarts of currants put one quart of water, press and strain, and put three pounds and three-quarters of sugar to one gallon of juice. Let it set twenty-four hours. Skim and fill the demijohns. Do not boil it at all. It can be used in a month. Wine made from this receipt took the premium at Lynchburg Fair in 1860. It was made by my friend, Mrs. Col. T. F. M., of Bedford Co., Va.

Gems or Breakfast Cakes.—One pint of sweet milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, one of baking powder, flour to make to the consistency of sponge cake. Bake in small cake rounds. Splendid. Mrs. A. V.

Marble Cake (Black Part).—Two cups of brown sugar, one of molasses, one of butter, the yolks of seven eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, two of cloves, two of allspice, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of black pepper, half a cup of sour cream, half a teaspoonful of soda, five and a half cups of flour. **White Part.**—Two cups of white sugar, one of butter, half a cup of sour cream, the whites of seven eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one of soda, three cups and a half of flour, and lemon to taste. Put one layer of black, and then one of white, and put black upon white, and white upon black. There is another way to put it. Take a spoon and run it round with either that you want, black or white; and then, if it is black, put white on top. That makes a very nice cake, too. Mrs. N. B. D.

Pearl Starch Cakes.—Two cups of white sugar, two of butter, one and a half of pearl starch, one and a half of flour, the whites of eight eggs, one cup of sweet milk, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Starch to be rolled fine and mixed with flour. Stir the butter and sugar together, stir the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add milk, then other ingredients; flavor to suit taste, and bake in a slow oven. M. E. F.

Scotch Mince Collops.—Take any quantity of good beef off the round, and chop it up very finely with a mincing knife on a block; it cannot be minced too fine; season with black and Jamaica pepper and salt to taste. Mince some onions, and add to it. Put it into a large stewpan, adding a little water, and dredging in some flour. Then take a collop mincer, which is a piece of wood about twelve inches deep, and four across, with the end sharpened, and beat the collops for a few minutes till they do not cling together; then cover them, and let them slowly stew. About four pounds would take half an hour to cook in this manner. Toast some bread, and cut in diamonds; put the collops on a large dish, and lay the toast all round the edge of the dish. A few poached eggs laid on top is an improvement. If desired, a little mushroom ketchup may be added to the collops. Mrs. T. P. B.

Editors' Table.

EGOTISM IN POETRY.

THERE is a disposition among young and inexperienced writers of verse to make their own experiences and feelings the subjects of their rhyme. As these are the topics of greatest interest to themselves, they are apt to suppose that their readers will be equally interested in them. It is a serious mistake. A shrewd writer long ago enunciated the truth which these youthful bards would do well to bear in mind, that "self is a subject on which all are fluent and none agreeable." Indeed, if they were talking, or writing plain prose, they would probably have a consciousness that it would not do to take up much of the time of their hearers or readers with descriptions of their state of mind, or complaints of their ill fortune, but they imagine that by setting forth the same matters in harmonious verse, they can make them interesting. If they were aware of the impatience or indifference with which these productions, that delight themselves so much, are perused by others, they would be not a little surprised and mortified.

The greatest poets have been the most forgetful of themselves. Homer, as is well known, gives not the slightest direct hint, in his poems, from which we can learn who and what he was. So utterly impersonal is he that some German critics, as is well known, have denied his individual existence altogether, and have maintained that he was at least half a dozen poets at once. Shakspeare avoids all reference to himself throughout his plays and other poems, except, perhaps, in a few of his sonnets; but it is now supposed that these sonnets were written for a friend, who, being in love, desired to have his feelings expressed by the poet in this manner. Milton alludes to himself only three or four times, and then with a grave dignity and resignation which, considering the greatness of his sufferings, make these passages rather a rebuke than an example for the writers of ordinary egotistical verse.

The kind of poetry to which we refer is generally of a melancholy and bemoaning cast; and one objection to it is the strong impression which the reader usually receives that it is all a delusion. He feels pretty sure that the demand upon his sympathies is a mere pretence, and he has a notion that if he could come upon the hapless poet or poetess who had just finished a little effusion, in which the loss of dear friends or the wreck of fortune is bewailed in mournful numbers, he would find the writer speculating on the probable success of the poem, in a very comfortable and self-satisfied frame of mind.

It is true that some poets of undoubted genius have written about themselves in strains which the world was glad to possess. But before doing so, they had attained an eminence which made their inner life and their experiences matters of interest to their readers. Any writer of poetry who has gained the celebrity of a Goldsmith, a Byron, or a Longfellow, may safely assume this hazardous privilege, which his natural good taste and acquired tact will then keep him from abusing.

Our advice to all young writers of verse would be to exclude the first personal pronoun from their compositions altogether. Let them forget themselves and their own trials and troubles entirely. They have the whole world besides, all history, all ro-

mance, and all the wide field of the imagination, in which to look for subjects. If they find in all this scope no topics to suit them, they may rest assured that the impulse which urges them to write is not the hunger of genius for expression, but the craving of vanity for applause.

OUR MOTHER TONGUE.

To teach the young to use their native language—or, as the Germans appropriately call it, their "mother speech"—correctly and elegantly, is a special and recognized point of woman's work. The capacity for giving this instruction can only be attained by study and by much practice. Many useful works have appeared, of late years, designed to aid the student in this branch of scholarship, and the manner in which they have been received shows the great interest that is felt in the subject of which they treat. We commence this month a series of "Hints on Language," prepared by a contributor who has given much attention to this subject, and who will dwell more particularly on those points which are likely to be of practical use and interest to writers and speakers. Some of these will doubtless be "moot points," concerning which there may be differences of opinion. Indeed, questions of language are often merely questions of taste, and about these, according to the well-known maxim, it is idle to dispute. We can only inquire in regard to such questions, what views have been maintained by those who are deemed the best authorities on this subject. For this and other information, the reader is referred to our correspondent's "Hints," in which questions of this character will be discussed, and the conclusions of the best writers respecting them set forth, as fully as can be done in the space to which the articles must of necessity be limited.

HINTS ON LANGUAGE.—NO. I.

WORDS UNDER BAN.

SOME words, like some people, appear to be specially unfortunate. They have, perhaps, no actual defect or demerit. They are, in every way, as proper and as useful as others that are received without objection. Yet they fall, somehow, under a cloud. Some stigma—perhaps a mere nickname—gets attached to them, which cannot be shaken off, and they are ostracized from the best circles, or admitted with hesitation and apology. A good example of words of this class is our old and much-debated friend, *talented*. Why should this unlucky word not be as well received, for instance, as *moneyed*? Both are examples of adjectives formed after the manner of participles, and yet formed not from verbs, but from nouns. If this be an objection, both are equally objectionable; and so, indeed, are many other words to which no exception has ever been taken, such as *turreted*, *bigoted*, *lettered*, and the like. Who ever thought of objecting to the adjective in Tennyson's beautiful line:—

"Oh, saviour of the silver-coasted isle!"

As to antiquity, if *moneyed* is used by Lord Bacon, *talented* is employed by Archbishop Abbot, who lived in the same age, and was one of the translators of our Bible—that "well of English undefiled." It

seems, however, that *talented* then went out of use for a time—at least, in England—and, when it was revived, an absurd notion got afloat in that country that it was a newly coined "Americanism." This epithet was enough. The critics assailed it. Even such a large-minded writer as Coleridge left his "objective and subjective" abstractions to assail the word as "that vile vocable." Though, under this sort of ban, it still survives and holds its place, simply because it is needed for an idea which no other word exactly expresses. *Able, intelligent, intellectual* will not convey the meaning. *Gifted* comes nearer, but has a sanctimonious air, and is, besides, almost as much disparaged as *talented*.

Then there is the verb to *progress*. The noun is unexceptionable, but the verb, it seems, is naught. Its history is curiously like that of *talented*. It is an old English word, used by Shakespeare, though with the accent on the first syllable. In Doctor Johnson's time it was, as his dictionary affirms, "not in use." Later it was revived, with the accent on the last syllable, as in *digress*, with which, in origin and formation, it corresponds. Why, it may be asked, should *digress* be admitted into the best society, and *progress* shut out? Without undertaking to answer so grave a question, we shall simply maintain our right to "progress" as well as "digress" at our pleasure, leaving others to go their way unchallenged.

Then we come to *lengthy*—a dreadful word, we are told by some critics. "Why not say long, at once? And then," they add, "look at its absurd formation. First, from an adjective, *long*, you make a substantive, *length*, and then from this substantive you make another adjective. It is an abuse of the English language. If we are to have *lengthy*, why not also *strengtheny*, *depthy*, *heighty*, and *breadthy*?" But the defenders of the word are not put down. They reply with arguments which are, if we may venture to say so, both "lengthy" and "strengtheny." "We use the word," they say, "because it furnishes us with an expression for a shade of meaning different from that conveyed by *long*. And as to its formation, why is it not as correct as *healthy*, from *health*, which is itself derived from *hale*; or *wealthy*, from *wealth*, which comes from *well*; or *droughty*, from *drought*, which goes back to *dry*?" It is not for us to decide between such linguistic doctors. Fearing the imputation of lengthiness, we pass on to another of the unfortunates.

It is a little odd, considering its meaning, that the word *reliable* should be one of the most sharply questioned words in the language. Mr. Grant White discusses the word at much length, and condemns it utterly, as Dean Alford and others had done before him. To be properly formed, we are told, it should be *rely-on-able*, and there is no need of it, for we have *trustworthy*, which expresses the same meaning. But the word finds advocates. They adduce other terms similarly formed (as they consider), such as *available*, *indispensable*, and *unaccountable*. And as to its use, we may well ask, will the newspapers be satisfied with *trustworthy* as a substitute? It is true that we no longer hear of the "reliable gentleman," who, during the war, kept coming through the lines, bringing us such interesting news, which, after being corroborated by an "intelligent contraband," usually turned out to be a fine fabric of the imagination. But though gone in one shape, he reappears in another. *Trustworthy*, we all feel, is too heavy and precise an epithet for him. *Reliable* is exactly the word. However much we may admire the force of Mr. White's attack, we suspect that the "reliable gentleman," supported by a strong army of reporters and correspondents, will break through his lines, and come out victorious.

Why so simple and useful an adjective as *spare* should fall under the critical ban, it is not easy to imagine. In England, however, it has been denounced as an "Americanism," which seems to be, or rather to have been in times past, the favorite term of condemnation; while it has been defended in the same country as a "well-applied" term, and as "the proper correlative of *dense*." The mere controversy has been enough to induce some timorous writers to avoid the use of the word.

Two other new words, of Latin origin, *donate* and *recuperate*, are sharply criticized by Mr. White. Indeed, it is not easy to see why they should be allowed to displace the good and every way satisfactory English words, *give* and *recover*. Still, there are some speakers and writers, as well as readers and hearers, who are specially fond of large, mouth-filling expressions. If any one of these chooses to "donate" a liberal sum to any charitable purpose, the gift will, doubtless, be cordially welcomed, and the recipients will gladly pray that the generous and magniloquent donor may "recuperate" from all the ills which flesh is heir to. After all, *recuperate*, pompous and useless as it now seems, is no worse than *desiderate*, which is used by some good writers, when others would prefer *desire*.

The special characteristic of the English language is its irregularity, to which are due its abounding variety and richness. As the English people, and still more the Americans, have been wont to welcome all strangers who come to settle among them, whatever their origin or their oddities, so long as they prove themselves useful members of society, in like manner the English language has received accessions of all sorts, and from every quarter, under the same liberal system. No doubt, this freedom has been abused. Criminals and paupers make an undesirable accession to any population. That very useful body of word police, the critics of language, have done good service in expelling some utterly lawless and useless expressions. They have fair game in the whole rabble of slang terms, and in the ever-shifting rout of grammatical (or ungrammatical) corruptions. But as regards the harmless and sometimes useful words which we have cited, the case is somewhat different; and we suspect that most, if not all, of them will maintain their ground. Cautious writers, on this side of the Atlantic, may, for some time, avoid them; but in England, where the charge of "Americanism" is beginning to tell with less effect, all these words are more freely used. Even the least defensible of them, *reliable*, comes under our notice, as we write, in the recent translation of "Mommson's History of Rome," made by the Rev. W. P. Dickson, "Classical Examiner in the University of St. Andrews." We there read that "In the age of the Homeric poetry, there was an utter want of reliable information respecting Sicily and Italy." Elsewhere the same translator uses *trustworthy*. The truth is, that mere synonyms are often desirable, to vary the form of expression. The language cannot afford to lose any word, however uncouth, which expresses an idea, and which is not, like slang, repulsive in its character or association. N.

THE EARTHLY PARADISE.

AT last Mr. Morris has finished his great work, destined by the universal judgment to remain as one of the enduring literary achievements of the age. It is seldom, in this world of incompleteness and disappointment, that we see an undertaking involving both genius and labor carried so bravely to perfection. Mr. Morris never flags through his fifteen hundred pages. Our space forbids us to do more than make a short extract:—

DECEMBER.

Dead lonely night, and all streets quiet now,
Thin o'er the moon the hindmost cloud swims past
Of that great rack that brought us up the snow;
On earth strange shadows o'er the snow are cast;
Pale stars, bright moon, swift cloud make heaven
so vast
That earth, left silent by the wind of night,
Seems shrunken 'neath the gray unmeasured height.
Ah! through the hush the looked-for midnight clang!
And then, e'en while its last stroke's solemn drone
In the cold air by unlit windows hangs,
Out break the bells above the year foredone,
Change, kindness lost, love left unloved alone;
Till their despairing sweetness makes thee deem
Thou once were loved, if but amidst a dream.

ASLAUG MEETS HER LOVER.

When upon the beach she came,
A bright thing in the sun did flame
'Twixt sun and shipside, and the sea
Flamed, as one waded eagerly
Unto the smooth and sea-beat sand.
And for one moment did she stand
Breathless, with beating heart, and then
To right and left drew back the men;
She heard a voice she deemed well known,
Long waited through dull hours bygone,
And round her mighty arms were cast;
But when her trembling red lips passed
From out the heaven of that dear kiss,
And eyes met eyes, she saw in his
Fresh pride, fresh hope, fresh love, and saw
The long sweet days still onward draw,
Themselves still going hand in hand
As now they went adown the strand.

With these two imaginative landscapes, in which Mr. Morris so excels, we take our leave of him, heartily congratulating him upon having added much to that small legacy of immortal verse which our age will hand down to posterity.

PHILADELPHIA has been called the City of Homes, in reference to the number of its dwellings compared with its population. But the name holds good in another sense. The charities for the poor, especially the refuges which she provides for the helpless, distinguish her among great cities. Several new enterprises of this sort have lately been undertaken; among them The Home for Little Wanderers, whose anniversary showed the success and usefulness of the good work. Another is now projected whose importance may be seen by the following communication. The good it may do is incalculable:—

A PLEA FOR THE WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA.

This association has been formed for the purpose of extending help, protection, and sympathy to the working girls of our great city; throwing around them, by means of Christian love and charity, influences that shall conduce to their temporal, moral, and religious welfare. Among other enterprises, it has been determined to establish boarding-houses, under the charge of competent matrons, where these girls may be provided with irreproachable homes at the mere cost of living.

Although not organized until the 12th of December, 1870, a house (1605 Filbert Street) has been purchased, and as soon as some necessary repairs and alterations are completed, will be ready for occupants. This, however, is but *one* branch of our work. We design opening a restaurant as soon as the means can be procured, in some central locality, where store girls and women engaged in other work that takes them from their homes, can get good substantial food at a merely nominal cost. Those who have never given this subject careful consideration have no idea of the great good such an establishment is calculated to do. It will reach the wants of a class who would rather starve than acknowledge that they had not, or could not spare the wherewithal to purchase a dinner. It will keep out of temptation many a fair young girl who to-day is obliged to resort to an ordinary restaurant for her meals. It will be under

the immediate supervision of Christian gentlewomen, who, following the example of their Lord and Master, will ever strive to say the right word at the right time, and it shall be their duty to see that no sad looking stranger ever leaves their rooms uncounselled or uncomfortable.

We wish to secure a large membership, and as our platform is broad and liberal, embracing all Christian denominations, our desire and prayer to God is, that every Christian woman of Philadelphia be impelled to extend to us her aid and influence in this important enterprise.

L. B. N.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—There seems some danger that this question may be forced on Congress before the members have really been informed of the feeling about the suffrage among women themselves. To aid in showing how little such a power is desired by the great majority of our sex, we insert the following petition. The editors of the *LADY'S BOOK* hope that those of their readers who disapprove of the proposed extension of the franchise will take up the matter in earnest. Let ladies copy the petition, and obtain signatures, each in her own neighborhood, sending it then to one of the persons named below; and at the next session of Congress we will be able to show that for one woman who desires there are fifty who disapprove.

Should the person receiving this approve of the object in view, his or her aid is respectfully requested to obtain signatures to the annexed petition, which may, after having been signed, be returned to either of the following named persons:—

Mrs. General W. T. Sherman, Mrs. John A. Dahlgreen, Mrs. Jacob D. Cox, Mrs. Joseph Henry, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Boynton, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Samson, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Butler, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Rankin, Mrs. B. B. French, Miss Jennie Carroll, Mrs. C. V. Morris, Mrs. Hugh McCulloch, all of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Senator Sherman, Mansfield, Ohio; Mrs. Senator Scott, Huntington, Pa.; Mrs. Senator Corbett, Portland, Oregon; Mrs. Senator Edmunds, Burlington, Vt.; Mrs. Luke P. Poland, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Mrs. Samuel J. Randall, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Catharine E. Beecher, 69 West Thirty-Eighth Street, New York City.

Please attach to this a paper for signatures:—

THE PETITION OF THE UNDERSIGNED,

To the Congress of the United States, Protesting against an Extension of Suffrage to Women.

We, the undersigned, do hereby appeal to your honorable body, and desire respectfully to enter our protest against an extension of suffrage to women; and in the firm belief that our petition represents the sober convictions of the majority of the women of the country.

Although we shrink from the notoriety of the public eye, yet we are too deeply and painfully impressed by the grave perils which threaten our peace and happiness in these proposed changes in our civil and political rights longer to remain silent.

Because Holy Scripture inculcates a different, and for us higher sphere, apart from public life.

Because, as women, we find a full measure of duties, cares, and responsibilities devolving upon us, and we are therefore unwilling to bear other and heavier burdens, and those unsuited to our physical organization.

Because we hold that an extension of suffrage would be adverse to the interests of the working-women of the country, with whom we heartily sympathize.

Because these changes must introduce a fruitful element of discord in the existing marriage relation, which would tend to the infinite detriment of children, and increase the already alarming prevalence of divorce throughout the land.

Because no general law, affecting the condition of all women, should be framed to meet exceptional discontent.

For these, and many more reasons, do we beg of your wisdom that no law extending suffrage to women may be passed, as the passage of such a law would be fraught with danger so grave to the general order of the country.

SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.—From "Great Mysteries." By John Neal:—

"Tit for tat. A pretty, four-year old midget went out to play on the sidewalk. When she returned, with wet and muddy feet, showing that she had been somewhere else, her mother began to look serious; whereupon the child, anticipating the worst, murmured, with her head in her mother's lap: 'Now, mamma, you be dood to me, and I'll be dood to you.'"
"A fine, manly little fellow of five years tumbled on the door-step and cut his upper lip, so that a surgeon had to sew it up. He sat in his mother's lap during the operation, pale and speechless, though large tears gathered in his eyes and seemed ready to fall. 'Oh, dear!' said she, 'I'm afraid it will leave a bad scar.' 'Never mind,' said Charlie, patting her on the cheek, 'never mind, mother, darling, my moustache will cover it.'"

A TRUE STATEMENT.—In no profession is woman's right to work so clear as in that of medicine; and the ladies who are by their success quietly establishing the fact that women are suited to the profession, and even to its higher branches, are doing more for the true advancement of women in the matter of the right to a livelihood than can any oratory.

THOMAS HUGHES said the Philadelphia Girls' Normal School was the finest institution of the kind in the country.

NEW JERSEY LEGISLATURE, 1871.—*Trenton, Feb. 6.* The Senate to-night passed the bill giving mothers equal authority with fathers in the custody of children.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—Four hundred women of the Illinois Normal School have sent a remonstrance to Washington against woman suffrage.

AN EXPERIMENT IN IOWA.—The Board of Registers of Clarendon, Iowa, have decided that women are entitled to vote in that city, and the names of all ladies of proper age were placed on the rolls. Several gentlemen, not liking this movement, erased the names of their wives. Several ladies also erased their names. On the election to-day no women claimed the privilege, and the men had it all their own way.

A GOOD result from a foolish experiment:—
"The Wyoming papers say that the people of that Territory are about to 'abandon woman suffrage as both mischievous and impracticable.'"

We are glad to see that the intelligent men of Wyoming find themselves capable of performing their own duties.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Starving"—"Mince Collops"—"Life's Retrospect"—"Prince Charlie and Prince John"—"Flowers of June"—"Only an Old Maid"—"What Can Women Do?"—"A Fancy of Childhood"—"Mr. Dawson's Holiday" and "The Books We Read."

The following are declined: "Night"—"To the Mississippi"—"To the Young Ellen Moore"—"Of the Past in All Its Beauty"—"Anniversary Humbugs"—"Wedding Presents" and "Return, Return, Once More I Ask."

NOTICE.—Manuscripts must in all cases be accompanied with the name and address of the authors, and stamps for their return, if not accepted. The utmost care will be taken and all possible expedition used with regard to them; but it must be understood that the editor is not responsible should a MS. be mislaid or lost.

Health Department.

BY DR. CHARLES P. UHLE.

SALT RHEUM.

THE word *salt rheum* conveys a vague and indefinite meaning to the mind of the practicing physician. It is a word not to be found in the pages of medical literature. Yet it is constantly made use of among all classes of people, and seldom understood in the sense that it should be.

In reality, there is no such disease as the salt rheum. Our best physicians, though they use the phrase, admit its utter fallacy; and medical writers at home and abroad have never presumed to notice it. It is a popular name here in the United States, for a little of everything in the shape of an eruption that appears upon the cutaneous surface. It doesn't mean anything in particular; only a stubborn and refractory breaking out of the skin, that certainly is not the itch or a ringworm. "Tetter," "The Hives," and "Rash" are terms of a very similar nature, and possess about the same amount of meaning. *This* is why the salt rheum, so called, is such a "pill" and always will be.

There are a great many diseases, both acute and chronic, that are known by this ever ready and convenient cognomen, "the salt rheum." *Eczema*, *lichen*, and a disease called *psoriasis*, are probably more frequently "salt rheum" than anything else; and a description of them and their proper treatment will constitute what we have to say upon the subject. *Eczema*, as described by Dr. Wilson in his work upon "diseases of the skin and appendages," is divided into *thirteen* different varieties, and treated at such a length, alone, as would fill *thirty* or more of the pages of *GODEX: lichen* would occupy twenty, at least, and *psoriasis* would monopolize the entire publication. If we can abridge them to one and a half, and give our readers a "clear understanding," we are amply repaid for the labor attending.

The eruption of *eczema*, to take them up in the order that we have mentioned them, is generally preceded by considerable redness and inflammation of the skin, accompanied, in the course of twenty-four or thirty hours, by much irritation and pain in the parts. The *vesicles* when they first appear are very small and indistinct, and look like glistening little points or pimples. These enlarge, and when fully developed have about the size of a pin's head. In the mildest cases, these vesicles dry up in about a week, and are succeeded by a scaling of the skin, after which the surface remains of a reddish color for a few days, and then resumes its healthy appearance. In the severer cases, instead of drying up, many of the vesicles break, and discharge a serous fluid over the skin, irritating and excoriating it and increasing the exuding surface. After a time the secretion diminishes, and the extravasated liquid hardens into thin, soft scales, which, upon separating, are followed by others several times successively. If a favorable termination is to take place, the exudation gradually ceases, the scales become firmer and more adherent, and upon separating leave the skin less inflamed; and, at the expiration of two or three weeks the diseased surface resumes its healthy appearance. When the affection is general, some of the patches are frequently renewing and extending themselves by successive crops of vesicles, while others are healing and fast approaching a termination. It is generally attended by more or less itching, and tingling, and burning, and in the severer forms this is almost intolerable.

In young and healthy persons, with a fair and deli-

cate skin, though the eruption may raise more quickly to its height, it yet declines more rapidly, and leaves at last no observable traces behind it. But in the old, and those with dark, dry, and harsh skins the healing process is slow and interrupted; and, when the disease has disappeared, it leaves behind a brown or brownish color of the affected part, which continues for years and often for life. The causes of the disease are often sufficiently apparent, but equally often it is not to be accounted for. Females are more subject to it than males, for the reason of their skin being finer and more delicate. A peculiar disposition exists, too, in certain families, to diseases of the skin, which appears to be hereditary, and this predisposition is well marked, as regards the causation of eczema. Among the local excitant causes are exposure to the rays of the sun, or artificial heat and various irritants to which the hands or skin are peculiarly exposed. Washerwomen have it, from the effect of the alkali's in soap; grocers and confectioners from contact with sugar; and cooks, bakers, and others from the irritation of the fire over which they work. In these cases it is sometimes known as the *washerwoman's itch*, *grocer's itch*, *baker's itch*, &c., &c. In the higher walks of life it is not unfrequently produced by the too frequent use of stimulant soaps and cosmetic washes to the face and hands, and also the habit of washing the face, when heated, in cold water, and not drying it sufficiently after it has been washed. Sitting in close, heated rooms, engaged in any occupation in which the face is constantly kept stooped, as in that of writing, is also a common cause.

In its lighter forms, eczema is a trivial affection, getting well in a week or two and affording but little discomfort. In its chronic state, it is often very obstinate, continuing for several years and proving a source of horrible inconvenience. It almost always, however, ends in recovery.

Lichen does not differ materially with the disease we have just described. It consists of small red pimples, about as large as the head of a pin, appearing usually on the hand, forearm, neck, face, and breast, and sometimes over almost the whole surface of the body. They are attended with heat, tingling and itching in various degrees, and after having continued stationary for several days, begin to decline, and terminate usually with a slight scurf in one or two weeks. Sometimes, however, the attack is of much shorter duration; and sometimes, by the recurrence of successive crops of eruption, is prolonged for several weeks, and even for months. In their course the pimples frequently exhibit small bloody scabs upon their surface, arising from its abrasion by scratching. It arises usually from causes similar to those of eczema, and in its chronic forms is about as obstinate and discouraging.

Psoriasis is classed by medical writers with the scaly diseases. It first appears in small papulous elevations, often not larger than a pin's head, the summit of which is soon covered with a slight whitish scale. Many of these break out at a time, and they gradually increase until they resemble little drops of liquids scattered here and there upon the skin. Their form is irregularly circular; and, when freed from their scales, either spontaneously, or by the nails in scratching, they present a bright red, sometimes painful, and slightly elevated surface which quickly again covers itself with scales. They may occur upon all parts of the body, but are said to be the most frequent upon the hands and limbs. They are attended with some itching, especially when the patient is warm in bed. Sometimes, instead of having the distinct form just described, the little red elevations appear so numerously, and so near together that they neces-

sarily coalesce as they grow, and thus form large irregular surfaces, which are covered with scales of various thickness and adhesiveness, and sometimes exhibit remains of the original papulous elevations within their boundaries.

When freed from scales, the patches are red, rough, and chapped. They are often very large, sometimes covering the whole front part of the leg, or posterior part of the forearm, and especially affect the knee and elbow. They seldom appear upon the face. Occasionally the patches are seen without any elevation, merely presenting irregular circumscribed patches, covered with minute thin scales. The eruption is attended in this form with burning tingling, and a very troublesome itching when the patient is near the fire. Sometimes it becomes inflamed, the surface is more elevated, the scales thicken, and the skin cracks into fissures, which are painful and bleed upon movement. And at times again, the secretion, which is always present in a more or less degree, suddenly diminishes in quantity, and hardens into thin, yellowish, lamellated scabs, which fall off from time to time, and are replaced by successive deposits of thinner scabs. The surface upon which they rest becomes less red and hot, and the diseased skin appears to be gradually progressing towards a cure, when, from no apparent cause, the redness and tumefaction returns, and a fresh discharge is produced. In this way, with fresh outbreaks occurring at different intervals, the morbid action is kept up for months and even years.

The causes of this disease, are for the most part obscure. There appears in some to be a hereditary tendency to it, and from the circumstances that it occurs most frequently among the wretchedly poor, it is supposed that its attack is favored by the privations, hardships, and uncleanly habits incident to extreme indigence. It occurs, nevertheless, among persons who live well, and pay strict attention to cleanliness. Salt meat and fish, vinegar, sour fruits, and ascendent vegetables produce it in some constitutions. It seems to have been sometimes called into action by strong emotions, and by cold water taken by persons greatly overheated. It occasionally alternates, or is associated with gout and rheumatism. The time of the year seems to have some influence, as it usually comes on either in the spring or autumn; and it has been observed that certain mild cases are apt to leave the patient upon the approach of very hot or cold weather and to return again at the former seasons.

The treatment of these diseases we must delay to another number.

Literary Notices.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD. By Charles Dickens. It is but fitting that every library which bears Dickens's works upon its shelves should contain also the last unfinished work of that great author. We have not read it. We probably never shall read it while it remains in its present unfinished condition. And we can see no really good reason why Wilkie Collins should not take up the thread of the story and carry it on to completion. Collins is the man above all others fitted to do this. He was Dickens's most intimate friend; they have before now united their efforts in the production of a story; and though, of course, Collins falls below Dickens in the rank of a novelist, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" seems of a character especially fitted to draw out Collins's peculiar characteristics in its development.

A few may prefer the story in its present shape, rather than have it touched by any other writer; but we believe the public at large would choose to see it finished. We trust it may yet be deemed advisable to place the story in Collins's hands, if he will accept the task.

THE SEALED PACKET. *A Novel.* By T. Adolphus Trollope, author of "Garstang Grange," etc. "The Sealed Packet" is a story of the Italian war of 1848-9. The hero becomes a captain in the Sardinian army, and finally inherits rank and fortune. Mr. Trollope is evidently more at home on Italian ground than on his own native shores; and, of the various novels he has written, his Italian ones are almost invariably superior to his English ones.

THE LOST BEAUTY; or, The Fatal Error. *A Spanish novel.* A new edition of a novel by an authoress who has been called by high authority the "Spanish Walter Scott." This story will give the reader an insight into Spanish life which he would long look for in vain in reading English novels relating to that country.

MAD MONCTON; and Other Stories. By Wilkie Collins. One of Collins's earlier stories, revived in the new and cheap edition of his works now in process of publication by the Messrs. Peterson.

THE BLACK TULIP. *A Novel.* By Alexander Dumas. The recent death of this author will probably cause a revival of interest in his works. When it is announced that he left twenty-three unpublished novels, besides the scores (or is it hundreds?) published, we think the literary critic whose business it is to announce them, and the public who is expected to read them, may both well stand aghast.

CHARLES O'MALLEY: The Irish Dragoon. By Charles Lever. Lever is another whose works are legion, and periodically we seem called upon to announce their titles. This, at least, speaks well for their popularity, for if there were no demand for them, they would not, of course, be published.

From EVANS, STODDART, & Co., Philadelphia:—

CHECKMATE. By J. S. Le Fanu. Le Fanu is not the most wonderful of writers, but his stories are sufficiently interesting and sensational to be in fair demand. The present story will compare favorably with his previous efforts.

From ALFRED MARTIN, Philadelphia:—

NANNIE AND I. This little story bears no name, and we suspect is the writer's first essay in tale-telling. It is straightforward and simple. The print leaves nothing to be desired.

From HENRY A. DREER, Philadelphia:—

DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR for 1871. This valuable little annual contains brief directions for the cultivation and management of the vegetable and flower garden, together with select lists of seeds and plants. Mr. Dreer keeps on hand all the standard flower and vegetable seeds, while every year he adds such novelties as promise to be valuable to the gardener or florist. His list of bedding and greenhouse plants is exceedingly fine, and his roots and bulbs for summer planting are not excelled by any other florist. This calendar is distributed free. Send for one.

From HENRY C. LEA, Philadelphia:—

THE HALF-YEARLY ABSTRACT OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. *Being a Digest of British and Continental Medicine, and of the Progress of Medicine and the Collateral Sciences.* Edited by William Donnett Stone, M. D., F. R. C. S. Vol. LII, January, 1871.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER, and LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

OUR GIRLS. By Dio Lewis, A. M., M. D. This is a brave book, healthy in tone, and pure in sentiment, for reading and heeding which every girl would be the better. He treats of exercise, dress, studies, and employments for women, and condemns boldly the many sins to which women are prone, being led to their commission by fashion, custom, or ignorance.

A MANUAL OF ANCIENT HISTORY, from the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Western Empire. By George Rawlinson, M. A. This volume comprises a history of Chaldaea, Assyria, Media, Babylonia, Lydia, Phoenicia, Syria, Judea, Egypt, Carthage, Persia, Greece, Macedonia, Parthia, and Rome. This is the only modern work which enters so extensively into ancient history. The "Handbuch" of Professor Huren, published in 1799, and republished in 1823, was of similar character, but is now out of print. The author of the present history has been "content to adopt, generally, its scheme and divisions; merely seeking in every case to bring the history up to the level of our present advanced knowledge."

NOTES, EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL, ON THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES; Designed for Sunday-School Teachers and Bible Classes. By Albert Barnes. Revised edition. This is a volume which has already become standard among a large class of Christians as authority in the interpretation of the portion of Scriptures which it analyzes, discusses, and explains.

SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETH-WAITE. By Anthony Trollope. Though Mr. Trollope is one of our favorites among English novelists, we must confess that this book has disappointed us. It is not up to the author's standard of excellence.

EARLS' DENE. *A Novel.* By R. E. Francillon. This belongs to Harper's Library of Select Novels; and that fact is sufficient to vouch for its comparative excellence.

From CARLETON, New York, through PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

CROWN JEWELS; or, The Dream of an Empire. By Emma L. Moffett, author of "Cragfont." This is an historical romance, taking the melancholy and tragic story of Maximilian and Carlotta for its theme. It is not a book of any extraordinary literary merit, though neither is it marked by special blemishes.

OUT OF THE FOAM. *A Novel.* By John Esten Cooke, author of "Hilt to Hilt," etc. An extremely sensational story, in which bigamy, murder, and hydrophobia are made to do duty in the plot. We can hardly recommend it as a book for profitable reading.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE. By the author of "The Two Guardians," etc. In two volumes. This novel has become a standard in modern English literature. Its author is one of the most gifted of English writers, and every one who wishes to become familiar with the best of English books should by all means secure these volumes.

THE DESCENT OF MAN, AND SELECTION IN RELATION TO SEX. By Charles Darwin, M. A., F. R. S., etc. In two volumes. Vol. I. This volume will call forth discussion and dissent among the master minds of the age, which will, perhaps, culminate in such a battle of words and ideas that, compared to it, the wars of the giants when they hurled huge rocks at one another will seem mere child's play. We are not yet an avowed convert to Darwin's theories, but we find his book exceedingly interesting. Prof.

T. H. Huxley, who is himself a man of world-wide celebrity, as a scientist, says of Darwin, that he knows "more about the question he has taken up than any man living."

WESTWARD BY RAIL. *The New Route to the East.* By W. F. Rae. There is a new field open to travellers and writers of books of travel. Europe and the East furnish no longer the accepted routes, but America and the West take their places. The Pacific Railroad possesses novel and attractive features to the tourist, while the plains, our half settled territories, Utah and California, present each and all of them themes for narrators to dilate upon. This volume, as giving the writer's views and experiences, possesses the average interest of a book of travel.

From **ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS**, New York, through **ALFRED MARTIN**, Philadelphia:—

THE LORD'S PRAYER. By Henry J. Van Dyke, D. D. This work divides our Saviour's prayer into its separate clauses, and devotes a chapter to each clause, after the manner of Dr. Cumming. It is, in fact, a series of short sermons. The author is one of the ablest clergymen of his denomination in New York, and this handsome volume will, no doubt, find many readers.

OPPORTUNITIES. By the author of "The Wide, Wide World." Miss Warner's stories for children are always interesting, because there is a constant flow of incident and feeling which keeps alive the attention of the little readers. This is the second of a series, the continuation of "What She Could," and itself to be continued as "The House in Town." Miss Warner's little girls are somewhat too inclined to lecture their elders; but there is real fancy and invention in her books, and they are, in many ways, superior to the ordinary run of children's stories.

THE DRAYTON HALL SERIES. IV. "Frank Austin's Diamond." V. "Eagle Crag." By the author of "The Golden Ladder Series." These books are two of a series on the Beatitudes. They are stories of real interest to boys, dealing with school life, and written by a man who has had some experience of it. The characters are not lifeless puppets, but have an individuality which will make the reader remember them.

THE TWO BROTHERS; and Other Poems. By E. H. Bickersteth, M. A. Mr. Bickersteth's previous volume was much admired. This seems to be a collection of his smaller poems. It is well bound and printed. Messrs. Carters' books are models of typography.

From **CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co.**, New York:—

WONDERFUL ESCAPES. Revised from the French of F. Bernard, and original chapters added. By Richard Whiteing. This volume belongs to "Scribner's Library of Wonders." It is exceedingly interesting, and is profusely illustrated.

From **LORING**, Boston, through **PORTER & COATES**, Philadelphia:—

PHANTASTES. A Fervid Romance for Men and Women. By George Mac Donald, author of "Robert Falconer," etc. This beautiful fairy story is, in reality, an allegory, in which the author has hidden his ideas, and sought to convey lessons concerning life, its temptations, and its responsibilities. It is delicate and pure, and in every way worthy of the author who has produced it.

From **SAMUEL R. WELLS**, New York, through **LIP-PINCOTT & Co.**, Philadelphia:—

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL. *Three Discourses.* By George Jarvis Geer, D. D., Rector of

St. Timothy's Church, New York. The three discourses which comprise this volume have for their subjects, each relating to the conversion of St. Paul, "Its relation to unbelief," "Its false uses and true," and "Its relation to the church."

From **ROBERTS BROTHERS**, Boston:—

THE EARTHLY PARADISE. Fourth and Last Part. By Wm. Morris. In our Table for this month will be found short extracts from this beautiful volume. Messrs. Roberts have conferred a lasting benefit upon the public by publishing Mr. Morris's poetry. We hope the enterprise has been as profitable to themselves as delightful to their readers. The poem is now complete in three volumes, bound in handsome vellum cloth, at prices ranging from \$4 50 to \$9. No work has been published equal in kind to this for many years.

REVIEWS, PAMPHLETS, ETC.

From **THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY**, New York:—

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE: February, 1871. The literary enterprise undertaken by Mr. Leonard Scott goes on with unabating prosperity under his successors. The quarterlies maintain their positive, if not their relative rank in literature; and *Blackwood* we could hardly do without.

From **DOCTOR JOHN P. GRAY:**—

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF INSANITY. January, 1871. This interesting quarterly sustains its character for closely reasoned and thoughtful articles upon various branches of insanity. The "McFarland Trial" and "Rib Breaking in Insane Asylums" are topics that will attract the attention of the reader.

From **GEORGE W. CHILDS**, Philadelphia:—

THE AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE AND PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR; January to March, 1871. This little fortnightly, which well deserves to be called the Bibliographer's Manual, contains not only announcements of new books to be issued in this country, but literary news from England, France, and Germany. Our readers who desire to be posted upon the forthcoming literary attractions of the year will do well to subscribe.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

MAY, 1871.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—"Rustic Gallantry" is a well-executed steel plate. The colored fashion-plate, seven figures, contains everything requisite for home and out-door costumes; so does our extension sheet, which always contains later designs.

"Devotion" is our wood-cut picture. We have here displayed worship, without the fashionable surroundings of the present day.

SPRING BEDS WITHOUT SPRINGS.—What are we coming to? The Woven Wire Mattress Company, of Hartford, Conn., have introduced to the notice of the public the past year a beautiful woven wire mattress. The beauty of these mattresses are that they never lose their shape, never need a repair, and never make a noise. They are warranted to be as good at the end of five years as when first purchased. See cover.

THE editor of *Old and New* addressed to his contributors five questions, all of which are so excellent that we make haste to transcribe them here, in order that the legion of writers for the *LADY'S BOOK* may study, digest, and apply:—

"1. Could you not live, and yet not roll up your manuscripts?" (We mean, some of these days, to organize an association of editors pledged never to read a manuscript that comes in a roll. If you would save the editor, ladies and gentlemen, no little vexation, let your sheets be flat—but don't apply this advice to your style.)

"2. Could you be so kind as to write your proper names legibly?" (and write your address on the manuscript; and when you have occasion to write to the editor, to recollect that he possibly has more than one article under consideration, so that it would greatly aid him if you would kindly mention what you are talking about.) Every day come letters, saying: "I sent you a manuscript, etc." or, "When are you going to print my article?" without any mention of the title of the work inquired about, which it would seem to be easy enough to give.)

"3. Would you leave off the introduction, and omit the conclusion?" (That is, begin at once, without circumlocution, and end when you have finished.)

"4. Would you write on note-paper, not folded?" (or on any small sheet, with the pages of uniform size?)

"5. Would you send the manuscript to us, instead of sending it to a friend of a clergyman, who knows a doctor, one of whose patients was in college, etc. etc.?" (Send by post, with stamps for return, and don't expect the editor to enter into explanations why he does not accept your article, or to point out its errors and defects, and show you how you can make it acceptable. An editor is not a schoolmaster, and it is not his province to educate his contributors. He purchases whatever may seem to him suitable, provided he has space to print it, and he would have no time for his ordinary duties if he were to act as literary mentor to every one who might demand his critical aid.)

But while all this advice is good for contributors, there is something also to urge upon subscribers. If our friends only knew the difficulties and vexations that arise in a publishing office, because people will forget to give their post-office address, and insist upon signing their names illegibly, there would be a reform in these matters at once. Will our friends bear in mind that almost every town has several duplicates of its name, and that, unless the *State* is given, we are utterly at a loss to know where to send an answer to a letter, or to direct a subscriber's paper? And if the name is not given distinctly, letters and papers are quite likely not to reach the right persons. We shall not grumble at the number of subscriptions that may reach us; but subscribers, for their own sakes, if not for ours, should be definite and clear, in giving name and address.

CHILLS AND FEVER.—The following is recommended as a cure for fever and ague, which now prevails so generally in some parts of the city and adjoining places. It is a Yankee notion, and appeared first in a Connecticut paper:—

"Take a teaspoonful of finely pulverized egg shells, mixed with molasses, on going to bed, after soaking the feet in warm water. Two or three doses often cure."

Whether the above is a remedy or not, we cannot tell, but we do know of a friend who was cured of the shakes by taking, early in the morning, a whole nutmeg, grated into a glass containing the juice of one lemon. He had only to take it two mornings and he was cured; perhaps it would not have cured another person, but we know it did him.

"Look not on the wine when it is red!"

"I don't," said a wicked fellow;

"For I drink Jersey lightning now,

And that is a dirty yellow."

[*Clarence F. Buhler.*]

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for May, is just published, with music suited to the wants of both singer and player. The songs in it this month are beautiful, and there is a brilliant fantasia by Brinley Richards, a graceful little mazourka, and a lively and sparkling galop; all for the price of an ordinary piece of music. Let every one buy this number and be convinced of the merit and cheapness of the *Monthly*. Price 40 cents, or the last three numbers \$1. By the year \$4, and a premium given of \$1 worth of new music. Address orders only to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

New Sheet Music.—Charity Child, a touching song and chorus, 35 cents. Father's a Drunkard, but I'm not to Blame, a song that is rapidly growing into favor, 30. Phantom Bells at Sea, beautiful duet, 35. I wish I Were Single Again, capital comic song, 30. We Met and Talked of Other Days, pretty heart-song, 30. Forget Thee, by Balfe, 30.

Also, Moss Basket Waltz, 30. Mad Cap Galop, by Carl Faust, 35. Steiger March, by same, 30. Fantasia L'Elisir d'Amore, 35. Fantasia Blue Bells of Scotland, 75. Night in Spring, beautiful nocturne, by Spindler, 50. A new piece of music given without charge on all orders of sheet music amounting to \$1. Address all orders for music to Mr. Holloway, as above.

GOOD advice for the Cherokee Nation:—

Now is the time to get up clubs for the *LADY'S BOOK*, the oldest, best, and most popular Magazine published in America. There should be one club in the vicinity of every post-office in the country, got up by some lady who only has to ask a few of her male acquaintances to subscribe as a gift to their wives, and it is done, or our Cherokee husbands are not what we take them to be, the worse for them. What a help to conversation and entertainment is the presence of such an attractive publication upon the centre-table of a courteous hostess. What a periodical source of pleasure to the hostess herself, and to her family. As an indication, it tells of intelligence, refinement, and taste; a love of the beautiful, pure, and true, which every man should wish to foster in his "home circle."—*Advocate*, Tallageh Cherokee Nation.

COLGATE'S SOAP.—We have no hesitation, after having tried this soap for many months, in pronouncing it the best soap made in America. See advertisement in *LADY'S BOOK*.

VERY PROPER DECISION.—A court in Michigan has decided that a physician is not warrantor or insurer of a case, and he is not to be tried for the result of his remedies. His only contract and duty is to treat the case with reasonable diligence and skill.

MORE TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.—They never will get done abusing a New York editor's handwriting. The other day he wrote a puff for "Anna Dickinson's lecture on Joan of Arc." The compositor set it up "Any Dutchman can't play a Jewsharp." There is no wonder the good old man gets soured against humanity, and often speaks out in meeting.

A careless printer made a dancing master's card to read: "I offer my respectful shanks to all who have honored me with their patronage."

"There was an old family fuel between them," was what the principal in a Chicago murder case said to the jury. The judge asked her if she didn't mean "feud," and she said to him: "I boss this story."

A Gotham reporter told of the "twin noses of health and beauty" on the "bony face" of a bride. He meant roses and bonny, unless he had been too industriously interviewing some Boniface.

PARIS GOSSIP.—The siege of Paris developed the fact that there are some heroines still left. The following we have taken from the reminiscences of that period by one who was *inside* :—

"Our *grandes dames* have turned out very brave little women. One with whom we were talking the other day inhabits the smallest rooms of all her big apartments, so as to bear with the least possible bit of fire—for wood has become horribly scarce, almost unattainable; and the lady had taken six wounded soldiers into her house, and they must have their rooms well warmed, she said. Another, who attends the ambulances, and whose horses have been claimed by government, as all in Paris will be in turn, now goes to her self-imposed avocations on foot through the frosty streets; and, as she goes and comes daily in her comfortable-looking winter dress, none of her sister-nurses from the lumber classes can understand how much resolution on her part the act betokens. One lady, the wife of an officer in the army, went as far as the Plateau d'Avron, braving cold, and fatigue, and sights of pain, to carry help and consolation to the wounded there; and others, though less adventurous, still do their part of courage and kindness, since many evenings see them return home faint and tired, after hours spent at the soldiers' bedside, having refused, as all these volunteer *infirmières* do, to touch any of the soup for fear that the supply for their patients should run short. Young Mme. Heintzier, who was wounded on the Plateau d'Avron, is recovering, though the injuries she received were somewhat severe. She had gone to see her husband, the commandant Heintzier, whose battalion was quartered at Avron, and had remained to breakfast with him while the Prussian shells were roaring and crashing near. The soldier's wife must have been a brave woman, although, of course, the commandant's breakfast-room (in one of the little houses of the village) was supposed to be out of danger. And then, while the party were talking, crashing on to the tiny house came the terrific bomb, bursting on to the very breakfast table, and laying dead around it four young officers and the almoner of the regiment, and wounding several others, amongst whom were the colonel and his wife."

Of the artists who mounted guard on the ramparts, an interesting account of their manner of passing away the time is given :—

"Two artists, MM. Falguère and Moulin, both sculptors, were on guard with their company the other day on the ramparts. The snow lay on the ground, and they and their comrades, feeling very cold, and seeing the nice sheet of snow spread around, formed the *gamin* idea of having a good game of snowball. But, as the white projectiles were being quickly made, it was proposed (for was not M. Falguère there?) that these heaps of snow should be built up into a statue. The young sculptor was quite willing, and with Chapu, the painter, and a dozen others as his working sculptors, a rock of snow was piled, a cannon soon placed beside it, and against this Falguère reared the figure of a woman, her round arms folded across her breast, her hair flung back from her brave, fair face, her small feet firmly planted on the soil, and beneath he traced the words, 'La Résistance.' Meanwhile—two or three hours' work sufficed for each—M. Moulin executed a colossal bust of the Republic, and the two figures obtained such unanimous applause that the authors had to promise their comrades to remodel the works when their guard was over. Théophile Gautier went himself to see the snow originals on the ramparts, and in giving an account of the scene reminds us of a mighty precedent—of Michael Angelo, one winter of rare severity, heaping up a colossal statue of snow in the court of the Grand Duke's palace of Florence, and dealing such blows of genius on the pile that the thing won him the favor of Pierre de Medicis henceforward."

The value of a cow :—

"I think it is incontestable that a person now occupying one of the highest social positions is a person who possesses a cow. Not only is it a resource unspeakably precious, but it is a privilege, too, for government knows all about the cows and where they are, and one must declare a large provision of fodder for one's cow in order to be allowed to keep her. One was to be seen grazing on the grassplot of a garden belonging to a splendid private house in

the Boulevard Haussmann. I know of one lady who supplies a whole host of poor children with milk from her cow, and another the whole circle of her friends; and both these happy proprietors watch with constant care and anxiety the rapid decrease of their fodder. May it last out, for many sakes! Two amusing exchanges were produced recently in one of the Paris papers, as follows: 'Offered, a bottle of old Rubebourg, first quality, in exchange for a good cabbage, and a box of sardines for a pint of haricot beans; acceptances to be sent to the office of the paper.' Is it not a droll and terrible sign of the times? Such rarities as old wines and costly liquors are drugs in the market, and the most homely articles in highest patrician scarcity. In fact, there is nothing that is not upset."

BLACK ALPACAS.—Peake, Opdycke, & Co., of New York, are determined that the ladies of the United States shall have alpaca goods that will suit the spring and summer seasons. They have been importing an article of a *fine, light make* that is spoken of as very desirable. In purchasing, be sure that you ask for the **OTTER BRAND**. They now have on the market the Buffalo Brand Alpacas, the Beaver Brand Mohairs, and the **OTTER BRAND Alpacas**.

SNOBS AND PARVENUES.—Take notice of the following, and send your names over :—

"American resorts in Italy are said to be overrun just now by seedy Italians, with titles of nobility of such length that half the letters of the alphabet are made to do duty in giving them orthographical expression, who are anxious to marry American girls with rich fathers. In Italy counts and marquises are plenty, while money is scarce."

The following is the annual cost of Queen Victoria's family to the English people :—

| | |
|----------------------------------------------|----------|
| Her Majesty's annual allowance | £385,000 |
| To members of the Reigning House | 104,432 |
| Incidental | 3,564 |
| Cost of palaces, parks, and pleasure gardens | 81,514 |

Total £574,510
Reduced to our money, this amounts to \$2,872,550.

A LITTLE friend of ours writing a letter for a school exercise, dated it February 17th. The teacher said to him :—

"You must not write the first of the month with th; it is 1st."

"Plieath, ma'am," was the reply, "didn't you know I lisp?"

He was informed that a lisp need not be transferred to paper.

THOMPSON'S GLOVE-FITTING CORSET has so long been used that it is only necessary for it to be once seen to be appreciated. It is made of the best materials, wears well, and gives a graceful and handsome figure to the wearer, adding comfort to its list of virtues. It can be purchased of all dealers in dry goods.

FREIGHT ON LETTERS AND PREMIUM ON DRAFTS.—Subscribers will please understand that when they send their letters by an express company they must pay the freight, and those who send drafts must pay the premium. We advise subscribers to remit a post-office order or a draft payable to the order of L. A. GODEY. The rates for postal money orders as established by law are as follows :—

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum, but not exceeding \$3, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$3 and up to \$30, the charge will be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

We copy the following from the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, a paper engaged with the *LADY'S BOOK* in the crusade against wedding gifts:—

THE SILVER WEDDING OF MOSES SKINNER. *Shrewd Diplomacy of Mrs. Skinner.*—The following narrative will be suggestive to married folks generally:—

"It being just twenty-five years since my first wife died, I thought I could not better celebrate the event than by having a grand silver wedding. Alas! twenty-five brief summers, and it seems but the day before yesterday since I returned from her funeral, an altered man, and told the undertaker to call round for his pay in the fall.

"The great trouble in silver weddings is that you are apt to get two or three presents alike; but I flatter myself that I fixed 'em here. In the first place, Mrs. Skinner and I looked over our stock of silverware to see what we were out of, and found that we could take about twenty-five square presents without getting billions, and then we invited a few children in reference to nut-crackers, butter-knives, and other small fry. I issued my invitations two weeks beforehand, to give everybody a chance to buy a present, and in addition hinted in a delicate manner what I should like each one to bring. So the invitations read very much like this:—

"Mrs. Charity Phleabottom and Husband,
You are both asked

To Mr. and Mrs. Mose Skinner's Silver Wedding,
January 17th.

* * Please bring silver castor, with extra mustard jug.

* "Mrs. John Beezum and Husband,
To Mr. and Mrs. Mose Skinner's Silver Wedding,
January 17th.

* * We cherish fond hopes in your direction in reference to a silver teapot.

"On the back of each invitation was a neat gilt scroll, inclosing the words: 'Please avoid dollar stores.'

"To say the affair was a success, would be defrauding the dictionary. I have looked that venerable pamphlet through, but fail to find a word that meets the case. Nothing short of seven syllables and a 'French roll' will do, so I give it up.

"On the arrival of the guests, I took charge of the presents with as much emotion as the value of the present called for. A silver pie-knife I received with a husky tremor in my voice, while an elegant silver tea-pot caused me to entirely break down with emotion. But I recovered, and went through the trying ordeal with unflinching bravery. Those who didn't bring presents were told that we were not at home, which, of course, made the gathering more select. We received some very fine presents, including a share in a silver mine, a lock of gray hair streaked with silver, some silver tones from a maiden's voice, a silver beam from the moon, and some castor oil made from a silver castor.

"Then my wife and I stood up and received the silver-tongued congratulations of our guests on our happy married life. But I didn't need 'em; no, I should say not. When I see a man utterly crushed in spirit and bald-headed at the premature age of fifty, with a black eye constantly on hand, and a wife who is ready to furnish him with more black eyes at the lowest market price, I pause ere I congratulate him on matrimonial bliss. Not that I would insinuate that Mrs. Skinner is not as gentle as a dove in the olive branch business. Not at all. I simply say that in a case like this, I should probably pause to the extent of a semicolon and a comma ere I congratulated him."

A WOULD-BE poet waited upon a celebrated theatrical lady with two sonnets he had written upon her, and demanded to know which she liked best. She read one, and handed it to him; said, without having read it: "I prefer the other."

AN agricultural fair poet thus draws the line between the hog and the Chinaman:—

"All hogs, like John Chinaman,
Time out of mind,
Wear cues in the style
Of their fathers—behind.

"This difference though
In the swine seemeth quaint;
His caudal is curled,
And the Chinaman's 'aint."

PERFECT COFFEE.—A correspondent of the *Independent*, travelling in Sweden, was immensely delighted with the coffee served on steamboats and hotels. "At Upsala," he writes, "we determined to find out how they made such perfect coffee as we had just drank, and stepped into the neat kitchen of the little hotel; and this was the report: Take any kind of coffee-pot or urn, and suspend a bag made of felt or very heavy flannel, so long that it reaches the bottom, bound on a wire just fitting the top; put in the fresh ground pure coffee, and pour on freshly boiled water. The fluid filters through the bag, and may be used at once; needs no settling, and retains all its aroma. The advantage of this over the ordinary filter is its economy, as the coffee stands and soaks out the strength, instead of merely letting the water pass through it. 'Do you boil it?' inquired the learner. 'Na-a-a-ay,' said the maid, in simple astonishment that any one should be so wasteful as to send the precious aroma away in steam; should rob that prince of food of that evanescent something which constitutes his nobility, and reduce him to mere aliment. As soon would one think of throwing away that drop of sunshine, charged with all the summer's gold, which lies at the throat of a bottle of Johannisberger."

The above may be all right, but we do boil ours, and we defy any one to have a better cup of coffee.

THE MOTHERS OF STAGE HEROINES.—The use of a mother to a popular actress is obvious. Who can so urgently and indefatigably besiege a manager with applications for the privileges and perquisites which every actress desires? Who can so well guard the tender flower from too close observation? Who can so well watch in the dressing-room while the performer is on the stage? And who can so well discourse on the artistic merits and general popularity of an actress as the ma of that actress? The first time I went behind the scenes at the Phoenix was in the morning. Unused to the place, I stopped at the greenroom door, wondering if that was where the rehearsal was, and if there I should find the manager, with whom I had business to transact. Four ladies, elderly, dingly, and of severe aspect, were wildly gesticulating. I supposed it was a scene from the new piece, and stood observing them.

"How impressive," thought I, "is this devotion to art! These women, absorbed in their characters, forget the existence of the outside world, and do not notice my presence, absorbed as they are in the ideal."

It was at this moment that the doorkeeper touched me, and said:—

"The manager is this way, at rehearsal, sir."

"Why," said I, in some surprise, "isn't this rehearsal?"

"No, sir," said the doorkeeper, with a smile.

"Who are these ladies?" I asked. "I thought surely they were acting; they seemed so earnest."

The doorkeeper grinned. "Them," said he, "is mas of different ladies in the company, and they're going on about their daughters. They almost always does when they gets together."

It was then, for the first time, that I realized how much a mother was to a dramatic performer. The life of the stage is terribly full of temptation, and quite as likely to destroy feminine modesty and reserve as a course of fashionable society flirtations.

A MARTIAL BEARING.—According to the *Delhi Gazette* a constable at Jubbulpore, in giving evidence before a magistrate the other day, gave a clear definition of his idea of a "martial bearing," which is probably not inaccurate as regards many of the soldiers in that country. The constable, having apprehended some men as deserters, was asked by the magistrate: "What led you to suppose that they were deserters?" "Their martial bearing," replied the constable. "What," inquired the magistrate, "do you mean by their martial bearing?" "They were very free," said the constable, "with their money, were drunk, swore a great deal, and wanted to fight." "And that," rejoined the magistrate, "is your definition of martial bearing?" "Yes, sir," was the reply.

WRITING LETTERS.—"The three E's" are notoriously the three elemental necessities of education. With reading, writing, and arithmetic you are held able to do quite as well for yourself as you choose, and to have the power of climbing up to the top of the ladder of which these are the first rungs. No corner of the intellectual kingdom is closed to you, and it is your own fault if you do not explore and take possession—if you do not cultivate a wide holding, and gather in a rich harvest, without leave asked of any, or hindrance possible by any. Popular beliefs are not always worthy of much credit, but this comes somewhere near the mark. Given these elementary tools, and what lovely work for our intellect, what beauty for our future career, may we not fashion for ourselves! And yet of one of these, the art of writing, we can scarcely say too much as to the infinite mischief it has wrought in its time. "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" said the Wise Man, in days when book-making was as a drop of water to a bucketful, compared to what book-making is now; yet we see that even in Solomon's time the art was held a dangerous one, and for one's enemy to write a book was considered a by no means uncertain method of obtaining a terrible and telling revenge.

But more dangerous than book-writing to the peace of families and the happiness of individuals is that of letter-writing. If half the people who now write letters did not know A from B in running hand, and were as unable to use the post as they are to work the telegraph, we should have less than half the misunderstandings which now afflict society, and the quarrels by which friendships are uprooted and affections destroyed would be reduced by at least nine-tenths. More mischief has been done by hasty words written in anger, by doubtful words taken amiss, and by letters going astray and falling into the wrong hands, than by anything else we can mention. Spoken words, however violent, have a chance of being forgotten. Allowances are made for the mist of passion that had risen up and obscured the better feeling of the speaker; but *littera scripta manet*, and that certain air of cold-blooded deliberateness which belongs to letter-writing seems to put all charitable excuses out of court. Besides, it is not always in intentional harshness that the danger of letter-writing lies. People are sometimes clumsy, sometimes ambiguous, in the way in which they express themselves, and readers have often dense wits and sleepy imaginations. A phrase said with a certain tone, a certain look, an arching of the eyebrows, a comical accent, or a pretty pursing of the lips, as one knows so well how to give by way of signpost to one's meaning, read coldly and without such indication, is taken as something quite foreign to one's intention—something of grave accusation, when one intended nothing more than a laughing ascription of evil deeds and criminal neglect which, read in one's own way, was an evidence of one's love. As the voice is not heard, its special tones are not imagined; and if the person who receives that clumsily loving letter happens to be bilious and ill-tempered, the very words which *res voce* would have sounded as a caress, and been accepted as a caress, in black and white look like insolence; so that deadly offence has more than once been taken at what was meant only for fun or love. This is one of the dangers of letter-writing; the practical application of which is, never to write ambiguously, never to trust to our correspondent's imagination to supply the manner by which our matter is to be interpreted, but to have it always clear and unmistakable as to what our meaning really is, and to use words according to their received value, and not according to that changeful signifi-

cance born of the curl of a lip or the tone of a voice.

One great lesson, too, to teach the young is not to tell family secrets in their letters, not to complain of their little hardships, and not to describe themselves as miserable and ill-treated, when they are only hysterical and impatient. There are some people, more especially girls, who write themselves into almost frantic states of excitement; who speak of an evanescent feeling as the growth and persistent condition of their lives; who weep as they detail, with much exaggeration, their small domestic woes, and tell how mamma misunderstands them, and papa tyrannizes over them, and how wretched and forlorn they are, and what should they do without their dear bosom friend, to whom they are opening their hearts? And then the bosom friend writes back, commiserating their wretchedness, and taking it all for gospel; and, perhaps, the letter of sympathy for her hard and loveless life at home finds the poor martyr perched on papa's knees, smoothing his dear gray whiskers; or hanging round mamma's comfortable waist, and telling her what a darling she is; or dressed in her pretty new costume, on the point of setting out for a croquet party where *he* is to be, and at which she will consequently be the happiest of the happy, and the most blessed of earth's daughters. But four days ago she had written to her confidante such a tale of woe, such a miserable confession of grief and tears, that her friend would not have been surprised to hear she had ended her life in some tremendous tragedy; and here she is now, decked in smiles and her brightest ribbons, without a cloud on the sunny surface of her life! This kind of letter-writing is by no means rare with impulsive girls who cannot hold their tongues, who will not subject themselves to discipline, who have no power of calculating consequences. They mean no harm, poor fools! though they do speak against their parents, and get them, and their brothers, and sisters a bad name and much ill-will; they are only impulsive, impatient, confidential, and without faith in the future. Without understanding, too, that their feelings of to-day are mere transitory moods which will have passed by to-morrow, which the very act of writing out changes, and which will be brought back to them as ghosts when the letter of reply comes in the midst of quite a new set of facts and feelings, shaming and disturbing, but not teaching wisdom for the future.

There is another class of letter-writers who are also not to be judged by their epistles—those who begin in one mood and end in another. Sometimes they set out coldly. They have been affronted, and they want to show resentment thereat, and that they are made of stuff demanding more careful treatment; so they begin stiffly, with a dearth of adjectives and superlatives, as the best way they know to express their sense of wounded dignity, and to show that they have been "hurt." But they soon write their dignity dry. After a page or so of this unnatural stiffness, the backbone of their resentment begins to relax, and they lop over into the slipshod affection of their ordinary intercourse. The affront avenged, the flood of inane confidence takes its usual course, and the letter ends in the customary blaze of affection after its cool beginning of wounded pride. Sometimes it is just the contrary way; and the letter, which began kindly and affectionately, gradually trains off into coldness and anger, as one after another old sores are uncovered, and one after another the spectres of old sorrows are brought back to life. These, and more than these writers, never remember that a letter is only a temporary expression of feeling at the best, and that one hour may undo all that the other has woven, and to-morrow see destroyed the

whole fabric of feeling which yesterday was held to be eternal.

The most delightful and the most dangerous of all letters are those known as "love letters." What pleasure in writing them; what rapture in reading them; what laughter by an unfeeling audience when they are read out in full court, and every endearing expression is appraised as worth so much in the verdict for damages! What sadder than laughter sometimes, when the fatal element of guilt is mixed up with their folly; and how suicidal the madness which wrote them and the madness which preserved them, when by them is discovered the secret which else might have been kept hidden, and, perhaps, repented of, before too late. Yes, letter-writing is a danger if a blessing, a snare for unwary feet if also a home wherein the heart takes its rest, a garden whereby it has its dearest enjoyment. Rousseau was accustomed to leave his wife for the pleasure of corresponding with her; and if anything can soften the sorrows of separation, it is those sweet and tender letters which assure us that our friends have not forgotten us, that out of sight is not necessarily out of mind, and that absence does, in some instances, make the heart grow fonder. And of all people to whom we ought to be diligent and dutiful in our letter-writing, those who are away in foreign countries have the strongest claim. None but those who have experienced it for themselves know the rapturous joy of "letters from home" when the mail arrives, and its contents are distributed; and only those know the blank despair, the mortification, the disappointment of an empty post! It is not much to do a write often and lovingly to the absent; and surely the joy that is given is worth all the labor taken, and the love retained pays back the love that is bestowed.

Those interested in anagrams will find delight in the following:—

| | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| Astronomers, | No more stars. |
| Impatient, | Time in a pet. |
| Masquerade, | Queer as mad. |
| Matrimony, | Into my arm. |
| Melodrama, | Made moral. |
| Midshipman, | Mind his map. |
| Parishioners, | I hire parsons. |
| Parliament, | Partial men. |
| Penitentiary, | Nay, I repent it. |
| Radical reform, | Rare made frolic. |
| Revolution, | To love ruin. |
| Sir Robert Peel, | Terrible poser. |
| Sweetheart, | There we sat. |
| Telegraph, | Great help. |

AN American captain had as passenger on board his ship a very beautiful young lady, with whom, in the course of a very short voyage, five young gentlemen, also passengers, fell desperately in love. She, liking all the young gentlemen, and liking them all equally well, felt herself placed in a position of some difficulty, and in the emergency applied to the captain for advice. He, being a man of an original turn of mind, suggested that she should jump overboard her taking care to have a well-manned boat alongside to prevent the possibility of the farce turning into a tragedy, and that she should accept the man who jumped into the sea after her. The lady liked the notion, and one fine morning, when her five admirers were all upon deck, went over the side head-foremost. Four of the five immediately followed her lead. Then said the puzzled maiden to the captain: "What am I to do now? See how wet they all are!" "Do?" replied the captain; "why, take the dry one!" which she did; and, it is to be hoped, lived happy ever afterward.

WHERE is our old friend Murat, once of Borden-own? We have not heard anything of him since the last kick-up in Paris; and his lovely daughter, the Duchess de Mouchy? Only that we know our old hum knows how to take care of himself when money is about, we are afraid madame would have to resume the school business.

THE following pretty legend is related, and devoutly believed in by the inhabitants of the Harz Mountains, of the night-blowing lily of Lauenberg:—

"Beautiful Alice dwelt with her widowed mother in a small cottage at the foot of the Harz Mountains. Her principal occupation was that of gathering forest straw—that is the foliage of the pine and fir tribe, which is very much used in certain parts of Germany as a stuffing for beds, etc. Thus was the maiden occupied when the lord of Lauenberg Castle rode by. With wily words he extolled her looks, and swore that she was too pretty a blossom to be hid in a peasant's cot, and begged her to come and dwell in his lordly castle, where she would have nothing to do but command, and where all would obey her.

"The simple girl was dazzled by the brilliant prospect, but, true in her simplicity, flew to her mother and related all that had transpired. The terrified mother wept bitterly over her darling's communication; for too well she knew the character of Lauenberg's dissolute baron. Hastily packing up her few household treasures, she carried off her wondering and sorrowful child to the shelter of a neighboring convent, within whose sacred walls she believed poor Alice might rest in security. Not long, however, had the simple country girl been immured in the holy edifice before the enraged noble discovered her retreat; and, determined to obtain his prey, assembled his vassals, forced an entrance into the convent, and, seizing the object of his passion, bore her, half dead with dread, to his castle.

"On arriving at midnight in the garden in front of his embattled dwelling, he alighted, with his senseless burden in his arms; but as he attempted to enter the castle, the guardian spirits of the place snatched the poor maiden out of his grasp, and on the very spot where her feet had been, sprang up the beautiful lily of Lauenberg.

"The annual appearance of the lily at midnight is anxiously looked forward to by the inhabitants of the Harz, and many of them are said to perform a nightly pilgrimage to see it, returning to their homes overpowered by its dazzling beauty, and asserting that its splendor is so great that it sheds beams of light on the valley below."

The following affecting sketch, in which the lily again plays a part, is given by Lady Herbert in her "Impressions of Spain:—

"In a cemetery near Seville is a very beautiful though simple marble cross, on which is engraved these lines in Spanish:—

'I believe in God; I hope in God; I love God.'

It is the grave of a poor boy, the only son of a widow. He was not exactly an idiot, but what people call a natural. Good, simple, humble, every one loved him, but no one could teach him anything. . . . He could remember nothing. In vain the poor mother put him first at school and then to a trade; he could not learn. At last, in despair, she took him to a neighboring monastery and implored the abbot, who was a most charitable man, to take him in and treat him as a lay brother. Touched by her grief, the abbot consented, and the boy entered the convent. There all possible pains were taken by the monks to give him at least some idea of religion; but he could remember nothing but these three sentences. Still he was so patient, so laborious, and so good, that the community decided to keep him.

"When he had finished his hard out-of-door work, instead of coming in to rest, he would go straight to the church, and there remain on his knees for hours.

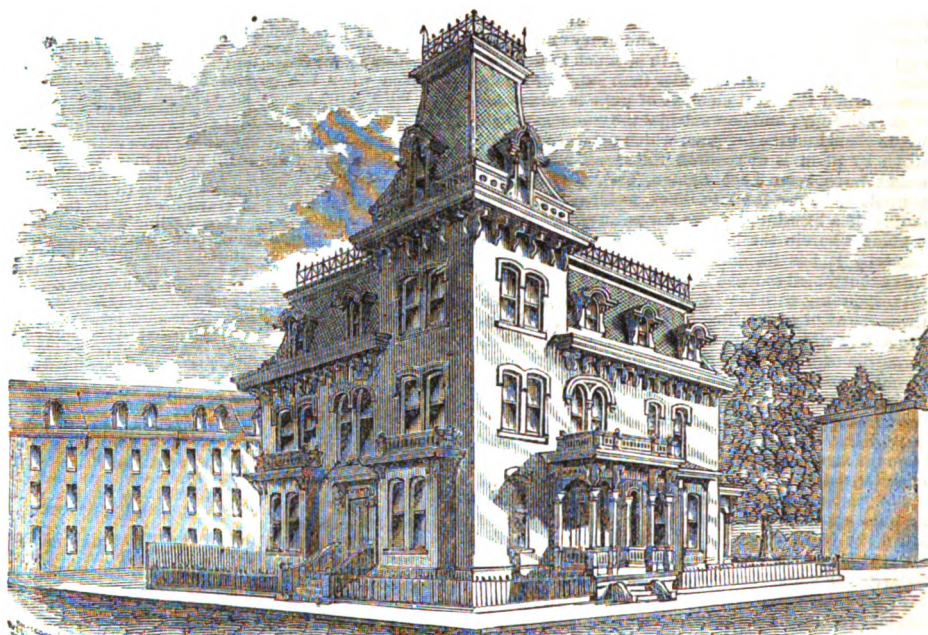
"But what does he do?" exclaimed one of the novices; "he does not know how to pray."

"They therefore hid themselves in a side chapel, close to where he came in. Devoutly kneeling, with clasped hands, and his eyes fastened on the tabernacle, he did nothing but repeat over and over again, 'I believe in God; I hope in God; I love God.' One day he was missing; they went to his cell, and found him dead on the straw, with his hands joined, and an expression of the same ineffable peace and joy they had remarked on his face when in the church. They buried him in this quiet cemetery, and the abbot caused these words to be graven on the cross. Soon a lily (emblem of innocence) was seen flowering by the grave, whereon one had planted it; the grave was opened; the root of the flower was formed in the heart of the orphan boy."

Who was the Lady of Lyons? A Lioness, we suppose.

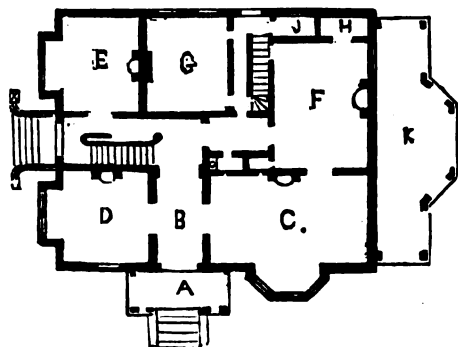
A SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.



THE above design was built for Mr. J. McCormick from drawings furnished by us, and is situated upon the corner of Locust Street and the river bank, in the city of Harrisburg, and is considered a successful building for proportion and grand effect. It maintains a solid mansion-like effect. The windows are large, ceilings lofty, and the material cut limestone, laid broken range and pointed. We place it forward in contrast with any building of equal cost in the United States.

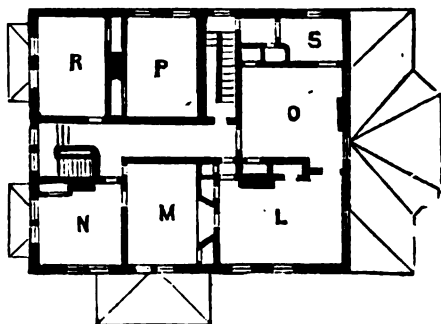
Those who admire the style will do well to see this house. The cost, finished, was about \$15,000. Some considerable beauty rests in the material, which, with good architecture, should always be left so that it strikes with full force the beholder. No money is here wasted in unnecessary detail, yet enough to satisfy and not to gorge the taste.



FIRST STORY.

We have invented a new order of architecture: "The American Oyo order of architecture," for church buildings and large public edifices. It is far superior to the most elaborate styles of the highest type of flowered Gothic or Mediaeval architecture. We will give a design of a house in a few months

that will illustrate this order. Its characteristics are elegance, perfect perspective adaptation, an order of constant change and variety of which every little detail is fixed by the laws of perspective and mathematics. The whole preserves a unity and grandeur unsurpassed by no other order or style invented by the ancients.



SECOND STORY.

First Floor.—A porch; B hall, 9 feet wide; C parlor, 17 by 30 feet; D sitting-room, 15 by 16 feet; E library, 15 by 18 feet; F dining-room, 17 feet 6 inches by 22 feet; G kitchen, 16 by 18 feet; H china closet; J pantry; K porch.

Second Floor.—L chamber, 17 by 22 feet; M chamber, 19 by 17 feet four inches; N chamber, 16 feet 3 inches by 15 feet; O chamber, 17 feet 8 inches by 16 feet 9 inches; P chamber, 14 feet 9 inches by 18 feet; R chamber, 14 by 18 feet; S bath-room.

THE present style of men's hats is an exact representation of the fashion of 1840. The present scrambled style of ladies' headdress is of older origin, being, according to a contemporary, the identical fashion which prevailed before the invention of combs.

COLLEGE WIT.—While the learned and venerable Doctor Lord still presided over Dartmouth College, and kept as keen an oversight upon the habits and morals of the young gentlemen of the institution as they required, a report reached him that one of the freshmen, C—, a good student, but rather a fast fellow, was contracting the awful vice of gambling. The doctor was always accustomed to take the bull by the horns, and upon this occasion the delinquent was immediately summoned into his presence, and bluntly interrogated. "How's this, Mr. C—?" the president sternly questioned. "I hear that you have been known to play for stakes." The eye of the young reprobate twinkled as he saw a chance for a joke, and he demurely responded: "You have been misinformed, sir. I have never played for *stakes*, though I must confess that I have, once or twice, for *oysters*." The doctor appreciated the ingenious witticism, and was easily satisfied that the delinquency had been grossly magnified.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to other magazines sent through us we pay over to the magazine ordered in a club with the LADY'S BOOK, and there our responsibility ends. If you miss a number, write to the publisher of that magazine, or upon any other business connected with it.

SOME abandoned male character says he believes that the leading champions of Woman's Rights are men's lefts.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

ADDRESS "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. A. M. K.—Sent articles February 24th.

Mrs. M. A. M.—Sent pattern 27th.

R. F. B.—Sent pattern 27th.

Mrs. G. McL.—Sent pattern March 14th.

Mrs. H. C. W.—Sent pattern 14th.

E. I. G.—Sent ring by express 17th.

L. R.—Sent pattern by express 17th.

H. W. M.—Sent pattern 18th.

Mrs. H. C.—Sent pattern 18th.

Miss L. E. T.—Sent dress by express 18th.

Mrs. F. C. B.—Sent pattern 22d.

Mrs. N. S.—Sent articles by express 22d.

R. A. Collins.—Gd-de.

Allice.—We have answered this question twenty times. Your "lady subscriber" cannot be very observant.

Ethel T.—The doll's body could be purchased for \$1 50. We do not prepay the freight. It is to be paid by you on receipt of the package.

"Creve Cocus," by H. A. W.—You will have to send three three-cent stamps; one to pay three cents unpaid on yours, and two to return MS. You did not send any.

Mrs. E. A. W.—We do not know what pattern you mean.

A Friend.—We always give articles on mourning every season as it changes. You cannot read the Book attentively. Too late for the April number by two months. To prepare those initials expressly for the benefit of one person, yourself, would cost us ten dollars.

Sarah.—Chain stitch is made by forming a loop on the thread, then inserting the hook, and drawing the thread through the loop already made. Continue this, forming a succession of stitches.

Mrs. E. R.—The finest of all wools is that from the goat of Thibet, of which the Cashmere shawls are made.

Agnes.—Warm water is preferable to cold water as a drink to persons who are subject to dyspeptic and bilious complaints.

VOL. LXXXII.—31.

Mrs. E. A. K.—You did not give your post-office, but we do not want patterns.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor the Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Dinner dress of blue silk, made train skirt, and trimmed with two rows of fancy knotted fringe; overskirt and bodice of dove-colored silk, trimmed with fringe to correspond in style with that on underskirt. Square neck postillon bodice, trimmed with lace. Blue vest; elbow sleeves, trimmed with blue silk and deep fall of lace.

Fig. 2.—Walking dress of light green silk, with an overskirt of fine black and white striped silk; the overskirt is trimmed with ruffles of the same, headed by a ruche of green, and green bows at the sides. Plain corsage, cut heart-shape, and trimmed with striped silk ruffle. White chip hat, trimmed with green velvet and white feather, and lined with green silk; veil of gauze flowing behind.

Fig. 3.—Visiting dress of white foulard silk, trimmed with purple silk, and worn over a purple silk underskirt, trimmed with a side plaiting. Plain corsage, trimmed with purple silk to represent heart-shape; open sleeves, with lace sleeves underneath. White chip gypsy bonnet, trimmed with purple and white flowers.

Fig. 4.—Suit of *écru* buff silk pongee, made with one skirt, trimmed with white silk, black lace, and black velvet bows. Plain corsage; coat sleeves. Cape over corsage, coming down in front as an apron, and in the back as a basque, trimmed to correspond with the skirt. White Milan straw bonnet, trimmed with white and green flowers; black lace veil, falling down in back.

Fig. 5.—Evening dress of pink silk, trimmed with flounces of point lace, trimmed with ribbon and black lace. White cloth opera cloak, trimmed with black lace and velvet. Hair arranged in puffs, with pink velvet and white flowers in it.

Fig. 6.—Kilt suit for boy of three years, of buff piqué, trimmed with black braid.

Fig. 7.—Suit for girl of six years old, of white alpaca; the underskirt is trimmed with a band of cherry-colored silk, finished with braiding; the waist and sleeves are also braided; cherry-colored silk overskirt. Low corsage and open sleeves, trimmed with a narrow ruffle and braiding above it. White straw hat, trimmed with velvet and feather.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—House dress of brown silk, trimmed with bands of silk of a darker shade around the bottom. Deep coat waist, almost forming an overskirt, of a lighter shade of silk, trimmed with ruffle of the same fold of the darker silk and bows; coat sleeves, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 2.—Walking costume of Nankeen-colored serge, made with one skirt, trimmed to simulate two, with points of brown silk, and folds of the same. Basque waist, cut heart-shaped at the throat, finished with a narrow lace; coat sleeves, open on the back of arm. Brown straw hat, trimmed with feathers and velvet of a lighter shade.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of very light stone-colored silk, trimmed to represent an overskirt from the sides, with three ruffles of the same, headed by a blue silk band; the front breadth is trimmed straight across to correspond. Basque waist, open at the throat, with muslin chemisette beneath; open sleeves. White chip gypsy bonnet, trimmed with blue velvet, and veil of *crape de Chine*.

Fig. 4.—Underskirt of purple silk, trimmed with bands of velvet; overskirt and basque of lilac crape, embroidered with purple silk, and edged with a silk fringe. Black lace hat, trimmed with two shades of purple feathers, and lace scarf at the back.

Fig. 5.—House dress of black silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with one plaited ruffle, headed by a band of silk, piped with satin, and a quilling of satin above it; these bands are continued up the skirt, the ruffle has satin loops on each plait, fastened with a button; the overskirt is cut in three pieces, each piece trimmed all around to correspond with the dress. Basque waist, cut slightly heart-shaped at the throat.

Fig. 6.—White chip bonnet, trimmed with white lace, blue ribbon, and blue flowers.

Fig. 7.—Bonnet of lilac crape, trimmed with black and white lace and green leaves.

Fig. 8.—Bonnet of white straw, trimmed with white and black lace and pink ribbon, and bird with feather aigrette behind it.

Fig. 9.—White chip bonnet, trimmed with white ribbon, black lace, pink roses, and feathers.

Figs. 10 and 12.—Brooch and ear-ring of Roman gold, with bird in the centre with jewelled eyes.

Fig. 11.—Ear-ring of two-colored gold, set with small pearls on the pendant.

Fig. 13.—Necklace of gold, with three butterflies pendant in front.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Black silk suit for a lady; the sacque trimmed with a band of velvet, edged with black lace, the edge of sacque being trimmed with fringe. Black straw hat, trimmed with lace and pink flowers.

Fig. 2.—Walking dress for a lady, of stone-colored summer serge, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a deep side plaiting, headed by a quilling of the same; upper skirt trimmed with the quilling alone. Coat waist, faced with satin underneath; coat sleeves.

Fig. 3.—Suit for boy of four years, of light-colored cassimere, made with Knickerbocker pants and jacket, with undervest, trimmed with brown silk braid and buttons. Brown straw hat, trimmed with plume and velvet.

Fig. 4.—Dress for girl of six, of stone-colored silk, trimmed with plaitings of blue silk and blue velvet; basque waist, trimmed to correspond. Stone-colored straw hat, trimmed with blue velvet and flowers.

Fig. 5.—Suit for boy of eight years, of Havana-

brown cloth, made with plain jacket and pants, trimmed with a stripe of darker color. Felt hat to correspond.

Fig. 7.—Ladies' flannel skirt, edged with a scallop and dots in buttonhole stitch.

Figs. 8 and 9.—Gentleman's embroidered dress shirt. The most fashionable shirts are ornamented with a fine embroidery, which may be worked simply on the hem that crosses over where the shirt buttons, or a wider space may be embroidered, and the buttonhole hem ornamented with hem-stitch. Fig. 9 gives a plain style, Fig. 8 a more elaborate one.

Fig. 10.—Waist of white Cashmere, plaited and trimmed with blue velvet and narrow black lace.

Fig. 11.—Nursery pinafore for a child from two to three. This pinafore is made of brown Holland, with a frill of the same round the sleeves and throat.

Fig. 12.—Bow to be placed on the shoulder, of *gros grain*, with ornament of bead leaves. This bow is made of loops of *gros grain* ribbon three inches and one-fifth wide, and of lappets of similar ribbon two inches wide: the latter are fringed out all round about three inches and one-tenth, and sewn on pieces of stiff net. The sewing-on of the lappets is covered with an ornament, consisting of five leaves; these leaves are made of stiff net, taken double, edged with wire, and covered with black bugles. The ornament is completed with longer and shorter loops of silk cord, ornamented with beads; in the centre sew on a large jet bead.

Fig. 13.—Dress for a little girl of white *piqué*, braided on the skirt and waist with fancy white braid.

Fig. 14.—Dress for a little girl of white *piqué*, cut in points around the bottom, and trimmed with ruffling, braid, and buttons; underskirt of blue silk, with plaited quilling on the bottom.

Fig. 15.—Cover of muslin and strips of lace insertion. This cover is arranged on a green parasol; it consists of eight pieces of muslin, each eleven and one-fifth inches long, at the lower end nine and one-fifth inches wide, and pointed off towards the other end. The size of the cover depends, however, on that of the parasol. Sew the divisions together at the sides, sewing on along each seam a strip of lace insertion three-fifths of an inch wide, sewing on at the same time a plaited strip of muslin three-fifths of an inch wide, edged with lace two-fifths of an inch wide. In the middle of the cover, two of the strips of insertion must cross each other, while the other strips must only come as far as the first. Underneath the strips of insertion the muslin must be cut away. Then fasten a strip of insertion all round, at a distance of two-fifths of an inch from the lower edge, edged at the top by a plaited strip of muslin three-fifths of an inch wide, and at the lower edge by a muslin flounce one and three-fifth inches wide; both muslin flutings are edged with lace. On the top of the parasol fasten a bow of lace insertion, muslin, and lace.

Fig. 16.—Ladies' coiffure, arranged with plaits on each side and a roll through the centre. Short curls in front.

Fig. 17.—Nightcap, made of fine cambric muslin. The front is a plain pointed headpiece, bordered in front with a box-plaited frill of embroidered muslin, having a back-stitched band of cambric down the centre. At the back there is a row of wide embroidered insertion, with a frill round the point. The full crown has a drawing string.

Fig. 18.—The material of this chemise is fine long-cloth; the pointed piece in front is cambric muslin, tucked and trimmed with insertion and edging of Madeira embroidery.

Fig. 19.—Suit for little boy of white cloth, braided

with black braid. White straw hat, trimmed with black velvet.

Fig. 20.—Ladies' corset made of fine Clotilde, and ornamented with fine stitching and embroidery.

Fig. 21.—Fancy cape, made of white French muslin, and trimmed with blue velvet and Valenciennes lace.

COIFFURES

FOR LITTLE GIRLS FROM SIX TO TEN YEARS OLD.

(See Engravings, Page 413.)

Figs. 1 and 5.—This style requires a parting down the middle, and also one from ear to ear. Let the back hair be waved and combed down; comb each side of the front hair up to the top of the head, and twist it round twice; then cross the two bands of hair, and tie them together with ribbon; comb out the ends quite smooth, and let them hang down; a velvet bow is worn on the top of the head.

Fig. 2.—Divide the front hair down the middle, and plait each side in three; tie these two plaits together with ribbon, and let them hang down over the back hair; bow of ribbon at the end of each plait.

Figs. 3 and 4.—In this style the front hair is divided from the back by a parting across the head from ear to ear; comb the front hair back as far as the parting, then plait it in three, and fasten the ends together with a bow of colored ribbon; comb down the back hair, and let it hang in waves.

Fig. 6.—For this style the hair should be all of one length, parted down the middle, and combed down straight at the back. Tie the hair all together about an inch and a half from the ends, with a ribbon long enough to go round the head and tie in a bow at the top. Turn the ends of the hair up underneath, and if it is very long, roll it round, and tie the ribbon at the top of the head; comb the hair smooth, and confine it under a fine silk net; a bow of black velvet hides the ribbon.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR MAY.

As the season advances, each day new goods are opened for inspection. For suits, we will endeavor to describe some of the goods seen; no easy matter, when we glance at the bewildering mass before us of different fabrics and shades of it seems almost every known color, and unknown, for many of the shades are unknown, being new colors this spring. Among suit materials is a wiry cotton and wool mixture, called English mohair. It is seen in all the gray, brown, and *écru* shades, with old fashioned lilac, spring green, clear light blue, and bright rose-color. These goods are in a solid color, with an embossed stripe of white, gold, color, or gay Roman colors near each selvedge. These stripes form the trimming for the dress, and may be partly ravelled out to form a kind of crimped fringe. Next these are the grisaille serges, wool with silk face in all the grisaille shades, that can be formed by alternate bias twills of black and white. These clean looking grays are especially adapted for a neat ladylike looking suit. Besides these, all the stylish brown shades, cigar, chocolate, and nut brown, are shown in similar goods. One of the handsomest fabrics noted for suits, is ottoman velours, in many light and stylish colors for warmer weather. This velours, though not of heavy quality, has thick ottoman cords or reps crossing it, and is as glossy and well finished as Irish poplin. It is not reversible. The stylish shades are granite, *écru*, pale ashes of rose, chocolate, golden, and cigar brown, and the green tinged gray called absinthe.

The Japanese silks spoken of in our last are seen in a great variety of styles. We do not recommend

them; but for the benefit of our readers who admire them we mention the styles seen. The lowest priced are solid grounds, in the usual gray and brown shades, also lighter shades, such as *écru* and green. Another style, imitating the real silks worn in summer, has white ground with double stripe of high color. These are suitable for house dresses and children's suits. Pin-headed checks of every color with white are seen, larger shepherd's check, in white and black blocks, the broken plaids, and mixed gray of brown *Chinées* are the styles most worn.

The cool and serviceable pongees of last year are brought out again without any change in appearance. Pattern dresses for the house are shown in empress cloth of light quality and color, two shades of color in each suit. For instance, all of the dress skirt visible is covered with three scant flounces of light Havana-brown, while the long overdresses of a darker brown. Many overdresses and upper skirts have buttons or bows down the front, a fashion that will prevail more as the season advances. In commoner goods in light woolen stuffs, solid colors prevail though a few pencil stripes are seen. Twilled goods, cotton warp with wool filling, are brought out in the Frou Frou buff, brown, and turtle-dove gray tints for street suits, and in pale green and blue for house dresses. A far handsomer fabric than these is called crape poplin, a silk and wool goods slightly repped, yet crinkled like crape. This appears to be serviceable, will make very dressy costumes, and is produced in exquisite colors.

Mohair mixtures of black and white, producing grisaille effects, and broken plaids of white and black in leno and goat's hair are worn. In wash goods, small figures, very fine stripes, and broken plaids are the styles presented, and though these may seem but a repetition of old designs, there are some novel patterns among them. A pretty effect is given to English prints with clear white grounds, by having alternating stripes of two shades of one color, either blue, brown, or lavender. Dots, diamonds, blocks, and vines are all shades of one color on purest white. The pretty watered designs, and the harlequin stripes of several contrasting colors are repeated from last season. Colored grounds, gray, brown, or buff, with watered figures, and the clear, bright purple grounds, called double purple, are seen in plain goods. Black and white checked figures, white stripes, harebells, and sprays of flowers are on the clean cool purple ground.

As buff and gray linens have come to be regarded necessary for a summer wardrobe, designers offer a change from the solid colors so long worn. White or black stripes are shown on buff, dove-gray, and brown grounds. The success of these is doubtful, as former attempts to make figured linens popular have failed. These are, however, more tasteful and neat than any of previous seasons. The material is the sheer wiry linen known last year as linen lawn. The pretty lawns and muslins have fine diagonal stripes, like twilled goods. These are colored grounds with bias stripes of white, and white grounds with colored stripes. Many of these have a narrow border near each selvedge, that may be used for trimming.

Among the new dresses which have been made of wash goods, we have seen some beautiful costumes made in print, *piqué*, and sateen, which are really charming. The colors are chiefly plain soft shades, and are trimmed with ruffles, frills, and flounces of the same material, edged with a brilliant contrasting color which, being ingrained, will wash with the dress. Green is used for trimming buff and *écru* dresses, blue and green on white, black on white and on buff. But it is needless to enumerate the endless variety of colors and contrasts, for persons can exer-

else their own taste and judgment in the selection. The white *piqué* dresses trimmed with a color are really lovely and very becoming. A brunette should choose white, trimmed with rose-color; buff is very becoming to dark girls, with bright colors. Blonde beauties may wear rose-color, but blue or green brings out their "best points," as artists say. A bow of ribbon should match the color of the trimming for the hair; or what is better for morning wear is a bow of the same material as the trimming. *Par example*, a soft fawn-colored washing satteen, trimmed with green, and a Louis XV. bow of green trimming as coiffure. It looks well, washes with the dress, and looks new and fresh each time it is returned from the laundress.

Plain black grenadines will be as popular as last season; black grenadines, with tiny colored stripes, gold, blue, purple, green, or white, and figured and dotted grenadines are also revived. For the benefit of our Southern readers, and others who prepare their wardrobe before the season, we give some hints in making a grenadine suit that forms so valuable a part of a summer outfit. The Polonaise and single skirt will be the model for such suits, and we remark, in passing, that the neck and sleeve linings of thin dresses should not be cut out. That fashion has become obsolete here, and looks vulgar, especially on the street. A black grenadine costume lately seen, had a skirt of walking length of black silk, without a covering of grenadine, but trimmed above the knee. Around the bottom are two side plaited ruffles of grenadine, straight, and each four inches wide when hemmed. Above, and overlapping these, is a wide bias gathered flounce, over which is draped a loose chain of puffs, and the final heading is two erect plaitings, each an inch wide. The Polonaise of grenadine is long enough to reach to this trimming. It is tight-fitting, being lined with strong black silk, and shaped by darts and side bodies. The unlined skirt of the Polonaise is in one piece with the waist, but has added fullness behind. It hangs plainly in the back, but is caught up high at the sides. A side plaiting four inches wide, with an inch plaited heading is the trimming. The sleeves are Duchesse-shaped coat sleeves, with an opening up the outer seam to the elbow. A plaiting surrounds the wrist and extends up the opening, while inside is a ruffled fall of black lace. The neck has also a plaiting and lace. Long looped bows of black *gros grain* doubled, and two inches wide when sewed together, are placed on the hips and on the back of the waist.

Striped silks are being made up into house dresses for afternoon wear. From sixteen to twenty yards are required for a plain demi train, and a postillion basque; from twenty-five to thirty-five yards for a short skirt, trained overskirt, and postillion. A single skirt is all that is necessary for the house. For a lady of medium height, the train should be about fifty-five inches long, gored in front and sides, full behind, about four and a half yards wide, and lined throughout with cambric. It is a good plan to dispense with stiff facing, in order that the dress may be made suitable for the street by draping over an underskirt of black silk, or of silk the color of the stripe. The edge of the skirt may be scalloped and bound with silk, but it is not necessary to trim it, as many overskirts are simply bound. Frills of the material, fringed on the edges or hemmed, fringe, or guipure lace are the prettiest trimmings. A succession of narrow gathered bias flounces, overlapping each other, is used, if it is desired to make the dress elaborate.

The most elegant wraps imported for spring are made of China crape, and we cannot expect them to be durable. The material is black China crape, the

same as the old fashioned Canton crape shawls, and the lining is the thinnest silk, either lavender, salmon, or pale blue. The *paletot* falls in with the line of the figure, being sloped in the single seam that passes down the centre of the back. A funnel-shaped fold in the Watteau fashion begins at the neck behind, and widens below, where the garment is curved open to the waist. The sleeves are plain Oriental, wide and flowing. The neck is finished with a standing frill of black lace, and the trimming is very rich braiding of black *soutache* in a rose vine pattern; the edge finished by two kinds of fringe, a crimped fringe being laid over straight sewing silk fringe. The braiding is three inches wide, and the fringe four inches. These crape *paletots* will be cooler than those of *gros grain* for summer wear, and can be made of the Canton crape shawls that are now out of style. These shawls dye black, and ashes of roses shades very well. This shape *paletots* will also be made of silk, trimmed with lace and gimp, and of material of suit.

Straw bonnets are greatly worn; fine English dunstables, smooth Milan braids, chip, English pearl braid, with pointed edges, and the coarse looking, but stylish rough and ready straws constitute the variety. The gypsy, cottage, and empire shapes with crown, short-eared head piece, and tiny curtain are the new styles. The brim of the gypsy is shaped in a variety of ways. A pretty style has the brim rolled up all around, and slightly pointed over the ears; another has a border of twisted braid around it; still another is plain and straight in the front, with a deep fluted back; while a fourth is scalloped around the edge. The cottage shape, a medium bonnet for old ladies, frames the face closely, and almost meets under the chin. Light Milans are colored in the pale leather color, tan, and other brown shades, and in every tint of gray to match the spring costumes. Two shades of one color of narrow *gros grain* ribbon is used for trimming. Many round hats partake so largely of gypsy shape that they can hardly be called hats, while others retain some features of last season's styles, such as half high sloping crowns and rolled brims. The turban reappears, with round crown, and broad, straight brim rolled closely against the crown. For school girls, is a hat called the Galatea, an ample sailor shape of rough and ready straw. Shade hats for country wear are in great variety. One of the prettiest, called the gypsy queen, has the broad brim indented sharply above the ears, and is to be held on by a ribbon passed over the crown and tied under the chin. The St. Leon is a graceful garden hat. The crown is half high and square; the brim is two inches wide and slightly fluted. Infants' hats of fine Milan, and the soft but frail split straw are turbans, with concave brims, for boys, and fancifully indented gypsies for girls.

White, buff, and gray *piqués* are used for children's dresses. For boys too young to wear pantaloons there are the kilt skirts spoken of last month; they are now being made of *piqué*, to be buttoned on shirt waists of white linen or muslin. The kilt plaits, from the belt to the edge of the skirt, are laid deeply all around except in front, where it is left plain for a space two finger lengths broad. Perpendicular rows of braid extend from the belt half-way down the front. The edge of the skirt is simply hemmed. The belt has two rows of braid. Kilt skirts are not sewed up, but are merely lapped under in front, and held by two rosettes on the right side of the skirt. A little dress for girls has a Gabrielle front, while the back is cut off at the waist, and a full skirt like a Polonaise is added. A round talma is worn in the street with this, and gives the effect of a walking dress.

FASHION.

JUNE.

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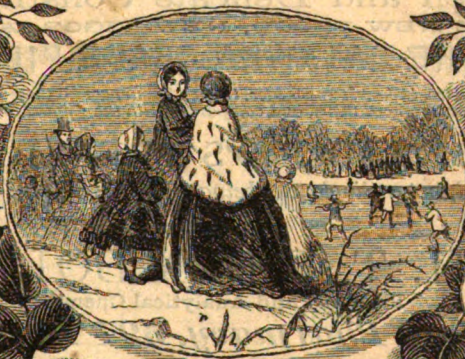
**GODEY'S
LADY'S
BOOK.**

EDITED BY

MRS. SARAH J. HALE,

L. A. GODEY.

1871.



LOUIS A. GODEY
PHILADELPHIA

In the Spring and Summer Months,
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FIGHTING WITH LEAVES.





THE LILY.

Museum Polka.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED

FOR THE

PIANO-FORTE.

By F. INGLESIDE.

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Tempo di Polka.

The musical score is written for piano-forte in 2/4 time, key of D major (two sharps). It consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The first system has four measures, the second has four measures, and the third has four measures. The piece ends with a final cadence in the fourth measure of the third system.

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MUSEUM POLKA.





Fig. 18.



Fig. 19.



Fig. 20.

Fig. 21.

Fig. 22.

GODEY'S Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXXII—NO. 492.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1871.

FETCHING AND CARRYING.

BY MARION HARLAND.

THERE were six dry goods stores in the thriving village of Denham, but the one which had more custom than all the others put together stood on Main Street, opposite the town-pump and the public square, with the big elm-tree in front of it. In the shade of this broad green tent, summer muslins and ribbons made a gay show through the plate-glass windows on a bright morning in early June. The stone flagging, laid down at the expense of the proprietor in front of his building, in lieu of the brick pavements which were the fashion all over the rest of the town, had been swept and washed by sunrise. A new awning, checkered blue-and-white, and bound in scarlet scallops, was rolled back against the wall over the door, ready to be lowered when the afternoon sun should threaten the delicate colors of lawns, prints, and silks. Immediately above the folded canvass was a sign—a blue ground lettered with gilt—"ELIHU EMMETT." No "Co." Elihu Emmett owned store and stock; bought the goods and sold them—a large proportion with his own hands—and pocketed the profits. Very fair profits, too, if one might judge by the handsome store, the large and varied assortment upon the shelves, and the pretty house up-town, presided over by Mrs. Emmett. Very fair profits, if the merchant's face were an index to the state of his worldly affairs.

It was sunny as the morning, as he stood behind the counter, waiting upon a lady customer, keeping an eye upon the movements of his three nimble clerks, while he seemed to devote himself to the will and pleasure of his especial charge. A dapper man was Mr. Elihu Emmett; neat, but not to foppishness, in his dress; clean-limbed and clean-faced; with a fresh, wholesome complexion, and sparkling blue eyes that looked straight into yours when he spoke. He was president of the Denham branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, director in the Denham bank, and a lib-

eral subscriber to all church and town charities, besides being the best-hearted man in the world. He had been seen to step around a beetle crawling on the sidewalk to avoid crushing it, and would not keep dogs because he had heard they could not be managed without an occasional use of the whip. Mr. Cowper would have taken him to his heart at sight; my Uncle Toby clapped him on the back, and pressed him to stay to dinner; and our Mr. Bergh invited him, with tears of delight, to join him in a pleasure stroll through the Brooklyn pandemonium of swill-fed cattle and beastly milkmen. The very sound of his voice, cheery and brisk, but never loud, bespoke an easy conscience and lively interest in the welfare of his fellows.

"I am sorry your stay in our village will be so brief," he was saying to his customer. "Mrs. Emmett informed me last evening that you were intending to leave us in a day or two. Denham is very lively, and, we think, rather pretty in summer."

"It is a beautiful place, and I have had a delightful visit here. I wish it were in my power to make it longer."

"Your impressions of Denham could hardly fail to be agreeable," continued Mr. Emmett, modestly. "Five yards of the Nainsook did you say, Mrs. Bland? As Judge Meadows' guest, you see our society at its best. Ah! Good-morning, Doctor Arden! Glad to see you back!" as a young gentleman entered the store. "I hope you are well?"

"Quite well, thank you!"

Mrs. Bland had turned her head rather quickly at Mr. Emmett's address to the stranger, and watched him with evident curiosity as he passed to the other end of the store to purchase some white handkerchiefs. Mr. Emmett noticed her intent gaze, and, if her object was to have a fair view of the doctor, favored it.

"When did you return, sir?" he asked.

Doctor Arden, in glancing around, showed the lady a fine, intelligent countenance, with sensitive lines betokening quickness of feeling,

as well as of thought. An attractive physiognomy altogether, albeit somewhat grave just now, and not lighting up readily at the merchant's friendly overtures.

"Last evening," he returned, briefly.

"You had a pleasant journey, I trust?"

"I did."

Mr. Emmett took a longer time than was necessary to measure and cut off the Nainsook, and restored the piece of muslin to its drawer before he disturbed his customer's survey of the physician, who did not speak again except to ask the price of the half-dozen handkerchiefs he selected. Mrs. Bland seemed absent-minded, and unconscious that the pause in her transactions would have been awkward to a diffident man, annoying to a busy one. Being neither bashful nor impatient, Mr. Emmett filled up the interval by folding together the scattered articles on the counter between them, to make room for her next order. She came to herself after watching Doctor Arden to the store door, started, blushed, and would have apologized had not her salesman tactfully ignored the need of explanation.

"Cambrie insertings and edges, if you please," she said, and for five minutes the talk ran entirely upon these.

"Did I understand you to call that gentleman 'Doctor Arden'?" she said, when her selection was made.

"Yes, madam, Doctor Henry Arden; one of our rising physicians, if not the best in our place."

"I think I have heard of him before," the lady said, as if making an effort to remember where.

"No doubt, madam, no doubt. He is very popular in Denham. You could not stay here many days without hearing his praises. That is"—lowering his voice slightly—"this could not have been, a month since. An unfortunate error of judgment—I will never believe it was anything more culpable—has awakened some prejudice against him of late. One of his patients, a lady, died about three weeks ago. She had been under his care for a year, and, although a sad invalid, her state did not alarm her friends until within a month, when her husband insisted upon calling in a consulting physician. It appeared upon his examination that an operation, comparatively simple and painless, should have been performed some months earlier, which would probably have saved her life. As it was, the matter had gone too far. So soon as this decision was given, Arden left town for a fortnight, during which time the poor creature expired in great agony. Her husband, in the violence of his grief, has said many harsh things; even made serious threats of prosecution for malpractice. I hope, however, the worst is over. Arden is a young man of talent and energy, and, as I tell him, must bear this courageously until he lives it

down. He is my family physician (that is a lovely pattern, madam), and so far from distracting him on account of this one mistake, I mean to employ him while he remains in Denham. I do hope he will not be so weak as to yield to the pressure of popular censure and seek another home. These stories travel with one when he attempts to get away from them."

"It is very unfortunate," answered Mrs. Bland, seriously. "The condemnation is general, then?"

Mr. Emmett looked sadly heroic. "I wish I could say 'no.' Scarcely an hour passes in which I have not to take up the cudgels in his behalf, my opponents being among my best customers, too. But if friendship is worth anything, it should sustain one through trials of this sort. Only this morning I argued vainly with a gentleman who would have it that Arden ran away to escape the immediate consequences of his mistake—'homicide,' he called it. Why, as I told him, the idea is preposterous. The doctor is no coward. I would have asserted this even had I not been aware of the real reason of his absence. I have kept his secret until now, but I shall impress upon him at the earliest opportunity the expediency, the almost necessity, of disclosing it. This is not his first expedition of the kind by very many. There is good and sufficient cause why he should find the city of B—— very attractive just now."

Mrs. Bland's countenance changed, and not pleasantly, at his meaning smile.

"There is a lady in the case, then?"

"You are right, madam. I do not see why I should hesitate to speak of what is known to few in Denham besides my wife and myself. The lady in question is a relative of Mrs. Emmetts; a charming girl, and, what is not objectionable to a young professional man, an heiress in her own right. But if she were tenfold more attractive and wealthy than she is, she would do wisely to choose him. There have been few nobler men created than Harry Arden."

The last words caught the ear of an old gentleman who was just leaving the store. With a dark flush upon his cheek, he came back a few steps, and, apparently not observing that the lady was a stranger, said, in a voice thick with passion:—

"You are trying the effect of your patent whitewash upon that case, still, are you, Emmett? It's of no use. All the bleaching mills in Christendom can't change it. It is a black and bloody business; and I don't believe it is the only one of that kind, if the truth were known." He staggered out, shaking his fist and grumbling to himself.

Mr. Emmett smiled reassuringly at Mrs. Bland's shocked expression.

"He is hardly accountable for what he says, poor old gentleman! He has never been in his

former spirits since the death of his only son; a year ago. He was one of the doctor's patients, and the father insists that Arden killed him, trying the effects of a new and powerful medicine upon him. Now, I grant that young doctors are sometimes rash, and that Arden may not be an exception, for he is ambitious and enterprising; but an accusation of this kind ought to be hushed up by his friends, with as little inquiry as possible. As if—I represented to old Mr. Rogers the other day—as if a physician held the keys of life and death! The unreasonable obstinacy of some people passes my comprehension."

Mrs. Bland carried her shocked face out of the store, along the street, and back to her friend, Mrs. Meadows' house. She had but one question more to ask before making up a positive verdict.

"Mr. Emmett waited upon me in person," she said, with assumed carelessness, to her hostess. "He was very attentive, and full of chat upon various subjects."

"I suppose so," said amiable Mrs. Meadows. "He is always polite and kind, a most desirable person to deal with."

"He is a man of character, of fair reputation, is he?" queried the guest, hesitatingly.

"By all means," with a surprised air. "Thoroughly reliable in all respects, and exceedingly popular, the best-hearted creature in the world, and an active member of our church."

On his way up-town that evening, this valuable member of society overtook Doctor Arden, walking slowly, as if weary or depressed, his head bent slightly and his hands behind him.

"Away with melancholy!" cried the benefactor of the down-trodden, putting his arm about the other's shoulders. "'Nor doleful changes ring' upon the unstability of popular favor. There are a few staunch friends who will stand by you, my dear boy, to the bitter end. Never mind the thousand-and-one tales that occupy Rumor's tongues to-day. I have faith in you to believe that you will triumph over your enemies yet, if their name be legion. Not a word of thanks," seeing the doctor about to speak. "As I tell them—one and all—my defence of you is an act of simple justice to one whom I believe to have been foully wronged."

"Your sympathy outruns my need," replied Doctor Arden, coldly. He never met Mr. Emmett's effusiveness with corresponding warmth; but his tone and manner, now, were repellant, and would have checked a less good-hearted man. "I suppose you allude to the groundless report that my ignorance or neglect caused Mrs. Elber's death. Since the gossips have tickled your ears with this story, I may as well state in return that Doctor Winthrop, Doctor Stewart, and myself had a consultation upon her case ten months ago, and urged the necessity of an operation, to which neither she

nor her husband would consent. If Doctor Grandon, who saw her for the first time three weeks before her death, and to whom the case was then transferred, omits to state this fact, it is not because he does not know of it as well as does Elber himself. They have their reasons for withholding it, no doubt. These I do not pretend to understand or to discuss."

"Elber was too stingy to pay the expenses of the operation, of course," rejoined the chipper merchant; "and Grandon's bitter jealousy of you is no secret. But, as I reason with the warmest advocates of both, truth is mighty, and must prevail in the end. My constant and earnest prayer is that you may be sustained in the fiery furnace."

Doctor Arden moved impatiently. It may have been a shrug of disdain of his accusers. It looked like an attempt to dislodge the embracing arm. Mr. Emmett tightened his hold.

"Yes, I fight valiantly for you upon this ground. Nobody shall, with impunity, assail a friend in my hearing. I was in the thick of a battle when you came into the store to-day. The lady I was talking with is a visitor at Judge Meadows'. Didn't you see how she stared at you? Quite as if you were a convicted murderer. I could not attract her attention while you remained. She had heard all about you, it seems, at Judge Meadows'. I was a little surprised and grieved at that. I *did* think you could trust the judge's discretion and Mrs. Meadows' kindness of heart. But one of the blessings of adversity is that it separates the gold from the dross—false friends from true. And Judge Meadows, influential though he is, must be made to see that he cannot make public opinion any more than old Rogers can. He blew out frightfully about you to-day before a storeful of people. I came in for a share of his abuse for my defence of you—an act of simple justice, as I said, nothing more, nothing less, and, therefore, not worth the mention. He called me a patent whitewashing machine, or something of that kind, warning me that no bleaching mill could wash out blood-stains. He really terrified me, he was so violently abusive—not for myself; he cannot hurt me."

"It would be folly to regard the maudlin talk of a crack-brained old man, who has not drawn a sober breath these ten years," said the doctor, with a short laugh. "As for the rest of my so-called friends, I have no present intention of cutting my throat because I have discovered that there are a few dozen more whitened sepulchres in the world than I thought. Don't trouble yourself, or waste your valuable time in defending me, I beg. I am apprehensive of the effect of this perpetual excitement upon your digestion. Good-evening! My way lies down this street."

"It is lamentable to see how this wretched business has soured him," said Mr. Emmett, at the tea-table, where, besides his wife and two

children, was a couple of young ladies, near neighbors, who had a way of dropping in once or twice a week to eat Mrs. Emmett's suppers, and hear the news from her husband. "But who can wonder at it? Those who started the report have a fearful responsibility upon them. He is almost beside himself, bent upon revenge, and full of invectives against those who have injured him. Nothing that I could urge in extenuation of men, who, accustomed to weigh evidence impartially, cannot be moved from a conscientious conclusion by mere violence of protestation, had the least effect upon him. He will do himself more injury by this intemperate and indiscriminate condemnation of all who do not openly espouse his cause than the Elbers will by any charges, however serious. It is hardly a libel to call old Dick Rogers a crack-brained sot; but, as I said to him, it is quite another thing to stigmatize such a man as Judge Meadows as a whitened sepulchre."

"Did he say that?" ejaculated Mrs. Emmett and her young friends in concert. "Oh, oh, oh!"

"Don't be hard upon him," replied the peacemaker, deprecatingly. "There is no nobler being upon this earth than Harry Arden. I ought to know it, for I am his friend, shall always be proud to count him as mine, if he *was* rather sharp upon me to-night, inclined to doubt me because I wanted him to exercise a little more charity in judgment and speech. If I were in his place, I am afraid I should feel as he does, and, perhaps, act worse. Who of us can rightly estimate the might of another's temptation?"

"You wouldn't insult your best friend!" said Mrs. Emmett, warmly. "For my part, I have no patience with such childish bursts of temper. He never did appreciate the worth of your friendship, my dear. He seems, now, to understand and care as little for the benefit of your support of him in his present unhappy position. He is behaving very badly, in my opinion."

"And in mine," chimed in both girls, one of whom was very intimate in Judge Meadows' family.

"My dear wife," Mr. Emmett's face was an illuminated commentary upon St. Paul's "Blessed Three," "if we only did good for the sake of the reward we are to receive in this life, who of us would help his brother bear his burden?"

It was inexplicable—a curious spiritual and moral phenomena, in fact—that, while the most popular man in the place was the zealous apostle of brotherly love, many—I may say, most of the Denhamites—were not "on terms" with their neighbors and kinspeople. But for a few days there was a semblance of unanimity upon one subject, at least. If here and there a timid voice was raised in behalf of Doctor Arden, it was drowned in the general clamor

of reprobation. Even Mr. Emmett's sunny face was beclouded when the topic came up in his presence, and he shook his head sadly over the impossibility of setting a matter right that had once been allowed to get crooked. He still hoped Arden might be able to clear himself in the eyes of the community, but every day made this less likely.

The cause of all the commotion expressed his appreciation of the natural law commented upon by his champion in somewhat different language.

"How slight a touch will turn out to view the worst, and only the worst side of human nature," he said, one afternoon, sitting in his lonely office, the gloom of a rising thunder-cloud making solitude more dismal, and deepening the current of his sombre musings. "A month ago I was on the topmost wave of popularity. Now, those who were loudest in their flatteries and offers of service are ready to brand me as a quack and a murderer. Yet no one will father the tale. I am like one wasting blows upon the air in the dark. If I were to follow the dictates of instinct, I should, first of all, relieve my spleen by thrashing that smooth-tongued storekeeper, Emmett. That would give the charitable community the benefit of a new sensation: Yet the fellow is not worse than his neighbors. He only repeats what is told him, like the chattering magpie he is, with this difference—his feathered mates have a genius for hiding, while he can keep nothing to himself. He gabbles at my heels along the street with the pertinacity and volubility of a whole flock of geese." He laughed a little at the picture in his mind, then sighed heavily. "Poor Nellie! It would grieve her faithful heart to hear of all this. She never shall. Smoke without fire never obscures the atmosphere very long. I shall rise above this pack of mischief-makers, yet, make them ashamed at the recollection of their causeless tumult. A false report soon runs itself breathless."

His proverbial philosophy was broken in upon by the entrance of his office-boy with letters. The postmark upon one made his eye brighten, but the gleam was an anxious one as he noticed the address.

"From her mother!" he murmured, in alarm. "Can Nell be sick?" He tore open the envelope, which was directed in the stiff, minute characters our mothers thought ladylike:—

DOCTOR ARDEN: I regret exceedingly the necessity laid upon me by circumstances, over which I have no control, of annulling the conditional engagement which has heretofore existed between my daughter Helen and yourself. Information, based upon authority which cannot be questioned, received by myself within the past week, has convinced me of your unworthiness to become the husband of any good woman. You have abused our trust; been faithless to the most solemn pledges to God and to your fellow-creatures; have been found wanting in

honor, truth, stability in *all* your relations in life. I learn, furthermore, that your punishment has already begun. Be sure it will not tarry until you have been made to *wring* out the lees of such bitterness as you have poured into the cups of others, who looked to you in blind, confiding dependence. My daughter will hold no further communication with you, *whatever*. The sooner a mistake is corrected the better. Your letters, etc., will be forwarded by express. JANE HARDY.

The thunder-cloud burst without and within at the same moment; but it was not a bolt from heaven that struck down the proud man's head, filled him with anguish, which found no expression in sarcasm or threat.

When, two hours later, the office-boy came in again with a message from a poor woman at the other end of town—most of the calls for the doctor were from that class of patients, now-a-days—the poor fellow blundered in stating his errand, through confusion and terror on seeing the face his employer raised from his locked hands.

"He's been hard hit by somebody," he soliloquized, as Doctor Arden picked up hat and gloves without a word, and went out like a man in a nightmare. "I should like to have the polishing off of the one as did it."

If he had read and understood Mrs. Hardy's letter, he might have come to the conclusion that if polish implies hardness, the proposed operation was unnecessary.

Three or four blocks from the office, Doctor Arden met Mr. Emmett. The shower had passed; the air was fresh and sweet with the breath of unfolding flowers; the leaves on the elm-boughs overhead glistened and danced after their bath; the blue-black clouds had changed to pearl-color, the gray to snow-white, and between their calm volumes were wide patches of tender blue.

"Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day (Live till to-morrow) will have passed away,"

quoted the friend of humanity, opening his arms in a sign-post figure, to bar the doctor's progress. "Isn't it a luxury to live in such an hour as this? Just so your cloud will be dispersed, after the storm has spent its fury. 'And only man is vile.' That line has been sounding in my ears all the way up-town. What pleasure creatures calling themselves human can find in preying upon their fellows' reputation is more and more of a mystery to me. In a hurry?" as the doctor tried to shove him aside. "I was just coming to see you. One of our little girls is slightly indisposed, and Mrs. Emmett would feel easier if you could find time to look in upon her this evening or in the morning. There is no hurry. Indeed, I don't know that she really needs your services, but I want you to come. As I told Mrs. Michard, not ten minutes since, we mean to stand by and encourage you in every possible way so long as you feel yourself warranted in

remaining here. Nobody shall say we helped drive you away. She was quite high with me on the subject; thought it 'bare-faced' in you to 'try and brazen it out,' and all that sort of stuff, whereupon you may believe that she heard some very plain English. But, really, my dear Arden, you should treat this grave scandal with more consideration. Why, the story is assuming gigantic proportions—gigantic!"

Doctor Arden forcibly closed the extended arms, as he would have handled a double-bladed jack-knife, lifted the pacificator out of his path, and strode right on, without having spoken a word during the interview.

"Most extraordinary behavior!" related Mr. Emmett to the next friend he encountered. "His eyes were bloodshot, his whole appearance disordered. It was but too evident that he did not know what he was doing. His persecutors will have much to answer for if they drive him to drown his sorrows in the intoxicating bowl. I am appalled at the prospect. We cannot be too careful, sir, too discreet in our manipulation of a fellowman's reputation. Even a light word may drive a sensitive spirit to madness and to crime. Arden is a wreck, I fear a total wreck! I am thankful his ruin does not lie at my door. Heaven is my witness how faithfully I have striven to reclaim him."

It was dark when Doctor Arden returned to his office. After his charity call, he had wandered into the country, he cared not, knew not in what direction, only that he wanted to escape from the sound and sight of man. He had walked far, for he was haggard with fatigue, and his boots clogged with clay, his ankles wet from the long grass through which he had waded, while burrs and bearded seed-vessels clung thickly to them. He struck a light, sat down, and began deliberately to pick them off, laughing low to himself. "The stick," he said, with a vacant stare and smile. "One can't go through weeds without getting full of them. There is no use trying."

There was a blood-red line on his forehead, left by the hat he had dragged low upon it; his hair was rough, his mien unnaturally quiet—an observer would have said dogged rather than desperate. Yet desperate he was. Through no fault of his, life had been robbed of purpose, of opportunity, and of hope. There was no longer a place for him in Denham, and the world was but Denham magnified. The same false friendships and causeless accusations, the like malignity, and inconstancy, and persistency in cruelty—these were the weeds that grew rank and offensive everywhere upon the broad face of the earth. And he was so tired. He had neither mother, father, nor sister. His brothers were grown men, his elders, with their own battles to fight. Shrewd, sensible citizens of the goodly town of B——, who would be easily consoled for his

loss by the reflection that, when there was no room for a man in society, no good business opening available for him, he was better off out of busy people's way, and the aforesaid busy people certainly were not losers. While Nellie was true, he could get along without their sympathy and active demonstrations of affection. Her love invested him with sacred armor, through which no fatal dart could find its way. Now that she had given him up without hesitation, without inquiry, without compunction, and without a farewell, his heart stood—a naked, shivering, bleeding thing—at the mercy of every foe. Had he said, not six hours earlier, that his enemies should not prevail? That was while he had something for which to contend—before he read Mrs. Hardy's letter. He cared as little for pride now as for the rest of the dead feelings that used to sway him.

"I have no debts," he said, presently, breaking the silence, during which he had sat with his head upon his chest, his arms folded, and eyes fixed upon the opposite wall. "There is no need for me to make a will. The boys can divide my little hoard between them. I used to think I'd leave it all to her, if I died before we were married; but she wouldn't have it, believing what she does. I wonder what they have told her. But that does not matter; she believed it. I'll leave no sign behind me. 'P. P. C's.' are useless ceremonies except between acquaintances who prize one another's society." He laughed again, a low, dreary sound as unlike mirth as laugh could be. "I'll take myself quietly off—furnish but a meagre paragraph to the *Denham Chronicle*. I ought to have made a longer fight, I suppose people will say. Yet why? The end would have been all the same. One man cannot withstand a troop of wolves."

He was surprised to find, at last, that he had been dozing. He had not had eight hours sleep in four days. Three nights he had sat up with fever patients in the shanties along the unfinished railroad over the river. The fourth he had passed in bed, tossing wakefully to and fro, thinking, dreading, planning, until his brain rocked upon a hot sea of perplexities.

"I was actually dreaming, and of her," he uttered, arising in angry astonishment. "That is a habit easily cured."

He opened a drawer and took out a phial containing an almost colorless fluid, uncorked it, and put it to his lips. Half-crazed as he was, it was only a dim memory, a childish whim that arrested his action, not clear perception of the nature and consequences of the step he meditated.

"I promised my mother on her death-bed that I would never lay me down at night without a prayer, and I have kept my word up to now. This will be a long sleep, too. I'll say 'Our Father, which art in Heaven,' as I used to repeat it at her knee."

He set down the phial upon the edge of a letter his boy had put on the table while he was out, the only arrival by the evening mail. The tiny bottle tipped slightly, and he put out his hand to catch it. The address on the envelope met his eye.

"Good Heavens! Am I dreaming still?" he gasped, snatching it up.

"DEAREST HARRY" (wrote Nellie):—"Mamma has forbidden me ever to write to you again, but I have refused, for the first time in my life, to obey her. It is not right to condemn any one without a fair hearing of both sides of the question. I certainly shall not so treat you."

"My mother is very much displeased, and more pained, by a story my aunt, Mrs. Bland, of whom you have heard me speak, brought to her last week. She stopped in Denham for a few days with her friend, Mrs. Meadows, on her way to visit us. While there, she went into the store of a Mr. Emmett to make some purchases, and you chanced to come in at the same time. I suppose she looked at you somewhat curiously when the storekeeper called your name, for she knew of our engagement, and this Mr. Emmett began to talk about you. I wonder she should have suffered him to speak so freely, but she was already slightly acquainted with him, and knew him, she says, to be an excellent man, truthful and upright. He related to her divers stories, bits of neighboring gossip respecting your practice and patients, etc., and also declared—this upon his own authority—that you were certainly engaged to be married to a 'charming heiress' in B—, a relative of his wife. He and Mrs. Emmett were your confidants in this interesting affair."

"Now, Harry, dear, of course all this was wasted upon me, who knew you so well. Mamma and Aunt Bland will have it that I am blinded by my love for you. To me it seems it is they who are blinded and misled by prejudice. I distrust the word of a man who is so ready to confide to a stranger the private affairs of his intimate friend, and this Mr. Emmett claimed to be very intimate with you—"praised you, *ad nauseam*," says Aunt Bland—taking your part bravely against your enemies. Such praise is, to my notion, only the sugar coating of the poison pill. 'Mr. Emmett may have erred in taste and judgment,' says mamma. 'yet have been truthful in all he said;' and Aunt Bland adds that Mrs. Meadows gave him an excellent character. She did not hear your name mentioned by Judge or Mrs. Meadows while in their house. If she had questioned them, instead of this Mr. Emmett, it is my belief she would have had a different tale to repeat to us."

"And here, again, I detect a weak point in her informant's testimony. If certain injurious reports touching recent events in your professional life were as widely spread as he would have had her believe, it is altogether likely that she would have heard something of them from other of the townspeople, for she mingles freely with them. No, I do not credit this story of your unworthiness, and this talkative merchant's veracity. When you confirm it, shall give you up—not until then. Darling do you think this letter dispassionate? Or that it has cost me nothing to write it? I shut myself up in my room directly after breakfast and began it. It is now past noon. I have studied

to be calm, and to set the matter before you, as if neither you nor I were personally interested in it. But it has been hard work. My blood boils with indignation at the slanderous attacks upon you, and I long, how fervently I cannot tell you, to be with and comfort you, my noble, noble love. May He, who always defends the right, be your stay and guide! When I commit your cause to Him, I am strong and almost composed.

"Do not think hardly of mamma. Most people consider her cold and stern. But she is very just, entirely conscientious in whatever she does, and she loves me dearly. On this account, will you not be patient, and correct the misapprehension into which she has been led by others? Understand, I need no explanations. Write to me just as usual.

"Darling, *can* this Mr. Emmett (his name means a busybody of an *ant*, stealing corn to hoard for his own private delectation) *can* this Mr. Emmett be a good man? One who receives the sincere respect of the community in which he lives? Everything I hear of him, and you may be sure I have cross-examined Aunt Bland pretty thoroughly, reminds me of a saying of our old Scotch nurse, who reared us in a wholesome dread of scandal mongers: 'The dog that will fetch a bone will carry one.' It is a homely illustration, but a pertinent. I am quite certain I shall never like Mrs. Meadows' 'best-hearted man in the world.' Do you?

"I shall write again next week, according to custom, *unless you forbid it*. Am I saucy?

Forever, your faithful NELLIE."

Harry Arden was on his knees, sobbing like a child, before he reached the last line. This clear-headed, true-hearted woman he had doubted, had proved himself unworthy of her love and the sublime confidence she placed in him, by weakly succumbing to the first tempest of public disfavor. He for whom, and with whom she was ready to stand up against the world's contempt and curses, had nearly stained his soul with self-murder, insulted Him to whom she boldly appealed as the Defender of the innocent!

"I am not worthy to kiss the dust her feet have pressed," he cried, in lowliest humility of soul. How unworthy to claim *Thy* protection, *Thy* aid, O Lord! Thou knowest!"

At noon of the ensuing day, Judge Meadows and Doctor Arden entered Mr. Emmett's store, arm-in-arm. The friend of his species was behind the front counter, displaying laces upon a square of black velvet lined with pink.

"We show black lace upon the light background. White appears to best advantage against the black," he said, and the doctor's voice answered, over the heads of two ladies, who started and blushed guiltily:—

"Is there a moral in that, Mr. Emmett?"

The merchant's easy laugh should have set all at their ease.

"You are thinking of the old song, doctor, 'Though many be false, there are some that be true,' and how fidelity is thrown into most beautiful relief by treachery."

"You are a born romancist, if not a poet,"

rejoined Doctor Arden, as airily. "How many of your fictions are founded upon fact? For instance, what about this story of my engagement to your wife's relative, the charming heiress in B——?"

"I know not if the tale be true,
As I received I give it you,"

quoted Mr. Emmett, smiling affectionately at the young man, who now faced him across the counter. "The report came to us from an authentic source, as we believed, and your frequent visits to B——"

"Were upon business, and to my brother's. As I have the happiness to be engaged to another lady, and have never to my knowledge seen Mrs. Emmett's interesting heiress, you will oblige me by circulating this counter-statement with one-half the diligence you displayed in spreading the fiction I have mentioned."

"Really," began Mr. Emmett, still smiling, but glancing uneasily at the gathering knot of listeners, "it is not fair to hold me responsible"—

"For the account of my malpractice in the Elbor and Rogers families?" interposed the doctor, coolly. "Yet I find so many have had the tale direct from you, that I have thought it worth my while to deposit with you these copies of the affidavits of the two physicians with whom I consulted in both the cases named," producing a legal-looking document. "I leave them here upon exhibition, and if you *should* chance to remember with whom the slander originated, commend them to his especial attention, with the suggestion that libel suits are ugly and expensive affairs. Be kind enough, also, to bear me witness here and now, that I never said to you that I believed the falsehoods to have been concocted in Judge Meadows' house; and that I never, in your hearing, called him a whited sepulchre for his activity in scattering the evil seed abroad."

"I do that cheerfully and honestly." But his face was neither honest nor cheerful when he said it. "Who has villified me?"

The doctor interrupted him again. "And, Mr. Emmett"—this very significantly—"if I may presume to offer advice to you upon any subject, it would be in the shape of a warning against those who proclaim themselves your brothers in the market-place and at street corners, and prove their devotion by sticking venomous pins into you at every turn in the shape of revelations—always confidential—of how others distrust and revile you, and are seeking your ruin. 'A dog that will fetch, will carry.'"

"Well done!" said the judge, when they were outside the door. "Much better and more dignified than your proposed horsewhipping. For, really, the man is not vicious. He is merely garrulous and sensational; a leaky sieve; an incorrigible tattler, who talks so much he forgets what he stated and what was

said his fellow colloquist. He would not knowingly hurt a fly. He has one of the best hearts in the world."

"He deserves the pillory," was the inconsequent reply.

It was plain the doctor still felt a little sore, and Mrs. Arden, remark the Denhamites, although popular with everybody else, is strangely reserved with Mrs. Emmett.

"People do not always know who are their best friends," the distrusted benefactor has been heard to say in this connection. "I have not succeeded in winning Mrs. Arden's confidence so fully as I could wish, but I am not so unjust as not to defend her from unkind insinuations. Why, a lady brought me a story the other day to the effect that the doctor tried to get out of his early engagement, but that she and her mother held him fast by the threat of a breach of promise. 'Why,' said I, 'he absolutely worships her. I'll stake my head upon the falsity of the report.' I didn't convince her, I could see, but I did my duty, nothing more, nothing less."

STARVING.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

Oh, be pitiful, God! my faith grows weak
And I see no help above, below;
For across my pathway, bare and bleak,
Stalk phantoms grim of hunger and woe.

'Tis hard, so hard, to struggle with want,
And to keep a cheerful heart and brave,
While loved ones, pale, and shrunken, and gaunt,
Are slowly sinking toward the grave.

I sit and toll far into the night,
With nerves all aching, and brain like lead;
Yet my little children, wan and white,
Beg often, alas, in vain for bread!

Last week, poor Jamie, the youngest, died,
And his wee face looked so pinched and thin
That my soul, rebellious, half defied
Both God and man. Oh! was it a sin?

I heard the clods on his coffin grate,
And sunk into depths of black despair;
Like a creature mad I railed at fate,
And my knees refused to bend in prayer.

Then my thoughts went back through all the years,
And I felt my pulses sudden leap
With hope divine, but I checked my tears,
For I had not even time to weep.

I must work, though sore with grief and pain;
Must work 'mid hunger, want, and cold;
Could I but a moment's respite gain,
'Twould be worth to me a mine of gold.

But the days roll on, so sad, slow,
And I am weary, and faint, and worn;
O Father in Heaven! pity my woe;
Pity my life, so wretched, forlorn.

For my footsteps falter, my faith grows weak,
And my little children starving, die;
The help of man all vainly I seek,
O Father in Heaven! to Thee I cry.

CRAY FISHING.

BY JANE QUIVER, AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE LILY," ETC.

"A GENTLEMAN in the parlor, madam."

"A gentleman! Did he give no name?"

"Mr. Leland."

"Why, girls, that is your Uncle Joseph. Say that I will be with him directly," continued mamma to the waiting servant. "Minnie, such haste is rather undignified."

On hearing my uncle's name, with a cry of delight I sprang toward the door. My mother's quiet reproof arrested my steps, and I stood, now, with my cheeks flushing, and heart palpitating, with downcast eyes to receive the lecture I thought was coming. I was mistaken.

"You must go to your uncle, child, for I cannot leave your sister now. Make the best excuse you can," she added, as she adjusted an ornament in Addie's hair, who was dressing for a dinner party.

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Addie, impatiently, "I do hope his coming will not prevent our going out to-day."

"Oh, no!" replied my mother. "Your uncle is too good-natured to wish us to stay at home, besides, Minnie is such a great favorite with him that he will be perfectly satisfied with her as hostess."

I had scarcely entered the parlor, and been relieved from the tender embrace of Uncle Joe, and returned his kisses with interest, ere my father came home.

He joyously welcomed him, and, by the time my ladylike mother and dignified sister made their appearance, we three were chatting away in the gayest spirits. In regard to the dinner party, matters were soon arranged satisfactorily to all concerned. I think mamma wished in her heart that my father could go with her; but she acquiesced gracefully in his decision to remain at home, knowing well that he would prefer one hour spent with his brother to all the formal parties to be given during the coming season.

Addie's bright eyes grew brighter, and she smiled sweetly on kind Uncle Joe, when he said that he wished them by all means to go, as he could get along very well until their return, and he should not like to feel that he had deprived them of any pleasure. So, after many sweet compliments and gentle regrets, the two ladies departed, and we three took our quiet, home-like meal by ourselves.

How I enjoyed that dinner! With what delight I listened to the recital of boyish scrapes and school pranks, given with such zest by those two dear and revered ones! Then, too, I was so strong in the sense of my new dignity as lady hostess, and papa was all kindness and indulgence, and Uncle Joe—oh! I was always right in his eyes.

How I did love Uncle Joe! He was so warm-

hearted, so frank, so jovial, and there was something so contagious in his hearty laugh. You were always so impressed somehow, when he gave one of his tremendous "Ha, ha, ha's!" that you must add your own weaker accompaniment to the mirthful chorus. I could not help noticing the great contrast between my father and his farmer brother. Uncle Joe's complexion was sun-browned, and his light hair was coarse and thin; while papa's pale, intellectual brow was shaded by deft, silken locks, but slightly threaded with silver. Both were very handsome men; but uncle's features, although more classic, were not so refined in expression as his brother's, and his brown hand looked like the paw of a giant in comparison with the smooth, delicate member of my father. Years had drawn the crow's-feet around Uncle Joe's merry, twinkling eyes, and there were numerous lines cutting his forehead and cheeks in every direction. Yet they seemed more like the channels of mirth than sorrow. The lines in my father's countenance were fewer, but far more deeply marked.

Thus was the difference of their lives stamped, as it were, upon them. The one ever contented and happy, but passing his youth in toll that had left its impress upon his hardened frame; the other, never enduring a day of manual labor, yet often worn by care, corroding heart and brain, growing prematurely old and weary. Now, however, under the cheering influence of his brother's presence, my father seemed almost "a boy again."

After we had left the dining-room, and were free from the presence of the servants, uncle explained the motive of his visit to the city. Having much reliance on my father's judgment, he came to consult him in regard to the purchase of a piece of property, which had been offered to him at what he thought a fair valuation. He could remain with us but a couple of days, as, should he conclude to take the farm, the bargain must be made immediately.

Papa was subject to severe attacks of headache. The morning uncle was to leave us, he was reclining on the sofa in the back parlor, while I, who ever established myself as head nurse on these occasions, was bathing his heated brow, and smoothing his throbbing temples. My mother sat near, plying the needle, though how she could see to work in that darkened room was a mystery to me. Uncle Joe came in, and I could scarcely repress a smile at his clumsy attempts to tread lightly, that the creaking of his boots might not annoy the invalid.

"Never mind, Joe," said papa, who also observed him. "I am quite easy now, thanks to Minnie's good nursing."

"I have come to bid you good-by. The steamer leaves at one, and I must be off in a few minutes. I want you to promise that little

Minnie shall visit us this summer. Let her come next week."

"What do you say, Minnie?" asked papa.

"Would you like to go to Hopedale?"

"Oh, yes, papa, indeed I would!"

"But, child," said my mother, objectively, "I wish you to go to Newport with me. You are getting quite old enough to see something of those resorts that all young ladies visit now."

"There is time enough for that, mamma. I can go to Newport next year, if you say so. But let me, oh, do let me go to Hopedale this summer, *just* this summer!"

"Say yes, Mary," pleaded my uncle. "Let the child have one more season of nature and enjoyment, ere you put her on the stilts of society. One month of pure country air, scampering about with Lyd on horseback, or fishing with Lemuel, will do her good. I'll send her back to you," he continued, turning to my father, "with cheeks like carnations and arms as plump as a dairymaid's."

"Oh, yes, Uncle Joe, I can ride the ponies, and milk the cows, and have all sorts of fun, just as I used to do when I was a little girl! Tell Lem I dare him to race with me."

My arms were coaxingly around papa's neck while I made the last bold speech, and mamma was perfectly horrified that a child of hers could be such a hoyden. She remonstrated with my father; but I had not been very healthy for more than a year, and he had decided to indulge me, he said, with a reprieve from what he termed the killing process of fashionable training.

Uncle Joe bade us an affectionate adieu. I received his parting kiss at the door, to which I had followed him. On my return I passed through the front parlor. For a moment I stood transfixed with surprise, and then, with downcast eyes and burning cheeks, I stammered forth a reply to the polite address of a young gentleman, one of the very *crème à la crème* of society's pets, an admirer and frequent visitor of my sister Addie, and who, I was now painfully conscious, must have heard and seen all that passed in the other room, as the communicating door was more than half open. In my embarrassment, I forgot to be very civil, but beat a hasty retreat, and informed my mother of his presence. She sent for Addie, and I closed the door.

It was the evening prior to my departure for Hopedale. I had assisted my mother to pack my trunks. The last embroidery pattern, the last bunch of knitting and crochet needles were disposed of, for I was determined to be very industrious, and everything was ready. I descended to the parlor, where Addie and her friend Lilly Black were *executing* an Italian duet, for the benefit of some admiring friends. I seated myself by the centre-table, and was stitching away in the demurest manner..

"When do you go to the country, Miss Minnie?"

I looked up and met the mischievous twinkle of the black eyes of Mr. Darrell, who was leaning over the back of my chair.

"I start to-morrow morning," I replied, scarce knowing what I said in my confusion.

Of all men, I dreaded—I believe almost hated—George Darrell. And it was with a feeling of agony that I remembered how he must despise such a perfect romp as I had no doubt he thought me. Addie and mamma were always quoting him. He was "so refined, so fastidious." And when giving away, as I so frequently did, to my wild spirits, they would check me with: "What would Mr. Darrell say? What would George Darrell think of such conduct?"

"What do I care for him?" I would retort. Still the elegant George Darrell had become above all others, a bugbear to me, and I was truly mortified that he had my programme for a month at Hopedale. Addie heard my reply, and with the slightest touch of disdain she remarked:—

"Yes, Minnie prefers the rustic society of Hopedale to the pleasures of Newport and fashionable life, so she leaves to-morrow, and we leave the day after."

"Well," said Darrell, "I, too, must go somewhere, I suppose, I wish you ladies would decide for me, for, really, I know not where it will be."

"Oh, go to Newport! Go to Newport!" exclaimed Addie and Lilly, in a breath.

"I don't know about Newport," said Darrell. "I should, of course, be happy to be near you ladies" (with a bow), "but I am somewhat of Miss Minnie's opinion, that a sojourn in the country for a few weeks would be far more delightful, if, free from all formality, one was at liberty to enjoy at will the sports of rural life." An argument followed for and against fashion and nature, resulting, on the side of Mr. Darrell, in an apparent leaning towards Newport, and a conviction that he would join them there in the minds of Addie and Lilly Black.

Hopedale! dear Hopedale! Never shall I forget the happy days I passed in the old farmhouse, the merry frolics in orchard and garden, over the meadows, and by the brook side.

My handsome Cousin Lemuel was waiting for me with a wagon, on the arrival of the steamboat, and my baggage and I were soon under his guardianship. With his usual good nature, he gave me the reins, and I drove the spirited ponies at a dashing speed along the smooth, hard road for about two miles ere we turned into the wide avenue that led to the house. Aunt Mary stood in the porch; she welcomed me tenderly. And my playmate of childhood, Cousin Lydia, was not less affectionate. She had grown almost three inches

since I had last seen her, and I suppose that I had done the same, for she appeared bashful and timid; I believe had imagined that her city relative might be inclined to take airs, and criticize her home-like manners. How fresh and pleasant everything looked, from the large parlor, with its old-fashioned furniture, and its snow white curtains, waving back and forth in the gentle breeze, that came laden with luxurious perfume from the flower garden, to the spacious kitchen, where everything fairly shone in neatness, and where the long table was already prepared for dinner, and waiting the coming of my uncle with the hands from the field!

In a few days I was thoroughly domesticated at the farm-house, and, in all the glory of usefulness, was as busy as a bee. I insisted on doing all sorts of things; helping aunt in the dairy, or Lydia in the chambers. Even when old Mauma, the negress, was hurried, I would shell peas or string beans for her. So I quite won her heart, and I once heard her saying to Cousin Lem:—

"Dat ar city gal, bress her heart! am worf her weight in gold. She nebber turn up de white ob her eye and snuff de air at poor old niggah like me, and dat's more den I kin say for some folks I knows on, dat am no better dan her old shoe."

"Some folks" was a young girl who often visited Lydia, and had offended the faithful creature by being "mighty scornful ob herself, I tink."

Busy as I was, I found time for enjoyment, and many a frolic I had with my cousins. I was all over the farm. We milked the cows in the morning, or gathered eggs in the evening; hunting into all sorts of out-of-the-way places for new nests. Great was the triumph of the fortunate discoverer, who first filled her little basket with the snowy treasures.

One evening I was sitting in the arbor beneath the shade of the honeysuckles, lazily fanning myself, for the day had been hot and sultry. Jim, a boy of about twelve years of age, that my uncle kept to tend the cows and sheep, came to me and asked me if I would like to go after crabs. "There are lots of them," said he, "in the broek down by the bridge, under the willows."

This was a new sport to me, and I eagerly inquired of Jim about it. He said the "crabs" were under the stones in dry weather like this. "I knows all about 'em," said he. "I'll lift the stones, and you and Miss Lyd can pick 'em up and chock 'em in the pail. Golly, ain't they good, billed fur breakfast?"

Jim was a specimen, as he stood there before me, with his pants rolled half way up, his old straw hat guiltless of rim, his unkempt hair hanging in tangled masses over his ears, and his impish eyes glistening with fun, his white teeth grinning in more dazzling whiteness in contrast to his sun-blackened visage.

Lydia laughed when I spoke to her of Jim's proposal, but consented to go with me. The *crabs*, she said, were a diminutive cray fish, delicious to eat, but much trouble to get at, as there was almost as much shell as meat about them. When boiled, they were of a bright red color, and looked like miniature lobsters.

Bright and early in the morning, Lydia, Jim, and I stood by the brook side. The dry weather had rendered the stream so shallow that in most places the water just reached above our ankles, as, divested of shoes and stockings, we followed the boy, who lifted the stones, and picked up, with many little shrieks and laughing exclamations, the sprawling little shell-fish, which, as he had promised, we found concealed beneath them.

The early hour, the lovely rural quiet, only interrupted by the silvery rippling of the brook over its pebbly bed, or the singing of the matin choristers in the tree tops, seemed to assure us that we had nought to fear from intrusive spectators, and we fearlessly waded in the stream, holding up our dress with one hand, the other gathering the prey and throwing it into the pail, now and then being reminded that the little creatures whose lives we sought had claws, by the way they pinched and clung to our feet and ankles.

We returned to the house in high spirits, rich in our lively treasures, and in time to have them boiled for breakfast, and I think we enjoyed the luxurious dish all the more for having so well earned it. It was that very afternoon that Cousin Lem and I were out for a ride. We had been cantering over every smooth piece of road, putting our spirited animals to their speed, or, slowly descending a hill, would descant upon the glorious sunset, which was tinging the dark blue and purple clouds with edges of golden light, for the whole heavens were decked in royal robes by the departing king of day.

Just within a half mile of the farm was a level strip of land, inclosed on each side for a cattle road to water. About midway between the highway and the barn-yard was a low gate. I recklessly proposed that we should enter the cattle road and have a race.

Lem assented, challenging me to leap the gate. I accepted, and off we started. On, on dashed our noble horses, appearing to enter into the spirit of the thing with all the gusto of their madcap riders.

I have still a vivid recollection of my sensations during that ride. A wild joy in the rapid motion, an eagerness to win the goal first, a perfect thoughtlessness of danger, as neck and neck our steeds approached the gate we were to leap. Then came the knowledge that I was over it, and flying on alone, having distanced Lem by some mishap on his part. Still, I went on. My hat, by accident to string or loop, was gone; my curls, never very obedient to the

law of order, were now streaming backward in rare confusion; my mouth distended in a triumphant laugh—altogether, I was the very impersonation of a wild school-girl let loose. I had a fleeting impression that a man in the garb of a fisherman, with basket and rod, stood at the roadside as I run past him; but I cared neither for fisherman or king just then, and never slackened speed until I could go no farther, and drew up at the barn-yard bars. Lem trotted up leisurely; having, as he said, failed to leap the gate, he preferred to let me enjoy the rest of the distance alone.

"Where is my hat? Why did you not bring it?" I asked, after having rallied him sufficiently on his poor horsemanship.

"I rode over the toy," said he, mischievously. "Perhaps I crushed it. Such a tiny thing was not worth getting off my horse for. I believe, however, that fisherman yonder is bringing it."

I had raised my riding whip in playful threat; but now I turned to thank the stranger, who politely restored to me my "crown's defence," and again I felt my cheeks all aglow as I recognized Mr. Darrell, and was once more conscious that I had probably incurred his condemnation for my romping propensities, and imagined his ready compliment on my fearless riding was but a sarcasm.

I replied coldly, and then introduced him to Cousin Lem, who, with the usual hospitality of an open-hearted farmer, invited him to go home with us to tea.

Mr. Darrell declined on the plea of unsuitable habiliments, but said he would avail himself of the permission, and call in the evening.

He did come that evening, and many another—yes, and morning, too. In fact, so much was he liked by Uncle Joe and the rest, that he received a *carte blanche* to come and go as he pleased; and, really, the hotel where he pretended to put up, being but about a quarter of a mile from the farm-house, he said had little inducement to keep him there, even for a day.

I soon forgot all awe of him. The dreaded critic and fastidious beau of society, no longer cried up and quoted by my mother and sister, was transformed into the most delightful companion. So much at home did he become with all, that, when farm hands were scarce, or showers threatened, he was sure to be in the field with Uncle Joe and Lemuel, with his coat off, helping to load up the grain, or mounted on the top of the load, driving the team into the barn. Formality was at a discount. It was Mr. Darrell no longer; but, at his own request, we called him George, and Miss Lydia and Miss Minnie were plain Lyd and Minnie.

Old Mauma said: "I neber did see! If all dem city folks is like Mars' Darl' and dat darlin' Miss Minnie, I'se tink it de best place to edumcate de country boys and gals what pile on de airs so highfustus."

The weeks flew by like a dream; and September, with its glorious beauty, had come and half gone, when one evening George and I stood in the porch together.

"Minnie," he asked, "how much longer will you remain here?"

"Only one week," I replied. "I received a letter from my mother to-day. She will return home to-morrow, and papa will come for me next week."

"I must go to-morrow," he said. "I have lingered too long in this witching place. I am a professional man, and it will not do for me to devote my time to indolence and pleasure."

I remembered, now, that I had heard that George Darrell, although possessed of a princely fortune, had already commenced practising law, because he judged it to be the duty of every man to make himself useful, no matter what his circumstances in life. Yet I regarded his sudden resolution to return to New York as evidence of his wish to meet my sister, and, somehow, I was rather pained that it should be so.

"How are we to meet again?" he asked. Shall we still be to each other Minnie and George?" His dark eyes, eagerly reading mine, thrilled me, I know not why.

"Oh, no!" I answered, hastily. "No, that will never do; indeed, it will not."

Visions of my mother flitted before me, her fair face stern in condemnation of such rude familiarity, and of Addie's sarcastic comments.

"Be it as you will. To-night, then, is our last of happy frankness. The next time we meet you will be your other self, and I—I will be Mr. Darrell."

The bitterness of his tone, the haughty flash of his eye, vividly brought to my remembrance the Mr. Darrell of yore, him whom I had heard so often described. I felt the tears coming to my eyes, and going into the house, I dashed off a lively air on the piano to hide my wounded feelings. He bade us adieu that night, and, true to time, my father came for me the following week. He only waited a few hours, coming in the morning and leaving after dinner. I had been so happy at the farm that I felt sadly as the time approached to say farewell.

At dinner, Uncle Joe rallied me about George, and Lem and Lydia joined him in saying that I was thinking about George, and a number of ridiculous things they said, all ending in the same refrain, *George*.

"Ah!" said papa, "I must look into this matter. I cannot allow any of your rustic gentry to steal my little Minnie from me."

My starting tears and supplicating look caused uncle to have mercy, and so, to my great relief, the subject was dropped, and nothing more being said about him, papa had no idea that the *rustic* was an acquaintance of his.

About a month after my return home, Mr.

Darrell, at Addie's request, brought his sketch book to show her his drawings. He was a fine artist, and some of his pictures were really beautiful. Lilly Black was with Addie, as usual, and, notwithstanding a coolness had sprung up between Mr. Darrell and myself, I could not help going to the table on which the portfolio was placed. Addie was turning the pictures over, rather more rapidly than I wished, when she suddenly paused. A large drawing was before us. For one brief second I gazed unconscious, and then flashed the whole scene through my memory. The piece was entitled "Cray Fishing," a group of three. The prominent figure was that of a young girl, one hand holding her dress, the other clutching a little squirming crab, while her elbow leaned on the shoulder of a boy, who was raising a stone from the bed of the creek. The laughing maiden balanced herself on one foot, as she held up the other, to the toe of which was clinging another crab. Beneath the picture were written the words of the girl: "Take off the little wretch. He bites."

"Why," exclaimed Addie, "that is a perfect likeness of Minnie." She looked up inquiringly at Darrell. His confusion was too evident then. She turned her eyes on me, her eyes gleaming with a fierce, angry light, as she read the continuation of her suspicions.

His deeply troubled eye also sought mine as he involuntarily put forth his hand to turn the leaf. Forgetful of everything, in my agitation, I gave him one look of reproach, and the words "O George, how could you?" burst from my lips, and then, overwhelmed with shame, I rushed from the room, my mother's voice in quick reproof, my father's involuntary and only half-suppressed whistle ringing in my ears. Through the hall, back into the dining-room, anywhere where it was all darkness, I flew to hide myself. And there I stood, leaning against the door, and gave way to an agony of weeping, in self-contempt, in rage and hatred to George Darrell, for his unkind betrayal of my girlish frolic.

"Never, never will I notice him again; no, never. I hate him; yes, I hate him," I sobbed in anguish.

"Minnie, forgive me! On my soul, on my honor, I thought I had removed that picture." And he knelt beside me, endeavoring to take my repelling hand in his.

"Go away, sir. This is but another insult."

"Nay, little one, I will not leave you until you say you have forgiven."

It was long ere I could listen to him, and longer yet ere I could realize that he loved me, and had loved me ever since the day he saw me acting the double part of nurse and untamed child.

"But that horrid picture?"

"Minnie, dearest, you looked so piquantly lovely that morning that your bewitching face

haunted me so, that I was forced to perpetuate it in some other way than dreaming of it forever."

Meanwhile, mamma was chafing at the impropriety of her daughter's proceedings, and made many attempts to follow us, and put an end to the long conference, but papa would not allow her to do so.

"Let them alone," said he. "It is all right. I understand it." And so when I stole away up to my room that night, and George asked my dear parents for their madcap daughter, one of them, at least, was not surprised.

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

LESSON XVIII.

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING. (Continued.)

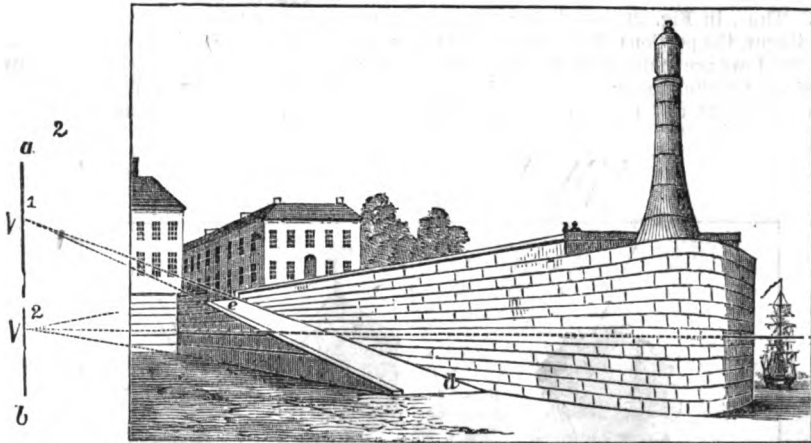
THE figure below (19), representing a jetty as seen from the river, with the inclined ascent

spective lines of the jetty. Produce $d e$, intersecting a at V' , which will be the vanishing-point of the incline; while V' on the horizontal line, intersecting the same line, will be the vanishing-point of the horizontal lines of the jetty. This is an up-hill view, at an angle with the spectator.

In the next figure (20), the spectator is supposed to be on the land, looking towards the water; in this case the inclined plane becomes a down-hill view, at an angle with the spectator. Its vanishing-point V'' is still found on the line $a b$, but in this case below instead of above V' , the vanishing-point, on the horizontal line, of the level part of the jetty.

Up-hill and down-hill views opposite to the spectator are regulated on the same principle; the point of sight being in these cases the vanishing-point of horizontal lines, while the inclined lines vanish at a point respectively above or below the point of sight, but on the same vertical line.

Fig. 19.



p to it, demonstrates the mode of finding the vanishing-point of the inclined plane, the points d and e being first obtained by the per-

A slight consideration of these rules will suffice to show that planes of various inclinations will have various vanishing-points, but

Fig. 20.

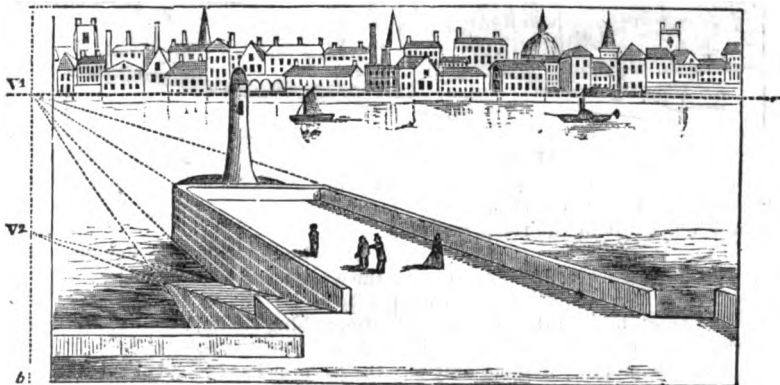
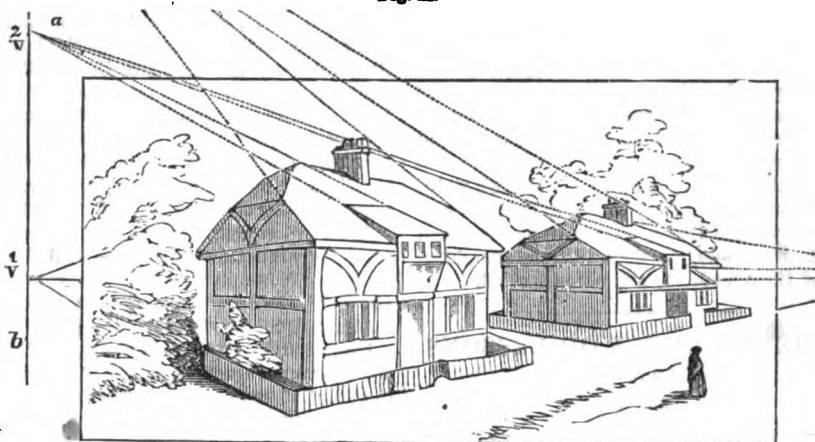


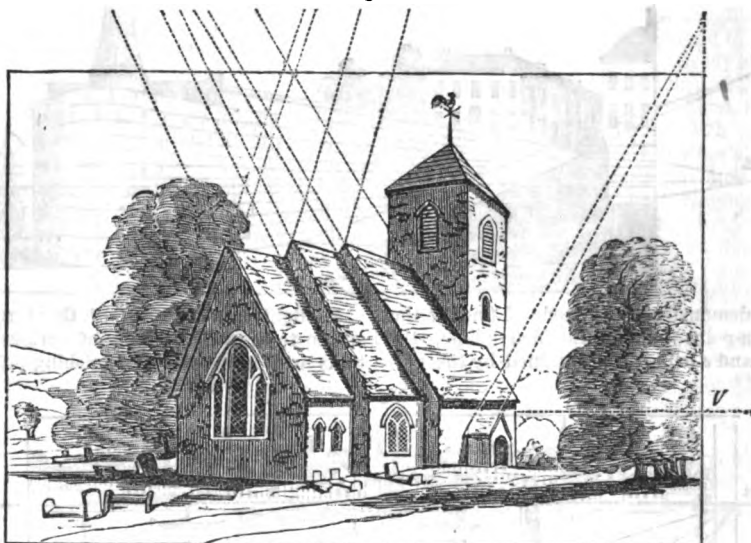
Fig. 21.



that all these points will be found on a line perpendicular to the horizontal line, and passing through the vanishing-point of planes that are horizontal or parallel with the ground-plane. Thus, in Fig. 21, which is a view of two cottages, the portions of the roofs over the upper windows are inclined planes, at a different degree of inclination from that of the other parts of the roofs, and therefore having a dif-

ferent vanishing-point V^2 on the line $a b$ (which passes through V^1 , the vanishing-point of the ends of the cottages on the ground-plane), V^2 being the vanishing-point of the roofs, on the same line $a b$.

Fig. 22.



ferent vanishing-point V^2 on the line $a b$ (which passes through V^1 , the vanishing-point of the ends of the cottages on the ground-plane), V^2 being the vanishing-point of the roofs, on the same line $a b$.

Inclined planes, however, which, when drawn in elevation, are parallel with each other in all their sides, have in the perspective view the same vanishing-point, whatever be their position in the picture; if some only of

side, end, porch, and roofs tending in five different directions.

He who can wait for what he desires, takes the course not to be exceedingly grieved if he fails of it; he, on the contrary, who labors after a thing too impatiently, thinks the success when it comes is not a recompense equal to all the pains he has been at about it.—*La Bruyère*.

BROTHER NAT'S RING.

BY E. B. S.

"WELL, I declare!" ejaculated my Aunt Sophronia, with an emphasis, which caused her young relatives to look up suddenly, and then, perceiving the cause of her exclamation, as suddenly to look down.

"I declare! *Such* stuff!" And the old lady laid a yellow-covered pamphlet upon her lap, took off her glasses, wiped and replaced them, read again deliberately the title of the obnoxious volume, then peered over her spectacles at one and another of our circle, until, although we tried to laugh, we felt decidedly uncomfortable.

"Now, *do* tell, girls, if you can take down such reading as this? Where did it come from?"

An awkward pause, broken by honest Jennie:—

"I borrowed it, grandmother."

"Pshaw, Jennie!" cried my sister Fan. "You needn't shoulder all the blame. We all wanted it."

"And you've all been poring over it, then, I suppose?" continued Aunt Sophy, turning over the leaves. "*Such* wickedness as they must all get into! And then it is sleeked over, and disguised with soft names, to deceive poor innocent young folks. But, letting alone the wickedness, girls, could you ever imagine sensible people acting and talking like these? What *would* you think, now, of a young man who should address either of you in the style of this 'Guy'? A high opinion you would have of his good sense, *wouldn't* you? I'll tell you what, girls," the lively old lady went on, "I've seen a deal of courting in my day—you needn't laugh—and I can tell you that men that *are* men have more respect for themselves than to make themselves so ridiculous; and women that *are* women would be ashamed of them if they did."

"O Aunt Sophy!" cried the irrepressible Sue. "Do *you* tell us a veritable love story, won't you?"

"Well, I don't know but I will," replied Aunt Sophy, reflectively, "on one condition: that you send back this trash, and read no more of it."

After a slight demur, we promised. In fact, we made a virtue of necessity in so doing, for the book was marked, and Aunt Sophy's sharp eyes would surely have spied us out had we attempted to follow the fortunes of our hero of the yellow covers. Aunt Sophronia resumed her knitting, and, waiting a moment until we had found our work and gathered around her, she then began:—

"Did I ever tell any of you about your Uncle Nat; how he got your Aunt Phoebe?"

"No, no! Pray, do!" was the chorused reply.

"When I was a girl, Phoebe Garfield lived in that little brown house yonder, just under the brow of the hill. Do you see it? A poor, tumble-down place it is now, hardly a shelter for poor old Ike and his dogs. But then it was in good order, and as pretty a place as there was around. A sweet picture it made when I used to look over there as soon as I was out in the morning, with Phoebe's neat little figure sure to be seen, with her milk-pails, going out to the cows, or feeding her hens, or, perhaps, just mounting old Dobbin, to go to the Centre on some errand; for, bless you! she rode all over the country alone.

"A spry little body she was, was Phoebe. You don't often see such girls now, more's the pity. Her Aunt Brown used often to say she could not keep house without Phoebe, though she did come to it, to be sure, after a while, but I haven't got to that yet. You see, Phoebe Garfield was an orphan, and the Browns were the only relations she had in the wide world, that she knew of, and they not very near. She called them uncle and aunt, but Silas Brown was really only a distant cousin. However, they'd brought her up, and been very kind to her, but I think that, knowing she had no near kin, made her long, p'raps, more than other girls, for a home of her own, and—well, 'some one to love.' I don't know about *that*, though. I guess it comes natural to all young folks; it's my belief that it does, and that Heaven meant that it should.

"I don't mean to say that Phoebe was forward, or acted as if she were in a hurry to get settled. No, indeed! She was as modest and shy as a field violet. But she had a good right, in those days, to consider that she *was* loved; and I, who knew her so well, could see that the thought of it made her very happy. For, you must know, some one else besides myself was in the habit of glancing over towards the Brown place; yes, and of making an errand over that way pretty often. In fact, mother and I (you see I was the eldest, and three years older than Nat, so I felt as if I was part mother to him and all the rest), mother and I had settled long ago that Phoebe and Nat were just made for each other, and we took it for granted that he would wait upon her everywhere. So he did, until Mattie Preston came to spend a summer at the Jennings' farm.

"Mattie was a doll, a butterfly, a regular little flirt. Dear me! how it does *rile* me to think of her, even now! But I have forgiven her, long ago, children; and I ought to have done so, for she suffered enough, poor thing! because of her idle, wild, girlish ways.

"Mattie had money, and nothing in the world to do but to dress herself out, as I said, like a doll, make fun of the quiet, industrious girls in the neighborhood, and flirt with the young men. In this she succeeded well. She was pretty, very pretty, in her way, and she was

so different from the country girls around that she just turned the heads of the boys, and could twirl them all around her thumb, as we say.

"Amongst the others, brother Nat was completely bewitched and dazzled. Though I say it who should not say it, our Nat was by far the best looking and most likely fellow anywhere about, and Miss Mattie at once discovered this, and used all her pretty arts to captivate him. The siren! And she engaged all the time to a dashing beau in town."

"O Aunt Sophronia, I thought you had forgiven her!" laughed Fan.

"So I have, child, but I must tell my story just as it felt then."

"Well, we soon found out that Nat was so taken with this city piece, and—but I don't think I can tell you how I felt. I loved Phoebe so, and I had come to look upon her as almost my sister. Then, although they were not engaged, I knew Nat had as good as told her he loved her, and I thought this would just about break her heart, poor child! Never a word said she, but I watched her anxiously, and I saw that she knew of the goings on.

"Well, things grew worse and worse. I said all I could to open Nat's eyes, but it only made him angry. 'Tell you, girls, it's no use interfering in such matters, except by a quiet sort of influence. If I'd held my tongue, I might have stood a much better chance to move him. As it was, it was plain to be seen that he was over head and ears in love with that Mattie, and she, wilful thing! toying with his love, and never giving him a chance to speak out; while my Phoebe, poor little soul! was just sobbing her heart out by herself, and struggling, before folks, to look as if nothing was the matter.

"Well, it happened along in the early autumn that brother Nat got another letter from Bates & Co., in Boston. He had got acquainted with one of the firm down at R——, and he had offered him a good place in their establishment. This letter was to renew the offer, urging him to come. We all thought it would be a good thing for Nat. Father advised him to take it; but the poor fellow was unable to think or decide upon anything until he had settled affairs with Miss Mattie.

"That week there was to be a grand quilting over at Squire Royce's, the house where the Bentons live now, only it's been altered and pretty much built over since those days. Ah, me, the changes, the changes! Miss Mattie was invited, and declared she should go; 'She did want to see a regular country quilting so much!' We girls all wished in our hearts she would stay away, with her flounces, and furbelows, and disdaining looks; but go she did. Phoebe was there, too, with her aunt. The poor child would much rather have stayed away, but for the look of the thing, and the questions that would have been asked.

"It was a grand quilting. Everybody was invited. The house was large, and it was all thrown open; beds taken down in the large rooms; and *such* a supper! Well, in the evening it began to rain quite hard. Father had a team, but the wagon would only hold mother and me. Nat was asked by Squire Royce to take his old carryall, and take some of the girls home. He took one load in another direction, and was to come back for Mattie and Phoebe. He couldn't help offering to take her home, though I knew very well he hated to.

"The girls were both on the back seat. It was raining right hard when they started, and it was very dark; but Nat did not mind that, for he knew every stick, and stone, and gulley on that road. He sat so that he could turn his head and catch every lisp of Mattie's. She *did* lisp, like a two-year old baby; she thought it was mighty pretty.

"When they had nearly reached the Jennings' place, something seemed wrong about the harness, and Nat sprang out to attend to it. He was busy several minutes at the job, and, in the meantime, Mattie said, fretfully:—

"This old curtain is so loose, there is a frightful draught about me! I know I shall have sore throat to-morrow."

"I will change with you," said Phoebe, pleasantly, I know, for I can just imagine how she would have said it. 'The curtain is tight on this side.'

"Mattie accepted the proposal, never caring to ask how Phoebe would stand the draught; and, just as they were settled, Nat sprang in, without noticing the change. I cannot tell, I am sure, how it happened that he did not find out afterward that Mattie was not where he left her. I suppose the girls did not speak again, or else his heart was thumping at the thought of what he had resolved to do, so that he did not notice where the voices came from. It was a blessed mistake, however it came about.

"Nat presently reached over to Phoebe, supposing, of course, it was Mattie, and put a little package in her hand. Just then they drove up to the Jennings' gate. As Nat, of course, got out first, he did not then observe how Mattie was seated; and, as Mother Jennings came bustling out with a lantern that moment, he had no time to add anything to the words which he had written in pencil on the envelope of the package before they started, except to say, with a meaning pressure of the hand: 'I shall call on you to-morrow afternoon, if agreeable,' to which Mattie made some light reply.

"Of course, he felt obliged in civility to talk with Phoebe during the rest of the drive; and she, feeling the precious little package in her hand, naturally interpreted his lightest words as her heart prompted. Arrived at home, she rushed up to her own little room, and opened

the paper. Inclosed was a plain, heavy gold ring, with the words :—

"Wear this, and be at home to-morrow when I call to see you, and I shall be encouraged to ask a much greater favor. N. E."

"Then I have judged him wrongly. He is true; he loves me yet," murmured Phœbe, kissing the paper and the ring, too, again and again.

"Foolish little thing, wasn't she? But you must remember how sorely she had been tried." Here Aunt Sophronia glanced round mischievously. She *had* as much mischief in her eyes as any young girl you ever saw.

"It happened to go over to the Browns the next morning for something, and I was surprised enough when I met Phœbe. She came running down stairs when she heard my voice, her eyes brimful of happiness, and threw both arms around my neck.

"Why, Phœbe," said I, 'how bright you look this morning! It does you good to go to quiltings, doesn't it?'

"True enough," said her aunt. 'She is as blithe as a bird this morning. I hope it will last, for she has seemed downhearted enough of late, but what was the matter I never could make out.'

"Phœbe only smiled in reply, and, curious as I felt to know what had made her so happy that day, I could find out nothing about it, without asking a direct question, which I did not like to do.

"I knew Phœbe's steadfast heart well enough to believe that only some change in Nat's conduct would have removed the sadness which I had plainly seen of late; but, at the quilting, Nat had appeared to me to be entirely devoted to Mattie. What did it mean? I went away completely puzzled. I will tell you my story in order, though it was not until a long time after that I knew what happened that afternoon.

"Nat went to see Mattie, fully hoping to discover his ring upon her finger. It was not there, of course. But, though a little disheartened, he thought, perhaps, he had been presumptuous in expecting her to put on the ring before a word had passed between them regarding that which it was meant to signify. So he made no allusion to his gift, but, with desperate earnestness, tried to press his suit.

"It was a vain attempt. Mattie pretended not to understand him, laughed at his earnestness, twitted him with his supposed devotion to some one else, and, at length, baffled and mortified enough, he took his leave, wisely resolving never to try it again.

"The next morning Nat announced that he was going to Boston, and seemed in a great hurry to start. Mother and I declared we could not get his clothes in order under a week; but he was all impatience, said he 'Ought to be there, or he might lose the place, which

was all true enough, but 'Why had he not thought of it before?' said mother.

"However, we sat up nights to work, and got him ready to start by the third day. He was to go in the early stage. Of course, I suspected that Mattie had jilted him, and was not a bit sorry. But how about Phœbe?

"I wanted a spool of thread, and ran over to Phœbe to borrow it; we had no store nearer than the Centre. The dear girl was a shade or two paler, and looked a little anxious, but still hopeful and happy. I explained what I wanted.

"'You know,' said I, 'Nat is going in the morning, and we are in a great hurry, finishing up his things.'

"Where is he going?" asked Phœbe, trying to speak calmly.

"To Boston," said I. 'He has decided to go with Bates & Co.; you know they have written again to him.'

"Poor child! It was news to her I saw in a moment. She sank back into a chair, and grew very white. I put my arms around her, and kissed her fondly.

"Has he not told you, dear?" said I.

"No," she answered, trying to smile, 'but it is not very strange; I have not seen him often lately.'

"She looked embarrassed at having betrayed so much feeling; and I think, too, she thought herself that there was time, even then, for him to come over and explain about the ring. So she changed the subject, and looked quite cheerful again when I left her.

"As I was stooping over Nat's trunk that evening, I asked: 'Have you bidden Phœbe good-by?'

"No," he answered, carelessly; 'you must do it for me.'

"I did not see Phœbe for several days after that; I really dreaded to go there. When we did meet, she was quiet and sweet as ever, and a stranger would not have suspected anything wrong, but I was not deceived.

"Well, the winter passed away. We heard two or three times from Nat. Letters cost a good deal more in those days than now, and it was not the fashion to write so often. Nat, we knew, was doing well, and very busy, so we were satisfied about him. Towards spring, I received a letter from him with a bit of news in it. 'Mattie Preston is married,' he wrote, 'to a gay young fellow here. People say she has been engaged, off and on, for two years. Sophy, you were wiser than I about that girl.'

"So much for Miss Mattie; but still no word about Phœbe. How I used to wish I could shake Nat, and bring him to his senses! But it was just as well I couldn't; I had meddled enough, as it was. And so the summer wore away. It had been a hard summer for Phœbe; not that she gave up to her disappointment, and pined and fretted herself ill, no such thing.

Phœbe had a faith that was worth something—a *real* faith, that helped her through this trouble, and has held her up in many troubles since. But her Aunt Brown was very sick for weeks, or rather months, for she was unable to do any work all summer, and all the housework came upon Phœbe. Mr. Brown, too, lost a part of his stock, and had some other troubles, which, I reckon, did not improve his temper very much for the time; troubles did not act upon him as they did on Phœbe.

"It was about a year from the time that Nat went away that I went over one afternoon to sit awhile with Phœbe, and help her sew; for, you see, she had been so hindered with her aunt's sickness that the family sewing, which she mostly did, was all behindhand. Mrs. Brown said I should find her in her room, so I ran up, and opened the door, without knocking.

"Phœbe stood by her open drawer, holding a ring, brother Nat's ring, in her hand. There were tears in her eyes, and she was so absorbed in her thoughts that she did not hear me until I spoke. Then she started, and looked confused, but only for a moment.

"I am glad you have come, Sophy," she said. "I want you to help me to decide what I ought to do." She drew me to a seat beside her. "Sophy, dear, you know I used to think Nat liked me. Was I very wrong?"

"How could you have helped thinking so?" said I, warmly. "We all thought he did, and it is a great shame!"

"Phœbe put her hand over my mouth, and smiled as she said: 'There! you must not talk so. It is no shame to any one, as I know of. Perhaps I liked him too well, and so imagined things. I did not imagine *this*,' she continued, holding up the ring. 'But, Sophy, it has just come to me. I see now it was all a mistake; he did not mean it for me at all.'

"Then she told me about their drive home from the quilting, and their change of seats while Nat was out of the vehicle. 'It is so strange that I never thought before that he must have meant to give it to Mattie Preston; but, of course, it must have been so, for he did not come, and, I dare say, he has never thought of me since. And now, dear Sophy, what ought I to do about it? What *can* I do at this late hour?'

"You cannot do anything, as I see," said I. "Mattie would not have cared for it, if she had got it. She is married now, and was engaged then. I wish she had never come here!" I added, bitterly. "And that was what made you look so happy the morning after the party, you poor child? What *must* you have thought when Nat went off without coming to see you?"

"I did not know what to think. I could only suppose that he gave it to me as a keepsake, and changed his mind about calling for some reason. It is so very strange that I did not see how it must have happened. What

would he think of me, Sophy, if he knew I took it and kept it?"

"Fudge!" said I. "Don't torment yourself about that; you could not help it. And, for my part, I am right glad it did not go as he meant, and I think he would be too, now."

"That very evening, when I got home, I found a letter from Nat. I remember it well, for it was the first letter in which we noticed that he had changed; changed, I mean, in his views of life and duty. I remember how mother and I read it over and over again. Mother said: 'I am so thankful! I feel as if I could trust my boy in the great city with a better heart now.' My first thought was: 'Well, if he has marked out *that* path for his feet, he will not be apt to choose any silly Mattie Preston for a wife.' And again, in my fancy, I linked him with my darling Phœbe, and sighed to think how well suited she would be to him.

"It was not long after this, perhaps a couple of months, when, one evening, the stage drove up to our gate. What could it mean? We did not expect any one. We soon saw what it meant, for brother Nat himself sprang out, and came running up to the house. Such a welcome as he got! How well he looked! How much improved every way!

"Why didn't you send us word you were coming, boy?" asked father, wiping his eyes, 'so we could have made a feast on the occasion?'

"I couldn't wait," said Nat, laughing, 'after I knew that I could get away. And it is feast enough to see you all.'

"I soon found, however, that he wanted a bit of *dessert* to his feast.

"As we sat together after supper, we two alone, Nat asked: 'How is Phœbe now, Sophy?'

"My heart gave a jump, but I answered, very indifferently:—

"She is well as usual, I believe, but she has had rather a trying time the past summer.'

"Why?" said he, quickly, looking away from me.

"Oh!" said I, 'her folks have had a good deal of trouble. Her aunt has been very sick, and Phœbe got rather worn out with it all.'

"There was a long pause. The fire needed a deal of stirring just then, and it kept Nat busy. After a while, says he:—

"Sophy, do you think she has forgotten me?"

"Hardly likely," said I, demurely. "Let me see; you've been gone some eighteen months only, and we have been near neighbors more than that number of years."

"Nat turned round and caught both my hands. 'Now, sis, don't tease me, I beg. I deserve it all, I know. But you must tell me whether you think she will forgive me, and—*and*—whether she cares for anybody else?'

"Well," said I, 'it is not long since I found

her crying over a ring you gave her. I'll tell you so much, and you may find out the rest as you can.'

"A ring I gave her!" cried Nat, astonished. "Oh, you are mistaken, my dear Sophy! I never gave any one a ring—but once," he added, in a lower tone.

"Nevertheless, dear brother, you did give it to Phoebe, even then; for I suppose you mean when you were driving home from Squire Royce's."

"Sophy, what can you mean? How did you know?"

"He looked so eager and excited that I took pity on him, and told him just how it happened. Nat seized his hat, then turned to give me what I used to call a 'bear's hug,' when I was a child."

"Are you going there now?" I asked. "What will mother say when she comes in?"

"You may tell her where I have gone," said he. "Sophy, I came up on purpose to see Phoebe, and know if she could ever love me again. If I had known of this—Away he went, without saying what might have happened if he had known."

"The next time I saw Phoebe, brother Nat's ring was on her hand. She blushed and smiled as I kissed her, and held it up to me, whispering: 'There is no mistake *this* time, darling ophy, for he put it there himself.'"

"Brother Nat stayed with us longer than he expected; then he went back to Boston. But before a great while he came back again, and at time when he went back he did not go alone. Aunt Brown had to learn to 'keep house' without Phoebe, for brother Nat's ring had been put on Phoebe's finger once more (she *could* have that for her wedding ring), this time with the sacred words which gave her to me until death. So Phoebe went to Boston with Uncle Nat, and there she is yet. But, ease God, they are coming up to see the old ace and old friends once more, this summer."

"Then we shall see them!" cried Fan and I, in a breath. "We have never seen Aunt Phoebe."

"Sure enough, you have not," said Sue. "Well, I guess we shall think of the ring when we see her. She is just such a dear, sweet old lady as you would know she would become, in Aunt Sophy's story."

"Grandmother," said Jennie, "who would've thought you could tell a story just like a book? See if we don't come after some more." "Well, let us give her a vote of thanks, and kiss apiece," cried Sue; which proposal was ended upon at once, to the great detriment of dear old lady's cap strings and bands.

SOLILOQUY OF HUMPHREY GREY, BACHELOR.

BY GEORGIA.

TICK away, old watch! How slow your little hands move round to-night! Only eight, and it ought certainly to be ten, judging by the amount of *ennui* I've endured since supper. Hours don't fly on "golden wings" at my house. Punch, you artful dog, just have the politeness to elevate yourself from my collar and cravat. If I ever lay anything carefully down on the floor, you are sure to put yourself carefully on top of it. Don't whine at me; I sha'n't accept any apology. Whew! what a spectacle! Humphrey, your eyes are getting a little old, but they are good enough to discover considerable chaos in this apartment. But then, being a single man, I can, of course, arrange things geometrically or otherwise, just according to my taste. Wish it didn't storm so hard, so I could spend the evening out. Don't know where it would be my duty to go either. Let us consider. Last night I listened to a discourse upon the antediluvian foundations of the earth, by one of the fossil remains, I concluded. Night before last I went to the "club," Nice place that club is, where we happy bachelors congregate. Great hoax about our being happy, though I wouldn't mention it abroad. Club is a good place for the cultivation of doubtful morals, but I wouldn't breathe the fact anywhere, except right here in the bosom of my family. Last Tuesday evening "I remember well." Don't know what possessed me, but I went down to old chum Charley's, to see his married felicity, I suppose. Must confess I didn't have a very felicitous call. How his six infants did torment me! Oh, shades of my ancestors, think of a whole glassful of milk on my spickest, spanest new unmentionables! Think of the frantic attempts those specs of fists made to pull out every one of my poor, dear whiskers! By the way, wonder if that was not the cause of those white hairs I discovered over my right ear this morning? It can't be old age. Forty-one next week, if the family record is true, but I don't think it is myself.

What a confounded great tear in my coat sleeve! How interesting to contemplate! Wish I had a wife to mend—no, I don't either. If any one overheard me make that remark, of course, they will understand I was joking. Nothing like being jovial over these little trials. But then, after all, I don't know but it might be endurable to have a little house, with a neat little somebody in it to look after the dog. Punch, you rascal, get down off that table; there is enough on it now. There goes the ink bottle. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir. Where are your senses? You have been indulged too much, and you ought

HE mind that is much elevated and insolent in prosperity, and cast down with adversity, is generally abject and base.—*Epicurus*.

to come under the influence of ladies' society. How the wind blows! What a miserable cigar! What a benighted state of ignorance I was in when I was young! I can actually remember the time when I considered women as fireside angels. Yes, Humphrey, you were an infatuated youth. I was a boy once, too, and such a very boyish boy. I can remember, even now, how I used to glance across the old school-house to see the merry, black eyes of Ada Burns. I was very confident Ada was destined to be my wife sometime, but I was forced to change my mind when her father carried her away to the mysterious "West," and left me desolate. Yes, it was "little Humfy Grey" that sat down in the tall weeds behind the barn, and cried himself to sleep, because Ada was so far away. Wonder where in the wide world that piece of dainty flesh holds sway now? But my fickle heart was soon comforted, and sweet Effie Brown received my devoted attention. What an angelic being was Effie in my eyes! I remember how reverently I used to hold her little hands to help her over the icy playground, or gravely asked her advice about my boyish plans. The last time I looked on her white, still face, I placed a rosebud in her cold hand, and hoped it would blossom in heaven. Ah, well, little Effie! there never was a purer soul on earth than yours, and more than once the old tempter has been baffled when I have thought of your angel eyes watching me. How many long, erring years have passed since then! Why, Humphrey, is that a tear creeping down your nose? What a foolish old boy! The ladies call you stony-hearted, and what would they say could they see that genuine drop of briny element meandering down the gentle declivity of your old nose in that tell-tale manner? You had much better weep for the lost love of your manhood. But the fountain is dry when that memory rushes along.

Oh, beautiful Carrie Foss! your sunny face changed my whole life, for you stole away my happiness. This large, hard hand of mine once held a little soft one that was mine also. These cold gray eyes once looked down into trusting blue ones, that were full of tenderness. Joyous days were those, when I went away to college halls, leaving my little Carrie to wait for me. Our clasped hands were separated forever then, and ever since they call me a hater of womankind.

I never blamed her. She thought she could procure comfort for her aged parents if she married a wealthy man, so she went to a city home, and I tried to forget her lovely face in the dry pages of a student's books. "Away with melancholy." These thoughts will never answer, or I shall grow sentimental.

Where are my letters? Four of them, and all dunning letters, I presume. Pardon me, Punch, for stepping on your narrative. It was

entirely accidental, I assure you. Let us soothe our ruffled feelings by perusing these affectionate missives. No. 1 is from my friend Mrs. Jones. "MY DEAR MR. GREY: We are very anxious to have you spend Thanksgiving with us, as Frank is coming home. He will bring his family, also his wife's sister, who is a very nice"—That is enough of that. No, my dear madam, I object to your little stratagem. I prefer to do my own selecting when I want a wife. Here are some crow's tracks from sister Julia's young hopeful, my namesake. Who wrote this little letter, I wonder. I don't seem to recognize the handwriting.

DEAR OLD FRIEND HUMPHREY: You will doubtless be surprised to receive a line from me. Eighteen years have passed since we parted, but I knew your face this morning as you passed me on the street. I found your address by the directory. I was faithless to you years ago, but my life has been a bitter expiation. I sold my hand for gold, and poverty and misery have been my lot. My husband died ten years ago, and left me childless and dependent. My husband's life was one of sin and brutal unkindness, but I will not heap reproaches upon the dead. Should you care to learn more of my sad history, you can find me by calling at 32 Ashley Street. Your old friend,
CARRIE FOSS BROMER.

Carrie Foss! Can it be possible? Have I found my poor little Carrie at last? No one can blame her if she did choose wealth and luxury instead of a poor student's home. She did it for the sake of others. Wonder if she looks any as she did long years ago? Wonder if she will act like the same Carrie? Wonder if she has forgotten all her love to me? Wonder where my hat is? Who cares for the storm? Where is my overcoat? What ails the dog? Down, good fellow! Collect yourself, and wag your tail sensibly. Who knows—perhaps—that is—I shouldn't wonder—Punch, let us adjourn.

WORTH begets in base minds envy; in great souls, emulation.—*Fielding*.

THE modern majesty consists in work. What a man can do is his greatest ornament, and he always consults his dignity by doing it.—*Caryle*.

THE ear and the eye are the mind's receivers; but the tongue is only busied in expanding the treasure received. If, therefore, the revenues of the mind be uttered as fast or faster than they are received, it cannot be but that the mind must needs be bare, and can never lay up for purchase. But if the receivers take in still with no utterance, the mind may soon grow a burden to itself, and unprofitable to others. I will not lay up too much and utter nothing, lest I be covetous; nor spend much and store up little, lest I be prodigal and poor.—*Bishop Hall*.

ALLAN HOLME'S HOUSE-KEEPER

BY PETIT LICHEN.

(Concluded.)

No sooner had his active feet touched the ground than he proceeded to solace himself by prosecuting a search for Mrs. Berne, who was triumphantly marshalled to the back portico, just in season to witness Jessie's silent astonishment and delight, as Allan Holme directed her attention to a pair of fine bays, saddled and bridled, held by the proud groom for her admiring survey. Pleasant visions of exhilarating canters through sunny glade and winding dell floated before Jessie's mind, but she stood speechless, yet Allan Holme appeared well satisfied.

"An improvement on the other little animal, Mrs. Berne," he laughingly remarked.

"Most decidedly," was the merry response.

"But what has come over you, child," turning to Jessie, "that you have not a word to say?"

Jessie drew a deep respiration. "I am almost breathless from amazed delight. And, then, if I should exclaim: 'O Mr. Holme!' or 'Thank you, Mr. Holme!' it would seem worse than nothing at all, when my heart is so full." And Allan Holme looked better satisfied than ever, as her grateful eyes were lifted to his face.

"No thanks, I entreat; only run and don your habit, and we will try their paces at once," he smiled. "You are something of a horse-woman, I suppose?"

"A very poor one, I am obliged to confess."

"So much the better. I shall have the opportunity of exercising my talent as teacher in a new direction. My pupil is sufficient guarantee of my success," and a bow was added to the smile. Immediately after, "Is it agreeable to you to ride this morning?"

"I should be only too happy, but I really do not know where my habit is."

"I know, my child," interrupted Mrs. Berne. "You will find it packed away in the fourth story," designating the room and the trunk, as she detached the keys at her side, and placed them in Jessie's hand.

"You need have no misgivings, Mrs. Berne," said Allan Holme, as Jessie turned away.

"Miss Jessie's horse is gentleness itself, and has long been trained to the lady's saddle."

Seth, the groom, here remarked: "Miss Jessie's is all right, Mr. Holme, but I don't know about t'other one. He has some ugly motions, to my thinkin'."

Jessie, having no time to linger for the reply, sped lightly across the hall and up the stairs, and was soon verifying the old proverb, that "Most haste makes least speed." After every article had been fruitlessly removed from the neatly-packed trunk before which she knelt, a more

careful examination proved that time and strength had been wasted on the wrong one. Indulging in a little sigh of vexation, she proceeded to replace them, pausing once or twice in her task with the fancy that there was some unusual commotion below stairs. But dispatch was necessary, and she was soon hastening from the room with the habit on her arm. Reaching the second story, her feet were stayed by an exclamation from Dick, who no sooner caught sight of her than, with face several shades lighter than ordinary, he started up from the floor by Allan Holme's rooms.

"O Miss Jessie, he's dead, he's dead!" and it is doubtful whether Dick had ever before worn a countenance of like gravity.

"What do you mean, Dick? Who is dead?" questioned Jessie, leaning heavily against the balustrade, her usually sweet tones sharpened by dread.

"Massa, Miss Jessie, massa's dead!" and tears began to channel fairer lines on the soiled cheeks.

"How can you say so, Dick?" faltered Jessie, her rebuking words and trembling accents widely at variance.

"Deed, Miss Jessie!"—

"Oh, grandma! what is the matter?" cried Jessie, springing toward Mrs. Berne, who, at this moment, came from Allan Holme's bedroom. "Is he dead?"

"No, dear, no! Not so bad as that, though a broken leg is bad enough."

"A broken leg! How did it happen?"

"I hardly know myself, it was so soon over. Seth's remark induced him to go down and examine the horse, when"—She suddenly turned toward their dusky retainer: "Dick, tell me the truth, did you touch the horse, or do anything to make him kick? You were close at his side when he did so."

For a wonder, Dick could truthfully pronounce himself guiltless.

"So his leg was broken by the kick?" said Jessie.

"Yes. And then he insisted on limping up to his room, with the assistance of Seth and a cane, and consequently fainted before he reached the hall door. But I must go, dearie. Seth has just started for Doctor Mayer, and I have bandages to prepare."

"Give me a few directions, and tell me where to find the muslin, grandma, and I will attend to that, while you return to Mr. Holme."

Jessie's task was soon completed, and she had long stood at the window, impatiently watching for the doctor, when the sight of his buggy sent her flying to the door to receive him. The bland old gentleman, with whom she was a prime favorite, came quickly up the steps, bearing his case of instruments.

"I am so glad to see you, doctor," she exclaimed, as he paused an instant to shake hands with her.

"Of course, my dear, of course. The doctor's always welcome when heads or limbs are broken. But let me whisper in your ear that I'm a thousand times glad it's that big fellow, Allan Holme, that I'm here to see, though one might fancy it yourself, judging from these pale cheeks," giving them a tinting pinch as he turned toward the stairs. "Why, they are as pale as the bloom of my wife's pet japonica, notwithstanding people about here call you a brave little girl since you outwitted that robber. But it seems to be a weakness with women; my wife's just so. By the way, my dear, she sent her love to you."

Jessie had followed him up stairs in amused silence, knowing how useless would be the attempt to dovetail a word between his sentences. The last word had barely passed his lips when Mrs. Berne opened the chamber door, and invited him to enter.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Berne! I've just been congratulating my pet there on having no broken limbs for my rough hands to deal with."

Jessie's eyes were full of tears as she turned away after hearing Allan Holme's earnest:—

"How glad I am, doctor, no words can tell."

"That's right, Allan, that's right. There was always a large share of genuine old chivalrous feeling in your composition, even when you were a bright-eyed lad," and the good doctor busied himself in various little preparations as he continued:—"Why, Mrs. Berne, he was but a youngster when"—

The door closed on the cheery voice, and Jessie, bravely resisting the temptation to snatch up her hat and run away from the house, stole into the library, and resumed the employment so merrily suspended a short time previous. Notwithstanding the self-imposed activity, it seemed hours and hours before Doctor Mayer's voice and step brought assurance that the dreaded work was ended. She hastened to the hall.

"All right, my dear, up there," he said, making telling strides for the door. "He'll get along, never fear. Good-by, my dear! I'll see you to-morrow."

"Give my love to Mrs. Mayer, doctor," laughed Jessie, as his head vanished within the buggy top.

"I will, my dear," came simultaneously with the roll of the wheels.

For a week the patient persisting in setting all the doctor's predictions at naught, Jessie turned housekeeper, while Mrs. Berne stationed herself, with motherly tenderness, beside the sick couch. And day after day the servants bore some tempting delicacy up stairs, with the appetizing intelligence, "Miss Jessie made it, sir, and hopes you can eat it." And day after day a cluster of white violets or valley lilies was placed on the stand at his side by Mrs.

Berne, with some pretty message from Jessie, that was always suggestive to him of the same faultless flowers. And unfailingly these white gifts quietly found their way between the leaves of a book kept near him for the purpose, at length inclining Mrs. Berne to innocently ask on a certain morning:—

"What becomes of your faded flowers, Mr. Holme? I never find them when Jessie sends the fresh ones."

"I press them, Mrs. Berne," was the concise answer, given with a proper assumption of indifference, but an appalling sense of guilt.

"Ah!" she gullelessly returned, cleansing the vase, and refilling it with water. "I perceive you are a genuine flower lover, Mr. Holme, and, truly, even a faded one speaks volumes of heaven and heavenly things."

Silently registering a vow to exalt Mrs. Berne to the confessional at some future day, Allan Holme placed Jessie's fragrant offering in the vase smilingly held before him.

So he recorded golden promises, and dreamed pleasant dreams, till, once established in the dressing-room, the frequent sight of a certain sweet face peeping in at the door, and a more substantial, though less prized comfort, in the shape of a pair of crutches, gave a new coloring to the days which fled swiftly enough, bringing healing and strength with every hour.

"Betty, can you tell me where Mrs. Berne is?" inquired Jessie, one morning, meeting the maid in the hall.

"I just left her in the linen-room, miss."

"Thank you, Betty!" and Jessie sped up stairs.

Betty thinking, as she watched the light figure:—"What a bird she is, to be sure, and how tender and song-like be her very littlest words!" and Betty's day was brighter for the meeting.

Directly Jessie stood at Mrs. Berne's side.

"Grandma, what do you think of my picking the strawberries, since Mr. Holme is not able to do so? You know he said he would not permit even Davy among those choice vines."

"And what if you crush them?"

"But I will not, grandma. I'll touch them just so," and, standing on tip-toe, she laid the lightest of kisses on the old lady's faded cheek.

"I am convinced the vines will not suffer," was the laughing response.

In a second Jessie was again on the stairs, keeping time to the movement of her little feet with some rare old ballad.

Allan Holme reclined on a lounge in his dressing-room by a window opposite the open door. This disposition of himself was the result of a forethought which was now rewarded by the glimpse he coveted of Jessie's bright face and graceful form. She was stealing demurely by the door, when his voice arrested her.

"Stop a minute, Fairy, and let me look at you."

She paused, with blushing, roguish face.

"You can't conceive where I am going," giving her pretty head a saucy nod.

"I should think not, indeed. Your little men in green don't intrust the secret of their expeditions to common mortals like Allan Holme."

"That is true. But he shall know when—I come back," and again she was on her way.

"Do not stay an age, Fairy," he called after her.

"The 'little men' will not suffer me to promise," was the laughing rejoinder, tossed up from the foot of the staircase.

An hour later, as she placed the delicious fruit on the dining-room table, it occurred to her that a portion of it might be an acceptable lunch to the prisoner above stairs. Instantly a tiny silver waiter was suitably furnished with the same precious ore, and the deft fingers had soon stemmed the finest of the crimson berries, and laid them on the daintily engraved dish. She stood for a moment to admire the artistic beauty of the whole before sending the remaining fruit to the ice-house. Then, after a vain attempt to remove the stains from her fingers, she proceeded to the dressing-room with the tempting repast.

In her eagerness she had quite forgotten the head covering, laughingly assumed when she started out, and presented herself at the door with her sweet face glowing like a star from the extreme depths of a green gingham sun-bonnet, of most formidable dimensions, full half a yard from crown to front, and stiffened into a remarkably defiant appearance by numerous pasteboard slats.

"I am coming, Mr. Holme," said the voice so welcome to that gentleman's ear.

"So the front of your bonnet notified me some minutes since, Fairy."

"Oh, my Conestoga! I forgot all about it," cried Jessie, with a burst of merriment, and a momentary pause at the door. "But, perhaps, you will be able to take these, notwithstanding they emerge from so ugly a shadow," and, advancing into the room, she flitted about, making little preparations for the comfort and convenience of her patient, who began to think it the finest thing in the world to have a broken leg, and to covet an indefinite number of like casualties.

"I think, perhaps, I may be able to eat a couple," he sighed, with a ludicrous affectation of debility, that sent Jessie's musical laugh to woo a song from a little bird, pluming its wings among the branches of the old elm shading the window.

"Do, for I picked and prepared them with my own hands," arranging, with pretty, crimson-stained fingers, the faultless salver before him.

"You did? And under this hot sun? Tell me wherefore?"

"Because you are disabled. And, you see,

they needed picking. I did it nicely, too; without injuring, in the least, your choice vines."

"Thank you very much, Fairy, but let Davy do it hereafter. I will not have your fair head bending over those vines, choice and pretty as they are. *Appropos* of that, Fairy, won't you come out of your house?"

"Sir?" said Jessie, with a questioning dilation of the blue eyes which it always afforded Allan Holme boundless satisfaction to elicit. Then the merry glance bestowed on her "Conestoga" banished the earnest gaze, and sent another peal of sweet, girlish laughter through the room and the old halls, and up to the little bird, which instantly trilled a refrain no sweeter than her laugh as she removed the offending bonnet, and smoothed the flaxen curls.

"Good! Now come and eat some of these berries. I will use the sugar spoon. I am sure we can dispose of them in an amicable spirit."

"Excuse me for saying in the most positive manner that I will do no such thing," laughed Jessie.

Shrugging his shoulders, he took up the spoon with a muttered quotation about a woman's wonts, while Jessie, laughingly seating herself on a stool by the lounge, appropriated the book he had dropped on the floor at her entrance.

"Fairy!"

"Sir?" she slowly, and half-mechanically responded, without lifting her eyes from the page enchaining her for the moment.

"Fairy, I intend to hobble down to the library to-morrow, and you are to have a German lesson."

The book was suddenly closed, and a pair of happy eyes sought his face, as, divided between delight and misgivings, she exclaimed:—

"O Mr. Holme, I am so glad! But is it prudent? Perhaps you had better wait and ask Doctor Mayer."

"Fairy, I mean to go down to-morrow, Doctor Mayer favorable or otherwise."

And so he did. Mrs. Berne looked grave and demurred to no purpose. Allan Holme *would* go, and would have felt amply compensated for any injurious result, in the remembrance of Jessie's face of eager delight and anxiety, greeting him from the foot of the stairs as she watched his slow and laborious descent. Fortunately, no such result occurred; but, on the contrary, Doctor Mayer discerned a very manifest improvement on calling a day or two later, and testified his pleasure thereof by an extraordinary flow of sentences, and by petting Jessie to such a degree that his patient declared she would be irremediably spoiled.

One morning, not long after, Jessie tripped into the library with some letters.

"Two for you, and one for me," she said, handing Allan Holme his portion.

And, dropping into a seat near by, she proceeded to break the seal of her own, and appropriate its contents. Glancing smilingly toward him as she refolded the letter, she was surprised to find his gaze fixed on her face, evidently anxious thought contracting his brow.

"Is anything the matter, Mr. Holme?" she questioned, the smile instantly fading.

"Fairy, it seems very inhospitable to say so, but it is nevertheless true, that I am going to have a most uncongenial visitor."

"Is that all? Oh! we will soon forget about congeniality, in devoting ourselves to his or her happiness. I will promise to give my time and most earnest efforts toward making Woodlawn to your guest just what it really is—the sunniest spot in the world."

"Mayhap she will not be made happy, little one. A cold, proud girl is my Cousin Florence Wyvern, and one not likely to add to your happiness, I am afraid."

And herein lay the root of Allan Holme's trouble. Directly he added:—

"I say this, Fairy, for one reason: that you may be spared some possible heart-aches when she comes, for I like not to speak needlessly of the slightest fault of my neighbor. God knows we all have cause to be merciful to one another in this respect; and knows, too, that our deviations from the simple law of brotherly love which should actuate us here, ever fall blighting on the fair blossoms of that garden which He still momentarily strives to plant 'eastward in Eden' with each of us, and momentarily commands each of us to 'keep.'"

"Certainly, the prospect is rather cloudy, but we will endeavor to do right, and then all must be well. I trust, however, that she will wait till you have quite recovered."

"We have a month's respite, Fairy. But she spends the summer," he replied, with a regret that was instantly self-condemned as being a species of rebellion to the will of the Great Disposer of events, and contrary to the neighborly love commanded to be exercised toward even the worst.

"For shame! Never will I write to say that I intend to make you a visit, be you very sure," laughed Jessie.

"May all the little men in green preserve me from it!"

To Allan Holme's vast satisfaction, Jessie's great blue eyes dilated precisely as he loved best to see them, as she detected something of sincerity in the mirthful response. The shadow lurking in the questioning gaze was not unpleasant, either; rather suggestive of innumerable happinesses.

"Because, Fairy, I hope you will never go away," he said, softly, in reply to the gaze.

A sweeter intonation was here, and the sunshine came back to Jessie's face with a rosy flush.

"Thank you, Mr. Holme. I hope, indeed,

we will never go away, for it would almost break my heart to leave Woodlawn." And she musingly rolled her apron strings over her slender fingers, thinking how many things might demand a change.

"And what of Woodlawn's master?" queried Allan Holme, secretly piqued at her apparent forgetfulness of himself.

"Woodlawn would be nothing without its master," Jessie artlessly hastened to say, lifting her earnest eyes to his face in the eager desire to atone for anything that might have appeared unkind in her former reply.

"And Woodlawn's master would be nothing without Woodlawn's Fairy, I can truly say. And now, bring the books, dear little Fairy," which Jessie did with a deeper flush burning her cheeks, and a vague wonder why it should be there.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE bright day, Florence Wyvern came. A queenly-looking creature; tall, fair, blue-eyed, and graceful as a sylph. But the beauty was not captivating. The alloy was too apparent. Selfish, ambitious, and unscrupulous, her face bore the impress of the spirit's unloveliness, and the little circle at Woodlawn silently felt the new sphere of life, with which it had come in contact, displeasing in the extreme. But with charming amiability, and true Christian charity, each member strove to bring sunshine and happiness to the guest. Jessie did her part beautifully, and bravely too; for it was no light task to fulfil her simple duty, day by day, under the fire of Miss Wyvern's aggravations, who, when not patronizing, was coolly supercilious; and but for a certain book prayerfully read morning and evening, the little maiden's promise would have been sadly broken. As it was, her sweetness and gentle dignity were unflinching, and Allan Holme, keenly observant of all that was passing beneath his eyes, felt comparatively content, so long as she retained her bright face and manner.

Mrs. Berne was also anxiously watchful, quickly perceiving that little as she herself was liked by the stranger, Jessie was an object of aversion. She perceived, too, as did Allan Holme, that Miss Wyvern secretly caviled at their position at Woodlawn; that it would have comforted better with that haughty lady's ideas for them to have occupied a lower place in the household, and to have received less consideration from her cousin and his guests. Added to the above list of grievances were the facts of Jessie's extreme beauty, and winning loveliness of character, with their effect on Allan Holme, who Miss Wyvern shrewdly suspected of contemplating a future bridal. Here, moreover, was a bitter and unexpected disappointment, be it softly whispered. Miss Wy-

ern had selected a taller blonde to be her cousin's bride! and this visit, which had long since been promised, was to have crowned her ambitious schemes with full success.

Three or four weeks passed thus, the discipline of her presence at Woodlawn being somewhat relieved by an unusual influx of visitors, and various merry-makings complacently projected by the hospitable gentry around them.

Well acquainted with the art of enhancing every charm, and playing the agreeable to those whom it suited her interest or pleasure to captivate, Miss Wyvern would have highly enjoyed her popularity, but for the one annoying fact that Mrs. Berne and Jessie were constant participants in the attentions and invitations bestowed on herself. For, notwithstanding Mrs. Berne frequently declined joining their gay parties on the plea of age or household duties, Allan Holme invariably overruled Jessie's less weighty ones, and fully satisfied himself, besides, that her enjoyment was complete, thereby planting a double thorn in the side of his fair cousin.

On a certain morning, as Jessie sat on the back portico occupied with her German books, Florence Wyvern came from the hall, and with an unusually gracious air drew forward one of the rustic chairs and entered into conversation.

"I see you have your work," said Jessie, presently. "If you will excuse me for a moment, I will get mine," gathering up her books as she rose.

"Allow me to look at your book while you are absent," requested Miss Wyvern.

"Certainly. But unless you understand the language better than I, you will find it laborious reading," smiled Jessie, placing a little German poem in the extended hand.

"So you are a German scholar?" remarked Miss Wyvern, on Jessie's return, her tone slightly suggestive of a sneer.

"Only a student, I am sorry to say."

"And without a teacher? You must have a vast amount of patience and perseverance, truly."

"Oh, no! That would be quite beyond me," returned Jessie, innocently. "I have a teacher."

"Indeed! I was not aware that you could afford to indulge in luxuries of that kind."

Jessie's brow flushed as she gently answered:—

"You are correct in your supposition. But Mr. Holme is my teacher."

"Oh! Your studious disposition is most satisfactorily accounted for."

The sneer was palpable enough this time, and Jessie's soft eyes dilated in surprised inquiry as she riveted them on the cold face with its disagreeable smile. Her lips were about to frame a very natural question, when Miss Wyvern continued:—

"You have known my cousin for many years, I suppose?"

"Personally he was a stranger to us when we came to Woodlawn, though we had several times heard General Cliff's family speak of him," replied Jessie, endeavoring to dismiss her uncomfortable feelings.

"Can it be possible? Well, I am astonished!" and Miss Wyvern's cold face assumed a doubly disagreeable smile. "I really should imagine, from your remarkably free manner, that you had known him from infancy."

"My free manner!" repeated Jessie, alternately flashing and paling with dismay.

"Certainly. Are you not aware that your deportment is far less retiring than comports with womanly dignity? But Cousin Allan is worth all this sacrifice. Rich, handsome, cultivated, and the finished gentleman, with an unblemished record. A long list of perfections that. So play your cards well, Miss Berne; I, his cousin, assure you he is well worth all your skill."

"Miss Wyvern, shocking!" and, without another word, Jessie rose and left the portico.

A steely ray shot from Florence Wyvern's blue eyes, as they followed the retiring form, and her lips curved into a triumphant smile as she thought:—

"Accomplished finely! I expected her to sob, faint, or something else, and here she amiably spares me the slightest troublesome demonstration. And she will henceforth be chary of the smiles so freely lavished on my good cousin, or I am vastly mistaken in her."

No guests dined at Woodlawn that day, and Allan Holme had ample opportunity to observe Jessie's pale face and the indefinable something in her bearing which had never been there before.

"As I expected, the poison tells," he said to himself, with a keen glance at his cousin. But, well as he knew her, the placid face and the remark almost immediately addressed to Jessie completely deceived him.

"How pale you are, Miss Berne. Are you indisposed to-day?" she murmured, in smooth, gracious accents.

"I was about to make the same remark and inquiry," said Allan Holme, while Mrs. Berne anxiously scanned the wan countenance.

"I am suffering from a headache, which threatens to become severe," Jessie replied, with gentle dignity, one of her sunny smiles touching lips and eyes for an instant, as she caught Mrs. Berne's gaze.

But no grateful look rewarded Allan Holme. And he noticed it, with another keen survey of his cousin's placid face. That lady had likewise observed the omission, and adjusted her loosened bracelet, well content with the first fruits of her labor.

The dinner was at last over; and poor Jessie gladly made her escape from the watchful eyes

of Allan Holme and the oppressive attentions of Miss Wyvern, creeping up stairs to her chamber with a feverish desire to flee from Woodlawn that a month previous it would have seemed utterly impossible to cherish. Mrs. Berne, following her a half-hour later, found her stretched on the lounge, suffering all the tortures of a nervous headache. It was approaching the tea hour, when she roused from a light slumber to say to the anxious watcher at her side:—

"Much better, grandma. No pain at all, only a little languor."

"What gave you the headache, darling?" inquired Mrs. Berne, her suspicions following the direction of Allan Holme's.

A grave, sweet expression rested on Jessie's face, but she remained silent.

"Was Miss Wyvern in any way connected with it?"

"Dear grandma, she was; but I would prefer not explaining, if you will excuse and trust me. Its discussion would not serve her, and might prove injurious to us. Are you quite content that it should be passed over in silence?"

"Quite, dear child, and I thank God that you are not only learning, but *living* Bible precepts."

A tear dropped among Jessie's curls, as Mrs. Berne imprinted a kiss on the calm, sweet brow. Thus Florence Wyvern's biting words were forever buried by the Christian matron and maiden.

"This much, however, I can and must say, grandma. Miss Wyvern is dissatisfied with my presence here, I am well assured, and it is equally clear to me that Woodlawn can never be a suitable or happy home for your little orphan. In view of this, will you consent to my seeking a situation as governess?"

"Oh, child! must we be parted at last?" sighed Mrs. Berne. "You do not consider that Miss Wyvern is without the slightest authority in this house, and will, moreover, leave us in a few weeks."

"These considerations have all received due attention, grandma, but they are powerless to restore the old state of things."

"What would you do? Where would you go, darling?"

"My first thought was to advertise; my second, and, I think, wiser one, was to consult Doctor Mayer, who, you know, will be among our guests to-morrow evening. He may know of just the place for me in the neighborhood, and that would be a great boon, grandma. You could sometimes get to see me."

Jessie's bright smile won an answering one from Mrs. Berne, who tenderly replied:—

"My child, I will place no obstacles in your way, but send you forth with my blessing and prayers. And, perhaps, it is well that you

should try your wings while I am here to counsel and comfort you."

"Thank you, grandma, and now one thing more. Give Mr. Holme no hint of my design. It will be time enough to confide my purpose when the wish is obtained, or, as I should prefer, after I am gone."

"Be it so, darling. But there is the tea-bell; I must leave you for a little while. I will send you up something directly."

"Do not. Just bring me a cup of tea and a glass of ice-water when you return, please; it is all I want."

Mrs. Berne was absent longer than Jessie anticipated, and the water began to be very urgently craved. Fancying she heard a servant in the hall, she caught a glass from the table and passed from her room in the wing to the main hall. Very gladly she would have retreated, but it was too late to do so unobserved. Allan Holme had suddenly become a dreaded member of the household to poor Jessie.

"Jessie, poor little Fairy!" he exclaimed, with a sympathizing glance at the pallid cheeks and darkly-circled eyes, as he hastened to her.

She looked startled and nervous, saying, in apologetic tone:—

"I did not recognize your step; I fancied Betty was here."

"I presume not, Fairy, for I was trying my best to imitate your light tread in order not to disturb you. But what can I do for you? A glass of water?" taking the glass from her hand.

"If you will be so kind as to send Betty with it," she said, involuntarily lifting the grateful eyes from the glass to his face. In an instant a crimson torrent mounted to the very roots of her hair.

Surprised, he turned slightly, glancing over his shoulder just in time to see the graceful sweep of Miss Wyvern's delicate lawn, as she vanished within her chamber. His glance instantly flashed back to Jessie, to note a crimson spot burning on either cheek. She gave him no time for words; but with averted eyes, and a hurriedly murmured "Good-night!" stole into her room before he had quite recovered from his astonishment at her very remarkable and sudden change of color. For a minute he stood thoughtfully where she had left him.

"Florence has been at mischief; that is evident enough," was the burden of his meditations. "I will talk to the poor child to-morrow, and hereafter watch even more carefully over her happiness."

But the morrow brought disappointment; Jessie proving a very will-o'-the-wisp, with her languid eyes and colorless face, while Miss Wyvern, for excellent and private reasons of her own, was more than usually exacting of his time and attention.

So the evening and the expected guests duly

came; and then it sped on, hour by hour, denying Jessie the eagerly-coveted opportunity to speak with the doctor. At length it offered as they demolished their ices in a quiet corner. He listened with earnest and marked attention, as she unfolded her plan and wishes, and then returned to his ice, which had been somewhat neglected in the interval, with renewed appetite and apparent forgetfulness of the whole thing. This was so unlike his ordinary mode of procedure that Jessie began to hope impossibilities. Presently he laid down his spoon, glancing around the room as if in search of some one. The next instant :—

"My dear, do you see that little woman, with red ribbons in her cap, talking to Mrs. Randall?"

"Yes, doctor, but excuse me for pronouncing the ribbons' hue a decided lilac," laughed Jessie, mischievously.

"Well, well, maybe they are, child, we won't dispute the point. Now, that is my wife," and the doctor paused, gazing at the "little woman" in vast content.

"So I learned some months since, doctor," Jessie laughed, more merrily than before, the corners of the doctor's mouth twitching in sympathy as he proceeded :—

"Then you know her, my dear, and since you are several years younger than I, just step over and tell her Doctor Mayer wants her in this corner."

Thus peremptorily bidden, Mrs. Mayer presented herself with Jessie, her fair plump face a marvel of kindness and good humor.

"Hallie," said the doctor, as she seated herself beside him, "when do you expect Ella Way? Some day this week?"

"To-morrow morning, George."

"To-morrow morning, hey? Just the thing! Jessie, I'll call for you to-morrow afternoon. Can you be ready?"

Jessie looked considerably puzzled, hesitating. "I hardly know, doctor."

"If you can't, my dear, you are not fit to go out governing."

"But where am I to go, doctor?" queried the amused Jessie.

"Why, to my house, to be sure, as governess to poor nephew Ned's motherless little girl. She is eight years old, and bright as a bee," an explanation as welcome to Mrs. Mayer as to Jessie. "You see, Hallie, Jessie wants to turn governess, and since she can come to us, I favor the idea, as I know you will."

"Indeed, I am delighted," replied Mrs. Mayer, a double quantity of kindness and good humor radiating from her face as she caught Jessie's hand in both of hers. "It will be like having a daughter."

"So it will! so it will! And I knew it at once!" chuckled the doctor, disposing of a huge piece of fruit cake with infinite satisfaction. "But Mrs. Berne's voice must now render our

decisions valid." A voice promptly gained to the entire content of all parties.

"Good-night, Jessie!" said the doctor, a little later. "I'll call for you to-morrow afternoon at five o'clock."

"What is that you intend to do, doctor?" inquired Allan Holme, who chanced to overhear the parting words.

"I am coming for Jessie. Mrs. Mayer and I want her, and Mrs. Berne consents to our having her."

Allan Holme's first feeling of regret was chased away by the reflection that Jessie might be happier apart from his cousin for a few days, so he replied :—

"Well, be good to her, doctor, when you get her." And he smiled down on her in a way that filled Florence Wyvern's heart with malice and envy.

"Good to her! Why, man, she'll live on ambrosia and nectar. Good to her, indeed!"

"I am quite satisfied," returned Allan Holme, laughing heartily, as he gave the doctor's hand a "good-night" grasp. "But do not spoil her, or she will return to us discontented with Woodlawn."

And again the evil fire consumed Florence Wyvern's heart as she furtively noted the gaze he bent on Jessie.

"My dear fellow, don't distress yourself about her coming back," the doctor was saying, when a warning motion from Jessie's pretty head sealed his lips, Allan Holme accepting the remark as a harmless jest.

And the following afternoon, still remembering the caution, the old gentleman carried off his prize with no unnecessary words on that point. So it fell on Allan Holme like a thunderbolt when, at dinner a few days later, Mrs. Berne, in reply to some observation of his, said :—

"Jessie is not coming back, Mr. Holme."

"Madam?" And knife and fork were laid down as he gazed at her in amazed inquiry.

"Jessie is not coming back," repeated Mrs. Berne, in calm accents.

Miss Wyvern's eyes glittered sharply enough to pierce her plate, as she placidly carved the delicate piece of chicken before her into dainty morsels.

"Not coming back!" echoed Allan Holme.

"No. She is engaged to remain as governess to little Ella Way, whom they have adopted since Mrs. Way's death."

Allan Holme made no further remark, while Florence Wyvern thought, with smiling tranquility, that the first fruits were harbingers of an unexpectedly rich harvest; a conclusion which might have been somewhat doubtfully cherished, had she been cognizant of an interview which took place that same afternoon between her cousin and Mrs. Berne, when he redeemed his long-delayed promise to seat that lady in the confessional.

Mrs. Berne retired from this interview with a countenance wonderfully sweet and calm; and Allan Holme appeared so unvaryingly free from disquieting regrets, that Miss Wyvern for once questioned her own sagacity. But one member of the household mourned for the absent Jessie, undisguisedly as deeply. For a week Dick had eschewed all antics, moving about, a small image of "black despair." Allan Holme, really pitying the warm-hearted little waif, accosted him one morning as he was making a feeble attempt to weed a flower-bed under Davy's supervision.

"What's the matter, Dick? Has the world gone wrong with you, too?"

"Miss Jessie's gone, sah." And his thick lip quivered portentously.

"Miss Jessie! So you want Miss Jessie back again, do you?"

"Yes, sah. And so does Betty, and so does Davy, and so does Seth, and so does we all. Miss Jessie was the sunflower of Woodlawn."

Allan Holme repressed a smile, and forgave Dick's startling choice of simile, for the sake of the tear gemming a mignonette bloom in memory of the absent maiden, while the mourner continued:—

"She was jes' like the sunflower she used to sing about that was allers a smilin' on somefin'—she was allers a smilin' on me."

"I suppose, Dick, you were the god she turned the same smile on morning and evening?" said Allan Holme, highly amused at the poetic vein so suddenly developed.

"Yes, sah," responded Dick, scratching his head doubtfully, but, on the whole, rather tickled with the idea.

"Well, cheer up, Dick; sunflowers come back again, and so may Miss Jessie. I am going to see her next week, and I will tell her how thin you are growing."

"If you please, sah, and give her my duty."

And with his importance greatly enhanced, in his own eyes, by the alleged loss of flesh, Dick tugged away at his weeds with new spirit, while his master slowly returned to the house, reflecting somewhat uncomfortably on the possibility of Jessie's declining to return to Woodlawn. And the forebodings were in no wise diminished when, on the appointed day of the ensuing week, he drove over to Doctor Mayer's with full purpose to decide the vexing question.

"All away but Miss Berne, and she is in the little withdrawing-room back of the parlor," was the servant's reply to his inquiry.

"I will announce myself," he said, and immediately entered and crossed the spacious room to the *tête-à-tête* beyond.

Jessie, absorbed in her book, had scarcely noticed a sound till he stood at the door.

"Mr. Holme!"

The book slipped to the floor, and she rose

hastily, the first look of glad surprise changing to a shy, embarrassed air as he advanced toward her and took her hand.

"Mr. Holme! Mr. Holme! Is it always to be Mr. Holme, Jessie?" And the tone and glance sent Jessie's blue-veined eyelids sweeping over the eyes in a way that thrilled Allan Holme's heart with joyful hope. "And Woodlawn's fairy stole away like a mist or a dew-drop," he continued, softly, possessing himself of the other little hand. "Did I not plainly say that Woodlawn's master would be nothing without her?"

And he bent lovingly over the silent Jessie, who stood before him with crimson cheeks and drooping eyes, too shy and happy to move or speak.

"Will the Fairy come back? Come back and be mine—mine only?" he murmured, placing a shapely hand beneath the delicate chin, and, with gentle force, lifting the head till the eyes met his own. The next moment the little form was drawn close, close to his heart. "It is my Fairy, my darling, my wife!" he breathed in softest whispers over the rosy lips.

"So," exclaimed Doctor Mayer to the blushing Jessie, when Florence Wyvern's departure, and the demand for certain interesting preparations rendered it necessary to dissolve the late engagement, "so our daughter is to be housekeeper at Woodlawn? Humph! Better for Allan Holme than for Hallie Mayer and her husband, I'm inclined to think, my dear."

A conclusion not very dissimilar to John Cliff's at a later day.

THE DEATH OF THE DEW.

BY MAGGIE LUTE SULLIVAN BURKE.

AMID the tiny petals, once,

Of a fair and fragrant flower,
There chanced to fall a drop of dew
At the Cushat's vesper hour;

Where still at morn it sparkling lay,
Hidden in its fairy cell,
An elfin artist, adding light
Where erst did the shadows dwell.

But Sol a nomad sunbeam sent,
Peering out its oenomei;
The fragrant mead its life-blood proved,
Dewdrops sighed to earth, "Farewell!"
A sage caught up that fragrant sigh,
Sealed it in a chalice rare,
And stored among his precious things,
Sweets once wasted on the air.

Thus genius, in the poet's heart,
Adds but brightness to the flower;
'Tis grief distills the cryptic sweets,
Frees from earth his precious dower;
Like perfume sealed in flasks of gold
Gives, to man, prophetic thought,
Enshrined in choicest garb of speech,
Music's jewels through it wrought.

ACTING CHARADE. POLITICIAN.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

Characters.

ERASMUS EVERGREEN, a meek old gentleman.
POLLY EVERGREEN, his strong-minded sister.
BERTHA EVERGREEN, his young and lovely daughter.
ROBERT MORRIS, M. C., from Tarrytown.
HARRY MORRIS, his son, a young artist.
NETTIE, Miss EVERGREEN's servant.
JOHN, MR. EVERGREEN's servant.

SCENE I.—POLLY.

SCENE.—A handsomely-furnished drawing-room. Curtain rises, discovering MR. EVERGREEN and MR. MORRIS playing chess, BERTHA seated before an open piano, and HARRY standing beside her.

Bertha. But, surely, you like instrumental music?

Harry. Oh, yes! Still, there is no music so sweet to my ears as a clear voice singing my favorite airs. I do not care, I confess, for much of the show-off piano playing of the day, but I could listen forever to my favorite ballads well sung.

Mr. Morris. Checkmate again, old friend!

Mr. Evergreen. Tut! tut! I must be out of practice.

Enter JOHN, with a letter.

John. (Handing letter to MR. EVERGREEN.) A letter for you, sir. [Exit JOHN.]

Bertha. But some of the opera airs are quite suited to drawing-room performances.

Mr. Evergreen. (Reading letter.) Oh, dear! Oh, dear me! (Groans.) Oh, this is dreadful!

Bertha. (Running towards him.) Dear papa, what is the matter? Are you ill!

Mr. Evergreen. Oh, my dear child! what are we to do?

Mr. Morris. What can be the matter?

Bertha. Papa, you frighten me! What is it?

Mr. Evergreen. (Gasping.) Polly! Polly is coming!

Bertha. (With an expression of horror.) Not here?

Mr. Evergreen. Here! To-night! Now! She will be here as soon as the letter! Oh, dear, dear!

Harry. (To MR. MORRIS.) Who is Polly?

Mr. Morris. Mr. Evergreen's sister. Wait till you see her, and you will not wonder at his dismay.

Bertha. Well, as there is no hope for it, we must make the best of it. I will see at once about her rooms. [Exit BERTHA.]

Mr. Morris. Come, come, friend, do not look so blue. Perhaps Polly has improved.

Mr. Evergreen. (Wiping his face.) She is coming here to Washington to use her personal influence in favor of the sixteenth amendment. Oh, dear, dear! I've half a mind to break up

at once, and buy a house in—in—in any place where they never heard of woman suffrage.

Polly. (Behind the scenes.) Here, take my trunk up stairs! It is all you great lazy men are fit for.

Enter POLLY, dressed in a short walking dress, a high hat, high-heeled boots, a jacket, with a masculine cut, black necktie, and gauntlet gloves, and carrying an umbrella and leather satchel.

Mr. Evergreen. Oh, dear, dear, here she is!

Polly. Good-evening, gentlemen! Well, brother Erasmus, how are you? Where is Bertha?

Mr. Evergreen. (Feebly.) She has gone to see about your room. You—you took us a little by surprise.

Polly. Surprise! That's a nice, manly notion. You've no business ever to be surprised. Nothing can surprise me.

Mr. Evergreen. Well, I mean your visit was a little unexpected.

Polly. Humph! It is time somebody was surprised by unexpected movements. I've come to Washington to wake up Congress.

Mr. Morris. Gracious! (To POLLY.) Good-evening, Miss Evergreen!

Polly. Well, well, you're here, are you? Member from Tarrytown! Why didn't you come home and go to Congress from your native town? If there is anything I do hate, it is a carpet-bag man.

Mr. Morris. (Laughing.) We won't quarrel about that. Allow me to introduce my son Harry.

Polly. I've heard of him. Going to marry Bertha.

Harry. I hope for that happiness.

Polly. Idiot!

Harry. Madam!

Polly. You needn't flare up. I say she is an idiot. Any girl is an idiot that goes voluntarily into the slavery of married life, and submits to the tyranny of a great, brutal man.

Harry. (Angrily.) You are pleased to be sarcastic.

Polly. I speak truth. I, a champion of my sex, confront the lion in his den, and tell you to your face any girl is an idiot to marry as our unjust, unwise, foolish, tyrannical (raises her voice at each adjective), brutal, oppressive laws now stand! Don't talk to me, young man! Don't talk to me!

Harry. (Aside.) I've no desire to do so, I am sure.

Mr. Morris. And you have come to wake up Congress, Miss Evergreen? Are we asleep?

Polly. Snoring!

Mr. Evergreen. Mercy on me, Polly, don't be vulgar!

Polly. I say again, asleep and snoring? Why don't you do something? Why don't you let us do it, if you won't? Why are not women in Congress? That's what I want to know.

We would show you how to govern the country as it should be governed. Let *me* have a voice in the Senate, and you will see a revolution in public affairs—yes, sir, a revolution! Down-trodden women will then stand upon an equal footing with the oppressors who have for so long walked iron-shod over their bowed heads.

Enter BERTHA.

Bertha. (Aside.) There she is! In the middle of a stump speech, I know by the way she flourishes her umbrella. *(Aloud.)* Good-evening, Aunt Mary!

Polly. Don't call me Mary, you poor, deceived girl! My name is Polly. Polly I have lived; Polly I will die.

Mr. Morris. She wants Polly on her tombstone.

Polly. And so you are going to add one more to the crushed victims of matrimony?

Bertha. Really, Aunt Polly, that is an odd way to congratulate me.

Polly. Congratulate you! Congratulate you! Would you expect congratulations if you were going to a prison?

Bertha. Certainly not.

Polly. Would you wish congratulations if you were just to be sold into slavery?

Bertha. Hardly.

Polly. Would you expect congratulations if you were going to the gallows, going to misery, want, bondage, tyranny?

Bertha. I would not.

Polly. And you ask for congratulations because you are to be married?

Harry. (To BERTHA.) Are you alarmed, Bertha?

Bertha. Not seriously.

Polly. No. Warning is wasted upon the victims of delusion. You will take this man's name?

Harry. So she has promised.

Polly. If I ever marry, which the kind fates forbid, my husband shall take my name, or he won't take *me*.

Bertha. What! Polly?

Polly. Evergreen. Why hav'n't I as good a right to retain my own name as he has? That's what I want to know. Why shouldn't he become Mr. Evergreen, as well as I become Mrs. Smith, Jones, or Brown? What business has any man to expect me to give up my personal identity, resign an old and honored cognomen, and call myself by a new title because I happen to be his wife? Preposterous folly! Wait till I am in Congress, and I'd have all that settled as quick as winking.

Mr. Morris. Do you think you can get a two-thirds vote on that?

Polly. I'll have a whole vote on it when women are in Congress, and you are in your proper place.

Mr. Morris. Our proper place! Pray, where is that?

Polly. Outside, if we are in.

Harry. I should hope so.

Mr. Evergreen. Have you had supper, Polly?

Polly. No.

Bertha. I have ordered John to take it to your room, Aunt Polly. Shall I show you the way?

Polly. I'm rather tired, so I will go and rest. Have me wakened at five, Bertha, for I have yet ten pages to add to my speech on the sixteenth amendment, which I mean to read before the Senate.

Harry. It may take time to get permission.

Polly. Permission! I'll have it printed and left at all their doors, if they won't hear it. I'll waylay them on the streets, and howl it into their ears. I'll publish it in all the newspapers. I'll lecture in every city in the Union. I'm not to be put down, young man.

Mr. Evergreen. (Feebly.) Dear, dear, I'm stunned! My head feels like a cotton mill. Polly, dear, do rest a little!

Polly. Rest! That's just like a man. You will rest, and let the country go to ruin. You rest, while your family is starving. Rest!

Bertha. Come, auntie, your supper will be cold.

Polly. Let it cool. I will read you the first pages of my speech, and if you think Congress can hear *that* unmoved, I am mistaken. *(Takes papers from her bag.)* This will wake them up. This will show them that the day for trampling on our sex is over. This will convince them that a revolution is at hand, that will end in the downfall of the insolent sex that has so long had supreme control. This—*(All clap their hands to their ears.)*

[Curtain falls.]

SCENE II.—TITIAN.

SCENE.—*Same as before. Upon a table is propped up a small painting, very dark and confused. Curtain rises, discovering JOHN and NETTIE examining picture.*

John. I can't make it out at all. Is that a tree, Nettie?

Nettie. A tree! Well, you must be blind. That's a horse. See, here's his head, and here's his—why, no, that ain't a foot, that's a—a—it's a bird, that's what it is.

John. And this one is a man, a man with a Panama hat on.

Nettie. Stupid! That's a barn.

John. Just to think, Nettie, of the old gentleman giving more for that little picture than would buy us a cosy little house, all furnished, and leave something to go to market with on the end of that. Why, I wouldn't give the old thing house room.

Nettie. But, John, it was painted by somebody that died long, long ago, and all his pictures are worth a pile of money.

John. What are they good for, tell me that? They are so old you can't tell the birds from the horses, and the men from the barns. I like a picture that's all red, and blue, and yellow, and has water, and trees, and cows all like life. Bah! I wouldn't give two cents for an old daub like that. It looks like the fire-board of a particularly smoky chimney.

Nettie. Well, I can't stand looking at it any longer. I've got to copy out Miss Polly's address to the "Women of America."

John. Europe, Asia, and Africa. She's a stunner!

Nettie. You'd say so after she boxed your ears once.

John. I'd like to see a woman box my ears.

[*Exit JOHN.*]

Nettie. I guess he would see it if he got Miss Polly mad at him once. [*Exit NETTIE.*]

Harry. (*Behind the scenes.*) I am quite sure it is an original.

Enter HARRY, MR. EVERGREEN, and BERTHA.

Bertha. It may be a very wonderful painting, but to be candid, Harry, I cannot make out a single figure in it. It is all a confused mass.

Mr. Evergreen. But, my dear, think of its age.

Bertha. I hope, for the credit of the family, I shall not hang it upside down.

Harry. I shall ask the privilege of copying it, Mr. Evergreen. It is not often we young artists can find a Titian.

Mr. Evergreen. Certainly, certainly, Harry; copy it, by all means.

Bertha. I'll tell you how to do it.

Harry. Well?

Bertha. Spread all your dirtiest browns, blacks, and blues on a canvass with a trowel, smoke it well, and frame it in the most worn-out, miserable old frame you can find; put it in an old curiosity shop, and charge a few thousand dollars for it, as a genuine, original, not-to-be-disputed Titian.

Harry. You are too severe. The picture might be cleaned, by careful, competent hands.

Bertha. I'll let Nettie scrub it with a brush and hot soap-suds.

Mr. Evergreen. Oh, my dear!

Bertha. You darling papa, I won't let anybody touch it.

Enter POLLY.

Polly. Well, that fool killer hasn't been round here lately, that's certain. Where's that wonderful old daub that my precious brother has been buying?

Mr. Evergreen. Here it is, Polly,

Polly. Humph! What is it?

Mr. Evergreen. It's a Titian, Polly. A very valuable acquisition to my small picture gallery.

Polly. (*Looking at painting.*) But what is it?

Harry. A Titian.

Polly. Bother your Titian! Is it a landscape, or a portrait, or what on earth is it?

Harry. I—I think it is a sacred subject—a group from the New Testament.

Bertha. Oh, no, Harry! It is certainly a landscape.

Mr. Evergreen. I think it is a mythological subject.

Polly. Well, upon my word, brother Erasmus, you must be in your dotage. How much did you give for this precious daub, that you can't see if your life depended upon it, much less describe?

Mr. Evergreen. Three thousand dollars, Polly.

Polly. What! Three thousand dollars for that, when you told me yesterday you couldn't afford to give me a paltry hundred dollars towards starting our new magazine, the *Female Emancipator*.

Bertha. I think, Aunt Polly, papa did not say he could not afford it, but that he was not interested in the object.

Polly. Humph!

Harry. And, Miss Polly, this is merely a safe investment of spare capital. A Titian will always command its full value.

Polly. Well, I should think the full value of that daub would be covered by a three cent piece.

Mr. Evergreen. O Polly!

Polly. I wouldn't give one copy of the *Female Emancipator* for a cart load of such trash. If you have money to throw away, brother Erasmus, you had better be trying to help your oppressed, suffering sister.

Mr. Evergreen. Bless me, Polly! Who is oppressing you?

Polly. Mankind generally! Men! You are all oppressors! You are all tyrants!

Harry. (*To BERTHA.*) Oh, don't, don't wind her up again. She is worse than cats on a roof.

Bertha. Come, Aunt Polly, have you finished your speech?

Polly. Lecture! Do understand what you are talking about, Bertha. I *must* finish that, so I'll leave you to admire your precious picture. [*Exit POLLY.*]

Bertha. There, Harry, are you satisfied?

Harry. You have my everlasting gratitude. Now, Mr. Evergreen, shall we hang the picture?

Bertha. Don't hang it upside down.

Harry. I'll take care of that.

Mr. Evergreen. (*Taking up the picture.*) I have a place for it in a good light, and I am sure, Harry, I feel deeply indebted to you for procuring for my collection of paintings so great a treasure as my precious Titian.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.—POLITICIAN.

SCENE.—MR. MORRIS' office. MR. MORRIS seated at a large table covered with papers.

Mr. Morris. There! (*Puts papers in envelope.*) That's off my mind. I wonder what my constituents think I am made of? Steel springs and India-rubber would not stand the wear and tear of a Congressman's life. I'm all worn out, and I've no doubt there are fifty people waiting this minute to see me.

Enter HARRY, BERTHA, MR. EVERGREEN, and POLLY.

Harry. Not ready to start, father? Do you forget this is the day you promised to take Bertha through the Capitol?

Mr. Morris. Dear me! I did forget it. Take seats, while I get my hat and coat.

Harry. Go up the back stairs. There are a hundred people waiting to see you in the drawing-room. [*Exit MR. MORRIS.*]

Bertha. I'm glad you do not mean to be a politician, Harry. I think it must be dreadful to have every moment of time so taken up as your father has.

Polly. You've no more spirit than a mouse, Bertha. Why don't you look forward to the time when you will be a politician *yourself*?

Bertha. Horrible! It would be bad enough to be the wife of a public man. I'm sure I have no ambition to govern anything but my household.

Polly. Bah! When women are politicians, you will not find them dodging down back stairs to shirk their duties. No; we will face our responsibilities!

Mr. Evergreen. Why, my dear, a man must have a little time to call his own.

Polly. Let him stay at home, then, and call it all his own. A man who undertakes to be a political leader should have nothing of his own. That's my idea of public spirit. When I am in Congress, I shall have my house thrown open all day; and during the hours I am not in my seat in the house, no petitioner shall be denied an interview. I will redress all wrongs. Bribery will never influence me. And women, then, will have those rights for which they are now so fiercely struggling. Back stairs! I will not have any back stairs!

Harry. I wouldn't! I wouldn't have any house! I'd live in an office, never eat, drink, or sleep till the end of woman was accomplished, and the miserable men reduced to their proper state of abject submission!

Mr. Evergreen. Why, bless me, Harry! Are you a convert to Woman's Rights?

Bertha. Why, papa, don't you know I am to vote next election?

Mr. Evergreen. Dear! dear!

Harry. Certainly!

Polly. Give me your hand, Harry Morris. You are a man of sense. Bertha, my dear, are

you aware of the great responsibility that will rest upon your shoulders?

Harry. (*Pathetically.*) Think of my responsibilities.

Mr. Evergreen. Yours?

Harry. Certainly! Won't I have to cook the dinners? Won't I have to trim Bertha's hair? Won't I have to darn my own socks and mend stockings? Won't I have to train the Biddies, Sukies, and Sallies? Won't I have to clear up the parlors? Won't I have to make all the calls, do all the gossiping, find out all about the neighbors, and tell all I find out?

Bertha. It is really delightful to find you so well informed on the subject of your future duties, Harry.

Mr. Evergreen. Do you know yours as well, Bertha?

Bertha. The duties of a feminine politician! I am afraid Aunt Polly will have to give me a course of lessons, while you, papa, can teach Harry the stocking darning and hat trimming.

Mr. Evergreen. I think, my dear, I am too old to learn these new tricks.

Polly. Too old! Bless my heart, brother Erasmus! how old are you? You are younger than I am, this blessed minute, and I expect to live to see a woman in the President's chair, women in Congress, women in Legislature, women in Colleges, women in—

Harry. The army and navy. Women to put in our coal, women to drive our hacks, women to split our wood, women to build our houses, women to man our ships—woman our ships, I mean—women to make our boots—

Bertha. And dear, darling little men to mend our socks, men to make our bonnets, men to run our sewing machines.

Polly. You may be as sarcastic as you please, but there is one thing certain, women will be as good politicians as ever were men.

Harry. And, by the way, where is father? Surely he is not all this time getting a coat and hat. [*Exit HARRY.*]

Mr. Evergreen. It is getting late. I hope he shall not be too late to hear—

Polly. Bah! I hear some man blunder through some stupid speech about another man's virtue and fitness for some office he can no more do than a mouse can catch rats.

Enter HARRY.

Harry. If we are going to the Capitol to-day we must not wait for father. He is the center of a group of constituents, every one of whom is pulling him a different way, every one having a different bill to push, without which the country will be irretrievably ruined and lost. He is promising one thing, evading another, steering round another, and dodging another, till I should think his head would burst.

Mr. Evergreen. Poor man!

Harry. Poor man, indeed! Bertha, you see

all the public business of the family, for I
d rather be a boot-black than a politician.

[*Curtain falls.*]

ROSE LEAVES.—NO. 2.

BY JOHN B. REID.

LIKE wool the snowflakes gently fall—
The elder-down of Northern skies—
Soft as the sunlight on the eyes,
Or moonbeam on the silver wall;
So gently falls upon the heart
The memory of life's early morn,
Like perfume of the fragrant thorn,
Blending as one, long years apart.

Away to thee, my native land!
My fancy flies, far o'er the wave,
Where Atlas's billows foaming lave
A rock-bound cold and sterile strand;
But there I learned the lore of love,
How hearts to hearts responsive beat,
How eyes look into eyes as sweet,
So kind and gentle as the dove!

And there I sang my earliest song,
And knelt beside my mother's knee,
When she was all the world to me,
And life and hope were bright and young;
A tear is stealing o'er my cheek
For her who lies so lone and cold,
Whose heart more precious was than gold,
Whose love no word of mine can speak.

Return again, oh, days of youth!
And wake to life the slumbering dead;
Restore to me the years that's fled,
When life and love were pure as truth,
And let me be a boy again,
With heart light as the mountain bee,
And gather flow'rets from the lea,
Or heather blossoms from the glen.

Ah, no! No more to me return
The friends I loved in days of old;
Like shadows on the hazy world
I see them flit at dewy morn;
The violet blooms upon their breasts,
Where silver dew in silence falls,
And memory only now recalls
Like pleasing dreams those moments blest.

The spring may come with freshening showers,
And wake to life the frozen heath;
And summer, with her balmy breath,
Array in bloom the vernal flowers;
But they who sleep the dreamless sleep
Shall hear no more the voice of morn,
Nor summer's song, by zephyrs borne,
Can wake them from their slumber deep.

EVERY base occupation makes one sharp in
its practice, and dull in every other.—*Sir Philip*
Sidney.

THE slave of pleasure soon sinks into a kind
of voluptuous dotage. Intoxicated with present
delights, and careless of everything else, his
days and his nights glide away in luxury or
vice, and he has no care but to keep thought
away, for thought is troublesome to him who
lives without his own approbation.—*Johnson.*

A MASQUERADE.

BY ALMA.

"MORTON, I have some idea of getting mar-
ried," said my friend, Charlie Spencer, as we
sat alone one evening on the cool piazza in
front of my "bachelor's hall."

"You will never cease to regret it," I re-
plied.

"What is the cause of this cherished preju-
dice against woman?" he inquired.

"I will tell you, though I never thought I
could bring myself to speak of it, so humiliat-
ing is the tale. On the seventh of October,
186-, Mrs. Frank Talbot's drawing-rooms pre-
sented a scene of gayety that could not have
failed to satisfy any devotees of pleasure found
within her walls. There were kings and
queens, knights and ladies, pretty little peas-
ants, whose picturesque costumes bespoke
them from the mountains of Tyrol, but who
were strangely wanting in the foreign accent.
In one corner stood a young Quakeress, hold-
ing an animated conversation with a gray-
haired monk; in another the Dawn of Morning
and Goddess of Liberty were endeavoring to
outrival each other in the good graces of a
dashing young fop of the sixteenth century.
To my right stood Jeannette and Jeannot; to
my left Red-Riding-Hood, forgetful of cheese,
cake, and grandma, was lingering to flirt with
a bashful minstrel, whose faltering tongue
failed to express the sentiments of admiration
she inspired within him. As I stood silently
observing the scene, and vainly endeavoring
to discover one beloved form among the masked
figures around me, a low, musical voice broke
upon my ear, and, turning hastily around, I
found myself confronting a queenly-looking
nun.

"I beg pardon for interrupting your reverie,
monsieur," she said, in French, "but the mes-
sage I bear will procure my forgiveness.
Miriam Courtney, the Queen of Night, to whom
your soul pays willing homage, has arrived,
and requests your attendance."

"She paused, and I gazed at her in blank
amazement. Who was she? How did she
become possessed of a secret I had never whis-
pered to my dearest friend—no, not even to
the object of my passion, although my actions
must have given her reason to suppose I was
not indifferent to her? I ran over the com-
plete list of my lady acquaintances, and, as far
as my knowledge extended, not one of them
could speak French. Puzzled, perplexed, I
nevertheless, after a moment's hesitation, re-
solved to test her knowledge of myself by
assuming a nonchalant air, and carelessly ob-
served that she must be mistaken in regard to
my identity, as I could not claim the honor
of an acquaintance with the Queen of Night,
and I was about to add, in an insinuating tone:

'I desire no lovelier queen to whom to pay my homage than she who stands before me,' when she interrupted the complimentary speech by pointing to the open door, and exclaiming:—

"See, there she comes!"

"Involuntarily I glanced in the direction indicated, but a group of fairies, with gauze-like wings and floating drapery, intercepted my view, but a moment, however. They suddenly parted to the right and left, revealing a young girl, whose starry dress and glittering crescent proclaimed her, indeed, queen of the night. One glance was sufficient to convince me that I was gazing upon my beautiful Miriam; and, even had I doubted it for a moment, a glimpse which I caught (as she unconsciously raised her hand to her brow) of a pearl bracelet I had frequently seen her wear would have been proof conclusive. I turned to address my companion; she had disappeared. In vain did I search for her through the crowded rooms. I did not, however, lose sight of Miriam. While I still pondered on the words of the nun, she entered a small conservatory opening into the garden, whither I followed her. I had purchased an exquisite bouquet in the early part of the evening, and now presented it to her, saying:—

"Will your royal highness deign to accept from the most humble of your slaves this token of his respect and esteem?"

"Thank you!" she said, in a strangely affected tone.

"Ah!" thought I, 'she imagines that I have not recognized her.' After a moment's hesitation, as though she feared her voice might betray her, she continued:—

"I fear these flowers were not originally intended for me. I noticed you in close conversation with a bewitching nun a short time ago, and, judging by your manner, supposed you to be offering this same bouquet to her."

"You are mistaken," I replied, with a secret feeling of triumph, for I thought I detected a tinge of jealousy in her words. "The flowers were bought expressly for you."

"Ah, indeed!" she said, in a gratified manner. "I perceive you are a faithful and loyal subject, and must reward you according to the forms of royalty, by creating you a knight of"—

"Pardon me, dear lady," I interrupted, 'not only for declining the kind offer, but also for aspiring so far above it. I must confess, however, that I can accept no post beneath the dignity of the king himself, and this is the honor,' I added, in a lower tone, 'I must earnestly entreat you to bestow upon me.'

"Am I to understand that you desire me to resign my crown in your favor? Truly, your presumption is unsurpassed in the annals of history."

"No, you mistake me," I returned. "It is not the value of the crown I seek, but the possession of the queen who wears it."

"At this juncture several couples, heated and fatigued by the dance, strolled into the conservatory, which had hitherto been empty save ourselves."

"May I beg your majesty to step out into the garden," I said, offering my arm. "The night is beautiful, and your royal sister, high in the heavens, is impatiently awaiting your coming."

"She took the offered support, and we stepped out into the open air."

"Oh, how enchanting!" she observed. "This soft, hazy moonlight throws a charm over everything; softening all defects, heightening all beauties. Does it not remind you of an exquisite dream?"

"Truly it does," I replied, 'for I cannot realize the fact that I am so fortunate as to enjoy the pleasure of walking and conversing with you alone.'

"I see that you are well versed in the art of flattery, sir."

"On the contrary, I know not what you call flattery, and desire nothing so much as to give you some convincing evidence of my sincerity."

"Since such is the case," she returned, 'prove your words by unmasking.'

"I instantly loosened and flung aside the domino that had concealed my features, saying, as I did so:—

"Since you desire it, I obey, though it is wholly unnecessary, as you must have recognized my voice when I first addressed you, as I have yours, although you have taken such pains to disguise it."

"The only reply to this was a half-smothered laugh."

"I led her to a small arbor in the centre of the garden. We sat down on the rude bench. I passed my arm around her waist, and took her hand. She made no resistance; on the contrary, I felt certain she returned the gentle pressure I gave it. I drew her head down on my breast, as I said:—

"Will you not return the favor, and unmask also?"

"I will do you a greater favor by refusing to," she answered.

"What do you mean?" I inquired. "Pity the impatience of an ardent lover, who never dared to hope before this evening that his passion was reciprocated."

"I fear the passion would vanish should I disclose my features."

"Jest no longer, my beloved Miriam. Let me see your charming face," I entreated.

"Are you willing to risk the consequences?" she inquired, gayly.

"Certainly," I replied. "I fear no evil," but scarcely had the words escaped my lips, when I found reason to repent them.

"She rose from the bench beside me while affecting to loosen her mask, when, alas! alas!

the next moment the glittering dress and expansive crinoline fell to the ground, and out of the feminine apparel sprang Miriam Courtney's young brother, Harry, whom I had always detested for his practical jokes and consummate impudence, and who returned my dislike with compound interest. We stood gazing at each other for a moment, he shaking with convulsive laughter; and, as I turned on my heel, and hastily left the garden, peal after peal of merriment arose on the silent night air, and jarred on my senses long after I had turned the corner that concealed both house and garden from my view.

"I see it all now," I said to myself, deeply humiliated. "The mysterious nun was no other than Miriam herself. Coquette that she is, I did not consider her capable of playing so despicable a trick. She and her brother planned the affair between themselves. Tired of my attentions, she took the surest, as well as the most insulting, method of dismissing me. No doubt, they will entertain their friends with the story, and by to-morrow noon it will be circulated all over town." This thought decided me. I left in the early train the following morning, without bidding one of my friends farewell. I have never shown my face there since, and shun all women, romance, and sentiment as I would a vial of poison."

FLOWERS OF JUNE.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

In the sunshine, bright and golden,
This glowing, fair June day,
'Mid the cool walks of the garden,
I take my rosy way;
The birds sing in the tree-tops
A merry morning lay.

And the noiseless, unseen angels,
The angels of the air,
Are with snowy pinions rocking
The blossoms, sweet and fair,
And they make the morning fragrant
With perfumes, soft and rare.

Here the queen of all the flowers,
The crimson-hearted rose,
Her lavish bloom, and fragrance,
And subtle beauty shows;
Upon her bosom cradled
A dewdrop jewel glows.

And, bathed in the morning sunlight,
The pink's bright tassel sways;
The bee, 'mid the smooth, fringed petals,
In search of sweetness strays;
Dear pinks, your perfume brings me
Thoughts of past summer days.

Here are golden-hearted pansies,
With tender, violet eyes,
And lilies of creamy whiteness
O'er graceful stems arise;
Oh, the fairest of all earth's flowers
Bloom beneath blue, June skies!

THE GRACE OF PUNCTUALITY.

THE golden grain fields, which give us the food by which we live, and without which we could not exist at all, are of one value, and lush spring flower banks, which give us beauty only, are of another; but both are of value, if differing in degree and unequal in amount. And so may moral qualities, like everything else in the world, be divided into the absolute and the relative, the necessary and the adjunctive—those which nourish the soul and by which humanity lives, and those which delight the æsthetic sense and by which society is beautified. For even virtues have their gradations, their relative merits, their position in the scale *ad valorem*; and it is a waste of mental force to try and live as if they were all of equal moment. Though, mark! all are necessary parts of the great tessellated pavement we call human life. Naturally then, following the metaphor, the virtues which are aptest to be lost are, not the great corner-stones, not the large centre pieces, but the small filling-in bits, the little edgings and trimmings and pretty adornments, the adjuncts without which the great Mosaic will be, perhaps, as serviceable and as nobly planned, but not so perfect, not so lovely. And of these pleasant little side bits we would speak of in especial to-day—the grace of punctuality—not quite a serious virtue, only a grace; yet, in its effects, sometimes more important than the working of either a serious virtue or a positive vice.

One very noticeable difference between well-bred and under-bred people is in their observance of this same grace. To be sure, there is a painful punctuality which is not the mark of good breeding—that terrible exactness seen generally in the case of a social inferior unused to the liberal margin of elastic engagements; and who, nervous lest he should fail in his dutiful respect if he takes five minutes where he is expected to meander within the limits of an hour, is sure to come blundering in at the earliest moment named, and long before he is expected or prepared for. If you have said, vaguely, "Come between five and six," meaning midway at the soonest, your elated, uncomfortable, humble friend is sure to be at your door exactly as the clock is on the stroke of five, having, perhaps, had to kill a superfluous five minutes, during which time he has been wandering in by-streets, comparing his watch by all the clocks in the neighborhood, and growing frantic towards the last lest he should be late after all. But this kind of thing is not a fault, though sometimes embarrassing, and always causing a world of unnecessary torture to the poor creature concerned; it is only a want of *savoir faire*, which a little familiarity would remedy; and the exaggeration of a conscientious desire to do right, which is better than indifference. Less than this excessive

punctuality, then, comes the grand distinction we spoke of between under-bred and well-bred people. With the under-bred you are never sure. Not from excess of business, but from obtuseness of feeling, is it that they take no account of your time. Any one may pardon a laggard who has been kept by absolutely sudden and important affairs, even though the keeping is greatly to one's own despite, and throws all one's arrangements out of gear; but what is unpardonable is that callous kind of forgetfulness not at all uncommon with certain people, that rude indifference to your feelings and his own obligations, which is one of the essentials of vulgarity—that coarse unpunctuality which does not even feign to be out of breath or sorry when it comes trailing in an hour behind time, and which, when reproached, has no good excuse to give. By the way, however, very few excuses are good. "The train was late." Where you have no choice of trains, and have a sufficiently long way to go to make you dependent on that one train and on no other, the excuse may stand. And as for all the cut-and-dried excuses of "tired cab-horses"—fluff and feathers!—not worth a groat half a hundred of them! "A tired cab horse, that went on three legs, and carried the fourth?" Well, were there no other cabs to be hailed on your way? Was it impossible to stop your old crawler, choose a smarter man and a swifter steed, and trust the saving of your grace to a sounder quartet of legs, all of which would go with none halting? No, do not try to soften your own offence by laying the blame on your poor old cab horse; accept it rather gallantly, and cry *peccati* with the best countenance you can command, for you and none other have been to blame. "People came in and hindered you?" Then, having the gift of speech, was it impossible for you to tell them of your impending engagement, and—as tenderly, as gingerly as you like, but distinctly, nevertheless—ask them to go out again and leave you free for your own affairs? Besides, you were in the wrong to let them come in at all at such a moment. If you had left yourself only time enough to prepare and get under weigh, you should have put up your barricades and have retreated, hermetically sealed and impregnable, within them. In fact, there was your appointment, and here is your watch; and you *can* have no good reason to show why you have not made the two things agree—why you could not have so ordered your day that they should have fitted in without a break. It is simply because your day has been unordered that the gap has come—because you have been a bad arranger and a careless calculator, and have not put your intellect into maintaining that grace of punctuality without which you are a poor miserable body, with, as one might say, only two left hands that can never pull a thing straight between them.

How often we find in a family one who seems born to be the lag-last of the rest—one who is ever unready and behindhand, and who cannot be spurred into punctuality by chidings, sarcasms, nay, nor even by coaxings—perhaps more potent on the whole than either. Say it is Florry or Nelly, Lizzie or Cissy; there she is, beginning to look for her boots, which are not to be found, while the others are waiting for her in the hall, ready dressed and fuming at her non-appearance. Or suppose they are going to a ball, she and her maid are fighting with her rebellious chignon when the carriage is at the door, and her sisters are standing shivering on the stairs, saying to each other, "Where is Florry? I wish she would make haste! What a time she has been in dressing!" In vain papa assumes an awful aspect and threatens to go without her; in vain mamma overwhelms her with reproaches as she appears with her wreath awry, her bracelets unclasped, flying ends of ribbon untied, inner frills showing where none should be, and that unmistakable, indescribable look of being half-dressed—pitchforked, rather than dressed—which is the Nemesis of a hurried toilet, and its betrayer. In vain her sisters try to screen her from the parental displeasure, grumbling at her all the while under their breath, and declaring they will never do it again, and this is the last time, etc. etc.; and all in vain the lesson of unhappiness and confusion and flurry, and the sensation of being less trim and lovely than she might have been had she clutched at that wonder-working Forelock, which one might think would perhaps have sunk deepest of all; in vain her lessons from Alpha to Omega! The next time finds her, as all other times have found her, unprepared; and Florry, by some fatal perversity of circumstance—of course, never by her own fault, poor self-excusing culprit!—is again the family lag-last, putting every one out of temper, throwing everything out of order, and the incorrigible object of universal displeasure and rebuke.

There are houses which are just like so many chronological rag-bags, where nothing is ever done in time, and no two days are ordered alike; where the whole principle of construction seems to be a system of misfit—gaps here, and overlaps there; where really it would seem that some amount of ingenuity had been required to make everything go so marvellously awry. It needed only so little arrangement to get all smooth and in order! There was time enough for everything, and no hurry needed, if only just the beginning had been put right. But, by the unpunctuality of the first hour's work, all the rest were thrown out; and in an unpunctual house the sin is not only in the first but in all subsequent hours; so that it comes to be a cumulative kind of thing, self-multiplying, and with additions into the bargain, till the end of the day is simply chaos.

Such houses as these are so many pitfalls for friends. You build on the engagement made at such a time with them, and think your foundations secure enough to bear your superstructure. Perhaps you are a busy person whose hours are fully occupied, and it was only by some difficulty you managed to squeeze in that engagement just where your business was somewhat compressible, and you could, with a certain amount of cost and sacrifice to yourself, add this superfluous weight to your burden. Having done so, the whole remainder had to be readjusted, dependent on your friend's engagement. When you come to test the roofing of your pitfall, you find its worthlessness. Your unpunctual friend fails his appointed time, and you are let through into a den of confusion and disorder, whence you emerge again only at positive and serious loss. Every one who is busy in his life, and punctual for his own part, knows what a terrible infliction it is to have to do with the unpunctual, and how absolutely disastrous they are. For what can you do? You have to arrange as if the engagement would be kept, and kept to time; you have not so many superfluous moments at your command as to be able to give an elastic margin; you have to build upon your shaky foundation as if it was a floor of eternal granite; and when the confusion comes, you, and you alone, have to suffer; for your unpunctual people, like other chartered libertines—like idiots and drunkards, etc.—appear to have a special providence told off for them, and, if they do not always fall on their feet, at least escape the broken shins of their more rigid neighbors.

Well, then, we are not going beyond the mark when we say that the grace of punctuality is a thing to be encouraged as a first-class virtue of the minor sort—a thing that makes life both easier and more valuable, and that gives weight and dignity, not to speak of stability, to human affairs. And not only punctuality in keeping appointments, which is but one of the series, but punctuality in all things—punctuality in answering letters, in paying debts, in returning loans, in doing work; punctuality in all matters of business, from the smallest to the largest, as, indeed, one of the religious observances of business; and punctuality in all matters of pleasure, as the very core and backbone of pleasure, without which it becomes only the mockery of pleasure and the reality of displeasure; punctuality in the details of domestic life, unless you prefer to pass your days in a chronological rag-bag; punctuality in all matters of social life, unless you are calous to angry looks, sarcastic speeches, and unfriendly thoughts; punctuality in all things—"order" being "Heaven's first law," and its translation into human affairs one of the very corner-stones on which society is founded, and the temple of civilization built. We may be sure of one thing: a character for unpunctuality

nullifies half our usefulness, and obscures more than half our good qualities; while the converse, a character for steady reliability, a character known to be penetrated with the grace of punctuality, gives the force of almost genius to very mediocre abilities, and, like charity, covers a multitude of sins which else would flame out in harsh and pronounced coloring.

"ONLY AN OLD MAID."

BY J. GUILLAUME LA ROE, JR.

"SHE's only an old maid!"

I heard this exclamation from a miss of sixteen in reference to her oldest sister. What a crime, to be sure! Ah! Miss Sixteen, who knows what your fate will be? You do not give your sister credit for being once as young and lively as you are at the present moment. Yet she was; and they had more sense, too, in "those days." Who knows of the romance which her old desk might tell? Yet you wouldn't believe it to look at her now, Miss Sixteen. You are young yet, and it may be that your romance may end in a tragedy. If so, what kind of an old maid, think you, will *you* make? If you grow up with your present ideas, the world will never be benefited by your existence. You'll be only one of an army of cross-grained women who believe it a sin to die an old maid, and yet must, of necessity. After all, Miss Sixteen, it may have been your lot to see this last variety of old maids. You are to be pitied if such is the case. With our experience we can, perchance, tell of nobler lives than you, in your youth, have ever seen.

What a kind, patient old soul Aunt Katie has been to our family! Patient at all times, her life was noble indeed. What a pity you didn't know her, Miss Sixteen! Your ideas would be entirely changed. You would, perhaps, love her, as we did in our boyhood, and as we do now in our manhood. But then you are young, and, it may be, with years you'll gather sense and experience. We do not despair of you altogether when we consider the extravagant ideas belonging to youth. It only wants a few serious thoughts on your side, with a determination to do good, whatever may be your destiny. Cultivate your tongue, lest it may be said of you, as you have said of others in your thoughtless youth: "She is only an old maid."

ARGUMENT in company is generally the worst sort of conversation, and in books the worst sort of reading.

WE may be content to be ignorant of other people's thoughts, but it will not do to be ignorant of our own, and yet too many of us are so.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY F. THOMAS.

THE forest-crowned bluffs, whose bases are washed by the miniature waves of the Mississippi, are not the least of the many charms that please the tourist of this flowing valley. One of the most beautiful of these bluffs is the site of a city called—we'll say Dalton. All the business houses are situated at the bottom of a hill, which terminates, perhaps, a half-mile or less from the pebbly beach of the river. The top of the bluff is taken up chiefly by the homes of business men and men of leisure, of whom there are so many in a western country, just ceasing to be new. These are all cottage homes, with their porches, and Gothic windows, and lovely little front gardens separated from the wooden sidewalks by the plain but neat wooden fences, and adorned often with the mountain-ash, glowing with its crimson berries. In the centre of this abode of beauty, and in the centre of a large grove of native oaks, there is a college, from whose windows and balconies one may overlook the bustling city below, the world-renowned river, winding through its changing course, and the rising and darkened bluffs on the opposite side.

Not many years ago—for the college itself is not old—three young men arrived from an eastern city, on the second of July, not more than a week after the closing of the term, and the commencement of the summer vacation. It was their intention to study during the months of July and August, and to enter with greater dignity than usually belongs to the ingress of Freshmen. The name of the eldest was Edwin Gregory; of the youngest, George Clinton; and of the other, with whom we are principally concerned, Fred. Armstrong. In appearance, the latter was prepossessing, though, I suppose, not absolutely handsome; of medium height, with an intelligent, earnest look; of almost morbid sensitiveness, and not yet having had contact with the world, sufficient to neutralize his constitutional diffidence. As is always the case at such seasons, the college boarding-house was almost deserted, not more than a half-dozen students remaining. The matron, Mrs. Walker, usually received a few outside boarders during the vacation, in order to relieve the monotony of loneliness, for she was a social, good-hearted soul, a friend of the students, and not averse to a moderate amount of their noise, or to the overflowing of their animal spirits, provided it was not excessive. This season, three ladies presented themselves. They were all unmarried, but not *old* maids. One, a successful music teacher, who sought just such seclusion and relaxation as she thought might be obtained at this place; another, an invalid, under the care of an eminent physician; and the third, from a village about

twenty miles distant, whose object was the study of music with the peculiar advantages which Dalton furnished—Miss Taylor, Edith Howard, and Allie Joy. These ladies arrived two weeks after the gentlemen. The reader must form his own conception of these personages, except that of Miss Howard, without any words of description from us. She was of medium height, graceful, and possessed of much womanly dignity. Evidently she had not escaped all the thorns which interrupt the continuous enjoyment of life's journey, but the trials had purified, and destroyed much that would otherwise mar. The noble and spiritual had unfolded and developed. The calmness of her countenance marked the reign of inward peace, and the sweet fragrance of a noble life attended her ever-wished-for presence. Only now and then would the shade of a hidden, but transient, sadness trouble the wonted tranquility of her expression. Such she was, a true woman, when introduced to the aforementioned gentlemen. Boarding together, of course they met at every meal. Gregory, Clinton, and Armstrong, however, strong in the determination of new students, had resolved that nothing should interrupt their unqualified devotion to their studies, and had made up their minds that nothing but a complete withdrawal from the influence of the ladies' charms, could save them from entanglement therein. When they heard Mr. Smith, one of the remaining collegians, inquiring for "Longfellow" and "Mrs. Hemans," their curiosity was a little excited, especially since Smith was an exceedingly practical man, who would rather, under ordinary circumstances, read *The Nation*, or some work on "Political Economy," than the most beautiful poem ever published. Their curiosity was gratified, and their suspicions verified, when they saw him carry chairs into the densest shadows of the grove during the heat of the day, or linger long on the vine-encircled porch after tea—and not alone. Before long, he was obliged to leave. Quietly, and almost unconsciously to themselves, our friends glided into his place.

A week passed on. The stoical gentlemen did not start so abruptly for their rooms. The social intercourse of the table was thawing the ice in which they had encased their still susceptible hearts. They, too, lingered on the porch in the evening, and often now until the deepening twilight, like a curtain, had fallen before all without. Like seeks like, and the chains of electric affinity soon bound together the most congenial souls. Mr. Gregory was delighted with the ready repartee of Miss Taylor; Mr. Clinton with the dark eyes and youthfulness of Allie Joy; and Mr. Armstrong saw, admired, and respected the nobility that characterized every look and motion of Edith Howard. The lingering diffidence of Mr. Armstrong enabled him to be the most faithful of

the three to the vows together formed. Except for the following circumstance, this story would never have been written. A concert was to be given in town. Gregory and Clinton thought it would be pleasant to take the ladies, and proposed as much to Armstrong. He, after some persuasion, consented, and invited Miss Howard, who, with much grace, accepted. The moon had just risen when the performance was over. It was one of those lovely nights when one feels loth to remove himself from the influence of the cool breeze fanning the cheek, and from without the sight and sound of the gentle swaying and rustling of the leaves, for the oppressive heat within. Delighted with the prospect, Mr. Armstrong remarked:—

"Wouldn't you like to have the ride continued, Miss Howard, before we return?"

"It is really too pleasant to go in-doors. Suppose we do go on a little further."

And so they went. Circumstances were favorable. The barrier of reserve was broken down. They told much of the history of their lives. She of a brother whose memory she loved, who had been her only confidant and friend, but, who was now no more. Her story, told with so much earnestness and feeling, touched Mr. Armstrong. He knew her affectionate nature was yearning for sympathy and love. He said:—

"Miss Howard, I have a sister who is as dear to me as your brother was to you. Many miles separate us, and I am deprived of all that her impulsive, loving nature conferred. I cannot fill the place of your brother, but let me try. Let me call you sister."

Mr. Armstrong was still quite a stranger, but the frankness and open honesty of his countenance, and the tremor of his voice, forbade any suspicion of insincerity. An essential condition of her being seemed about to be supplied. She placed her hand in his, and said, in a low, sweet voice:—

"Thank you, brother."

Thus begun, they soon ceased to regard each other as strangers, and every conversation deepened their affection and familiarity. The little porch was a favorite seat for all, and this, when darkness compelled them to abandon the evening game of croquet, was the accustomed resort of the three inseparable couples. Sitting here one evening, the dew began to fall, and Miss Howard removed her chair from its close proximity to Mr. Armstrong, and placed it just inside the door. To explain her conduct, she tore a fragment of paper from a letter, and wrote: "Brother, I love to sit by you, but I am afraid I shall take cold." This little note he kept, and this little note is not the only one that he kept as a memento of that memorable summer.

The modern system of supplying houses with water from a public reservoir had not yet been introduced at Dalton, and so every house de-

rived its necessary supply from wells. Many "old oaken" and "iron-bound buckets" were still performing their unwearying task. Passing by the college well one evening, Miss Howard asked:—

"Is there any water drawn, Mr. Armstrong?"

"Mr. Armstrong! Who is he?"

"Why, you, of course."

"Did your brother allow you to call him Mr. Howard?"

"Fred."

"Would you like some, Edith?"

"If you please."

No event, however trifling, fails of exerting some influence, and this did not.

Mr. Armstrong had gone with the other gentlemen to the post-office. On returning, the latter went immediately to their rooms; but he, having a letter for Miss Howard, sought her. She was sitting under a tree, with downcast eyes, so silent and still, and yet looking so beautiful, that, for a while, he could not approach her. He stepped up to her, took both of her hands in his, and said:—

"Sister, dear, I am going to make you happy. I have a letter for you."

She looked up. She had been weeping, and the bright tears still glistened in her eyes.

In a manly, but sympathetic, manner he asked: "What is it, Edith?"

"Oh! it's all over now. 'Twas only a passing thought. Let me see the letter, please."

He gave her the letter, sat down beside her, and intently watched her now brightening countenance. She folded up the letter, put it away, and, in a confiding manner, said:—

"You are a good brother to bring me such a good letter. It is from my sister, in St. Paul. I have been stopping with her, you know, for the last three years, and she wants me to return and remain with her again, until, at least, I am entirely well."

"I am glad, Edie, if I have made you happy; but tell me what made you unhappy. You haven't told me all yet. Can you trust me?"

Her eyes were again suffused. She again looked down, and a glow, detracting nothing from her beauty, kindled upon her cheek.

"You wouldn't care to know. I have told you all but this. No; I shall forget some day. You could not help me."

"Have I ever helped you, Edith?"

"Oh, yes! More than I can tell you. But this sorrow no human sympathy can alleviate or expel."

She knew of a friend whose love was greater than a brother's, whose sympathy was as much purer than man's as the divine is purer than the human. Of Him she thought, and, as she thought, she felt His spirit breathed over the tumultuous waves that raged within her breast, and the calm and peace, which only a consciousness of His presence can give, were there.

With radiant face, she looked up; with eager joy, she thanked him for his proffered aid. He did not press his question, but she did not fail to appreciate the motives which induced him to ask her confidence. From that moment she loved him, but not as a sister loves a brother.

Croquet, and walks, and rides, and pleasant talks hastened the flight of the swiftly-passing summer days. The first of September came, bringing with it a number of discontented collegians—for who was ever glad to commence a year's campaign against Butler, analytics, and a host of other philosophical, mathematical, or scientific enemies, the memories of home, of friends, and of those dearer than friends still fresh and unrestrained? The ladies must leave, though, no doubt, the students themselves would have rejoiced in their prolonged sojourn. Allie Joy, to the regret of Mr. Clinton, and Miss Taylor, to Mr. Gregory's great sorrow, returned to their respective homes. Edith must still continue under the care of her chosen physician. While riding one evening after tea, she declared her plans to Mr. Armstrong.

"Don't you think, Fred, every one was placed in the world for some specific purpose?"

"Certainly, I do."

"I am not accomplishing anything."

"Yes, you are, Edie, if you will allow me to contradict. It is your present business to get well, and, I think, if you are faithful to your good doctor's directions, this object will soon be obtained."

"Well, what shall I do when I am entirely restored?"

"Be faithful to the position in which you find yourself. If you have a home, make it happy. If you are with strangers, it would not be living in vain to make them happy also."

"But I have an influence."

"A very, very great influence, Edith, dear."

"And I must use it. Wherever I have come in contact with children, I have won their love, and have been successful in the management of them. Your affection for me may lead you to object to the plan I am about to propose, but you will respect me more if I carry it out, and your good sense will second my determination."

"That remains to be seen. Tell me quickly. I have no curiosity—gentlemen never have, you know—but I am eager to hear."

"I have engaged myself as teacher in the Orphans' Institute, which we have passed so often in our rides. I will have forty scholars, boys and girls, all small. I can give them almost their first positive impressions of truth. I can still be under Doctor Watson's care, and I will be living for a purpose."

"And you never told me of all this?"

"Would it not have been as I stated?"

"But, Edith, who ever heard of an invalid

teaching? Why, I can think of nothing requiring more physical strength, of nothing so destructive of nervous energy."

"Doctor Watson has promised to watch very closely, and, as soon as he perceives any signs of increased illness, to warn me. I know experimentally of the difficulties you mention. My sister will oppose me, but I shall try it at any rate. Don't discourage me, please. I need all the encouragement you can give."

"You are noble, Edith. May God prosper you!"

"Thank you! You'll come and see me often?"

"With pleasure, if you'll let me. In the meantime, you must write, as any good sister would do."

"I leave to-morrow, and will send you a note as soon as I get settled."

The morrow came; the parting came. She passed to her work, and he to his; but many a time during that season, the type of all things earthly, they wandered together through the beautiful groves in the neighborhood of the institute. Many a time they admired together the changing, dying, fallen leaves of the forest, and in the deepening twilight watched the glowing sunset, brilliant at first, but passing, changing into the cold gray and darkness of night. Edith was older than Fred, and she saw the steady expansion of his intellectual power, and the constant development of his innate manliness. With a woman's intuition, she perceived the auspicious rays, the heralds of a bright future. Were she a man, with a man's privileges, there is no doubt that the great and noble conceptions that made the sympathetic pulsations of her heart almost painful would have found expression to the good of mankind.

Another summer came, but each passed this vacation at home. They frequently corresponded; Mr. Armstrong always recognizing the relation assumed at the commencement of their acquaintance, Edith seemed to have forgotten it. This was a cause of much anxiety to Fred, and he sincerely hoped his suspicions were incorrect. In the fall both returned to Dalton. At the first opportunity, Mr. Armstrong found his way to the institute, and early enough to see the closing exercises of Edith's school. They pleased him. The perfect system, manifest throughout; the visible love and respect of the scholars for their teachers; the simple hymn, sung by forty childish voices; and, above all, their sincere devotion and earnest countenances, as Edith repeated a child's prayer, told that her influence was, indeed, very, very great. Immediately after the dismissal of the children, they started on their usual walk, and, of course, both had much to tell of their summer's experience. The shadows of night were extending when the brother and sister returned. After an interval of

silence, with a trembling heart, but in tones of assured joyfulness, Fred said:—

"Edith, is a declaration of love equivalent to an engagement?"

Her cheek flushed slightly, and her bright eyes brightened, as she replied: "State the circumstances of the case, and I can better give you an opinion."

"Well, I am telling you as a *brother*. It is a very great confidence. I cannot remember when I did not love Annie ——; but I never declared it, until a short time ago, when I wrote a letter expressing my feelings, and very boldly asking her if she loved me. Her reply contained the happy affirmative. Thus the matter stands."

The flush faded, the brightness died out. Externally that was all; but the light that had arisen in her heart, more than a year before, and had been steadily increasing in power, was suddenly withdrawn, and, for a second time, all was dark within. There was no tumult now, but despair, too deep for any expression, filled her disappointed heart. Calmly she said:—

"I congratulate you, *brother*. You must tell me all about her. I hope she's worthy."

"Am I worthy?" you should say. I will show you her photo the next time I come out, and you shall then see her beautiful character in her beautiful face. I love her, Edith, but better only than you. One thing troubles me. She is impulsive and demonstrative in her affection towards her lady friends, but there is little of it in her letters to me. I suppose I must attribute it to natural reserve, which personal intercourse will remove."

"Remember, Fred, that I have always freely expressed my love, much more than I ought to have done. Do not look for it from your Annie until, at least, there is greater intimacy."

At parting, she withdrew a little when Mr. Armstrong attempted to give the good-by kiss, saying:—

"No, Fred, *she* would not like it."

"Edith, you must be her sister, too. I claim the privilege as a brother. You mustn't refuse."

Oh, the loneliness of her little cottage that night! The clouds gathered thick without, and were heaped up thick within. The rain without might beat against the pane, and the winds might fiercely blow, but, together, they could not make the dreariness of her room more desolate. The struggle was long. The furnace through which she passed was heated sevenfold, but she came forth doubly purified.

He called soon again, this time with the picture and letters. The latter she read with much interest; the photograph she gazed at long and earnestly, and she liked it.

"When will it take place? Sha'n't I be present?" she playfully asked.

"Yes, on condition that you return the favor."

"Then, Fred, I shall never see you married. I have formed another plan, and told you nothing about it. I have tendered my services to the Board of Foreign Missions; they have been accepted. Before I could see you again, I shall, perhaps, be on the ocean. This, Fred, is our last meeting on earth. Shall we meet above?"

He could say nothing. His emotion was too great. He regarded her almost with awe. Her words afterwards spoken, though full of awe, yet were marked with such genuine unselfishness, with such noble resolve and devotion to the Master, who now held all her heart, that she seemed more than human. That last parting! Few, indeed, have been sadder. One last kiss, one last pressure, and they separated, to traverse their now diverging paths.

Long did Edith sit by the open door, heeding not the deepening darkness and the increasing cold. Twice, now, had her loving nature, when a congenial soul seemed attached to her own, been plunged into an abyss of disappointment and sorrow, from which she was rescued only after much weeping, many vigils, and agonizing prayer. Twice had she loved, and twice was her love rejected. But the good God had a work, and this was means of preparation. Her love was meant for Himself, and He must have it. Two sorrows were needed. Two great trials of the Good Man's sympathy, and of His conscious loving presence, were needed before she could give Him all. None less than He was worthy of her. Patiently in His work she labors, waiting until that day, the pay-day of her trust, when He shall take her to Himself. The Lord loveth whom He chasteneth.

Not a little of her noble spirit she left with Fred. He is happy now. With his wife he reads the letters of Edith, written in her foreign home, and little Edith listens with wide-open eyes, her infantile admiration not less than that of her parents. When they meet again hereafter, it will be as brother and sister.

GAYETY.—There are two kinds of gayety; the one arises from want of heart, being touched by no pity, sympathizing with no pain, even of its own causing; it shines and glitters like a frostbound river in the gleaming sun. The other springs from excess of heart—that is, from a heart overflowing with kindness towards all men and all things; and, suffering under no superadded grief, it is light from the happiness which it causes, from the happiness which it sees. This may be compared to the same river, sparkling and smiling under the sun of summer, and running on to give fertility and increase to all within, and even to many beyond, its reach.

PONDROUS PAPERS—NO. 5.

THE cars took us over a rather level country, with no great beauty about it. Redwood City was the biggest town we went past, and San Miguel the funniest little place I ever did see. It had only ten or a dozen houses in it, little, teeny, taunty houses they were, 'bout as big as a bedroom ought to be. Most of them was in a row up the centre of a sloping hillside. The whole hill was cultivated, and ev'ry little ways round it was a gravel walk much as six feet wide. I couldn't think what they had so many walks for, and all of 'em so wide, and I was jest thinkin' whether or not it might be a silk-worm plantation, when I heard a woman in the seat jest across the alley talking about San Francisco.

"Yes, it's a big city now," says she, "and they ask a big price for the land. Why, once I was offered all the land from Howard Street to Tahama for \$800. I didn't take it then; but five years afterwards I concluded I'd have it, and went down to buy it; but, only think, they asked \$40,000 for it then, and wouldn't no more tech my \$800 than nothin' in the world."

I thought to myself that she must have lived in some such out-of-the-way place as our farm durin' the five years she was a-makin' up her mind. I s'pose Mr. Twain would say she had a big mind, it took her so long to make it up. Any way, she seemed rather sorry it was so big, for she said if she had only made up her mind quick about it, she'd have been rich by this time.

When we got to Santa Clara, Mr. Sunbrite left us to the depo a few minits, while he went for his wagon. I was jest settlin' myself for a good view of things, when we heard his voice again:—

"Come, now, we'll be gittin' home now short meter. There's a bit of a hill to climb, but we'll 'git over it in about six hours. My ponies are fresh as dew; like to race, *they* would."

"Mr. Sunbrite, don't you think Californians have a dredful reckless way of talkin'?"

"I do so, Mrs. Pondrous, and I feel that sorry and that 'shamed of it I d' know what to do—at least, my wife feels that way about it," says he, tryin' to keep his one eye from twinklin'. "This is a nice little town to settle in," he continued. "See, there's the acadamy where my girls have been goin' to school. Speakin' of schools, Mrs. Pondrous, do you remember that spellin' school at the Pine Hill school-house? I must tell you how John and I had studied ('But, Mr. Sunb'—) day and night for weeks before the spellin' match come off; for John says to me, says he: 'Amos, less you and I study a little harder, and not let Janey Mason spell down ev'ry time; makes her so proud, and I'm 'shamed to sit down

and see ('But you've often told'—) that little thing spell so long afterwards.' So we buckled to, and spelled and put out to each other till we thought we was perfect. Wal, when the night come we three stood up some time after t'others were down; but at last we both mist a real easy word—treacle, I b'leve—and I expected John would ('I say, you've told me'—) be dredful mad, and so he appeared to be; for, when school was dismissed, he stood back by the winder alone, while all the rest was talkin' and laughin' 'round the stove. Pretty soon one of the girls said: 'Jane, don't you think John Pondrous is mad 'cause you spelt down?' 'No,' says you, 'I don't b'leve he is; I'm goin' to ask him.' So away you runs over to the winder, and says you: 'O John! you don't care 'bout my spellin' down, do you?' Then of a sudden he bends his head down to you, and says he: 'I'll tell you if ('There, *there*, I'—) you'll lemme see you home to-night.' 'Oh, that's it, is it—afraid she won't think so well of him if he can't spell down?' thinks I to myself. Wal, all the red went out of your cheeks for a second, and then come back all over your face, and says you"—

"There, there, *there*! I say, you've told me that story haff a dozen times. When I was first married, you was *always* tellin' it, seems to me."

"Sho, now! Wal, perhaps I did tell it once or twice, but it always did tickle me to think how quick John got over thinkin' you was proud."

I ain't proud of my spellin' now, any way. It was so many years I didn't write a word, that, now I'm writin' about my tower, I can't think how haff the words do go. I think, though, that they are kinder comin' to me, and I shouldn't wonder if I spelt real good bimeby.

We didn't go far from Santa Clara before we began to ascend the mountain, and it was the highest and windenest road I ever went over. Vermont and New Hampshire mountain roads don't begin with it. I can't begin to describe it, either, so I won't try. It was about five o'clock when we got to Mr. Sunbrite's home. His farm (he calls it ranch) wasn't very pleasant to look at, but his house was neat, and fences good, what there was of them. When we got pretty near, a little boy started out to meet us; but, when he saw three heads in the wagon, he run back to tell his mother, I guess, for she come out shortly and—well, there! I don't need to tell you how glad Millie and I was to see each other, or how we talked of old times all the evenin'; for I dare say you ain't acquainted with none of the Pine Hill folks, and don't want to hear about 'em. But I must say that Mr. Sunbrite and John talked full as fast as we did, for all they're men.

I was astonished to find Millie's children growd so. The two girls, Ellen and Bell, were as tall as their mother, and they flew round,

and got supper, and done up the chores, to let their mother visit with me. They seemed to take to me right away, and we got to be real good friends. In a day or two I noticed they was anxious about something or nother, talkin' to their mother and lookin' at me. At last she says to me :—

"My girls have been planin' to ask their father to take us down to Soquel Beach, and camp out awhile. This is the first of June, and the month has come in hot for this part of the country, and we might as well go now as any time, if you would like it. I've been tellin' 'em I think it is jest what you'd like most. They say it is as good as Newport, every bit."

"I should like it first rate. I always had an idee I should like to camp out," said I, and the girls didn't stop to hear no more, but run to ask their father. They came back again directly, rollin' up their sleeves ready to go to bakin', for he had said we would start the next day. The way those girls did work, roastin' chickens, frying doughnuts, makin' bread and cake, 'twould have done your heart good to see 'em.

Well, somethin' happened that we couldn't go the next day, after all. Bell was so disappointed she went into mischief with all her might. First, she put on Mr. Pondrous's hat, and come and stuck her head in at the door, jest so I could see the top of it, and says she, makin' her voice sound like John's :—

"Come out here a minit, Janey, I want'er speak to ye."

"Yes, John," says I, hoppin' up and trottin' out there, and there *she* was, a-laughin' under John's hat.

In the afternoon Ellen was layin' out things to be ready to carry next mornin', and she showed me a gray poplin dress that she was goin' to take to wear to meetin' at Soquel. I had put on a gray pongee gownd, jest to see if Millie would remember it as my freedom dress. Bell come along, and says she :—

"Your dress is most the color of Ellen's. Is it the fashern to have waist and sleeves made this way up where you live?"

"Yes, deary, I may say it is, bein' as I am the only woman there is very close to where I live. But I know you're makin' fun of me. Oh, you're so bad! I d'know what to do with you."

"No, I ain't makin' fun; I was jest thinkin' perhaps I'd like a dress made this way. I like queer things." And she patted it down behind and brushed the skirt, praising it, till I said, slyly :—

"Perhaps I'll conclude to give it to you, so you can wear it to church same time Ellen does her poplin."

This made her laugh, and she run away to get a story book to read at Soquel, declarin' that readin' and bathin' was the proper things

to do at a beach. In a minit Ellen come in to pack her things.

"Where is my Grecian bend? I thought I brought it down with my dress," says she.

"Your what?"

"My bows and ends, panyer, and so forth; perhaps I left 'em in the closet. No, I didn't; I remember bringin' them in with my dress. Where can they be?"

"Maybe they're under our shawls or somethin'," says I, gittin' up to help her find 'em.

We shook ev'rything, peeked in all the boxes, and under the sofy. While we was at it, Mr. Sunbrite, John, and a minister come in. Ellen didn't notice the minister, and when I turned toward the door, she was behind me, and shouted out :—

"O Mrs. Pondrous, you've got my Grecian bend on *yourself*!"

"Oh, law me! no I hain't; I hain't teched it," says I, turnin' myself round and lookin' myself over, while the minister stood still in the doorway, and Mr. Sunbrite doubled himself up with laughin'. "Why, 'tis on me, too; do take it off," I continued, with a queer guilty feelin', though I knew I wasn't to blame more 'n nothin' in the world. "It's Bell's work, I know 'tis. I wouldn't begin to tech it."

But still they laughed, and I caught a sound of Bell's smothered cackle outside the window, but directly I went after her, she run away, and I didn't hear no more from her till they was settin' the supper table. Then, as a gentleman rode up to the door, she beamed in upon me and whispered as loud as she could :—

"Ellen's beau has come, he has."

Ellen's face got very rosy at this, but I noticed she did not forget to put on an extra plate, and give her hair a brush when she went by the glass. When we come to the table, I was interduced to Mr. Fairhope.

We soon got to talkin' about our intended trip to the beach, and he said :—

"I should like to join your party, Mr. Sunbrite, and I think I can manage it, so give me an invitation."

"But we start to-morrow," said Ellen. "How can you go back to town and let your employer know, in time to join us?"

"Oh, I guess my boss won't make a fuss if I go without his leave."

"He will, and even if he wouldn't, it isn't right to"—

I don't know what else she was goin' to say, for Mr. Sunbrite gave her a frown that stopped, her short, and the subject was changed. But Mr. Fairhope was offended. After supper he stood round a little while, talkin' to the men, and then took his horse and rode away.

"There, Ellen, he is goin' over to see La Jenkins, you bet."

"O Bell, don't say 'you bet'; mama wouldn't like it."

"Well, I must express myself some way, for

what will papa say, miss?" And away she bounced out of the room.

"I am not goin' to care where he goes," says Ellen, with a forced little laugh. I held out both my hands to her, and she ran to me and cuddled down in my fat old arms, and told me all about it. "I did like him well, and father wanted me to marry him 'cause he has got some money. But he is not stiddy; plays billiards and cards; likes wine, champain, and tobacco; don't like to work only when he's a mind to, and I know 'tain't best; so I'm glad he's gone, without my sendin' him away."

"Yes, deary, I ruther guess it is all for the best, for if he don't try to break off bad habits now, they 'll be worse bime by."

"What 'll be worse, the weather?" cried Bell, rushin' in. "Here, Ellen, ma wants you. But, I say, isn't it jolly? Now there's a chance for Fritz Van Pohzenhoff. Go 'long to ma, Nell; I'm goin' to tell Mrs. Pondrous all about it. No, you needn't say a word; I will tell her."

So she chased her out of the room, then come back laughin', and settled herself comfortable. She tells a story jest like her father, and I knew when she once begun, I couldn't git a word in edgeways, if I wanted to ever so bad.

"You see, there's a Dutch widdower over the hill there. He lives in a little mite of a house, and he's took a fancy to Ellen. He raises fruit to sell, and he was always sendin' some over here, but we never thought nothin' till one day Ellen was goin' over to Mr. Jenkins' to a quiltin'. I went over first, so she was alone, and 'long comes Van Pohzenhoff in his wagon, sittin' on the boxes of fruit he was takin' to town. He stopped when he got 'long-side of Ellen, and said:—

"'Woon't you ride mit me, Mees Elleen?"

"'No, I thank you; it's only a little ways,' says she.

"'Ish you goin' to de ball, Mees Elleen?"

"'I think not. I don't think father and mother will go.'

"'Woot you go wid me af I shoot git a noice carriage and coome for you?"

"'Oh no, Mr. Van Pohzenhoff, I couldn't go possibly.'

"'O Mees Elleen, woot you marry wid me? Dat ish goot; I haf weesh to ask you. I lofes you; I woot like to marry wid you.'

"'No, no, I couldn't think of such a thing.' And away she budges, leavin' poor Fritz settin' disconsolate on his boxes, with hardly strength enough to start up his horses.

"After she got over her fright, the ridiculousness of it struck her, and, as soon as she could git out of his sight, she dropped down and laughed with all her might. I happened to look out the winder, see her sittin' there weavin' herself back and forth, and thought she must have the colic or somethin', so out I bounced and ran down to her.

"'What's the matter, Nell?' says I, slappin'

her on the back, for she was red in the face, and her buttons and hooks and eyes was bustin' off in ev'ry direction. 'What's the matter? Are you sick or crazy? I do b'leve you're laughin,' for the more I slapt her, the tickleder she got, so that she could not speak. At last she give herself a shake and stood up.

"'Van Pohzenhoff has been askin' me to marry wid him,' says she. And then she went off agin, laughin' as hard as you do now."

I don't know how 'tis, but I b'leve fat folks have a nack of laughin' harty, but she told the story so queer, I couldn't help it.

JANE PONDROUS.

TENNESSEE.

BY EMMA NASH.

OH! If you wish 'neath skies to be
Where flowers bloom eternally,
Where merry birds forever sing
Through perfumed days of golden spring;
Where summer, decked in garlands gay,
Goes tripping on her rosy way,
So full of joy, so full of bloom,
Intoxicated with perfume;
Where sweetly hums the busy bee—
Come to our smiling Tennessee!

Enchanting land, with women fair,
Soft moonlight, and rose-scented air,
And zephyrs sighing, soft and low,
Like music in continual flow;
Where summer stars, on quiet skies,
Throw burning glances from their eyes,
That almost make the Sybarite
Wish his love's eyes would shine as bright;
Where winter's moon, with silver ray,
Lights up the heavens into day.

Where the men are lion-hearted,
And their wisdom have imparted
To lovely women, mild and fair,
With eyes like stars, and radiant hair,
Of stately step and noble form,
As if for conquest they were born,
So full of grace, so full of love,
The antelope might wish to move,
With undulations light and free,
As the fair maids of Tennessee.

TRUST.

(From the *German of Rückert*.)

TRANSLATED BY AURORA S. NOX.

LOVE, could not these eyes of mine,
Moistened with the dew of tears,
More than flowers tell to thine
How my love appears?

Cannot thy most inner being,
When thy soul doth clearly wake,
Rout mysterious dream-clouds, fleeing
When thou weapons take?

Love, oh, not in pleasure seeming
Trust! but trust in me!
More than flowers, more than dreaming,
Trust I, dearest, ever in thee!

WORK DEPARTMENT.

HINTS ON DRESSMAKING.

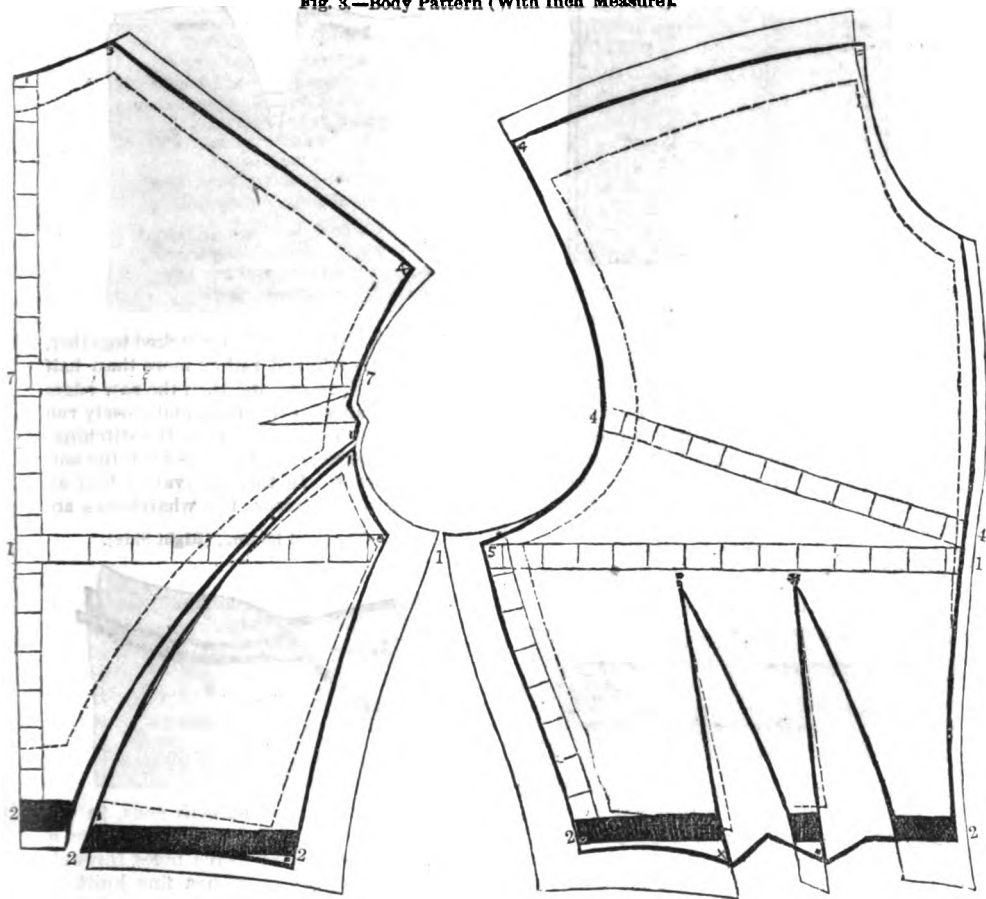
It may be useful to some of our readers, and more particularly to those abroad, who, for want of available assistance, may occasionally be obliged to make their own dresses, to have few directions given them as to the proper manner of doing this, and more particularly how the body of a dress should be put together.

Figs. 1 and 2.—Taking the Measure (Front and Back View). See *Second Side Extension Sheet*.

As taking the measure plays an important part in the fabrication of the different articles of dress, and requires not only great attention,

ance of a second person. For taking the different proportions, the common inch measuring tape is made use of, which, as shown in Figs. 1 and 2, is placed in certain prescribed lines over the figure, and the results obtained carefully noted down. It is necessary that the person to be measured should assume an upright but natural and unconstrained position, and, in order to take the different lengths correctly, it is desirable that a waistband or ribbon should be worn round the waist. It is also to be observed, in noting down the measurements, that the entire *lengths* are always to be given, whilst the *widths* are only taken from the half. The order in

Fig. 3.—Body Pattern (With Inch Measure).



but also the observance of certain rules, we will endeavor, with the aid of the illustrations Figs. 1 and 2, to make our readers acquainted with the latter. Of course, in this part of the undertaking, it will be necessary to obtain the assist-

which the measures are to be taken is as follows (the numbers will be found to correspond with those on the figures): (1) The size of the middle of the body, (2) size round the waist, (3) length of body at the side, (4) width across

the chest, (5) length to the waist in front, (6) size round the neck, (7) width of back, (8) length of back, (9) length from shoulder to waist, (10) size of armhole, (11 *a-c*) measure of arm, (12 *a-c*) length of skirt. In order to obtain the size of the middle of the body (1), which is the most important, the tape measure must be brought from the middle of the back, straight under the arm, over the fullest part of the chest to the centre of the front, and the result noted down. It is necessary here, as throughout the measurement generally, to take care that the tape should be neither too tightly strained nor too loosely held. The size of waist is obtained (2) by drawing the inch meas-

Fig. 4.—Body Seam.



ure tightly over the waistband, and in taking down the measurement, if the waist is wished to be tight, half an inch or three-quarters of an inch less may be allowed. The length of the waist (3) is taken by placing the measure in the manner shown in Fig. 2, close under the arm, and bringing it down in a perpendicular direction to the lower edge of the waistband. Any extra length required, as, for instance, for tabs, basques, etc., must be measured from the band downwards, and separately noted. Continue the measurements in this way, according to the distinct sketch given in Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 5.—Fitting the Whalebones.



It may be observed that, in taking the width of the chest (4), the tape should not be at all tightened; also, that in measuring the arm for the sleeve, three lengths should be taken—that of the inside of the arm when stretched out (see 11*a* in Fig. 2), the length of the outside with the elbow bent (11*b*), and that from the elbow to the wrist (11*c* in the same figure). The length of the skirt should also be taken in three places, as shown in Figs. 1 and 2; straight down the front from the band, at the side, and at the middle of the back.

Fig. 3. Body Pattern—Shows the manner in which the above measures are applied to a cut-out body pattern. 1, 1, 1, combined, should correspond with the measure of the middle of the body; 2, 2, 2, 2, with the size of the waist; 4, with the width across the chest; 7, with the width of the back; and so on. If at any time it is wished to adapt any of the paper patterns given with the *LADY'S BOOK* to suit any particular figure, the measures written down should be compared with the pattern, placing the measuring tape as shown in Fig. 3, and the pattern taken in or enlarged at different places as may appear to be requisite.

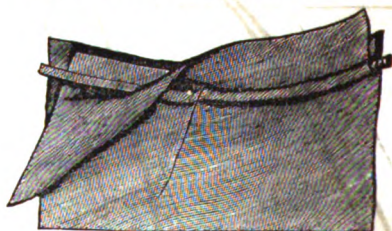
Figs. 4, 5, and 6. Body Seams.—The seams of the body may be done in two ways; the one most commonly adopted is shown at Fig. 4.

Fig. 6.—Body Seam.



The different parts after being tacked together, are first neatly stitched rather more than half an inch from the edge, and then the raw edges turned in against each other, and closely run together about half an inch from the stitching; and this, of course, does not appear on the outside of the work. In this interval of half an inch between the seams, the whalebones are

Fig. 7.—The Cord Edging, (Right Side).

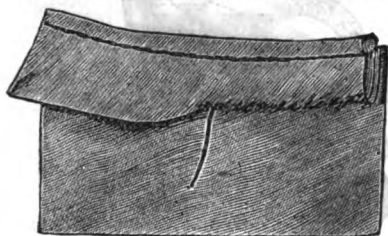


pushed in and fastened at both ends, in the manner shown at Fig. 5, for which purpose it is of course necessary to pierce holes through them with a stiletto, or with a fine knitting needle made hot. The side pieces are joined to the front in the manner described above, but in the seam shaping the back the edge of the material is turned down and stitched on the right side. The other way of doing the body seams is seen at Fig. 6; it is somewhat more tedious, but very much neater. The

edges of the lining and outside are turned down against each other to the depth of a quarter of an inch, and then joined together in the manner shown in the illustration, by which it will be seen that the needle is to be put through only three of the four folds of the material each time, and that, as in a sewed seam, a very small and always an equal portion of the outer one is to be taken on the needle. The outer edge of the material projects, something like a cord edging, beyond the inner side, and the seam has the advantage both of greater strength and neatness.

Figs. 7 and 7a. The Cord Edging.—The strip of material for the cord edging, which is generally put round the neck, armholes, and along the lower edge of the body, must always be cut on the cross, and has a bobbin or small cord laid in it, as seen at Fig. 7. It is next to be put on the body on the right side, by backstitching closely along the cord, as in Fig. 7, in such a manner that the edge of the strip should pro-

Fig. 7a.—The Cord Edging (Wrong Side).



ject about half an inch beyond the body itself; then turn the work over and fell down the projecting edge to the inside of the body, as shown in Fig. 7a, but in doing this, be careful that the stitches are taken through the lining only.

SMOKING CAP: EMBROIDERY AND APPLIQUE.

FIG. 1 shows the cap in a reduced size. The crown should be worked on black or colored

Fig. 1.



velvet, the same as that on which the border is worked. The portion of the embroidery

given in Fig. 2 is in the full size. The band will mostly be needed twenty-two or twenty-three inches long, and should be about double the depth of the design.

The applique parts should be of fine cloth. They are fastened on at the edges with a fine braid, sewn across at regular intervals, with silk stitches. A silk braid of the same color as

Fig. 2.



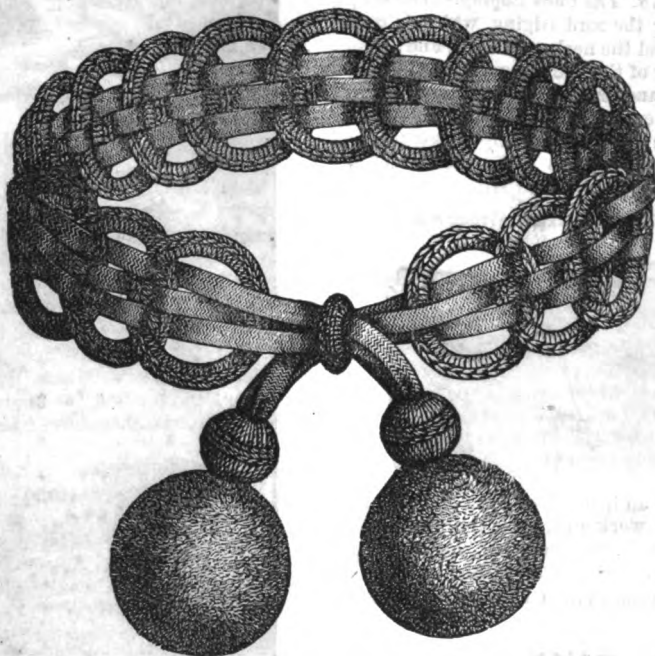
the applique should be sewn with stitches of the same color as the braid at the edge is sewn with. The little waved lines may be of cord or fine braid, sewn over with silk of a contrasting color.

The upper edge of the band is gathered into the crown, and the cap is lined with silk. The

taste of the wearer should determine the colors chosen. The cap would look very rich worked in gold and brown silk on a brown velvet ground. On a black ground, Oriental colors might be used; on a blue ground, white and silver would be very beautiful.

DOG'S COLLAR.

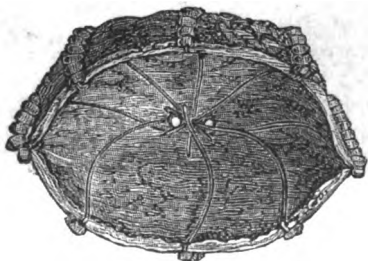
THIS collar consists of a number of brass rings, covered with scarlet wool in crochet. These rings are placed over each other, and held together by three rows of scarlet worsted



braid, placed through them. The ends are finished with scarlet woollen balls.

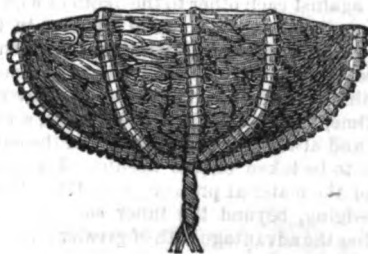
EMERY CUSHION IN A WALNUT-SHELL.

Fig. 1.



THIS is a very pretty emery cushion, and may be made with half a walnut-shell scraped out carefully with a knife, and varnished out-

Fig. 2.



side to give it a polish. Begin by making two holes at the bottom of the shell, then take four pieces of wire nine inches long, and bend these double; string on to each wire five large round steel beads, and twenty smaller ones at each

Fig. 3.



side of the same. Twist the wire together, as shown in Fig. 3, and pass the two ends of each doubled wire through a long steel bead. Now thread on to each of the eight wires a number

of small steel beads, and draw them up to the edge of the shell, taking care to place them at regular intervals; bend the wires over the edge, and press them firmly down on the inside of the shell. For the second row of beads belonging to the stand, take four wires five inches long; on to each of these thread six small steel beads, and, having pushed them to the middle of the wire, wind it once round the foot wire

Fig. 4.



between the first and second, and between the fourth and fifth large beads, then thread seven more small beads on each end of the wire, and draw it through two large beads, into which string also the wire of the adjacent foot. Pass all the eight ends through the long bead, and four of them into each of the two holes of the



Trimming of braid or cord.

shell, where they should be firmly pressed down. Now glue into the shell an emery cushion, made to fit, and covered with purple velvet and a bead fringe.

TRIMMING OF BRAID OR CORD.

THIS little trimming, which is suitable for heading flounces or trimming children's dresses, may be made at small cost and with very little

trouble. Stout silk or thread, the color of the braid, is required. The design is very easy to copy.

SPOOL BASKET.

THIS basket, for spools of cotton, is covered with a crochet covering of green purse silk and steel beads; at the upper edge sew on a net of green silk; two green ribbon strings are drawn crosswise through the top of the net, so as to fasten the same. The basket is ornamented with a ruche of green satin ribbon. Cut first a round piece of card-board, measuring seven and one-fifth inches across; all round the edge make openings two inches long, at intervals of one and one-fifth of an inch. Turn the thus-formed lappets upwards, and sew them on to one another along the edges, which must overlap each other three-tenths of an inch. The bottom of the thus-formed basket is covered on the outside with green cashmere; fasten three large black buttons for the feet. The inside of the basket is covered with green silk. The covering of the border of the basket on the outside is worked in ribbed crochet stitch with green purse silk and steel beads, in the following manner: Thread several skeins of steel beads on the silk, make with the latter a foundation chain of thirty stitches, and work in rows backwards and forwards till the strip is long enough to go round the upper part of the basket. In every other row of the strip push



up alternately one steel bead in the next three stitches, and then leave three stitches without beads; the bead stitches must be alternated in the course of the work. Lastly, work together on the wrong side the stitches of the last row with those of the foundation chain. At the lower edge of the basket work long slanting bead stitches, imitating a cord. At the upper edge ornament the basket with a ruche of green satin ribbon, one inch wide, the sewing-on of

which is covered by a row of beads, imitating a cord. Then sew on the green silk net, five inches deep, worked in slanting netting, as can be seen on illustration.

KNIFE AND FORK CASE.

THIS is a very useful case for keeping knives and forks that are not in use, and when there

Fig. 1.



is no box for the purpose, It is made of brown holland, lined with green baize. The bands

WATCH-HOLDER WITH ORIENTAL EMBROIDERY.

Materials.—Red Cashmere; sarcenet to match; wadding; blue, green, brown, yellow, black, and white purse silk; fine gold cord; a red silk cord, fourteen inches long, with tassels at the ends.

THE frame consists of three bronze bars, five inches long and half an inch in circumference, joined together at the top, wound round with a red cord and tassels. The middle bar is fastened with a watch-hook. If, instead of bronze, a wood or cane bar should be used in preserving the weight, a smooth leaden ball may be fastened at the under end for a foot. Inside of the bars, an inch distant from the foot end, the cup is fastened with a bronze edge for the trinkets and the watch-chain, embroidered inside on Cashmere, as shown in full-size illustration, covered outside with red sarcenet, and lined with wadding. According to our model of the embroidery (Fig. 2), the middle star is is

Fig. 2.

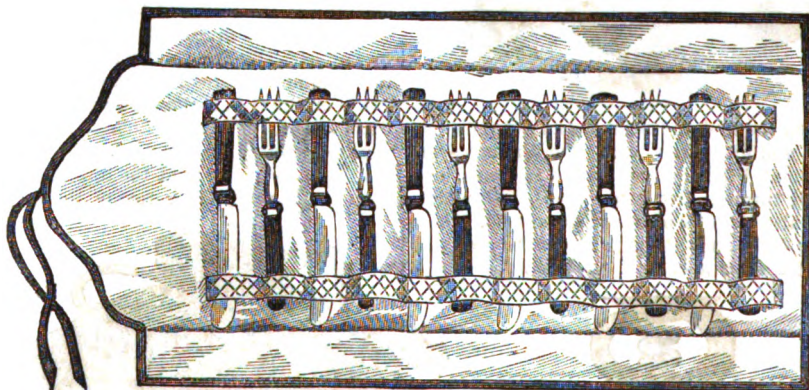
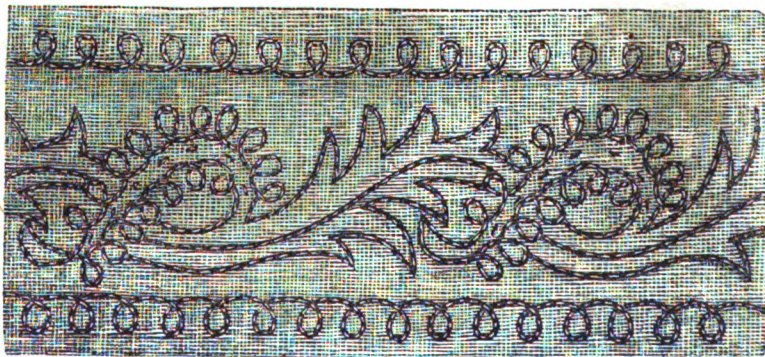


Fig. 3.



that support them are of holland, decorated with a row of herring-bone stitches in green wool. The border on the outside (given full working size in Fig. 3) is worked in chain stitch with green wool.

ornamented with a gold cross and separate gold stars, each star itself being worked in black and gold embroidery. The adjoining leaves and narrow square patterns are blue, enlivened with red. The separate stars be-

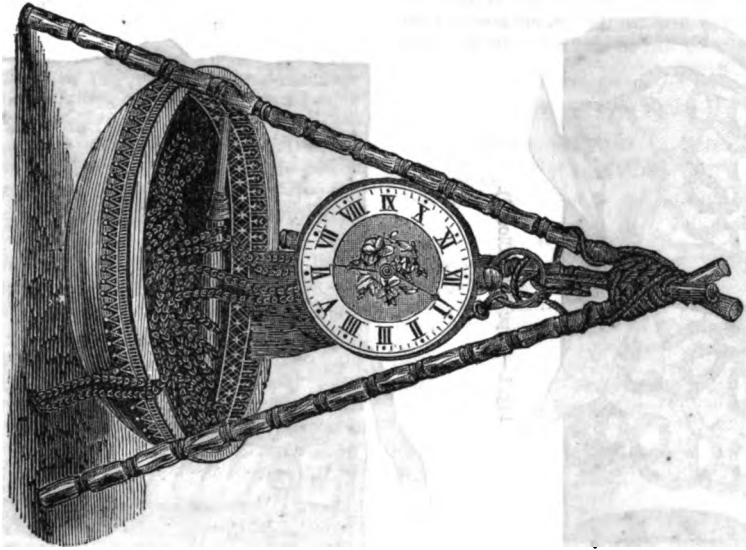


Fig. 1—Watch-stand.

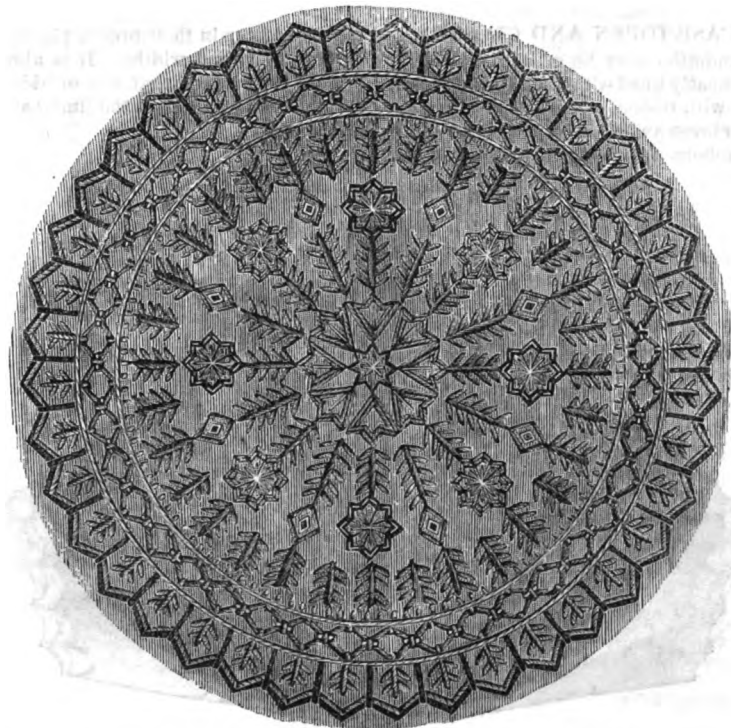


Fig. 2—Embroidery for Watch-stand.

tween the squares are alternately white and black, enlivened with gold inside. The leaves of these several kinds, which have all brown veins, are worked in yellow and green, whereas those of the outer scallops are entirely white.

The outer scallops are worked with black

and yellow silk. The blue square-like pattern of the border is stitched over with yellow stitches, and has an edge of gold cord along the sides, fastened with black cross stitches. Blue loose stitches complete the border.

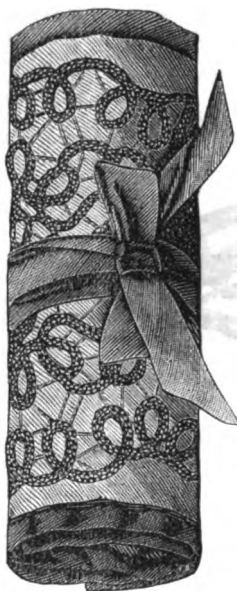


Fig. 1.—Tape Case (Closed).

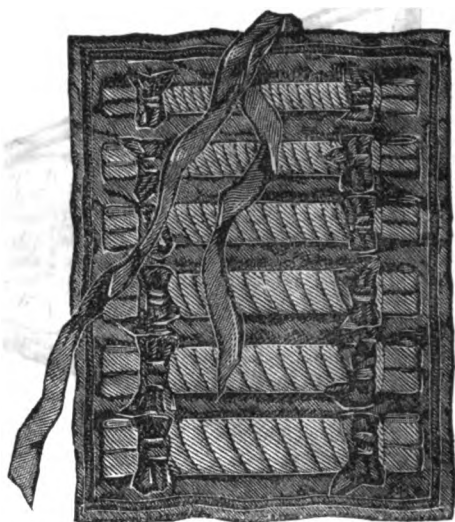
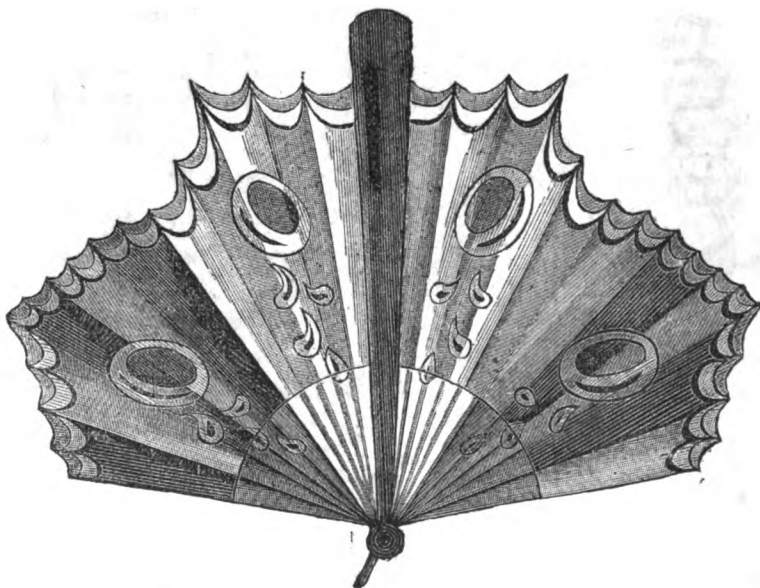


Fig. 2.—Tape Case (Open).

TAPE-CASE (OPEN AND CLOSED).

THE foundation may be of silk, velvet, or Cashmere, neatly lined with a contrasting color, and bound with ribbon. The size of the piece required is eleven and a half by nine and a half inches. Ribbons are sewn on at regular dis-

tances, to keep in their proper places six pieces of tape of varied widths. It is almost unnecessary to remark that the outside must be embroidered previous to the lining and binding of the case.

**FAN.**

THIS fan has an ivory framework. When completed and open it assumes the form of a butterfly. Five equal pieces of violet and of

white silk are employed; colored and gold paper are used for the designs, according to the illustration.

Receipts, &c.

SOMETHING ABOUT VEGETABLES.

VEGETABLES are of great use in correcting the stimulating effect of a meat diet; this being especially the case where the meat has been salted, it having been found that when much salt meat is taken, and but little vegetables, that scurvy and various cutaneous diseases were very prevalent.

The various kinds of cabbage are of much use as articles of diet. They are better suited for persons in robust health than for the weak. In the latter, they are apt to produce various disorders of the stomach.

Cauliflowers and broccoli are both more tender and more easily digested than cabbage, savoy, greens, or kale.

Spinach, although an agreeable article of food, does not contain so much nourishment as cabbage or cauliflower.

Parsnip contains much nourishment, although, perhaps, not quite so much as the carrot. It is an antiscorbutic, and prevents the ill effects that result from living on a salt diet.

The carrot is a root which contains much sugar, and is very nutritious, but by some authorities is not considered so digestible as the turnip.

Endive is wholesome, either boiled or eaten raw with salad. It contains a bitter principle, and is slightly narcotic.

Beans, although both wholesome and nutritious, especially when young, yet are best suited for those persons who take much exercise in the open air. They are rather apt to disagree with persons of a sedentary habit. The tough coat that covers the bean is found to be very indigestible. Beans are usually eaten with bacon, in which case the fat of the meat tends to counteract many of the ill effects of the bean. In weak stomachs they are apt to produce indigestion and heartburn. The kidney, or French beans, when eaten young (as they usually are), are very digestible, and are more easily acted on by the stomach than any of the other legumes.

Peas contain much nourishment. According to some writers, they consist of more than half of nutritious matter.

The watercress is cooling and antiscorbutic, and acts as a stimulant to the stomach, and promotes digestion.

Beet-root is very nutritious, and is a good antiscorbutic; but, probably from the large quantity of sugar it contains, is so apt to cause flatulence, that it is rarely employed as food for man. Much of the sugar used abroad is obtained from this root. It is found that one pound of sugar can be obtained from fourteen pounds of beet-root. This vegetable makes an excellent pickle.

The fadish, although healthy and antiscorbutic, should, when it possesses an acid and pungent taste, be carefully avoided by dyspeptic persons.

Asparagus is very digestible, so far as the heads are concerned, which is the only part eaten, and does not produce any acidity of the stomach. Artichokes resemble asparagus with regard to their digestibility.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

*Broiled Kidneys (a Breakfast or Supper Dish).—*Ascertain that the kidneys are fresh, and cut them open very evenly, lengthwise, down to the root; for should one-half be thicker than the other, one would be underdone whilst the other would be dried, but do

not separate them; skin them, and pass a skewer under the white part of each half to keep them flat, and broil over a nice clear fire, placing the inside downwards; turn them when done enough on one side, and cook them on the other. Remove the skewers, place the kidneys on a very hot dish, season with pepper and salt, and put a tiny piece of butter in the middle of each; serve very hot and quickly, and send very hot plates to table. A prettier dish than the above may be made by serving the kidneys each on a piece of buttered toast cut in any fanciful shape. In this case a little lemon-juice will be found an improvement.

Breast of Lamb and Green Peas.—One breast of lamb, a few slices of bacon, half a pint of stock, one lemon, one onion, one bunch of savory herbs, green peas. Remove the skin from a breast of lamb, put it into a saucepan of boiling water, and let it simmer for five minutes. Take it out and lay it in cold water. Line the bottom of a stewpan with a few thin slices of bacon; lay the lamb on these; peel the lemon, cut it into slices, and put these on the meat, to keep it white and make it tender; cover with one or two more slices of bacon; add the stock, onion, and herbs, and set it on a slow fire to simmer very gently until tender. Have ready some green peas, put these on a dish, and place the lamb on the top of these. The appearance of this dish may be much improved by glazing the lamb, and spinach may be substituted for the peas when variety is desired.

Roast Loin of Mutton.—Cut and trim off the superfluous fat, and see that the butcher joints the meat properly, as thereby much annoyance is saved to the carver when it comes to table. Have ready a nice clear fire (it need not be a very wide, large one), put down the meat, dredge with flour, and baste well until it is done. Make the gravy as for roast leg of mutton, and serve very hot.

Boiled Asparagus.—To each half a gallon of water allow one heaped tablespoonful of salt; asparagus. Asparagus should be dressed as soon as possible after it is cut, although it may be kept for a day or two by putting the stalks into cold water; yet, to be good, like every other vegetable, it cannot be cooked too fresh. Scrape the white part of the stems, beginning from the head, and throw them into cold water; then tie them into bundles of about twenty each, keeping the heads all one way, and cut the stalks evenly, that they may all be the same length; put them into boiling water, with salt in the above proportion; keep them boiling quickly until tender, with the saucepan uncovered. When the asparagus is done, dish it upon toast, which should be dipped in the water it was cooked in, and leave the white ends outwards each way, with the points meeting in the middle. Serve with a tureen of melted butter.

Lamb Chops.—Trim off the flap from a fine loin of lamb, and cut it into chops about three-quarters of an inch in thickness. Have ready a bright, clear fire; lay the chops on a gridiron, and broil them of a nice pale brown, turning them when required. Season them with pepper and salt; serve very hot and quickly, and garnish with crisped parsley, or place them on mashed potatoes. Asparagus, spinach, or peas are the favorite accompaniments to lamb chops.

Spinach Green for Coloring Various Dishes.—Pick and wash the spinach free from dirt, and pound the leaves in a mortar to extract the juice; then press it through a hair sieve, and put the juice into a small stewpan or jar. Place this in a saucepan of boiling water, and let it set. Watch it closely, as it should not boil; and, as soon as it is done, lay it in a sieve, so that all the water may drain from it, and the

green will then be ready for coloring. If made according to this receipt, the spinach green will be found far superior to that boiled in the ordinary way.

Boiled Cauliflower.—To each half a gallon of water allow one heaped tablespoonful of salt. Choose cauliflowers that are close and white; trim off the decayed outside leaves, and cut the stalk off flat at the bottom. Open the flower a little in places to remove the insects, which generally are found about the stalk, and let the cauliflowers lie in salt and water for an hour previous to dressing them, with their heads downwards; this will effectually draw out all the vermin. Then put them into fast-boiling water, with the addition of salt in the above proportion, and let them boil briskly over a good fire, keeping the saucepan uncovered. The water should be well skimmed; and, when the cauliflowers are tender, take them up with a slice; let them drain, and, if large enough, place them upright in the dish. Serve with plain melted butter, a little of which may be poured over the flower.

Stewed Green Peas.—One quart of peas, one lettuce, one onion, two ounces of butter, pepper and salt to taste, one egg, half a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Shell the peas, and cut the onion and lettuce into slices; put these into a stewpan, with the butter, pepper, and salt, but with no more water than that which hangs round the lettuce from washing. Stew the whole very gently for rather more than one hour; then stir to it a well-beaten egg and about half a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. When the peas, etc., are nicely thickened, serve; but, after the egg is added, do not allow them to boil.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Small Sponge-Cakes.—The weight of five eggs in flour, the weight of eight in pounded loaf sugar; flavoring to taste. Let the flour be perfectly dry, and the sugar well pounded and sifted. Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs, and beat the latter up with the sugar; then whisk the whites until they become rather stiff, and mix them with the yolks, but do not stir them more than is just necessary to mingle the ingredients well together. Dredge in the flour by degrees, add the flavoring; butter the tins well, pour in the batter, sift a little sugar over the cakes, and bake them in rather a quick oven, but do not allow them to take too much color, as they should be rather pale. Remove them from the tins before they get cold, and turn them on their faces, where let them remain until quite cold, when store them away in a closed tin canister or wide-mouthed glass bottle.

Plain Bread Pudding.—Odd pieces of crust or crum of bread; to every quart allow half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, three ounces of moist sugar, half a pound of currants, an ounce and a half of butter. Break the bread into small pieces, and pour on them as much boiling water as will soak them well. Let these stand till the water is cool; then press it out, and mash the bread with a fork until it is quite free from lumps. Measure this pulp, and, to every quart, stir in salt, nutmeg, sugar, and currants in the above proportion; mix all well together, and put it into a well-buttered pie-dish. Smooth the surface with the back of a spoon, and place the butter in small pieces over the top; bake in a moderate oven for an hour and a half, and serve very hot. Boiling milk substituted for the boiling water would very much improve this pudding.

Rice Biscuits or Cakes.—To every half pound of

rice flour allow a quarter of a pound of pounded lump sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, two eggs. Beat the butter to a cream, stir in the rice flour and pounded sugar, and moisten the whole with the eggs, which should be previously well beaten. Roll out the paste, shape it with a round paste-cutter into small cakes, and bake them from twelve to eighteen minutes in a very slow oven.

Fluted Rolls.—Make some good puff-paste; roll it out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch, and, with a round fluted paste-cutter, stamp out as many round pieces as may be required; brush over the upper side with the white of an egg; roll up the pieces, pressing the paste lightly together where it joins; place the rolls on a baking-sheet, and bake for about a quarter of an hour. A few minutes before they are done, brush them over with the white of an egg; strew over sifted sugar, put them back in the oven; and when the icing is firm, and of a pale brown color, they are done. Place a strip of jelly or preserve across each roll, dish them high on a napkin, and serve cold.

Orange Batter Pudding.—Four eggs, one pint of milk, an ounce and a half of loaf sugar, three tablespoonfuls of flour. Make the batter with the above ingredients, put it into a well-buttered basin, tie it down with a cloth, and boil for one hour. As soon as it is turned out of the basin, put a small jar of orange marmalade all over the top, and send the pudding very quickly to table.

THE TOILET.

PERFUMES, WASHES FOR THE COMPLEXION, ETC.

Sweet Bags for Linen-drawers.—Small silk bags may be filled with mixtures of dried flowers in powder: cloves, mace, nutmeg, cinnamon, leaves of mint, balm, southern-wood, ground-ivy, laurel, hyssop, sweet marjoram, origanum, rosemary, lavender, cassia, juniper, sandal-wood, rosewood, roots of angelica, zedoary, orris, also fragrant balsams, ambergris, and musk; but the latter should be carefully used among linen.

Scent Bag.—This will prevent moths injuring clothes: one ounce of cloves, caraway-seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, and of orris-root as much as will equal the other ingredients when put together. Grind the whole well to powder, and put it into little silk bags.

Lavender Scent Bag.—Half a pound of lavender flowers free from stalk, half an ounce of dried thyme and mint, a quarter of an ounce of ground cloves and caraways, one ounce of dried common salt, mix them well together, and put them into silk or cambric bags.

Soap for Whitening the Hands.—Into a wineglass of eau-de-Cologne, and a wineglass of lemon-juice, scrape two cakes of brown Windsor soap very finely, and mix well. When it becomes hard, it will be an excellent soap for whitening the hands.

To Remove Sunburn.—Take two drachms of borax, one drachm of alum, one drachm of camphor, half an ounce of sugar-candy, and a pound of ox-gall. Mix and stir well for ten minutes, and stir it in the same way three or four times a day for a fortnight. When clear and transparent, strain through blotting-paper, and bottle for use.

To Whiten the Finger Nails.—Take two drachms of dilute sulphuric acid, one drachm of tincture of myrrh, four ounces of spring-water, and mix them in a bottle. After washing the hands, dip the fingers in a little of the mixture, and it will give a delicate appearance to the hand. Rings with stones or pearls in them should always be removed from the fingers

when the hands are washed, as soap and water spoils jewelry set with precious stones.

Tincture of Roses.—Gather fresh leaves, or rather petals, of roses—the common cabbage-rose will suffice—and drop them into a wide-mouthed bottle, without crushing them; pour upon them sufficient spirits of wine (strong) to well cover them; cork the bottle securely, and tie it over with bladder and kid—a bottle with a glass stopper will answer best, to avoid evaporation, as corks take up essences. This tincture will keep for years, and yield a perfume little inferior to otto of roses.

CONTRIBUTED.

Cream Cake.—One pound of white sugar, one cup of butter, three eggs, half a cup of thick milk, half a cup of cream, one teaspoonful of soda, and one of cream of tartar.

Half Poundcake.—One pound of sugar, one of flour, one-half pound of butter, eight eggs; dissolve one teaspoonful of saleratus in the juice of a lemon.

Molasses Poundcake.—Two cups of nice molasses, one of butter, four eggs, four cups of flour, one of cream, two tablespoonfuls of soda.

Puff Cake.—Two cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, one of milk, three of flour, three eggs, half a teaspoonful of soda, one of cream of tartar. Bake in a quick oven.

Sugar Biscuit.—One pound of sugar, one of butter, three eggs, half a pint of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, spice to taste, and flour to roll.

Ginger Snaps.—One quart of molasses, one pound of sugar, one of butter, four tablespoonfuls of ginger, two of cloves, and two of cinnamon; roll out thin.

Sand Cake.—Two cups of sugar, two eggs, half a cup of thick milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of butter; roll out thin, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon.

Lemon Custard.—One large lemon, two cups of sugar, two of water, half a cup of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, three eggs, beat the whites alone, and put it in last.

H. A. R.

Kitchen Spice will be found useful for seasoning and soups. Take three-quarters of an ounce each of ground allspice, black pepper, and nutmeg, one ounce and a half of ground ginger, one dozen cloves in powder, and nine ounces of salt. Mix in a mortar, and keep it closely stoppered.

L.

Crab Soup.—Boil six crabs. Fry the meat with one tablespoonful of butter and one small onion (the onion should be fried quite brown); add one teaspoonful of flour, salt and pepper, and cook a little longer; then add three pints of water and one teaspoonful of minced parsley. Boil slowly one hour, then add one pint of rich milk; boil up once and serve.

Corn Bread.—One cup of corn meal, one of flour, one of fine grits, boiled, or cold boiled rice, one teaspoonful of salt, one of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, three well-beaten eggs, one pint and a half of milk. Mix the meal, flour, sugar, and cream of tartar together; put the soda in the milk, add it to the meal, etc., then add the butter and eggs, mix well, and bake twenty or thirty minutes.

Cold Water Cake.—One cup of sugar, one of cold water, one egg, butter size of an egg, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, one pint of flour; makes two loaves of cake.

Widow's Cake.—One cup of sugar, half a cup of milk, butter half the size of an egg, half a teaspoonful of soda; thicken like cup cake, flavor with nutmeg. This makes two cheap but good cakes.

Mrs. F. L. K.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Wash Brushes for the Hair.—Hairbrushes, however dirty, may be washed and kept good for years, without loss of stiffness, by putting a small handful of soda into a pint jug of boiling water. When the soda is melted, put in the brush and stir it about till clean. Rinse it in cold water, and dry in the sun or by the fire. The quicker it dries, the harder the bristles will be.

A French Preparation for Removing Grease or Oil Stains.—Take some dry white soap, scraped into a fine powder, and mix it up in a mortar with a sufficient quantity of alcohol, until dissolved. Then add the yolk of an egg, and mix them together. When sufficiently mixed, put in a small quantity of spirits of turpentine, and make the whole up into the consistency of thick paste by the addition of a sufficient quantity of fuller's earth. When required for use, this preparation is to be rubbed over the grease or oil stains, which should be previously moistened with warm water. When the spots are got rid of, remove the composition with a sponge, or soft brush. This composition may be used for every kind of stain, except those caused by ink or rust.

Syrup of Currants.—Take two pounds of red currants nearly ripe, one pound of ripe cherries, and half a pound of raspberries; remove the stones from the cherries; crush the whole together, and when well mixed, leave the fruit in a pan for twenty-four hours. Then put the whole into a hair sieve, over which place a well-rinsed napkin, and strain the juice through it without pressure. To each pint of juice put two pounds of loaf sugar, pour it into a preserving-pan, and set it on the fire. After the third or fourth boiling, take the syrup off the fire, skim it, and pour it into a pan or jug, and when cold, put it into small bottles. The syrup of plain currants is sometimes preferred to the above; or the raspberries are omitted, and the syrup is made with the same quantities of currants, cherries, and sugar as above. A little of the above, poured into water, makes a delicious summer drink.

On the Management of a Watch.—Always wind up a watch at the same time every day, and be very careful that no dirt is contained in the barrel of the key, and that it is in good order. A watch should be continually in the same position, and, when carried in the pocket by day, should always be hung up at night. When you regulate a watch, as you move the regulator towards the parts marked "fast" or "slow," take care that you do not move it too much at a time; it is better to move it a little every day, until the watch goes right, than to move it too much at once. Also be careful that no dirt is contained in your watch-pocket, otherwise it may gain admission into the inside of the watch and impair its action. It is advisable, when wearing a watch, to keep it in a soft wash-leather bag made for that purpose, by which means the watch is prevented from being scratched or injured by friction against the rough lining of the pocket. When the keyholes for winding and setting a watch are situated at the back of the case, never open the front, since by doing so you may not only admit dirt and moisture, but also may dislodge the glass, and perhaps break it. If your watch is a chronometer, or has a duplex movement, when setting it to the correct time, always remember to move the hands forwards, and never backwards. Although this is not of so much importance in watches of other construction, yet it is advisable to do it in all cases. Lastly, care should be taken to keep a watch always as near as possible at the same temperature, otherwise it will never keep correct time.

Editors' Table.

INTELLECTUAL COMPANIONSHIP IN MARRIED LIFE.

THE great charm of marriage is in the union of hearts which secures to either of the pair life-long sympathy and affection. But there is another great and elevating pleasure which might be found in married life, and of which the examples, wherever we come upon them, strike us with their expression of consummate happiness. There is a union of minds as well as of souls, the intellect of the man and of the woman mutually enlightening and helping its mate. Those who believe such an alliance visionary will be surprised at the testimony of Mr. Mill. This is the Dedication of his "Essay on Liberty":—

"To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer and, in fact, the author of all that is best in my writings—the friend and wife, whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward—I dedicate this volume. Like all that I have written for many years, it belongs as much to her as to me. * * * Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one-half the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it than is ever likely to arise from anything that I can write, unprompted and unassisted by her all but unrivalled wisdom."

There is one point suggested by this Dedication to which we shall devote a few lines. The interdependence of the masculine and feminine minds is due, not to their likeness, but to their diversity. Can it be supposed that the philosopher would lament in such terms his intellectual loss in the death of a brother or a friend of his own sex? There must have been an intrinsic difference in the constitution of his wife's mind and of his own, which led either to think more justly on certain topics, and thus to render mutual service. And there is another reason why perfect mental companionship can be found only between the sexes. The love which casts out all thought of rivalry, and which renders each less anxious to display his or her own grasp of mind than to appreciate the thought of the other, is rarely found except in married life, but is there of the most common occurrence. At once secure of sympathy, and stimulated by the desire to keep pace with her consort, the mind works with vigor and elasticity, and the happiness which follows upon mental acquisition is trebled by the loving praise of the person "whose approbation is your chief reward."

Woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse. Could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this:
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet, in the long years, liker must they grow;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fall in childward care,
Till at the last she set herself to man
As perfect music unto noble words;
And so those twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To be,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other, even as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men,
Then springs the crowning race of human kind!

LEARN ONE THING PERFECTLY.

LADY MORGAN, in her lively, gossiping way, once gave a party of her friends some excellent advice on education. Speaking of some young ladies, who had been suddenly bereft of fortune, she said: "They do everything that is fashionable *imperfectly*; their singing, drawing, dancing, and languages amount to nothing. They were educated to marry, and they cannot earn their own salt; they do not even know how to dress themselves. I desire to give every girl, no matter what her rank, a trade—a *profession*, if the word pleases you better. Cultivate what is necessary in the position she is born to; cultivate all things in moderation, but one thing to perfection, no matter what it is, for which she has a talent."

This is good counsel, and it does not apply merely to what are termed accomplishments. Indeed, it has still more force when applied to more useful attainments, of which there is a vast variety, from cookery to bookkeeping. There are not wanting examples of ladies who, while possessing many acquirements, have known how to make one of them a specialty, with excellent results. Here, for instance, we have an English book, "The Poultry Yard," by Miss E. Watts, who is thoroughly familiar with the subject of which it treats, and has evidently turned it to good account. And here, too, is an American book, "Hints for the Nursery," by Mrs. C. A. Hopkinson, a lady whose literary tastes and talents have not prevented her from becoming perfectly at home in the duties of which she writes. Lady Morgan's advice should commend itself to the good sense of every parent. Let children be well instructed in all the branches which a good education requires, but see that they learn one of them thoroughly. Even if they should not have to depend upon this knowledge for a subsistence, the possession of it will, at some time or other, insure them a better position than they would hold without it. A time always comes when a person who is superior to others in any attainment finds this superiority a source of respect and a means of usefulness. Some etymologists tell us that the word *king* (*kyning* or *konning*) originally meant the *knowing* or *knowing* man. There is no doubt that whoever is best acquainted with a subject in which any company of persons are interested is, for the time, the king or queen of the company. This empire of knowledge is the best of all governments, since it begins in mental improvement, and ends in usefulness to others. It is a republican royalty, in which every one may rule in turn, and in which no Salic law is recognized.

HINTS ABOUT HELP.

SERVANTS seldom keep the secrets of the family in which they live, be those secrets of ever so much importance, and it usually makes servants arrogant and unfaithful to be intrusted with a confidence which they can turn to the disadvantage of their employers. The servants of one family are usually intimate with those of many families, and there is a clanship among them all, a fellow-feeling that makes them intimate at once. No kindness on the part of their employers can make servants forego the companionship with their equals. It is a tax which the rich must pay for their exemption from labor, to endure the vexations which those who perform this

service will inflict upon them. And no person must expect at the same time to be free from both labor and care.

HINTS ON LANGUAGE.—NO. 2. MISTAKES FROM RESEMBLANCE.

A CURIOUS misuse of certain words has its origin in a misleading likeness between them and other words, which approach them in sound and meaning just enough to lead an unlearned speaker or writer astray. For example, the proper meaning of *aggravate* is to add weight to, or accumulate, and hence, to heighten, or increase. It is commonly used in what may be called an unfavorable sense. "These injuries aggravated his illness." "Their difficulties were aggravated by this delay." But *aggravate* resembles *aggrieve* and *aggression*, and, by force of this similarity, it has come to have, with ill-instructed speakers and writers, the sense of *irritate*, *exasperate*, or *tease*. "He aggravated me till I could not endure it." "An aggravating temper" is an expression which has found its way, perhaps as much in earnest as in jest, into the works of writers who certainly know the proper meaning of the word.

To *demean* one's self is to *behave* either well or ill, as the case may be. It is the verb from which the noun *demeanor* is derived. But the resemblance to *mean* has caused it to be used, not merely among the uneducated, but by many who should be better instructed, in the sense of *degrade* or *belittle*. "I would not demean myself by doing such an action." Mr. Gladstone, in one of his recent speeches, used *demean* in this sense. The word does not appear in the dictionaries, but it is a well-constructed word, analogous to *berumb*, *befoul*, and the like, and might well be adopted, if only to prevent the incorrect use of *demean* in the sense just mentioned.

An error still more common is to use the word *expect*, which properly applies only to the future, in referring to circumstances either past or present. "I expect you have been waiting for us a long time." "I do not know where he is now, but I expect he is in Paris." The word which has caused this perversion is *suspect*, though in many cases *suppose* or *presume* would more exactly express the speaker's meaning. The error is one which prevails among even the well-educated and literary classes. It occurs, for example, frequently in a story which ran through several numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine* for 1869, entitled "A Year and a Day," the work, evidently, of a writer of no ordinary talents, and one familiar with good society. "I expect that must be the Maurice Brandon that I met once or twice." "I expect that I have made worse mistakes in my life than he has ever made." Here *suspect* is plainly the word intended.

Propose, which means to offer, is frequently used in the place of *purpose* or *intend*. "I propose to start on my trip to-morrow." When we read in a newspaper that "The Directors of the Blank Railway Company propose to alter the gauge of their road next year," we are not quite sure whether this is merely a proposal of the directors, conditional on certain circumstances, or whether it is their actual intention.

The original meaning of *defalcation* is the act of cutting away or pruning off, and thence we have its derivative sense of a diminution or abatement, as in the example which Worcester adduces from the *Spectator*: "The tea-table shall be set forth every morning with its customary bill of fare, and without any manner of defalcation." But from the resemblance of the word to *default*, it has come to be used in the sense of misappropriation and waste, by a public officer or a trustee, of funds committed to his

charge. This erroneous use of the word is probably too firmly established to be corrected; and as it is, unfortunately, often required, and there is really no other word which expresses precisely the same meaning, there seems to be no great reason for protesting against the error. A bad act may well enough be designated in bad English.

The word *extend*, which properly means to stretch forth, is sometimes, evidently through the force of resemblance, used instead of the verb *tender*, as when it is said that "An invitation was extended" to some distinguished personage. In the same way, *domesticated* is sometimes used for *domestic*, from which it differs very decidedly. A man may be *domesticated*—that is, at home—in a family, and yet be not at all *domestic* in his habits; and an eagle, though *domesticated*, does not become a *domestic* fowl. The one word expresses the natural quality, the other the accidental or temporary condition.

These examples will be sufficient as a warning against a very common class of errors, into which even tolerably well-educated persons are liable to fall. The ill-educated, especially if their ignorance is accompanied by conceit and pretence, are apt to carry such mistakes into the region of absurdity. The writers of comedy have found a fruitful source of amusement in errors of this sort. When the illustrious Dogberry declares that "The watch have comprehended two aspicuous persons," and when Mrs. Malaprop, intending to speak of "A nice arrangement of epithets," makes it "A nice derangement of epithaphs," we see at once the origin of the blunders which excite our laughter. But such errors are not of the sort against which any reader of these "Hints" can need to be cautioned. Still, an accidental slip, even of this description, is sometimes made by good writers; and, should such a mistake occur, they may be interested in learning that they are kept in countenance by a similar lapse of Shakespeare himself. He repeatedly uses *intrinsecate* in the sense of *entangled*, as when he speaks of "Cords too intrinsecate to unloose." Doctor Johnson, as quoted by Mr. Grant White, says of the word that "It seems to have been ignorantly formed between *intricate* and *intrinsecal*." This notable example of what may be called a classic Malapropism will serve to sustain and console us under the consciousness of the blunders which we are all liable to make. N.

WOMAN TELEGRAPHERS IN ENGLAND.

WE sometimes make a boast of the greater number of women who are employed in their natural duty of teaching children among us than in other countries. But it must be added that in some other matters our people have been less ready to give to women those opportunities of employment for which they are peculiarly adapted. It will surprise many persons to learn that the employed as women telegraph clerks in London outnumber the men nearly two to one. A late number of the London *Times* gives an interesting account of the new "Postal Telegraph Office" in that city, an office which is now, as our readers are aware, under the control of the government. The persons engaged in it are, in fact, government clerks. The following is a portion of the article which relates to these clerks. Perhaps some readers may be able to suggest a substitute for the name given to them, which we agree with the *Times* in thinking to be, as our English friends would say, "not nice":—

"By a figure of speech which has hitherto been common, or even universal, but which the progress of events threatens to supersede, we have spoken of an ideal telegraph clerk as 'he.' So far as the Central Office is concerned, the pronoun should have ex-

pressed the gentler sex. At Telegraph Street no less than 485 young women are employed as clerks, and only 250 males. None but male clerks are placed on night duty, and hence in the daytime the disparity of numbers seems even greater than it is. We wish the intelligent heads of the department would invent some really good and graceful word or phrase by which the ladies upon their staff could be appropriately designated. To call them "female clerks" is worthy only of Mr. Gradgrind; and their admirable industry, quickness, and intelligence form a claim to some distinctive professional title by which our pleasure in those good qualities could be fairly and honestly expressed. It is impossible to see them at their work without remembering to how many homes their earnings must bring comfort, and to how many parents their honorable independence must be a source of continual thankfulness. As ordinary clerks, the payments made to them range from 10s. (\$2.50) to 22s. (\$5.50) a week, according to proficiency; and, as clerks in charge, they receive from 25s. (\$6.25) to 40s. (\$10). They are on duty for eight hours, with an interval of half an hour for dinner. There is a kitchen in the establishment, in which any provisions that they bring with them are cooked free of charge; and there is an attendant to go out and make any purchases that they may require. They commence at hours ranging from eight in the morning until noon, so that the latest arrivals leave at eight P. M.; and those who remain after five P. M. are provided with tea and bread and butter at the cost of the department. They take the earlier and late hours in rotation, so that the work is fairly divided among all.

"The heads of the department speak very highly of the good conduct and intelligence of the young women; and they find, as might be expected, that the work is best done when the sexes are associated in its performance. Each serves to steady and restrain the other; and there springs up a desire to oblige, and to render mutual service, that very materially facilitates the general business of the room."

It appears that "a telegraph clerk requires, as a rule, three months' training before being trusted to send a message, and a year's work before becoming fully efficient." There seems to be no reason why this training should necessarily take place in the telegraph office, where the learners must be greatly in the way of the operators. Why should not the art or science (whichever it may be deemed) of telegraphing be taught in our young ladies' seminaries, as well, for example, as drawing, or "the use of the globe?" If this were done, many of the pupils would doubtless soon find an opportunity of turning their knowledge to good use, as the telegraph companies would quickly become aware of their proficiency; and experience in Europe has shown how well they would perform the duties which would fall to their charge.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

OVER the stile and the orchard wall
Showers of odorous blossoms fall,
Delicate petals of rose and snow,
Hiding the emerald turf below;
Sifting over the footpath brown,
Scattering all the hill-side down,
Feathery flakes of rose and snow
Whirl and scatter and drift and blow.

Under the blossoms of rose and snow,
Bright in the sunset's royal glow,
Sweet was the story I stood to hear,
Half in rapture, and half in fear;
Sweet was the story, but when 'twas told,
Winds of the sea swept strong and cold,
Stripping the bloom from the fair young tree,
Chill as the breath of the grave to me.

Beautiful blossoms, drift and fall
Over the stile and the orchard wall;
Cover the path where his footsteps came;
Cover the seat where he carved his name;
Hide them away like the thoughts I keep
Buried forever, and buried deep;
Over my cold, dead hopes, and all,
Scatter and drift and float and fall.

MRS. M. W. HACKLTON.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

"THE TRUE WOMAN."*—We have before us the first number of a journal established by the women who deprecate the fatal gift of the suffrage, and desire to see the energy of their sex turned into its proper channels. We are glad to see that this party, comprising, without doubt, the vast majority of American women, has begun to make itself felt. There was danger, lest Congress should mistake the outcries of a few for the voice of the multitude. From the prospectus of *The True Woman* we learn that while it opposes the entrance of women into a sphere not their own, it will support their right to industrial employment, and strive to redress the crying injustice of low wages paid to feminine labor. The first page contains the petition to Congress against the dangerous gift of suffrage. Mrs. A. L. Phelps and Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren contribute to the paper, which we heartily commend to all who would promote the true dignity and efficiency of their sex. We give here the Editor's Introduction:—

"From the beginning of the war in 1861, we may date a great upheaval in the feminine forces of the country. Women, North and South, were drawn from their seclusions and their individualisms to works of self-devotion and heroism second only to those of the brave men who bore their country's banners on fields of bloody strife. The war closed, but the spirit that had been aroused sought for action in 'fresh fields and pastures new.'

"A few women of ability, aided by men of the same calibre, but by no means representing the majority, or echoing the general voice of women in the land, have availed themselves of this uprising, and seek to turn these newly awakened forces into channels of political ambition.

"We would not for the world seek to repress these forces, or to turn them back into their old grooves, but we do seek to give them a direction more suited to the physical capacity of woman, and more in accordance with those lines of duty which the Christian religion, common sense, and her own womanly instincts have marked out for her.

"The banner we unfurl is the time-worn, battle-marred banner of the Cross.

"We ask the women of the country who have adopted this as their emblem, to aid us in our efforts to promote, for all classes of women, a higher Christian culture, a nobler womanhood, and a deeper appreciation of the great work Humanity and our Lord demand of them as women.

"We seek for the industrial classes of women a kinder and more generous consideration on the part of their employers, and will wage an unrelenting warfare against all tyranny and oppression in the way of stinted remuneration for honest labor. To these ends we solicit the aid of our friends, both men and women, in all parts of the country, as subscribers to our paper and contributors to its columns, and the generous response we have already met, encourages us to believe that we shall not appeal in vain."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Bubbles"—"Only a Sketch"—"Yesterday, To-Day, and Forever"—"Throw Me a Kiss from Your Hand, Kate"—"Too Late"—"Beatrice; or, The Pencil Sketch"—"Receipts, H. A. R."—"Song of the Surge"—"Alice Cary"—"Cousin Ruth's Story"—"Two Visions"—"Over the Way"—"Only a Baby's Grave"—and "Rose Leaves, No. 3."

The following are declined: "Ellen Maynard's Trials"—"Story of an Old Miser"—"When Shall the Women Vote?"—"Rosalie's Cookery"—"One Night I Dreamed an Angel Came"—"Oh, When Affliction's Surges Roll!"—"Reminiscences of School-Girl Days"—"The Conquest"—"To R"—"The Picture That Was Not Mute" and "The Black Domino."

* Published monthly by Sherwood & Co., Baltimore. Subscription, 50 cents per annum, in advance. Direct all communications to the editors, Mrs. Charlotte E. McKay, No. 173 Hoffman Street, Baltimore, Md.

Detroit, Mich.—A story received from this place, without title, letter, or stamps. Send letter, and inclose stamp for a reply.

Dover, Del.—A MS. without title, letter, or stamps received.

"Adventure of an Afternoon"—Declined and destroyed. Not worth the two cents postage it cost us. Such stuff should never be sent to a publisher.

Literary Notices.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE DAUGHTER OF AN EGYPTIAN KING. Translated from the German of George Ebers. By Henry Reed. Of all the German translations before us this month, and there are several, this romance is undoubtedly the best—the most careful in plan, and the most finished in style. Its author is director of the museum at Jena, and is a noted German antiquarian. It is an historical romance, dating back five hundred years before Christ, to times contemporaneous with Esop and Sappho, and its incidents and descriptions are authenticated by history.

IN EXILE. Translated from the German of W. Von St. Among the many recent translations of German novels, "In Exile" deserves to occupy a prominent place. Like most fiction of its class claiming a Teutonic paternity, the story moves almost too slowly to please English readers, while the sentimentality which pervades it will, perhaps, be regarded as strained and unnatural. The two principal characters are depicted with no little power. The heroine, Fräulein Elizabeth, is a charming and original portraiture, and one cannot but regret that the *dénouement* of the story is so sad for the lovely and faithful woman.

THE OLD MAMSELLE'S SECRET. After the German of E. Marlitt. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. This is not the first appearance of this story before the public; but, come as often as it will, it always deserves a hearty welcome. It is one of the most charming of stories, having none of the heaviness that frequently characterizes German novels, while it is entirely unobjectionable in point of morals.

IRENE. A Tale of Southern Life. The author of this story wields a ready pen, but that is the most we can say for her. The story is jumbled, incomplete, and inconsequential. Thus we have in the first part of it the family of the Charltons with much ado and much unexplained mystery. In the second part this family is dropped out altogether, and we have a commonplace school-girl and the beginning and ending of a very tame love affair.

HOW IT ALL HAPPENED. By the author of "Dorothy Fox." A charming English novelette, explaining how Miss Brittanla Plumridge found herself Mrs. Olinthus Lobb at the age of forty-seven.

THISTLE-DOWN. By Esmeralda Boyle. This is the appropriate and suggestive title of a neat little volume of very pleasing poems, the unaffected simplicity of which is, perhaps, their most striking merit. They give evidence of their author's close intimacy with nature in her out-door aspects, and, at the same time, are characterized by a sweet charitableness of sentiment that cannot fail to touch the hearts of those who may read them.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

CRUEL AS THE GRAVE. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Mrs. Southworth's stories are too many in number, and her readers too large a class, for any new work from her pen to need special recommendation. A mere announcement of their ap-

pearance is enough to cause them to be eagerly sought.

SARATOGA. An Indian Tale of Frontier Life. A True Story of 1787. A new edition of an interesting and exciting novel, which will always find appreciative readers.

PICKINGS FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF THE REPORTER OF THE "NEW ORLEANS PICA-YUNE."

WESTERN SCENES; or, Life on the Prairie. By "Solitaire" (John S. Robb, of St. Louis, Mo.). These two volumes belong to "Peterson's Library of Humorous American Works."

THE QUEEN'S REVENGE; and Other Stories. By Wilkie Collins.

SIGHTS A-FOOT. By Wilkie Collins.

JACK HINTON, the Guardsman. By Charles Lever.

HARRY LORREQUER, with His Confessions. By Charles Lever.

THE THREE GUARDSMEN; or, The Three Mousquetaires. By Alexander Dumas.

From EVANS, STODDART, & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE BOOK OF BLUNDERS. Selected and edited by the compiler of "Gleanings for the Curious." This book contains hibernicisms, bulls that are not Irish, and typographical errors. It is neatly printed and prettily bound.

From ALFRED MARTIN, Philadelphia:—

LUCY'S TWO LIVES. By Harriet B. McKeever. Miss McKeever's books are full of incident, and will doubtless prove interesting to very many. The author's fertility occasionally leads her into carelessness of grammatical construction, but the large circulation of her works shows that she is exerting much influence for good.

From W. S. TURNER, Philadelphia:—

MARRIED. By Mrs. C. J. Newby, author of "Kate Kennedy," etc. An interesting story of English life.

THE LIFE OF BILLY VIDKINS. Being Illustrations of the Poets, from Poets, Sages, etc. With original designs by H. L. Stephens.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE DESCENT OF MAN, AND SELECTION IN RELATION TO SEX. By Charles Darwin, M. A., F. R. S., etc. In two volumes. Vol. II. Darwin, as all will admit, is one of the foremost thinkers of the age, and a careful reading of these volumes is earnestly recommended to all. Though the reader may not accept all the author's premises, nor agree with all his conclusions, they will, at least, afford him food for thought and study, and may lead him to an investigation of the subjects of which they treat, which shall result in a complete and more satisfactory knowledge of nature and her processes and laws.

THE REVELATION OF JOHN; with Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, Designed for both Pastors and People. By Henry Cowles, D. D. The "Notes on Daniel" by Dr. Cowles have been so favorably received by the serious public, that he has acceded to the earnest request of many readers in preparing and issuing this volume. In his notes and commentaries, he has followed his own plan, as carried out in his previous work, leaving those who wish to see how other critics have interpreted this portion of the Scriptures to seek out their works, and examine for themselves.

HEARTSEASE; or, The Brother's Wife. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." In two volumes.

This story, by a well-known and deservedly popular writer, appears in its new edition neatly printed and beautifully bound. The book, from its intrinsic merit, as well as from its outward appearance, deserves to be in every library.

VERA; or, *The Russian Princess and the English Earl*. A romantic story, taking the reader into comparatively new fields, and giving him glimpses of life altogether different from that usually found in English novels.

—
FROM HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAPPELFINGER, and LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE MUTINEERS OF THE BOUNTY, AND THEIR DESCENDANTS IN PITCAIRN AND NORFOLK ISLANDS. By Lady Belcher. With Map and Illustrations. It is now nearly forty years since the strange and romantic story of "The Mutiny of the Bounty" first made its appearance. The work was written by the late Sir John Barrow, at that time Secretary at the Admiralty, and was mainly drawn from papers left by Captain Heywood, one of the midshipmen in the Bounty at the time of the mutiny. The present version of the story, in drawing up which Lady Belcher has had access to new documents, claims to be a more connected and impartial narrative than the one with which we have long been so familiar. It certainly places the character of Lieutenant Bligh in a new and far from favorable light; and, at the same time, leads us to regard the crime of the mutineers with a lenity that causes us almost to justify their acts. The book is one that will be read with interest.

THE APPLE CULTURIST. By Sereno Edwards Todd, author of "How to Save Money," etc. This volume seems to completely exhaust the subject upon which it treats, and the practical pomologist will find it an indispensable assistant in propagating the apple, and in cultivating and managing orchards. It is copiously illustrated with engravings of fruit, young and old trees, and mechanical devices employed in connection with orchards and the management of apples.

THE INSTITUTES OF MEDICINE. By Martyn Paine, A. M., M. D., LL. D. The favor with which Dr. Paine's learned and philosophic "Institute" has been regarded, may be fairly estimated by the simple statement that the present edition—the ninth—is the fourth that has been called for within the past fourteen years. The work has been carefully revised; and, though the text has been in no essential respect altered, some notes have been added. The author, in his preface, says that he "thinks it but just to himself to say that during the fifty-four years of his professional life he has at no time intermitted his professional labors, either scientific or practical, and that, therefore, he does not offer this new edition of his work in ignorance of the latest contributions to medicine."

LOCAL TAXATION. Being a report of the commission appointed by the Governor of New York, under the authority of the Legislature, to revise the laws for the assessment and collection of State and local taxes.

DAISY NICHOL. A Novel. By Lady Hardy, author of "A Casual Acquaintance," etc.

BRED IN THE BONE; or, *Like Father, Like Son*. A Novel. By the author of "A Beggar on Horseback," etc.

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FROM CARLETON, New York, through PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

THE EMPTY HEART; or, *Husks*. By Marion Harland, author of "Phemie's Temptation," etc.

Marion Harland's works are always characterized by their purity of tone and exalted sentiment. She is not sensational; she is not even sentimental, in the accepted use of the term; she is practical in what she writes. Her characters are men and women of to-day, possessing the faults and virtues of humanity. She writes from the standpoint of a woman of earnest thought, wide experience, settled convictions, and high and fixed principles; and the lessons which her stories teach are always profitable. "The Empty Heart" is one of her best efforts.

LIFE AND DEATH. A Novel. By Your Humble Servant. A washy attempt at a sensational novel, which succeeds for the most part in being tiresome and absurd.

BEAUTY IS POWER. Under this general title the author of this book treats of a variety of subjects supposed to be interesting to ladies, among which are "On Proposing," "Long Engagements," "Should Married Women Dance?" and "Modern Extravagance." It is an English work, and that author displays all the horror of modern radical ideas in regard to women for which English conservatives are noted.

FRENCH LOVE SONGS and other Poems. From the originals of Baudelaire, A. de Musset, Lamartine, V. Hugo, Beranger, and others. Selected and translated by Harry Curwen. It is a great pity that the author of these spirited translations should have defiled an otherwise creditable and pleasing volume by selecting a few pieces for it whose delicately yet thinly veiled obscenity is such that he has deemed it necessary in his preface to at once deprecate and defy unfavorable criticism. With the objectionable pieces omitted, the book would have been nearly perfect in its way.

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FROM ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

FRESH LEAVES FROM THE BOOK AND ITS STORY. By L. N. R. Those who feel the need of an historical commentary upon the books of the Bible, explaining their interdependence, and the circumstances of their composition, will be grateful to the author for the two handsome volumes in which he furnishes them with the necessary information. "The Book and Its Story" is on many shelves which will admit this excellent sequel to a place by its side.

THE BROKEN BUD. The deaths of little children are of such common occurrence as to make no impression on the public mind; but, in the homes they leave desolate, their memory is cherished, and the literature that perpetuates it will be acceptable.

DAISY MAYNARD'S FOUR PROMISES. Daisy Maynard was a little girl who found each morning a text from the Bible, which she applied in the day, and which kept her from wrongdoing and trouble. Her story is told simply and pleasantly, and will be a favorite with the children.

HARRY AND HIS PONY. By the author of "Little Kitty's Library." This is a collection of little stories adapted for very young children, each teaching some useful lesson. Like all Messrs. Carter's publications, it is well bound and printed.

SHAWNY AND THE LIGHTHOUSE. By S. J. Prichard.

FAITHFUL ROVER. By the author of "Harry and his Pony."

THE BABE AT THE WEDDING. By Rev. P. B. Porter.

THE BAY OF BLESSINGS. By Rev. P. B. Porter.

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FROM SAMUEL R. WELLS, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

DRESS AND CARE OF THE FEET. This vol-

ume shows the natural perfect shape and construction of the feet, shows how their defects and diseases may be prevented or cured, and gives practical hints concerning a proper and, at the same time, elegant manner of dressing them. The author treats his subject plainly, practically, sensibly, and scientifically.

From LETPOLDT, HOLT, & WILLIAMS, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

M. OE N. "Similia Similibus Curantur." By J. G. Whyte Melville, author of "Kate Coventry," etc. This is a lively and spirited story, fully equal to any of its author's previous efforts. The characters are strongly marked and ably contrasted. The mystery of the plot, though not remarkably profound, is yet sufficiently interesting and well sustained to the end.

From SHELDON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

MARK TWAIN'S (BURLESQUE) AUTOBIOGRAPHY, and *First Romance*. This autobiography does not do justice to Mark Twain's reputation for humor. The necessity for making a book must have borne very heavily on him to compel him to send before the public such a collection of weak jokes and mild witticisms as this. We do not mean to say that it is not funny, and absurd, or that the reader will not laugh at every page, but it does not do full justice to the author.

From DODD & MEAD, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

A COMPLETE CONCORDANCE TO THE HOLY SCRIPTURES OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS; or, *A Dictionary and Analytical Index to the Bible*. By Alexander Cruden, M. A. With an original life of the author. This is a new edition of an old work—a work which should be indispensable in every family.

MAX KROMER. *A Story of the Siege of Strasburg*, 1870. By the author of "Jessica's First Prayer," etc. Max Kromer, a young lad, tells his experience of the siege of Strasburg. Our young friends who have heard of the dreadful war in Europe between the Prussians and the French, will be interested in reading this book.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE WONDERS OF ENGRAVING. By Georges Duplessis. This is the latest addition to the popular and entertaining "Library of Wonders," which has done so much to familiarize the mass of readers, and especially the young, with scientific and artistic subjects; an acquaintance with which has hitherto been almost wholly confined, we might say, to those few whose means enabled them to purchase the large and expensive works in which alone the requisite information was to be obtained. There cannot be too many books of this kind.

From THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND PUBLICATION HOUSE, New York:—

FRANK SPENCER'S RULE OF LIFE, and *How it Led to his Prosperity*. By John W. Kirton, author of "Buy Your Own Cherries," etc. This little story, founded on fact, will be a source of interest and profit to all who read it.

From NOTES, HOLMES, & Co., Boston, through PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

AD FIDEM; or, *Parish Evidences of the Bible*. By Rev. E. F. Burr, D. D., author of "Ecce Cœlum," etc. At no period in the existence of Christianity has there been greater need for a book of this kind

than there is at the present time. The sincere seeker after the truth will find it a pleasant and kindly guide and companion, full of charity and consideration, yet at the same time firm and steadfast in faith.

GUTENBERG, AND THE ART OF PRINTING.

By Emily C. Pearson, author of "Ruth's Sacrifice," etc. We have in this neatly printed and compact volume a well-written, full, and, as it seems to us, exhaustive treatise on the art of printing, including its history, the lives of its founders and more eminent followers, and a succinct account of the various mechanical appliances made use of by those engaged in its practice. Numerous anecdotes, and an easy, graceful style, give the book a lively character, which adds greatly to its interest.

From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston:—

THOUGHTS ABOUT ART. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Mr. Hamerton is well known to English readers by a work published in 1862—"A Painter's Camp in the Highlands"—partly composed of his own travelling experience, and partly of discussions upon art and artists. The more solid and permanent portion of that work is here republished, with an introduction and the addition of several new chapters. Mr. Hamerton is a painter of considerable reputation, and to his skill with the brush he adds a literary mastery which fully entitles him to come forward as the artists' representative. He writes upon "Painting from Nature," "The Relation between Photography and Painting," "The Painter in His Relation to Society," "Picture Buying," and various kindred topics, with an easy grace and flow of style that remind us somewhat of Ruskin—while his sober and intelligible, yet thoroughgoing enthusiasm carries the reader with it through the four hundred pages. We have seldom read a book with which we were more pleased, and we hope to give our readers some extracts.

A VISIT TO MY DISCONTENTED COUSIN. A briefless barrister goes down from London to visit an old schoolmate in the country. He finds him living in a very luxurious fashion, but isolated from the society of the neighborhood, and decidedly misanthropical. The manner in which his misanthropy was overcome, and the many pleasant stories which were told in the process, may be found in this entertaining little book, which, as well as Mr. Hamerton's work, is sold in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

From LITTLE, BROWN, & Co., Boston:—

EVEN-SONGS; and *Other Poems*. By Sarah Warner Brooks. This elegant little volume comes to us with the commendation of a critical friend, and we have found abundant reason to unite with her in its praise. The verses are sweet and simple, reminding one here and there of Tennyson; but so far superior to the run of youthful poetry that we welcome the writer heartily into the ranks of literature. We shall print one of the poems in our next number—one which breathes the very spirit of a row in the summer moonlight.

From WILLIAM WHITE & Co., Boston:—

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN; or, *Out of the Darkness Into the Light*. A story of struggles, trials, doubts, and triumphs. By J. William Van Namee, author of "In the Cups," etc. In this story, to the writing of which its author, we are told, was impelled by influences that he could not resist, an attempt has been made to illustrate the doctrines and practical workings of what is known as spiritualism. Mr. Van Namee, better known as Willie Ware, is a voluminous writer, who has attained considerable popularity among a numerous class of readers.

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through TURNER, Philadelphia:—

OVER THE OCEAN; or, *Sights and Scenes in Foreign Lands*. By Curtis Guild, editor of the *Boston Commercial Bulletin*. This is a capital book of travels. Its original form was in a series of sketches for a Boston journal, in whose columns it attracted considerable attention for its vivid and truthful pictures of European sights and scenes. It seems to have been the aim of its author to give those minute particulars which most writers of foreign letters, or books of foreign travel, apparently consider of too little importance to speak of, but which, in fact, are about all that common-sense readers take any interest in.

THE DUEL BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY, *with its Lesson to Civilization*. Lecture by Charles Sumner.

From LORING, Boston:—

THREE PROVERB STORIES. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," etc. "Kitty's Class Day," "Aunt Klipp," and "Psyche's Art," are the titles of the three stories which this book contains. They have appeared in print before, but are none the less welcome for that.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

JUNE, 1871.

CLOSE OF THE FORTY-FIRST YEAR.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—"Towing the Prize" is the title of our steel plate, followed by a six figure colored fashion-plate of walking dresses, evening dresses, etc.: a beautiful wood-cut illustration of children fighting with leaves, and another, entitled "The Lily." In addition, a large number of illustrations will be found on the extension sheet and in the work department.

THE SUCCESS OF GODEY.—It is with great pleasure we announce to the ladies that their own Book was never more successful, while we hear from every quarter that the sales of magazines are declining. We have the pleasure to state, and appeal to the various news agents to confirm our remark, that never was the LADY'S BOOK more popular than it is at the present moment, the close of its forty-first year.

STILL IMPROVING:—

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—GODEY has already arrived, and we consider it a choice number, notwithstanding the general character of the work for elegance and taste. L. A. Godey is ever improving the best of ladies' magazines, not in mechanical execution, for we do not see how he could improve a book so perfect in that respect, but he can add to the volume of choice literary matter, the splendid fashion plates, the valuable patterns, and beautiful engravings, and he never fails to do it.—*Southern Enterprise*, Thomasville, Geo.

RECEIPTS.—We wish our correspondents would furnish us with receipts for making cakes and any other articles that have been used to advantage in their own families. We are always willing to ask our correspondents to give information upon any matter that others may wish to know—in fact, we want to make GODEY the great book of receipts for the kitchen, boudoir, laundry, etc.

A MARK OF GENTILITY.—When you see the LADY'S BOOK lying upon a centre-table.

"OLD GODEY."—Well, we suppose that we shall have to submit to it. After having published a magazine for forty-one years, people are apt to suppose that you are old.

That dear old favorite, GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, all April smiles, without the April tears, is now before us, full to overflowing, with everything new and nice. One of the most attractive numbers that old Godey has yet given us.—*Journal*, Wilmington, N. C.

FORTY-ONE YEARS SINCE.—There were no railroads in those days, no telegraphs, no steam lines to Europe, no gas in houses, and yet at that time, in anticipation of them all, GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK was started, and during the succeeding years has kept up with all modern improvements. How many magazines have started and died during that time! And why? Because they never kept their promises. Issuing a decoy number in January, and falling below mediocrity during the remainder of the year. All our numbers are equally good, and we feel as able to conduct the LADY'S BOOK now as we did when we commenced in July, 1830.

IMPERIAL NOTICE:—

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Not to know GODEY is to argue yourself unknown. It is the Eugene of the fashionable world.—*Commonwealth*, Marion, Ala.

CHARLESTON HOTEL, Charleston, S. C.—We can commend this as a first-class establishment; good rooms, good table, and most attentive waiters; the proprietors anxious to please, and, of course, guests satisfied. This is an unsought notice, and given gratis. We paid our bill, and it has struck us since our return that a good hotel is worthy of a notice.

WE wish all ladies would take the advice of the *Sigourney* (Iowa) *Phoenix*:—

"Ladies, if you wish the best magazine published in this country, subscribe for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. The April number is a typographical perfection, and well filled with an admirable collection of the choicest literature. While such writers as Marlon Harland and Mrs. Hopkinson contribute to its pages, we have no hesitation in saying that GODEY'S is the ladies' book of the world."

MR. L. A. GODEY.—DEAR SIR: I think it a matter of duty, as well as obligation, to congratulate you upon one department of your Book, which suits us men. The women can take care of themselves. You are benefitting the whole country by your architectural department. I can see the benefit in my own neighborhood. There are three cottages near my own built after designs in your Book, and I hear of another to be commenced next month. This, I think, is a compliment both to the Messrs. Hobbs and yourself. Yours, very respectfully, E. T. H., Ohio.

MESSRS. A. WILLIAMS & Co., of Boston, have moved their publishing and bookselling department to the old corner of School and Washington Streets, a classical spot. Mr. Damrell, of the old firm of Crosby & Damrell, is now a partner in the concern. Mr. Williams is one of the oldest dealers in the LADY'S BOOK we know of, and he will still continue to take subscribers for it at the old and favorite stand.

A GLEAM FROM THE SUN.—The *Sun and Press*, of Morning Sun, Indiana, says:—

"GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for April has been received, and if such a thing could be, is an improvement on any we have received yet. Any one who appreciates a good magazine will certainly like GODEY. The embellishments are worth the price of a year's subscription. In the literary department there is a great amount of reading, that is exceedingly diversified and interesting."

"COMPETENT SEAMSTRESSES are in great demand in our city at this time. Many persons have their spring dresses made at home, with the aid of a seamstress, when it is possible to procure the services of such a person. But in many cases this is next to an impossibility, unless an engagement is made months in advance. This sounds strangely in contrast with the fact that we are continually being told that women cannot find employment, and, when they do, are compelled to work for trifling wages. A good seamstress—one who thoroughly understands her business, and is neat, tasteful, and quick in her movements—can readily command from two and a half to three dollars a day, and can have constant employment at that. In addition to this handsome remuneration, she receives her boarding, which is worth, at least, a dollar a day more. Now, why is it that competent seamstresses are so scarce? There is to-day room for a thousand at least in this city alone. But they are not here, nor are they likely to be here shortly. The secret of their scarcity, we are led to think, lies in the fact that dressmaking is a trade which cannot be picked up in a day. Like any other trade, it requires an apprenticeship to be served to it, but women or girls are not fond of becoming apprentices. They cannot tolerate the idea of serving, as boys do, two, three, or four years in order to render them competent workmen. As a consequence really good seamstresses are very scarce, and employing dressmakers reap golden harvests in spring and fall from fashionable and unfashionable people. Hence it is that there are so many complaints on the part of women of a want of employment. Let them qualify themselves thoroughly for dressmaking or any other occupation, and they will find steady employment at wages as remunerative as their services are really worth."

We copy the above excellent article from the *Evening Star* of this city. The same matter has also struck us, and we have often referred to it. We have known a seamstress engaged for months ahead. Sometimes a lady will give up a day or two in favor of a friend. Is it considered degrading, or what is it? There are hundreds of applicants for work in the mint. Names will be put on the list at the end of two hundred applicants, and years may elapse before their time comes. Are not any of these ladies seamstresses? Why would it not be a proper charity to open a school to teach young women and girls the art of dressmaking? They not only make a living, but in many instances quite a little fortune. There is another matter connected with employing women that may be mentioned. They are less reliable than men. This sounds like treason, but it is the fact. We knew an instance in New York of an establishment that had to discharge all the women engaged on what was particularly woman's work, and men employed in their place because they were more reliable. The proprietor stated that there was no procession of any kind, no outside show, that the women would not leave work to go and see.

We are always willing to correct an error, and, therefore, publish the following:—

LEBANON, PENNA.

L. A. GODEY—DEAR SIR: On page 336 of your April LADY'S BOOK, you profess to give "Useful Information." We benighted clodhoppers in the country think that information to be useful should be correct. You say that wheat, beans, and cloverseed are sold by the bushel, sixty pounds. Country folks buy and sell cloverseed sixty-four pounds per bushel, the legal weight. Corn, rye, and flaxseed, you say, are fifty-five pounds per bushel; the legal weight is fifty-six pounds per bushel, and the universal practice in the country is fifty-six pounds. I will give you some correct information in return for your incorrect information, and it may be useful to you city light weights:—

Coal is sold at the mines in Schuylkill Co. 2352 per ton. The legal weight is . . . 2240 " And you get from the dealers . . . 2000 " or less, the dealer having thus 17 6-10ths per cent. profit in the weight. You city folks seem to be fond of light weights. CLODOPPEE.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for June.—Among the contents of this number are Kathleen Aroon Waltz, arranged from Abt's beautiful song; a Polka Mazourka, arranged from Verdi's opera *Un Ballo*; two new and pretty songs, and a pretty little fantasia by Ascher. A very fine number, and one which every singer and piano player should have. Sent by mail on receipt of 40 cents, or the last three numbers for \$1. Terms \$4 per annum. \$1 music premium to all new yearly subscribers. Address J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

New Sheet Music.—O. Ditson & Co., Boston, publish *Flashing Eyes*, showy song for a good voice, 40 cents. Those Scenes which were so Dear, easy, 30. Regret Thee, by Virginia Gabriel, 30. Meet me, Addie, by the Oak-Tree, song and chorus, with picture title, 40. As Good as Gold, one of the popular songs sung by Milburn, 40. Daughters of Freedom, the Ballot is Yours, quartette, 30. Only Hope, song and chorus by Henry Tucker, 30. Dat's der Kind of Man What I am, comic song, 30. Flynn of Virginia, arranged to Bret Harte's words, with picture title, 40.

Also, Love and Pleasure, charming set of waltzes, by Strauss, 75. Thunder and Lightning, fast Polka, by same, 40. Germania Waltz, 40. Amy Louise Valse, very pretty, 60. In the Fields (Auf den Bergen), by Jungmann, 40. Notturmo, by E. Silas, medium difficulty, 75. Any music published mailed on receipt of price. Address Mr. Holloway, as above.

THE "OVERLAND MONTHLY."—We call particular attention to this excellent magazine. It is an original and enjoyable one, and has a field and specialty particularly its own. It is not confined entirely to California matters, although much of that golden land may be learned from it, but has contributors from all parts of the world. It is steadily growing in worth and popularity, and we know no other magazine from which so much is quoted. Published by John H. Carmany & Co., San Francisco, Cal.

HARD UPON THE TEACHER.—A schoolmaster tells the following good one:—

"I was once teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning of the session I had time to survey my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three-legged stool. 'Is this the dunce block?' I asked a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out: 'I guess so; the teacher always sits on it.'"

THE Philadelphia Bulletin contributes the following:—

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for April comes in all the glory of spring, with any quantity of fashion pictures and numerous articles on household and fancy work, together with a variety of good illustrations on steel and wood, a nice, easy piece of music for the piano, and everything that can be desired for the entertainment and instruction of the fair sex. The stories, poetry, and other literary contents, are all up to the good old standard of this deservedly popular and successful magazine.

We have received a letter from Lowell, Indiana, addressed to Elagoda. Would any one suppose that the El is intended for L. The A is plain enough, and Goda is intended for Godey.

THE curious fact that a needle or other steel wire inserted in a living body will immediately become oxidized, while, if the body be dead, no oxidation will take place, was recently brought to light by Doctor Laborde, of Paris. This is a simple test as to whether death has taken place, and will be available in cases of trance or catalepsy.

"THE Methodist preachers, at their usual weekly meeting this afternoon, took strong ground against fashionable amusements. Too much time was spent by young men and women at croquet, and it is proposed, therefore, to place it under the ban. Final action was postponed, however, until next meeting."

Better be postponed forever. Such actions are ridiculous. Why do you attempt to make religion so disagreeable? Old fogies who, perhaps, are not able to play croquet are the authors of this measure. The secular press is out strongly against this mean bit of Pharasaism. The *Brening Telegraph* says:—

"We wonder if the clergymen who are now agitating their minds over the question whether croquet is sinful or not, ever considered the equally important question whether it is not possible to bring religion into disrepute by fighting imaginary wickedness, while the genuine article abounds in such quantities that all the churches combined scarcely seem to make any impression upon it?"

The next against which "strong ground" will be taken will be mumble-peg, tops, ring round a rosy, tag, pussy wants a corner, oats, peas, beans, and barley grows, etc. These are all dangerous games, and too much time is wasted over them.

We received one day last month a blood-thirsty looking instrument from a very mild-looking and, as we know, a most charitable gentleman, Col. Richards M. Mucklé. Our inquiry was: "Well, colonel, what bloody scene has Boseious now to act?" "Have you opened your letters yet?" was the reply. This looked like a "stand and deliver" proceeding. "Give them to me!" and in the twinkling of an eye over three hundred letters were opened. "Well," said we, "that is an invention." And it is really an excellent one, and invaluable for one who has to open the number of letters we daily receive.

"It is said in Vienna that the old Archduchess Sophia, mother of poor Ferdinand Maximilian, has become a monomaniac. She is reported to firmly believe that she is a very pretty young girl, and she insists on dressing as she did when she was eighteen years old. Fortunately for her and her family, the old archduchess for several months past has steadily refused to leave her apartments."

Poor old soul! She did not look very well in a dress becoming to her age. How she must look dressed as a girl of eighteen, we forbear to think of. More of Louis Napoleon's doings.

A CHICAGO editor, who had read that Von Moltke understood every language in Europe, offers to wager the price of a divorce that Von can't understand a word of Fechter's *Hamlet*. They are mad in Chicago because in that play "Hamlet" don't marry "Ophelia," and then obtain a divorce. We think Von Moltke would be bothered.

SERVANTGALISMS.—The following conversation was overheard at an intelligence office. The keeper asked the girl why she left her last place. "Well, the house was good enough, nice brown stone, but I didn't like the carpet." Another, after her mistress had been asking for her, made her appearance and said: "I'll thank you, ma'am, not to disturb me when I have company in the parlor." "Why, who had you there?" "My minister." We think the minister to blame as much as the girl. Another, a cook, called upon a lady, and all arrangements were made; but, as cook was about leaving, she turned and said: "One thing I forgot; I never allow the mistress to come in the kitchen." The reply was, "The door is open and you can walk out."

THE Theatre of War is closed for the present. A peace is in preparation which, we hope, will have an unprecedented run.

THE following obituary notice appeared in a Baltimore paper:—

"My head and stay is gone away,
And I am left alone;
My husband dear, who was so near,
Is fled away and gone.
Oh, it breaks my heart, and it's hard to part,
With one I love so dear!
Where shall I go to cure my smart,
Or ease my troubled mind?
I return my thanks to the butchers of Baltimore
for their kindness to the Widow F."

RATHER TOO MUCH ETIQUETTE.—This is carriage-driving etiquette in Havana, according to a correspondent:—

"Whenever a carriage arrives, the jaunty footman jumps from his seat, springs to the door, and, doffing his glossy beaver with his right hand, opens the door with his left, and stands there, a miniature Beau Brummel. Just as the ladies rise to vacate the carriage, the driver (sitting bolt upright in his seat, with reins in his left hand, nearly on a line with his chin, and whip perpendicular in his right), suddenly, and with military precision, places the whip in his left hand, and, taking his beaver in his right, holds it at a respectful elevation."

ONE of the most remarkable epitaphs perhaps ever written was published a great many years ago—so long ago that it will be fresh to most readers now. It is somewhat similar in construction to the wonderful stone found by the Pickwick Club, which, after being submitted to the learned men of the day, was at last deciphered as "BILL STUMPS—HIS MARK." What would have been the delight of that famous club if their researches had led them to the grave bearing this mysterious inscription?—

"WIT HINT

Hisgra Vebene at his turfo' gras
Slies Mungos Martas Tub
Born Stupi dass. Smar Twas
Hisna mebutnot Smar Thisna
Ture Scar ceevern Ortaldid
Seeau chac Reature. Hisdnastle
Sherem Ongsto therper Sonsinx
Edand tothed ayof doomhis
Souls somew heref ixed."

Within this grave, beneath this turf of grass, lies Mungo Smart, a stubborn, stupid ass. Smart was his name, but not smart his nature. Scarce ever mortal did see such a creature. His dust lies here, mongst other persons mixed, and to the day of doom his soul is somewhere fixed.

WE copy the following from the *Sunday Dispatch* as an answer to a correspondent. It fits us exactly:—

"**SUFFERER.**—We have no recollection of having published the receipt which you mention. Furthermore, we are decidedly opposed to republishing matter which has once appeared in this paper. Persons who observe anything in our column which pleases their fancy had better preserve it at once. If they think that we intend to publish the same things over and over for the benefit of any one who may ask us to do so, they are very much mistaken."

We constantly receive missives signed "An Old Subscriber," "An Attentive Reader," "A Life-long Subscriber," asking us if we know of any article that will remove surplus hair. We have answered this question forty times, and yet it has escaped the notice of "A. O. S.," "A. A. R.," and "L. L. S." We do not intend to answer it again.

A VERY PRETTY WATCH.—Madame Seebach has been robbed of a watch in the form of a beetle, thickly incrustured with diamonds and rubies. Touching one spring caused its wings to open, revealing the dial of the watch, another spring opened to the view a portrait of the donor, with a highly complimentary inscription.

GERMAN CARICATURES OF THE FRENCH:—

"At the early stages of the war Napoleon would seem to have been the chief object of the national satire; thus suggesting the proclamation of the King of Prussia, that he did not make war against the French people, though even from these caricatures we may learn how, as the struggle became envenomed, such philosophic platitudes passed out of sight. The scandalous melodrama at Saarbrücken was never forgotten, and furnished a text for the most bitter invective and ridicule of Napoleon, his wife, and his boy, whom they call Lulu. It must be said that it is chiefly towards him that any bitterness is exhibited. Thus he is shown, stooped and dilapidated, stopping before a print shop in Berlin, and looking at German portraits of the king, Bismarck, at the surrender of Sedan, etc. A lively sketch of Lulu's baptism of fire follows, the little boy, in a paper cocked hat, being held up in the arms of a grinning Turco to see the burning town below, the soldiers lying down and smoking, all enjoying it as if it was some spectacle. Great fun, too, is made of the Napoleonic boots and cocked hat, which are exhibited tossing on the stormy sea between Calais and England—the emperor clinging to one, the empress to the other, out of which Lulu also peeps. The cage of a menagerie is shown, one compartment labelled Leopard, the next 'Bona-pard (Corsica),' behind which is seen the emperor clutching the bars, while Lulu hops about as a chained monkey. In the next cage is the peacock (Spain), the empress strutting with a glorious tail, while outside the King of Prussia, whip in hand, acts as showman. The Napoleonometer exhibits the changes of the emperor's face, marked on a graduated scale, as the different bits of news reached him. Thus at Saarbrücken there is a smirk of satisfaction; at Weissenburg a twitch of doubt and uneasiness; at Woerth a sort of dragged, scared look; while the battle near Metz changed his face into that of an old man, his moustache out of curl, the hair standing on end, the jaws sunk. A huge cartoon, after the disaster at Sedan, exhibits him as a battered old Frenchman surrendering his sword to three burly figures, Bismarck, the King, and Von Moltke. Indeed, the spirit of all these sketches is plainly in glorifying German bulk, size, and solidity, in contrast with the puny forms of their adversaries; thus following out the old principle of depreciation adopted by English caricaturists.

"A very vigorous illustration shows us England as a sort of shrewish spinster, in a pork-pie hat, sitting in her little island, with her feet at her feet; with one hand she is giving money and chassapots to a French soldier, the other she holds out empty to a German. On the other side of the 'Canal,' as it is called, Belgium, as a handsome young woman, is petting a tiny French soldier, giving him wine and tarts, while one of her own soldiers is petting a crowd of German refugees with stones. Bismarck, meanwhile, with note-book in hand, stern and calm, stands between, taking down all he sees. Strasburg is, of course, not forgotten, and is shown as a sort of lorn maiden, her cathedral in her lap, while a portly German soldier makes rough advances to her, and tries to console her. There is a well-drawn pair of sketches, one labelled 'How they intended visiting Berlin,' and where is shown the Unter den Linden, all crowded with Turcos and Zouaves, capering and dancing, according to the popular ideal, the officers walking with ladies, and enjoying themselves at *cafés*; the other shows 'How they *did* go to Berlin,' that is, in a huge railway train, crammed with French soldiers, stopping at a German station, the German ladies looking at them, and handing them refreshments."

"The following is the conclusion of an epitaph on a tombstone in east Tennessee: "She lived a life of virtue, and died of the cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit in the full hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of 21 years, 7 months and 16 days. Reader, go thou and do likewise."

A NEW YORK paper contains the following advertisement: "Wanted, a laundress who will be willing to take pay for her work in lessons upon the guitar. Address Sol. Pa., box —, Post-Office."

The New York World, in order to effectually contradict an item of false news, describes it as "a strong solution of wood ash." "

AN AFFECTING SCENE IN PARIS.—About an hour before the firing was stopped, at midnight on Thursday, along the whole line of defence, we exclaimed to each other, as a loud burst of cannonading rolled through the air, not knowing that it was to be the last we should hear. I well remember the first we tremblingly listened to one evening, more than four months ago. Heaven grant that such experiences may never be renewed to us! But a few hours after the guns had roared their last on Friday morning, we went to the church of St. Augustin to attend the funeral service of our much-regretted Henri Regnault. Hundreds had done the same. I have said that the poor young painter's friends were well nigh countless—that he was wonderfully beloved. Truly, I rarely saw mourning so deep as among that crowded concourse, in which even men shed bitter tears. The great church was full; there were his young friends of his travels and his studio, his fellow-students of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, his comrades of the national guard, the friends of his father, members of the institute, Jules Simon and others of the government; Théophile Gautier and Arsène Houssaye, Meissonier, Courbet, Jacquemart, and many more artists of high repute. All the unwonted and sombre soldier dresses now worn by our citizens were to be seen there, and gave a strange old-world appearance to the scene; some tall men, who moved through the assembly in long, ample coats of buff-colored or iron-gray cloth, with large hoods flung back on the shoulders, and broad leathern belts inclosing the waist and supporting the short, thick bayonet-sword, looked like some soldier-priests of bygone times. Around the bier, upon which lay a pile of beautiful fresh white lilies, stood, with shouldered arms, the men of Regnault's company, and the trumpeters of his regiment. To these were due an incident of the soldier's funeral that impressed the most of all. In the midst of the low chanting, and of the exquisite choruses of young voices, suddenly a word of military command was given, and a brilliant *fanfare* burst out. How was it that this gay flourish was the saddest note in all the sad scene? Then, at the conclusion, when the great doors were thrown open, and the gray light from without, pouring into the taper-lit shade of the church, fell full upon the stream of faces that went out towards it—faces not only saddened by grief, but, as it was far too plain, rendered thin and pale by fatigue and poor diet—the scene was, indeed, a most painful one. The *contintière* of the battalion, a young, frail-looking woman, was crying sadly. Following, as chief mourner, was Henri Regnault's only relation now in Paris, his elder brother; and leaning on his arm, in deep mourning, was a young girl to whom Henri was engaged to be married. The body was carried down into the crypt of the church, and those assembled poured out into the place—all, I doubt not, with the same thought of what a sad end this was. And thinking of all those which the defence of Paris has cost her—when one adds to the long list the familiar names of Perelli, the composer; of Gustave Lambert, the traveller; of Seneste, the young comedian of the Français; and many more, who, even in these last few days, have died of their wounds—when one reads the heart-rending account of the ceremony performed at the cemetery of Père La Chaise over the bodies of our citizen soldiers who fell at Montretout, how can one be otherwise than full of thankfulness that the end has come, whatsoever that end may be.

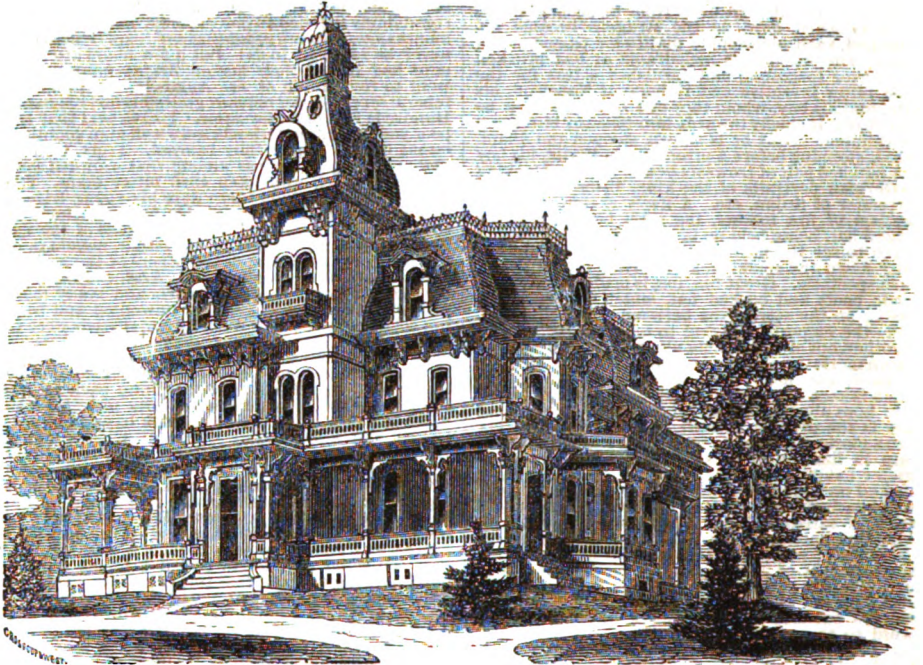
E. DE * * *

FRANKING PRIVILEGE.—To show how this is abused, we received a circular of the Lake George Hotel, franked by J. M. Cavanaugh, M. C.; and some time since a request for an autograph, franked by another honorable!

THE Khedive of Egypt is said to be the most extravagant prince in the world. For his private pleasures he is reported to have squandered in the last five years no less than twelve million dollars, and, besides, to have incurred debts to the amount of four millions more. In 1859 he had to pay 1,100,000 francs to Paris milliners for dresses furnished to the women of his harem; and his sons spent 500,000 francs during the first four months of their sojourn in Paris and London. We always thought this kind of family was very expensive.

A MODEL RESIDENCE.

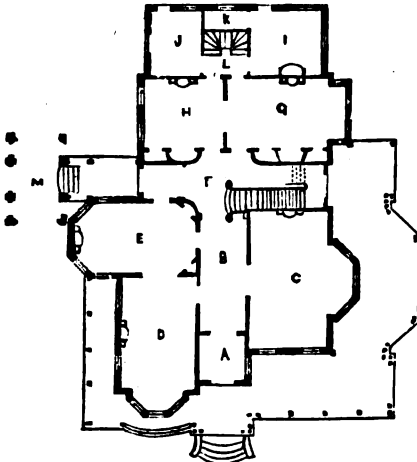
Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.



THE above building was designed and built for Colonel Walter W. Price, of New York City, upon the west bank of Lake George, one and a half miles above the Fort William Henry Hotel, T. Roesse & Son proprietors, upon one of the most commanding situations on the lake. It is surrounded by a large plantation, which is fast being made one of the most extensive and beautiful parks in the northern part of the State of New York. Fish ponds, groves, and all the adornments and conveniences indulged in by

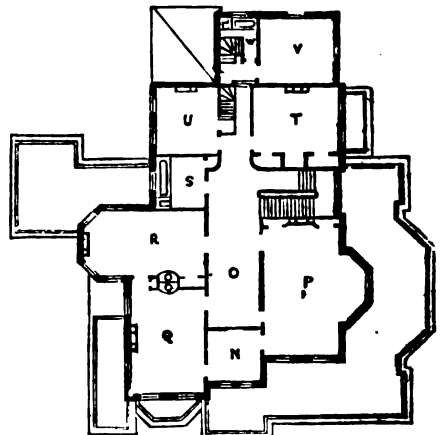
First Floor.—A vestibule, 9 by 10 feet; B hall, 10 feet wide; C drawing-room, 16 feet 9 inches by 29 feet 6 inches; D parlor, 16 feet 6 inches by 24 feet; E sitting-room, 26 feet 9 inches by 16 feet; F staircase hall; G dining-room, 22 feet 3 inches by 17 feet 9 inches; H breakfast-room, 17 feet 4 inches by 18 feet; I kitchen, 14 feet by 19 feet 6 inches; J kitchen, 14 feet by 12 feet 6 inches; K pantry; L servants' stair hall; M carriage porch.

Second Floor.—N dressing-room, 10 feet 9 inches by 10 feet 9 inches; O hall, 10 feet 6 inches wide; P



FIRST STORY.

Europeans are here being supplied. The building is superb and grand, and its proportions are adapted to the situation. It is one of the very finest residences in the State of New York, and is admired by all who behold it.



SECOND STORY.

principal chamber, 16 feet 6 inches by 29 feet; Q chamber, 17 by 22 feet; R chamber, 16 feet by 27 feet 6 inches; S bath-room, 13 feet 9 inches by 9 feet 1 inch; T chamber, 18 by 18 feet; U chamber, 15 feet 6 inches by 15 feet 6 inches; V chamber, 16 feet 6 inches by 14 feet; W bath-room, 4 by 8 feet.

SPLENDID CHROMOS at less than half the price asked in the stores:—

"ASKING A BLESSING." Painted by Professor Jordan. Size 29¼ by 15½. Price \$3.00.

"Ay; but wait, good wife, a minute;
I have first a word to say:
Do you know what day to-day is?
Mother, 'tis our wedding-day!

"Just as now, we sat at supper
When the guests had gone away;
You sat that side, I sat this side,
Forty years ago to-day!

"Then what plans we laid together:
What brave things I meant to do!
Could we dream to-day would find us
At this table—me and you?

"Better so, no doubt—and yet I
Sometimes think—I cannot tell—
Had our boys—ah, yes! I know, dear;
Yes, He doeth all things well.

"Well, we've had our joys and sorrows;
Shared our smiles as well as tears;
And—the best of all—I've had your
Faithful love for forty years!

"Poor we've been, but not forsaken;
Grief we've known, but never shame—
"Father, for Thy endless mercies
Still we bless Thy Holy Name!"

"ISN'T SHE PRETTY?" Painted by the celebrated Lilly M. Spencer. Size 12¼ by 18½. Price \$2.50.

"MOUNT MERINO"—Sunset on the Hudson. Painted by Arthur Ponton. Size 19¼ by 10¼. Price \$2.50.

"UNDER THE MISTLETOE." Price \$2.50.

We will pay the postage on all the pictures. These beautiful parlor ornaments must be seen to be appreciated. They far exceed any chromos yet published. Address **L. A. GODEY, Philadelphia.**

"WHEN," asks an English magazine writer, "does the toyage really cease? Look at the rich man with his establishment; what is it but a bigger box of toys? The tin coach grown up big; the horses become alive; the box of sheep and cows developed and better made, able to walk, and bleat, and low; the trees able to stand more firmly than those old avenues, whose trees were all of that one peaked shape with the green ringlets up them; the toy ship grown into a yacht; the box of dinner things, with the varnished provisions immovable upon them, exchanged for grand dinner parties; the doll passed into a wife, the baby nurse into a nursery. Ah, sad if the command came to lay by these in a box, and to put them on a shelf in Earth's great cupboard for our broken toys! Well, I grant you it would be a poor way to consider of things, to look at these things only as toys, only as ministers for amusement, and stays for the whim of the hour. But it is certain that they who look not beyond this brief life do thus consider of them, do thus employ them. The toyage continues all the life long, though the child's heart goes soon."

"AMONG the secret papers found at the Tuilleries, there was a bill of the Prince Imperial's travelling expenses. It contained, among other items, the following: 'Several triumphal arches, erected on both sides of the river, 355 francs.' Triumphal arches, paid out of the pocket of him to whom they were dedicated! In those days some persons used to say: 'See the enthusiasm of the people; they spend their last savings to make garlands and trophies for the child of their hearts!' All this while the juvenile, who knew better, however, must have sorrowfully murmured to himself: 'The cash-box of papa will have \$100 less by this transaction.' Oh, the *coutume* of this gigantic farce which calls itself monarchy!"

Why, bless your innocence! that is nothing new. It is in constant practice here. Persons buy the pitchers that are presented to them by admiring workmen; fire horns, sets of silver, etc. Not only do they purchase the articles, but they give the supposed donors handsome suppers. In New York they put up bronze statues of themselves.

FREIGHT ON LETTERS AND PREMIUM ON DRAFTS.—Subscribers will please understand that when they send their letters by an express company they must pay the freight, and those who send drafts must pay the premium. We advise subscribers to remit a post-office order or a draft payable to the order of **L. A. GODEY**. The rates for postal money orders as established by law are as follows:—

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum, but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge will be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

A YOUNG woman's conundrum—Who is our favorite Roman hero? Marius.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

ADDRESS "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Miss C. F. G.—Sent hair by express March 31, 1871.
M. L.—Sent pattern April 4th.
Mrs. N. R. G.—Sent pattern 4th.
Mrs. A. A. B.—Sent pattern 4th.
Mrs. F. B.—Sent pattern 4th.
Mrs. S. P. W.—Sent pattern 4th.
Mrs. General B.—Sent goods by express 4th.
H. E. P.—Sent article 14th.
Mrs. E. K. S.—Sent articles by express 15th.

Fairy.—1. Yes, if you have been introduced. 2. Question too much involved; better let it work its way without lognettes.

An Old Subscriber.—Again. That signature, especially with the request made, shows that it is a mistake.

Merry.—1. Yes. 2. It would not be correct.

May W.—See answer last month.

Black Eyes.—Leave it on the chair. Fan in the left hand.

Bertha.—In answer to your inquiry whether any one could inform you how alum could be made into baskets, vases, etc., purchase or make a pretty basket of copper wire. Dissolve alum in water until the water will take up no more, and suspend the basket in the solution; in about three weeks the basket will be covered with crystals.

Ettie H.—It is impossible for us to answer your question "How can I look intelligent?" Perhaps if you read and study you may possibly look so.

Archibald.—That is a secret of the profession, and we have in vain tried to find it out. We have seen many plans tried, but none were successful.

Mollie.—Your wrinkles come early. Can do nothing for you.

E. W. H., Kansas.—Some of your questions are ridiculous, some improper, and others have been answered at least twenty times in the Book. If you had sent a stamp we would have replied to some of them.

D. R. R.—A red nose is very often caused by tight lacing.

Petroleum.—Engagement ring. Anything you can afford, from \$10 to \$1000. Don't purchase Milton gold.

Minnie.—Certainly wrong, unless you are engaged.

M. A. R.—To clean your decanters, roll up in small pieces some soft brown or blotting-paper; wet them, and soap them well. Put them into the decanters about one quarter full of warm water; shake them well for a few minutes, then rinse with clear cold water; wipe the outsides with a nice dry cloth, put

the decanters to drain, and when they dry they will be almost as bright as new ones.

Miss Lou C.—If your friend, Miss Belle F., is a "constant subscriber," it is wonderful that she did not see the article you ask for in the March number of this year, and one printed in blue in the February number. It does appear to us that "constant and old subscribers," and "attentive readers" want strong magnifying spectacles.

Lulu S.—To any other party, but not to a wedding.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor the Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

The publisher of the LADY'S BOOK has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the LADY'S BOOK, the Fashion Editor does not know.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of absinthe green silk, made with one skirt, trimmed with a side plaiting nearly reaching to the waist. Black silk casaque, trimmed elaborately with lace and satin bows; it is cut so as to display the dress waist. Green crape hat, trimmed with white and green feathers.

Fig. 2.—Afternoon dress of lilac Canton crape, made with one skirt, with one ruffle on the bottom. Pointed corsage, cut square neck, and trimmed with a puff of the same. Black lace overdress and waist, looped up with lilac satin ribbon. Black lace coiffure and lilac satin rosette in hair.

Fig. 3.—Evening dress of white French muslin, trimmed with seven folds of silk, edged with narrow lace. Overdress (a court train) and basque waist of pink silk, trimmed with white lace and black velvet; muslin sleeves. Hair arranged a *la Pompadour*, with pink rosette and white feather in it.

Fig. 4.—Walking *toilette* of *écru* buff silk pongee; the underskirt a darker shade of silk, trimmed with a plaiting, headed by a puff and fancy gimp; the overskirt trimmed to correspond, with the addition of a row of black lace. Basque waist, the upper part covered with spotted black net. English straw bonnet, trimmed with the same color and flowers.

Fig. 5.—Visiting dress of stone-colored silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed on the front breadth with three bands of purple silk, and a plaiting—only one—extending all around the dress; the overskirt is trimmed to correspond, with the addition of black lace. Coat waist, trimmed to correspond; sleeves open on the back. Hat of fine chip, of the same color, trimmed with ribbon and flowers.

Fig. 6.—Suit for boy of five years, of pale buff *piqué*

made with blouse and short pants. Black velvet belt. Straw hat.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Dove-colored silk dress, made with two skirts, trimmed with plaited ruffles, headed by a *ruche* of darker silk. Black silk *fichu* jacket, trimmed with lace; open sleeves. Black lace hat, trimmed with pink roses and black plume.

Fig. 2.—Walking dress of lilac pongee, made with two skirts, and trimmed with ruffle and bands of silk; the upper one is scalloped on the edge. *Sacque* of the same, trimmed to correspond. White chip bonnet, trimmed with lilac. Lilac parasol.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of *écru* buff silk pongee, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with ruffles, with brown ribbon bands going over them slantwise; the upper skirt and jacket are of brown silk, trimmed with fringe. Bonnet of white chip, trimmed with brown and buff feathers and velvet.

Fig. 4.—House dress of violet silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with three pinked ruffles, headed by bands of a darker shade of silk; the upper skirt is trimmed with a band of the same and fringe. Heart-shaped corsage, and coat sleeves trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 5.—Walking dress of gray and white striped silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a pointed bias ruffle, headed by a band of black silk, with bows at intervals; upper skirt trimmed with plaiting, looped at the sides with bows and ends of black ribbon. Black silk jacket, with striped facings. White straw hat, trimmed with black and blue feathers.

Fig. 6.—Ladies' silk *sacque*, trimmed with gimp and knotted fringe.

Fig. 7.—Ladies' corset cover, made of cambric muslin, and trimmed with lace insertion and tucks.

Figs. 8 and 9.—Infant's boots. Fig. 8 is made of *piqué*, trimmed with braid and fancy buttons. Fig. 9 is made of white Cashmere, buttoned, and a fancy bow on the toe.

Fig. 10.—Infant's cap, made of embroidered muslin and Valenciennes lace insertion.

Fig. 11.—Baby's chip hat, trimmed with blue velvet and small feather.

Figs. 12 and 13.—Pelerines. Fig. 12 is of silk, edged with velvet, with a row of lace beyond the velvet. The pelerine is finished with a bow of velvet and lace. Fig. 13 is made of folds of the same material as the dress is composed of and folds of crosswise velvet; the velvet is edged with fringe.

Fig. 14.—Infant's *piqué* bonnet, braided and embroidered with white.

SECOND SIDE.

Figs. 1 and 2.—See Work Department.

Fig. 3.—This jacket is made of black spotted net, and trimmed, as shown in illustration, with net *ruches* and lace of two different widths. It is very pretty worn over low-colored silk dresses, and ornamented down the fronts with colored satin bows to match the dress.

Fig. 4.—Waist and overskirt of black spotted lace, trimmed with lilac satin and black lace.

Fig. 5.—Ninon *paletot* front, made of black silk, and trimmed with quillings, fringe, and gimp ornaments.

Fig. 6.—Euche *paletot* front, trimmed with a *ruche* of velvet and fringe. It can be made of white cloth or of material to match the dress.

Figs. 7 and 8.—Undersleeves. The upper part of the sleeve is of plain, and the lower part of embroidered muslin, with a lace put on in *appliqué*.

Fig. 9.—Soft stays for a girl of six. These stays

are to be made of white coutil; the casings are filled with soft cord. They button at the back, and the petticoat is stitched to them.

Fig. 10.—Infant's flannel skirt; the waist is also of flannel; the skirt is trimmed with three rows of silk braid.

Fig. 11.—Dress for an infant, made of fine Nainsook muslin; the edge of the skirt is trimmed with embroidery; the waist is plaited; belt of insertion, and neck and sleeves trimmed with insertion.

Fig. 12.—Cambric dressing jacket. The material of this is cambric muslin. The ornament in front, which is heart-shaped, is tucked and edged with embroidered insertion, followed by a Vandyked plaiting, terminating with embroidery. This pattern could also be arranged as a nightdress.

Fig. 13.—Waist for infant's night flannel skirt; it is open at both the sides and back.

Fig. 14.—Suit for boy from three to five years, of buff piqué, trimmed with black braid. The scarf across the shoulder is of the piqué, trimmed to correspond. Straw hat, trimmed with black velvet.

Fig. 15.—Bow with imitated velvet buckle. This bow consists of three loops of *gros grain*, arranged on a round piece of stiff net; these loops are bound with a strip of satin one-tenth of an inch wide. One of the loops is drawn through an imitated black velvet buckle, which is likewise sewn down on the ground. The buckle is made of black velvet; it is bound on the outer edge with satin, and lined with stiff net. At the lower point the buckle is ornamented with thin silk tassels.

Fig. 16.—Sunshade of unbleached linen, trimmed with strips and a Vandyked edging of red linen, and with a founce edged with red, arranged in small box-plaits. Red cords and tassels. Bamboo handle.

Fig. 17.—Sunshade of light blue *gros grain* silk, trimmed with narrow flutings, silk fringe, and a border of curled white feathers. Ivory handle.

Fig. 18.—Apron for a little girl; this can also, by being closed up in the back, answer for a dress.

Fig. 19.—First short dress for infant; the trimming is braiding in fine white braid.

Fig. 20.—Dress for girl of six years old, made with a sacque. The material is buff linen; the trimming consists of a narrow ruffle of the same, headed by a brown braid.

Fig. 21.—Suit for girl of eight years, of blue summer poplin, made with two skirts and sacque, and trimmed with a ruffle and band of silk.

Fig. 22.—Dress for girl of four years, of white alpaca, made low, square in the neck, with tucked muslin on the neck and arms; the trimming is blue velvet. White straw hat, trimmed with blue velvet.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FOR the benefit of those of our readers who are now anxious to prepare their wardrobes for their summer sojourn at lakes, mountains, seaside, or even plain country quarters, we will give a few hints upon making wash goods, etc.

In linen suits two colors predominate, the delicate *écru* dress, trimmed with nut-brown linen. For example, the *écru*, yellow as the golden heart of the pansy, or pale as the flossy corn silk, is made up in the skirt, long overskirt, and short, rather closely fitting basque. Again, the skirt and long Polonaise. These are trimmed with the same, and again in plaited ruffles and flat side plaitings; the edges covered with narrow bands, in two shades darker, stitched on. A handsome suit can be made of unbleached linen, with wide trimming plaited one way, alternating with the same color of the dress, and a shade or two darker. Pale green in linen, of that

indescribable green we find in dried herbs, or light grayish olive, is very fashionable. Suits of batiste, a linen finished lawn, in gray grounds, striped with white or black, are prettily trimmed with three straight flounces a finger deep, edged with tiny fluted ruffles an inch wide, cut bias.

Linen suits are universally used for travelling, but some ladies do not like them; for these, the Glengary cloak is used for a duster, to entirely cover over a handsome travelling suit; or, if not worn in travelling, is worn when driving over a dusty road. The cloak should be long enough to cover the entire dress, to be made of either gray or brown linen. The trimming is bias bands of the linen, stitched on, or else white or brown braid, large pearl buttons.

White dresses are even more popular than they have been. Bishops' lawn is a favorite material for morning wear, and suits of it can be purchased ready made at the furnishing houses. The plainest are made with a skirt of walking length, a simply constructed overskirt, with short apron front, and longer back, draped high on the sides, and a slightly loose basque that may be worn with a belt or without. On the lower skirt are three rows of small side plaits, each row a finger deep, slightly separated from each other, and each headed by a *ruche* of lawn, scantily gathered in the centre. A single row of this trimming trims the upper skirt and basque. *Ruche* around the high neck; coat sleeves, with the trimming outlining the Duchesse shape; and a belt of lawn, with short sash ends trimmed like the skirt. Other suits have deep side plaitings, headed by puffs and a row of diagonal tucks. If the figure is thin, a yoke of puffs and tucks is introduced in the basque. Nansook and white Organdy suits, similarly made, are trimmed with point Duchesse lace, and will be worn over colored silk slips for evening, and over white in the daytime.

Embroidered Swiss muslins are also very much worn. A very beautiful dress seen was made of very fine muslin, and had a French waist gathered into a belt, to which basques were added, and trimmed with an embroidered ruffle. The overskirt had an embroidered pyramid in each breadth, and a needle-worked ruffle. This was to be draped over a white muslin, or else a colored silk skirt.

A stylish and useful tunic is very fashionable; it is made of white muslin, with plaited flounces, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. This tunic may be worn with a black or colored silk skirt, and by altering the hue and material of the trimmings, a constant variety of toilet can be obtained.

An original idea, intended for suits for summer wear, dispenses with an outer wrap, and thus gives but one covering for the body and arms. The waist, which must be put on first, is a chemise russe, with darts in front, and loose back. This corsage is lined with soft muslin, or cotton satine. The dress skirt, belted over the chemise russe to keep it in place, has the apron front of the overskirt attached to it, and prettily caught up at the sides. To complete the suit, a belt of folds bound on each side is added, and from this belt is pendant the bouffant back that completes the overskirt. This is a stylish and convenient design for business, shopping, and travelling suits that are donned in a hurry, as each part is so well arranged that it is almost impossible to fail in adjusting the dress at once. When worn, the suit has the effect of an elaborate Polonaise and skirt.

For the benefit of our readers who do their own millinery, we will give a few hints of how to trim the straw bonnets now so much worn. It is not a difficult matter to trim these straw bonnets. Face the standing front, and, indeed, all the inside edge of the bonnet with bias silk of a becoming color, usually,

though not necessarily, matching the trimming ribbon. Above this, put black thread edging an inch wide, turned up outside on the straw. The face trimming, a revival of the old time cap front, is fastened to bonnet wire placed inside the front, and slightly projecting. It consists of a full ruche of black lace, gathered to the wire, or of white tulle plaited, with a bow, flower, or left entirely plain, the latter predominate. Twine the ribbon around the crown, knotting it irregularly with three or four knots, letting the ends hang at the back three-eighths of a yard long, raveling them into fringe two inches deep, and tied in three little tassels. On the left side there is invariably a flower cluster corresponding with the one used inside. This is placed very high, with drooping ends, and sometimes trailing flowers fall behind. The curtain, used when the bonnet has no straw band, is about a finger deep, of ribbon or silk, held in box plaits. The strings appear from beneath the trimming around the crown, are each a yard long, pass behind the ears, and are tied under the chin. All appearance of stiffness and regularity is avoided in the trimming, and there is much room for display of individual taste. Ladies, we fancy, will again return to arranging their own bonnets, as they did before our late intricate fashions were introduced.

A great deal of black lace is used to soften down the hard lines of straw bonnets. The lace most used is thread, or imitation thread. Scarfs of Brussels net, both plain and figured, bordered with narrow edging, are pendent from the backs of bonnets, and the ribbon strings now worn will soon be abandoned during the warm weather for lace ones. There are no jet ornaments, and very few straw ones, such as pendent balls and acorns; and the trimmings are principally confined to ribbons, flowers, and laces.

We will mention a few hats seen, and then pass on to other themes. One is a white chip gypsy, which can hardly be strictly called a bonnet or round hat, as it partakes of many of the qualities of either. The inevitable coronet sets off the front of this hat. The trimming is thread lace, falling in tabs over the chin. Over this lace is a handsome ostrich tip, a perfect gem in its artistic arrangement, from which droops an exquisite fringe of the same shade. A little pink bow nestles in the front of this hat. Among the bonnets was a chip gypsy, with Nile green trimmings falling in double loops behind, and finished with an ostrich tip and handsome tea rose. The face trimming, a double puffing of silk to match, and a ruching of narrow black thread lace. A Leghorn bonnet had a plaited curtain, and was trimmed with buff ribbon and very artistic foliage. An English straw and Neapolitan braid, mixed together, is bound with Turquoise blue velvet, and trimmed with *gaze de Chine*, a softer and more becoming material, by the way, than the *crêpe* of last season. This formed a very heavy scarf, edged with black thread lace, falling on the right as a string, which can be passed under the chin and caught on the left side. A resille on the crown; a bow completed this very charming hat. A round hat, of mixed straw also, had a tulle crown, forming a cosey nest for a humming-bird, a scarf of *gaze de Chine* passing over the crown, and falling behind in the heavy fold, tied with a rose-colored bow, folds of the same being laid over the crown. A lovely hat, christened the "Marguerite," is an exquisitely fine and richly colored Leghorn; the crown rather high, and perfectly flat on the top; the brim just the proper width to be becoming, indented at the sides. The trimming, cell-blue *gros grain* ribbon, encircles the crown in graceful *rouleaux*, falling negligently in three broad streamers at the back. Forming a *diadème* in front, and peeping from among

the blue *rouleaux*, are great white Marguerites, with yellow hearts. For a blonde, this is particularly lovely.

When speaking of overdresses, we omitted to mention a new material very much admired for many virtues it possesses, called "mousseline grenadine," of pure whiteness. It strongly resembles very fine tulle in texture, but possesses this advantage over that very flimsy fabric that, while equally transparent, it is firm, admits of no stretching and fraying, and will wash as well as more substantial stuff. This is to be made in overskirts for light silks, like the rosy hue of sunset or fairy rift of blue gleaming through the fleecy clouds of summer. They are usually trimmed with pinked ruches and Valenciennes lace.

The newest shades of gloves for the present season are all the shades of drab, orange, lavender, and light brown. The Marquise kid gloves, with one button, as worn by the ladies of the German royal court at Berlin, are in great favor and demand, but the Marguerites are still more popular. The late war has stimulated the German manufacturers greatly, and increased the kid glove trade in this country, so that the celebrated gloves coming from Vienna, and other parts of Europe, are ordered in large consignments. Three brands—Herz's seamless, Marguerites, and Marquise—will be in great demand next fall; they are steadily and surely growing in favor. High gloves still continue of evenings, and with the sleeves nearly reaching to the elbow, almost cover the arm. A pretty arm is something to be admired, besides being a rarity, and it is a pity that it should be hidden.

Vells made like long scarfs, with square ends, are worn; they are fastened at the back with a hair-pin, and fall with long ends behind. A great many *fichus à la paysanne*, made of black lace, are worn. They are simply a square of lace, folded in plaits, to form a point at the top of the back, and are crossed over the chest. They are very becoming when made of black Spanish blonde, but they are also popular in white Mechlin tulle and in white gauze. These *fichus* are for evening toilets, over open bodices.

Black dresses of grenadine or silk, for house wear, are made to look gayer now by colored waistcoats. For instance, a black dress and a pink satin waistcoat. The waistcoat is made with large basques in front, and the bodice is trimmed with Valenciennes lace, which falls over the pink satin. A light-blue faille waistcoat is also appropriate and pretty; they are also made of lace, lined with colored silk. A white gulfure one over mauve, produces a very rich effect, and one striped with Chantilly insertion is charming. They are also made entirely of silk, with stripes of white embroidery, stripes of *passanterie*, stripes of black velvet. Sometimes the waistcoat is made of the same color as underskirt, but the effect of it alone, with a black dress, is more *distingué* and novel.

For the benefit of our readers who desire to know to what extremes some of the fair sex are carried, we copy the following: "The eccentricities of fashion are marvellous. Nature is rapidly reconstructing itself. There is a rumor that false insteps and false eyelashes are among late inventions. One of our most famous rejuvenators has produced an exquisite lifelike enamel for the complexion which is extensively patronized, and, in addition, a charming blue tint for the shading of the outer corner of the eyelid; another still darker for the tracing of the veins of the temples and brow; added to this, a fine dark line drawn beneath the under eyelashes completes the *ensemble*." We cannot imagine sometimes to what folly fashion will go.

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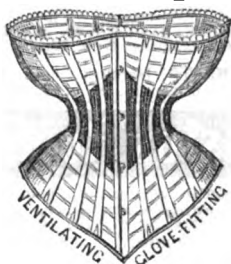
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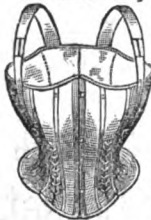


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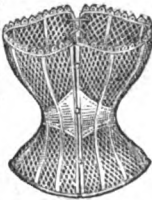
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The bonds will be registered or issued with coupons, as may be desired by subscribers. Registered bonds will be issued of the denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1000, \$5000, and \$10,000; and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or Designated Depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The bonds of the several classes aforesaid, and the interest thereon, are exempt from the payment of taxes or dues of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

After maturity, the bonds last issued will be first redeemed, by classes and numbers, as may be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The bonds will be issued at the United States Treasury, but the agents for the negotiation of the loan in Europe are authorized to make arrangements with subscribers for the transmission of the bonds to the agents through whom subscriptions may be received.

Subscribers in the United States will receive the new bonds of the agents with whom the subscriptions are made.

In the United States the National Banks are authorized to receive subscriptions, and subscriptions may be made at the office of the Treasurer of the United States, or of any Assistant Treasurer, or the designated Depositories at Buffalo, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Louisville, Ky.; Mobile, Ala.; Pittsburg, Penn.; or through any of the private banking Agencies.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL,

Secretary of Treasury.

The subscriptions to the New Five Per Cent. Stock of the United States now amount to about \$60,000,000. It is confidently expected to reach \$200,000,000 by the time the New Bonds are ready for delivery in May. Subscriptions to the remainder of the \$200,000,000 of five per cents, which are unconditional, are now being received, and the bonds will soon be issued to the subscribers.

The reduction of the public debt since the close of the war of the Rebellion, and the relief, at the same time, of the annual burden of interest, are as follows:—

| | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------|
| Principal of debt, 1865 | \$2,755,985,275 |
| Paid under Johnson | 266,565,371 |
| Principal, March 4, 1869 | \$2,491,399,904 |
| Paid under Grant | 223,083,673 |
| Present public debt | \$2,268,316,231 |
| Interest charge, 1865 | 151,832,051 |
| Reduced in four years by payment and funding | 25,442,501 |
| Interest charge, 1869 | \$126,389,550 |
| Reduced in two years by payment | 12,062,998 |
| Present interest charge | 114,326,552 |
| The proposed further reductions of the annual interest charge upon the public debt by refunding are as follows:— | |
| By exchange of \$500,000,000 U. S. 6 per cents for new 5 per cents of 1881 | \$5,000,000 |
| By exchange of \$300,000,000 U. S. 6 per cents for 4½ per cents of 1886 | 4,500,000 |
| By exchange of \$700,000,000 U. S. 6 per cents for 4 per cents of 1901 | 14,000,000 |

Total saving per annum by refunding \$23,500,000
The whole proceeds of the New Loans will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 6 per cent bonds, and in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20s are now being reduced by purchase rate of \$10,000,000 per month.

C. C. NORVELL,

In Charge of Advertising U. S. Loans.

SURVY OFFICE, New York, April 15, 1871.

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VOL. LXXXIII.—FROM JULY TO DECEMBER,  
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XXIII.
98.

JULY.

FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

Now is the Time to Make up your Clubs.



**CODEY'S
LADY'S
BOOK.**

EDITED BY

MRS. SARAH J. HALE,

L. A. GODEY.

1871.



LOUIS A. GODEY
PHILADELPHIA.



PURIFY THE BLOOD and BEAUTIFY THE COMPLEXION,

BY USING

HELMBOLD'S

Catawba Grape-Juice Pills

AND

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HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT

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Are done up with great care, in handsome bottles, (they will surpass all those vended in wooden boxes, and carelessly prepared by inexperienced men), and comparing with the English and French style of manipulating. All of H. T. Helmhold's Preparations are pharmaceutical, not a single one being patented, but all stand on their merits.

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THE END

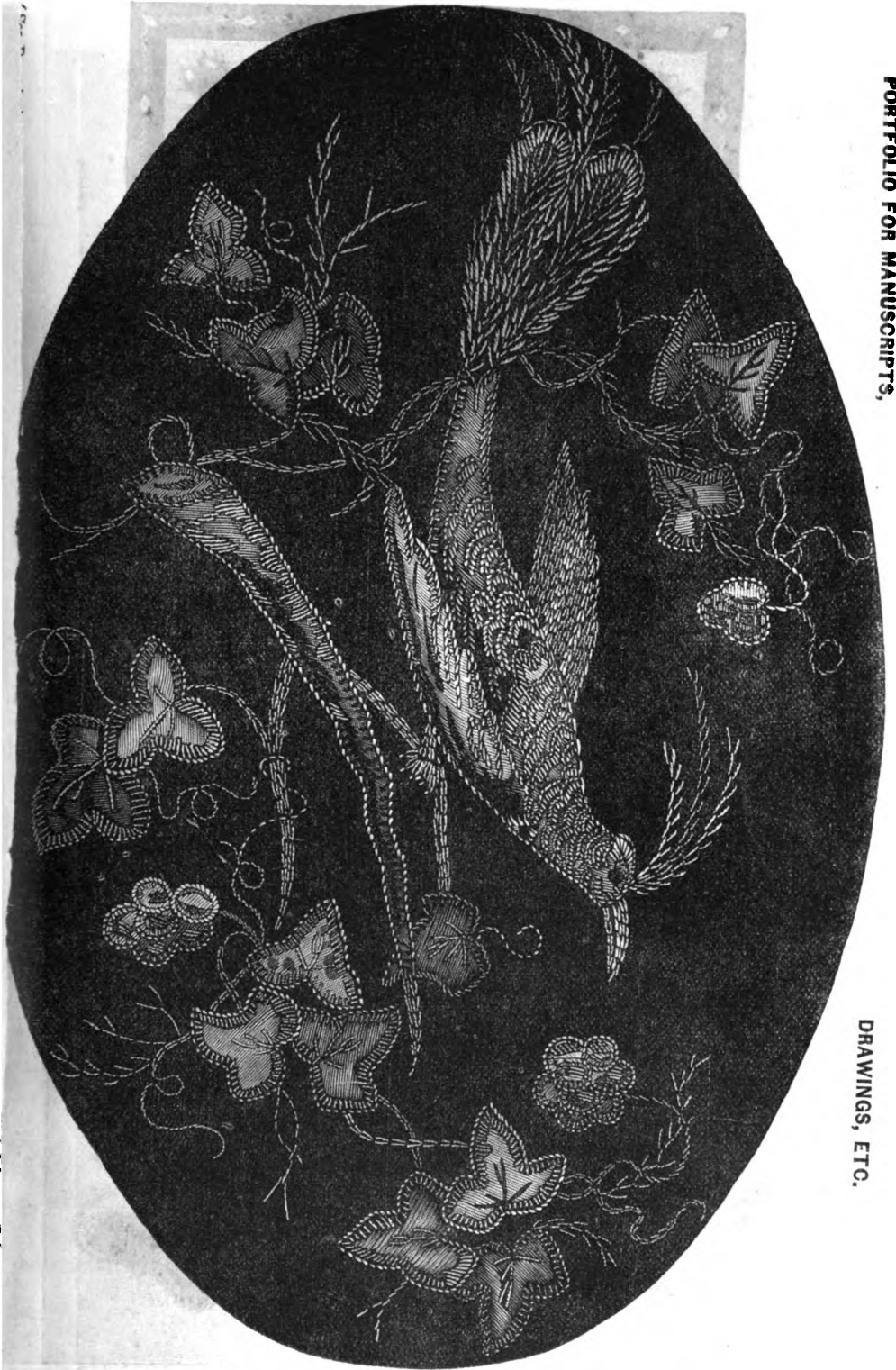


Fig. 1.



Fig. 4.

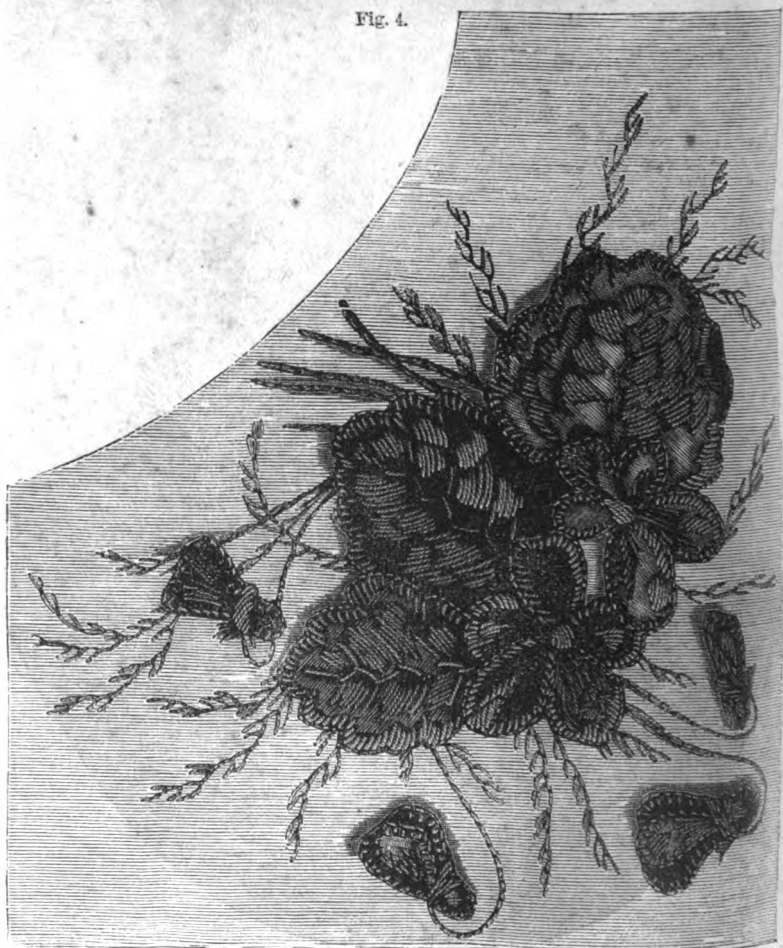


Fig. 3.

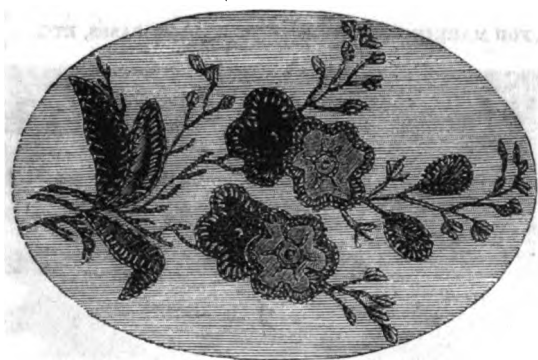
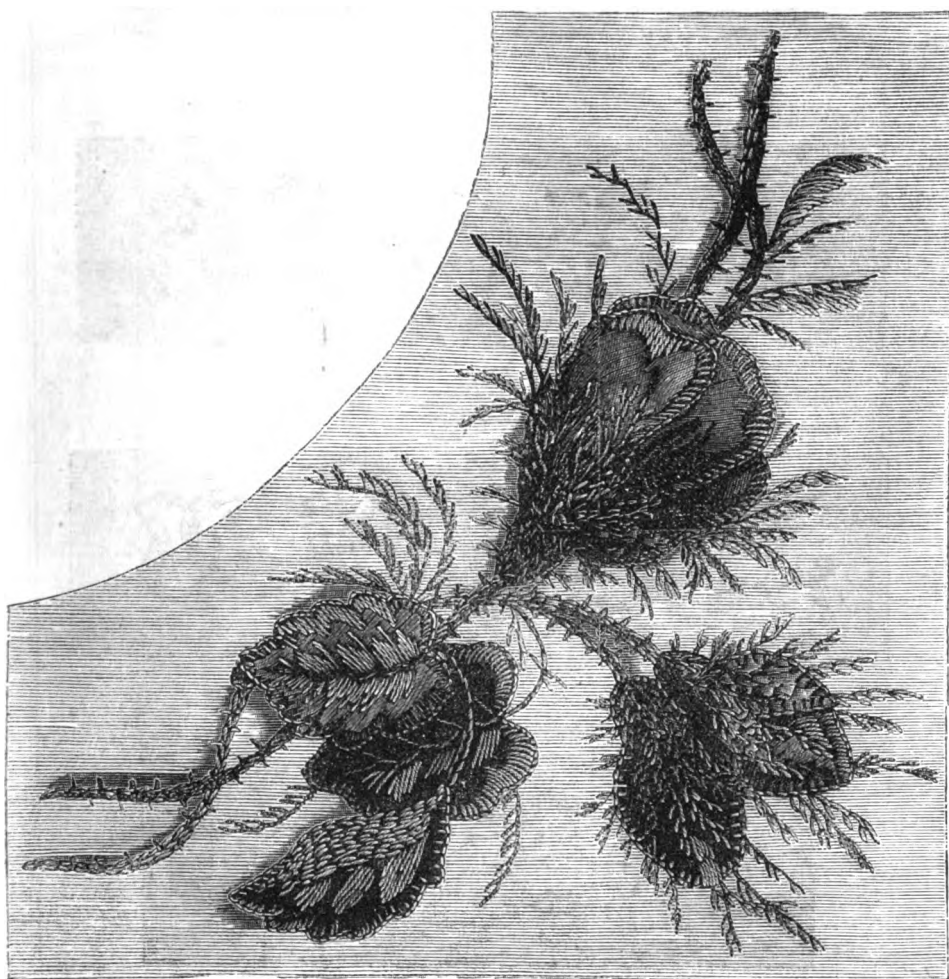
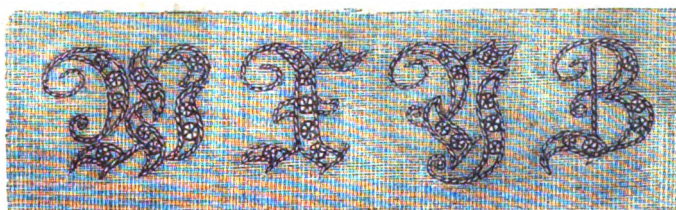
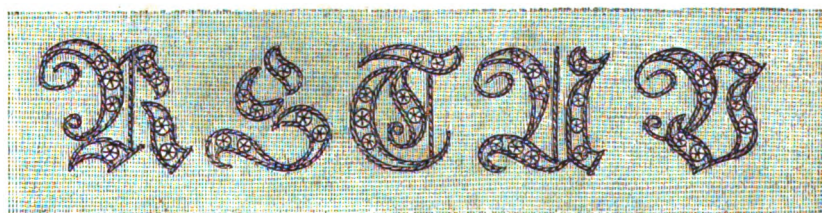
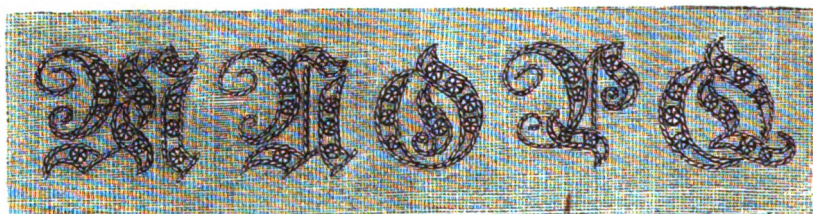
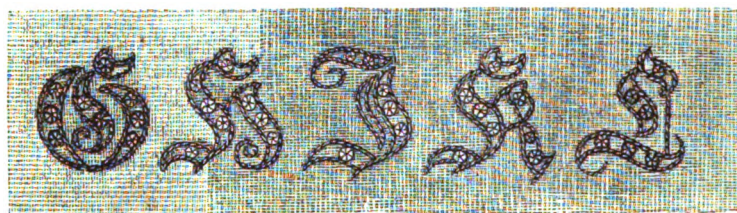


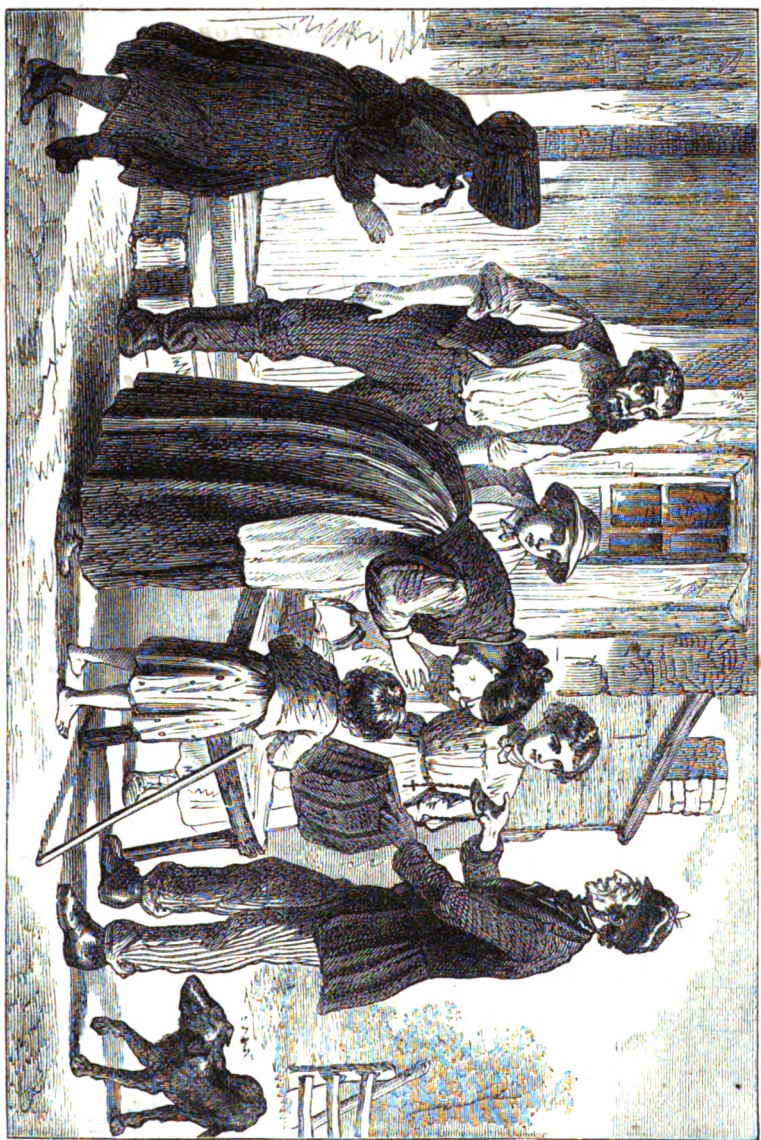
Fig. 5.



ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.

FOR MARKING HANDKERCHIEFS, PILLOW-CASES, ETC.





THE PEDDLER.

To Amos D. Torrey, Esq.

Entre Nous Waltz.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO-FORTE.

BY

B. S. BARRETT.

Published by permission of J. STARR HOLLOWAY, 811 Spring Garden St., Philada.

Fin.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by J. STARR HOLLOWAY, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment using chords. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the bass staff.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree." The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the left hand, using a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part consists of a series of chords and single notes, with a final measure marked "FINE." The voice part is in the right hand, using a single treble clef. It features a melody with a high note marked with a cross (X) above it. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the piano part.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the left hand, and the voice part is in the right hand. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part begins with a forte (f.) dynamic. The melody is simple and catchy, with a repeating pattern of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes that support the melody. The score is written on a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The piano part is written in a single system, and the voice part is written in a single system. The score is a short excerpt, likely from a larger piece.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part consists of two staves, treble and bass. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano part is a simple accompaniment. The voice part is written in a single staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The score is for the first system of the song.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the lower register, featuring a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is simple, with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The voice part is in the upper register, featuring a treble clef and the same key signature. The melody is more complex, with many beamed eighth notes and a final flourish. The lyrics are written below the piano part.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.
(See *Description, Fashion Department.*)



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXXIII.—NO. 493.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1871.

THE HEART OF JOHN STEWART.

BY MARION HARLAND.

THERE were no external marks of the hero about him who is the subject of this story of real life. He was tall, gaunt, and angular; he stooped slightly; his hair was iron-gray; his features, never handsome, were grave to severity. "Hard-featured," people called him who had never seen the rare, sudden smile, that reminded those who remarked it of the break of the sunrise down and over the mountains. He was in his private office on a bright June morning, dressed in decent black, with a smooth white cravat tied after the fashion of forty years ago; the close-bodied dress coat he had never laid aside for the modern frock or sack, worn by his associates during business hours, buttoned about his spare waist, and showing his shoulder-blades sharply, as he bent over his desk, reading the letters brought by the early mail.

The last opened was the longest, and bore the same signature as his own, with a "Jr." added flourishingly in the college-boy's boldest hand. The senior's eyes lingered upon this as they had not upon the subject-matter of the epistle.

"I suppose," he said, within himself, although his thin lips did not stir, "I suppose that would have been the name of my son if I had ever had one."

He docketed the rest of the letters, summoned a clerk to receive them with his instructions respecting the answers to be written, and, when again alone, sat in his revolving-chair, his head upon his hand, and eyes half-shut, his nephew's letter lying open before him. His nephew and heir, so decreed the world, ever ready to interest itself in rich men's affairs, and paid the boy due court accordingly. A nice enough boy, take him all-in-all; bright-faced and bright-tempered, who, as he had informed his uncle by mail, had taken the third honor in college, and was naturally desirous that his benefactor should attend the approach-

ing Commencement. John Stewart's only and dead brother's only child, whom he had maintained since his father's death, fifteen years back, although the widow had married a man in comfortable circumstances. The boy had behaved as well as could be expected from a lad "with expectations;" presuming less upon these than most persons of his age would have done; deporting himself respectfully, but not servilely, to the rich bachelor, and never vexing his moral, respectable soul with pathetic petitions for means to pay debts of honor, or pleading the unavoidable expenses of college life as a reason for the increase of the liberal allowance transmitted to him quarterly. It was not anxiety about the John Stewart, Jr., that was, which shaded the deep-set eyes with a sadder seriousness, drew more tightly the crow's-feet at the corners of his eyes, the wider, longer furrows about the mouth. It was the thought of that other to whom the name should have belonged, the boy who had never been, the fine youth who should have penned that letter, or—for it did not seem to him that he could have suffered him out of his sight for long at a time—who should now be sitting opposite him, talking in the cheery, hearty way he liked to see in young men, although he had never had it himself; looking into his eyes with others as loving, and far more beautiful, dark gray, with long, black lashes, such as he used to meet so often at the church-door, when Ursula Force sang in the choir of the Presbyterian church at the other end of town.

The church had been abandoned of its worshippers, and sold for a hat-factory twenty years since, and six years before that Ursula married the showy young clergyman, who turned all the girls' heads, and made those of their elders shake in doubting reproof, during the winter the old pastor lay dying of consumption. Faithful shepherd to the last, he still kept watch and ward over his flock, although heart and flesh were faint. All that concerned their welfare, temporal or spiritual,

interested him, and John Stewart well understood the meaning of the long hand-pressure, the pitying look in the dim eyes, that were his salutation on the last night he sat up alone with him. He had taken his turn at watching, with half-a-dozen other young men in the church, for three months; learned many and lasting lessons from the lips which were so soon to be dumb. He had forgotten none of them, but he remembered that latest interview as distinctly as if it had taken place but yesterday. Not a word was spoken by either, touching the weight that was crushing the spirit of one, and sorely grieving that of the other, until the night was far spent. Then, the pastor laid his trembling hand upon that which had just held the cup to his lips.

"My dear boy, God will help you bear it; I cannot. But I am praying for you all the time you are breasting the deep waters."

Ursula Force had been to him almost as a daughter, and he had cordially approved of her engagement with John Stewart. She could hardly have done better—popular beauty though she was—than to put her happiness in the keeping of one whose sound principles and strong sense were fast earning for him a name and a place in the community, whose heart the pastor knew to be true and pure as gold. The Reverend Norman Lansing had captivated her fancy and flattered her vanity, but the old clergyman doubted his ability or disposition to make her as happy as the less demonstrative wooer would have done.

"He loves himself too well," he had said to his wife. "The girl has made a mistake—a sad, sad mistake!"

He repeated this to John Stewart that night, in a sorrowful, absent-minded way, as if his eyes were peering down the vista of years to come. "She will live to repent it."

"Heaven forbid!" was the hoarse rejoinder.

He meant it then and always. She had flung him aside, and the memories of years of single-hearted devotion, with as little apparent compunction as if she had been giving away a garment, useful once, but now out of fashion. The wrench had warped the man's nature, but the grain was too noble to allow him to harbor a thought of spite or revenge. The thing consecrated by his love was sacred for evermore.

His only intimate friend—the one confidant of this and every trial from their school-days up to manhood—died the following year, leaving a widow and an infant. John Stewart visited them, cared for them as if he had been in truth the lost husband's brother, until the young woman, her weeds still fresh, begged him, amid tears and blushes, to "discontinue his pointed attentions. They set people to talking, and—and—the truth was—she was engaged to marry Mr. Walsh, a *very* old friend, to whom she had been attached before her union with her lamented George, and he was

disposed to be jealous about Mr. Stewart's visits. She was very grateful for all his goodness since dear George's death. She didn't know how she could have got along without his help—but people would talk!"

"Jealous of *me*!" said John Stewart, widening his sad eyes in blank amaze. "Why, Mrs. Judson, you, your new lover, and 'people' generally, should know that the fact that you were once George's wife would hedge you about from any thought or word of mine inconsistent with the respect I bear his memory. If he were living, you would not be more effectually protected from me."

But he obeyed her behest and "people's" scruples. From that day to this he had avoided the society of ladies. "Misogynist and mercantile machine," sneered flippancy girls, not yet sufficiently world-wise to see in his wealth an ample cloak for his austerity and indifference to their charms. They thought him "an odious bear" and "a wooden man," and turned up their noses pertly at meeting him in the street. "A disappointed being who deserves a better fate," and "Such a good chance thrown away," sighed manœuvring matrons and prudent spinsters. He had never looked upon Ursula Lansing's face, had not heard her name in a decade. He only knew that her husband was dead, and that she was childless.

Like himself. No son of hers, bearing another man's name, would ever strike him to the heart with her eyes. Was it the June sunshine or the little glass of mignonette set in the window by the Scotch porter—whom the clerks deemed half-witted, yet dared not tease because Mr. Stewart protected him—that brought her so vividly before him this morning? It certainly was not John Stewart, Jr.'s letter lying unanswered upon the desk at his elbow.

By the way, it must be attended to. He shook himself as from sleep, and wrote to the lad less stiffly than was his custom, accepting his invitation for Commencement, and requesting him to engage a comfortable room on the second floor, with a sunny front, in the best hotel in the college town, for his accommodation. He wrote again, two days in advance of his departure, to notify the junior by what train to expect him, and found him dutifully awaiting him at the depot. The second-floor room had a sunny front, but the windows opened upon a piazza, and the fastidious bachelor closed his blinds upon noticing this, the more quickly and securely for seeing the flutter of a silk dress at a neighboring door as he leaned out to undo the fastening that held open a shutter.

The college-hall was thronged that night to hear the orations of the junior class. Mr. Stewart attended to please his nephew. He was the boy's guest in some sense, and would sacrifice his personal ease for his gratification. From beginning to end of the exercises he sat

with outward decorum and inward tortures, as destitute of sympathy with the enthusiasm of the students and the gay complaisance of the visitors as if he had been one of the moulded caryatides supporting the galleries on either hand of him. They were crowded with ladies—young, merry, fashionable, and intellectual—and a continual battery of bright eyes was bent upon the very gray-haired nabob in the dress coat and prim cravat, sitting, immovable and unsmiling, in the centre aisle. But the most charming and the most watchful failed to detect a token of recognition of their existence. He was very callous or very shy, they decided, with various degrees of pique. Whoever would make *beaux yeux* at his fortune with any hope of success would have to select John, Jr., the presumptive legatee, as the means to an end.

"A little tired with the journey and the speeches, and the music made my head ache," confessed the uncle, politely suppressing a yawn, when John, Jr., had escorted him to his chamber. "And since there will be a good deal more of the same thing to-morrow, I must have a fair night's rest. That will set me up all right. I won't ask you in. It is late. Good-night! Thank you, but I seldom dream; that is a youthful habit," for the boy had wished him "sound slumbers and pleasant dreams!"

The beams of the full moon streamed in between the movable slats of the window-blinds.

"I was sure I shut them up tight," thought John Stewart, and, before striking a light, crossed the room to exclude the white rays.

A waft of mignonette scent came to him from without. Some one was strolling up and down the piazza, singing very softly to herself an old-fashioned Scotch ballad, "Ye banks and braes." It was a rich, sweet voice, and the unseen occupant of the chamber stayed his hand that he might listen; his head bowed upon his chest, and eyes almost closed—his wonted attitude of reverie. Busy fingers, with talons of steel, seemed to tug and strain at his heart-strings, until he nearly swooned in the mingled anguish and pleasure of recollection. It was the song he used to love best, Ursula's favorite, as they rambled in the great garden behind her father's house, sauntering under the summer moon along the walk edged with mignonette. The mignonette that bloomed and blackened into dust in the last generation; the garden now built up with tall brick stores. Yet, in the blinding spasm of memory, he believed himself there still for one wild moment; felt Ursula's hand in his, her breath upon his cheek.

When he could look up and command his thoughts, a shadow lay athwart the moonlit floor. A lady, dressed in white, with a black lace shawl thrown over her head and shoulders, leaned on the piazza-railing, and gazed upward at the moon. She stood there still, without change of posture or gaze, five minutes later,

when the blinds were unclosed and John Stewart stepped through the long French window.

"Ursula!"

A start of intensest surprise—a quick, impetuous movement toward him with both hands outstretched in rapturous welcome—then, a recoil as abrupt, a burying of the face in her hands as if overpowered by shame and tenderness—these told the whole story to the heart that had ached empty for her for a quarter of a century.

"Ursula!" The long-locked tide surging up in a rush of passion, longing, and pity. "Do we not stand in heart where we did in the blessed olden time—the dear lang syne when we loved and trusted one another? Oh, my darling, I have wanted you so long! so long! Come back to me!"

She made as though she would have fallen at his feet had he not upheld her. Her voice was tremulous with weeping.

"Noble! faithful! Can you forgive?" was all he could distinguish of the incoherent murmur.

"I forgave you always! I forget now," was the answer.

They talked together long and earnestly in the moonlight that mellowed the ravages of time in both.

"I did not know why I was too restless to think of sleep to-night," she said, clasping her hands upon his arm, in the well-remembered fashion that thrilled him through and through, raising the still lovely face and ever-matchless eyes to his view. "I could not divine what impelled me to walk here when I believed everybody else on this side of the house had retired; to muse of old times and lost happiness, and renew the vain repentance that has been my hourly companion for years. I did not dream you were so near me. I understand it all now. O John, if I sinned against you, I also sacrificed my own peace of mind! I have suffered; I can never tell you how much."

"You never shall try to tell me—never, if I can help it, look back to the season we have passed apart from one another. We begin our new life—or join it on to the old so closely we shall never see the seam where it is welded—from this hour."

When John, Jr., called to breakfast with his uncle, he was directed to a private parlor he had not been instructed to engage. A handsome woman, in a flowing muslin *negligé* and a lace breakfast-cap, looking sweet and cool as a *micra phyllia* rose, in the shaded room, hot as was the July morning, was pouring out the millionaire's Souchong. John Stewart arose at his nephew's entrance, and shook hands with him, his face aglow with his rare smile.

"Mrs. Lansing, allow me to present my brother's son, and my namesake. John, my boy, this lady has promised to become your aunt in season to listen to your graduation speech."

She kept her word, but the ceremony was performed at the house of the officiating clergyman, and so quietly that not three persons in the crowd, packing every corner of the audience-hall to overflowing that scorching day, suspected the relation just formed between the pretty widow, whose errand to the neighborhood was said by the gossips to be husband-catching, and the wealthy city merchant, who chanced to get a seat in the same pew with her. They did not speak or look at one another, it was remembered afterward, although both appeared to hearken with especial interest to poor, dazed John's oration.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were off upon their bridal tour before the story of their renewed courtship and hasty wedding took wind. The honeymoon was spent by the time they settled themselves in their city home. The whirlpool of gossip that had dashed and roared into stormy foam at every mention of their names, seethed itself into meek whispers at Mr. Stewart's reappearance in his accustomed haunts, dignified and quiet as ever; as circumspect in demeanor and formal in attire, as vigilant and energetic in business. The most forwardly-inquisitive of his acquaintances durst not question him as to the causes that led to his change of life. The least gallant declared that his wife's face and manner were enough to turn the brain of a younger and more impressible man. That he had succumbed to their magic, was a proof that old Jack Stewart had yet a morsel of heart hid away somewhere in his lean body; a thing nobody would have credited without indisputable evidence.

Mrs. Stewart was a remarkably well-preserved woman. In reality, she was but six years younger than her husband. A stranger would have guessed sixteen, and then marvelled at her fresh complexion, dazzling teeth, and sparkling eyes, at her lively flow of society chitchat, and the girlish music of her laugh. Her beauty and health had been her only capital all her life, and she had guarded both with scrupulous care, religiously avoiding disquieting cares and profound thought whenever she could. She came back to the city which was her girlhood's home, without a visible blush over the fickleness and perfidy that had preceded her departure from it as Norman Lansing's hastily-wooed bride; without a haunting memory, so far as lookers-on could discern, of the man who had lured her from her troth to her earlier lover, or regret that she had, in yielding to his suit, delayed her present good fortune. She had known privations as the spouse of an invalid clergyman—so ran the talk of the wiseacres—trials by poverty, and the peevish humors of an arbitrary, sick, and disappointed man. If she had ever laid these to heart, she hid their imprint successfully. She heartily enjoyed her altered position, the luxurious establishment of which she was mis-

tress; the large circle of appreciative admirers collected about her by her husband's wealth; was unaffectedly grateful to him to whom she owed her prosperity. Thus much, Society saw. There could be no fault found with her demeanor to her mature bridegroom. It was respectful and affectionate, without being foolishly fond. She was watchful of his comfort, quick in recognition of his attentions and many excellent qualities, and had the good taste to refrain from all public allusions to the circumstances of their old-time intimacy and their reunion. What common sense and the innate delicacy for which he seldom received credit did for him in the regulation of his behavior outside of his home, tact accomplished for her. Brilliant she had never been. The past had showed that she was neither deep-hearted nor stable. She was handsome and cunning, but never malicious or vicious—only thoroughly and altogether selfish in her amiable way. The world is full of such people—those for whom the law and the prophets hang upon the proposition that self-preservation is the first law of nature. Having taken the best imaginable care of themselves, they are then willing—rather desirous, in fact—that the rest of mankind should have a comfortable time. It is disagreeable to see suffering, and to listen to complaints. These are the women who spoil their children by indulgence, sooner than resist importunities and repress waywardness; who dupe instead of disputing with their husbands; whose god is their own ease, and whose watchword through life is, "Anything for peace!"—(to myself!)—the bracketed phrase being understood, not expressed. These are the women, too, for whose sweet sake men more often go mad, cut one another's throats, and sacrifice their hopes for time and eternity—curse God, and die—than for a Lucretia, a Roland, a Sappho, or an Elizabeth Fry. This was the woman at whose shrine, broken and dusty, John Stewart had watched—a vestal—through the unlighted vigil of years; upon whom he now lavished the wealth of heart and purse without stint.

"It is ever so nice to be adored! You can't think!" lisped a pretty doll to me once, after describing the *incident* of her conquest of one of the noblest hearts that ever beat.

Ursula Stewart's tact saved her from such spoken folly, but this was her idea, all the same.

They had been married two months. No mortal ever knew how near to the widely-opened door of Paradise John Stewart had lived in those eight weeks; how abundantly his early dreams and the oft and sternly repressed aspirations of riper manhood were fulfilled by them.

"I feel, half the time, like a dreaming man, who dreads the awakening," he said, one autumn morning, as he toyed with his tea-cup

to prolong the breakfast talk with his wife. "As the children say about holidays, when they have actually come, 'It is too good to be true.'"

"It is very naughty and unkind in you to hint at the possibility of an awakening," retorted his *vis-à-vis*, with a charming pout, belied by the tender smile in the moist eyes.

"Unkind!" The word jarred upon his ear. He arose, came around to her, and slipped his hand under her chin, brought the eyes he so tenderly loved to bear upon his. "I do not think I could ever be *that* to you, my darling. I know you could never deserve it."

"You *do* trust me a little—just a little, then?"

She shifted the hand to her lips, then rested her cheek, soft and rosy as a girl's, within his palm for a moment. He felt the warmth of the caress long after it was removed.

"If I did not, I should pray to die," he said, strongly, almost fiercely.

They had exchanged the parting salutation he never offered in the presence of a third person, and he was at the foot of the tall flight of marble steps which were the imposing entrance to his home, when her voice called him softly from the top.

"John, love!"

He glanced back, and noted, for the thousandth time, how fair and winsome she was; how bewitching her smile; how like heaven her eyes.

"John, dear," bending forward with a mischievous laugh, and speaking almost in a whisper, "please don't wake up before you come back!"

He raised his hat in reply, as if he would have waved it in his triumphant security, but for the thought that others might see the gesture; the sudden illumination she knew how to kindle, flashing over his countenance—and was gone.

John Stewart said a grave "Good-morning" to the clerks in the store and outer office; a kindly one to Scotch Jamie, who stood at the door of the inner, watching, with spaniel-like faithfulness, for his master's approach; passed into his private room, hung up his hat, and folded his gloves in his methodical way; stooped, for a long second, to the glass of mignonette in the window, and sat down to read the letters awaiting him. The first he opened was a bulky packet.

"MR. JOHN STEWART" (it began, abruptly): "I have just returned to what was a dear home to me, from a visit to the far West, to find the woman I have courted for five years has married you for your money. She was engaged, fast and firm, to me, as you will see from the letters I send with this—the last one written just the day before her marriage to you. She says in that that she loves me, me only, and is longing for the day that will give her into my arms. She calls me her 'darling hus-

band.' And twenty-four hours afterward she sold herself to you. When you have read these letters, give them to her, and tell her to return mine; also the gifts I was constantly loading her with, like the blind fool I was. I don't mean to be insulting to you, but a man in my position can't pick his words. I am more sorry than angry with you, for a woman who has fooled one man as she has me, will fool another.

Very respectfully, DAVID GUILD."

Mrs. Stewart was stepping into her carriage for a round of morning calls when Scotch Jamie touched his hat to her and handed a parcel. Seeing her husband's handwriting upon the cover, and suspecting one of the surprise-gifts he had a habit of bestowing upon her, she nodded graciously to the bearer, with a pleasant "Thank you, Jamie!" and bade the coachman "Drive on," as she sank upon the yielding cushions. There were four seals upon the wrapping of the little bundle, stamped with John Stewart's monogram, and she broke them smilingly. Twelve letters dropped out into her lap. She knew them at a glance, and, with a stifled cry of horror, clutched at a fresher, smoother envelope directed in Mr. Stewart's hand to his wife. David Guild's letter to him was folded up with a note to her.

"Ursula, I have not read these, although bidden to do so. They are yours, not mine. If what this man says is true, you should this hour be his wife, instead of in my home. If he has spoken falsehood, you may give me the letters to examine when I come in to dinner, and I will answer him as he deserves. If you were, indeed, engaged to him when you married me, I desire no further discussion of the subject with him, or with you, now or ever. Words could not repair the wrong I have done him, or the wrong you have done me. I still hope that you can deny his accusation; shall trust you until I learn my error from your own lips.

JOHN STEWART."

For one moment the fortunate mistress of the finest mansion and carriage in the city thought of throwing herself beneath the wheels that were bearing her down the paved streets. For five minutes she revolved seriously the feasibility of writing twelve other letters, innocent, friendly epistles, to be slipped into the envelopes directed to Mr. David Guild, the well-to-do land agent and speculator she had thought a very tolerable match until fate threw John Stewart at her feet. If she had been morally sure that her husband had spoken truth in asserting that he had not read the fatal—now abhorred—love-letters forwarded by the forsaken swain, she would have resorted to this subterfuge without a scruple. But it was difficult for a wily nature to comprehend an upright one. If John *had* suspected the contents of the packet, even partially, her stratagem would work out her more grievous discomfiture.

"The straight path is always the safest," she uttered, virtuously, and ordered the carriage homeward.

When there, she locked herself in her room and proceeded to business. The returned letters were burned; then she made up a bundle of Mr. David Guild's presents, which were mostly flashy jewelry, unworthy of Mrs. Stewart's wearing, and sent it off to him with a curt note, stating that she "had destroyed all his notes and letters prior to her marriage to the man of her choice, the only one she had ever *truly* loved." She gave the meddler to understand, furthermore, that "his impertinent and most *dishonorable* attempt to sow dissension between herself and her *honored* husband had been useless; had only cemented the confidence between them. She forgave him *freely*, however. She was too happy to cherish *resentment* against any living creature, least of all, one who had once professed to be her *true* friend. She was disappointed and *grieved* by his unkindness, but she yet remained, with sincere wishes for his welfare and happiness, his friend, URSULA STEWART."

She was quite proud of the composition in reading it over. It was neat and magnanimous, and could do no harm should the wretch choose to send it to John. He *was* a wretch—a base, malicious villain, to cause her so much annoyance when she was so comfortable; a jagged gravel-stone in her bed of roses. She had not believed there were such cruel, wicked people in the world. Of course, the affair would blow over, but there would be a scene—apologies, and making-up, and all that—with John, and the sooner it was gone through with, the better. She dressed herself in her most becoming attire, called up her best looks, and went down to meet him when she heard his latch-key in the front door; was close beside him, while he hung his hat upon the rack, her lips held up for the usual welcome kiss. She did not receive it. Putting his hands behind him, he looked down steadfastly at her.

"Where are the letters?"

"I have burned them, John."

"I understand."

He turned on his heel and walked into the library; would have shut himself in, had she not followed.

"What is it, Ursula?" he asked, as she cast herself upon his neck.

"Don't speak so coldly to me, John. You break my heart," she sobbed.

He stood like a statue, the dry, nervous fingers interlocked behind his back, his features hard, his eyelids drooping.

"I was so poor! so lonely!" she went on. "He persecuted me with his attentions, and I thought you were lost to me forever."

"It was true, then, that when you married me, you were solemnly pledged to him?" he said, in a harsh voice, although his countenance did not change.

"But I never loved him," cried the wife, eagerly. "I knew that, all the while."

"The more shame to you, if that was so. I have heard enough."

He undid her arms, put them down to her side as if she had been a lay-figure, crossed the room, and picked up the evening paper. She understood, from that instant, that all efforts to bridge the gulf would be fruitless, and accepted the situation as she did all other inevitable things, with philosophical grace. She would no sooner have tortured her temper and sensibilities by combating his fixed purpose than she would have bruised her soft hands and arms by beating against a stone wall.

It is even a matter of doubt whether, as time wore on, she did not find their changed manner of life more to her taste than the former. She loved liberty and luxury, and both were hers. The allowance granted for her private wants was munificent, and she was not galled by the reflection that it was a stated sum paid at regular periods, instead of the constant outflow of a lover's bounty. "Mr. Stewart" had his apartments, and she hers. She liked society; he, solitude. She was fond of amusements and gaiety; he was wedded to his business. In short, he went his way, and left her to hers. She had found it "nice" to be adored, but the present system had its advantages. It was not exactly a cross, when one had made up her mind to it, to be ever ready to receive and return caresses and love-words, but it did cost her some thought; was not, at all seasons, equally convenient. If forced to frank confession, she would have owned that she considered it sometimes a relief not to be called upon for demonstrations of affection. They were a bit of a bore when one was tired and dull, and, to tell the truth, a trifle absurd in people of their age. Courteous moderation was far more becoming. That her husband suffered more than herself from the rupture, in aught save in wounded pride, did not occur to her as a subject worthy of consideration. John was a sensible man, and should have known better than to imagine that a fine woman like herself could have lived a widow eight years without admirers. He ought, if he could be persuaded to regard the matter in a proper light, to feel flattered, not incensed, that she threw the land speculator overboard for him. But men were apt to be jealous and unreasonable. She might thank her stars that there had been but one explosion. Some husbands would have growled about it incessantly.

They walked on, then, in their diverging paths; he growing daily more wealthy and more reserved, keener in driving equitable bargains, and more reticent in all pertaining to his personal affairs—"Freezing and drying up," his acquaintances repeated concerning him so often it grew into a by-word; she gained in popularity steadily, and lost none of her good looks with the revolving seasons that stole away the charms of many younger and more

sensitive women, until, on the fifth anniversary of their wedding-day, she dropped dead before her toilet-glass while arranging her headress for a dinner-party at the house of a friend.

"Disease of the heart," reported the papers in their fulsome eulogies of the rich man's beautiful wife, and they but followed the lead of the doctors who had investigated the case. John Stewart may have doubted the correctness of the verdict, but he was taciturn in his dry-eyed mourning as he had been during his wife's lifetime. The ways of the household continued the same. A housekeeper managed the servants, did the marketing, and looked after her employer's linen. His valet, a gray-haired Scotchman, kept his apartments in order. He had no intimate associates, although he gave freely and cheerfully to public and private charities. The needy never applied to him in vain, but he shunned verbal thanksgivings as he did women. Condolences and blandishments were alike ineffectual in drawing him from his citadel of dignified indifference to the sex who so pitied his loneliness and admired his fortune.

"Freezing and drying up!" echoed and re-echoed his best friends (?). He settled John, Jr., in business, and, when he married, made his wife a present of an elegant house. Upon the birth of John the third, he refused to attend the christening supper, but sent with his "regret" a cheque for a handsome amount, as a nest-egg for the boy's fortune. Yet he never entered his nephew's house or saw the child unless by accident.

"He cares for nothing but money," John complained to his spouse.

She, justly indignant at the obstinacy that kept her and hers out of their own, rejoined: "And means to live forever to enjoy it, I verily believe."

John Stewart was seventy-four years of age, when, slipping upon the upper step of the marble flight leading up to his door, on a sleety night, he struck his head with such force against the lower that he was taken up for dead. He breathed his last ten hours later. He never spoke after the hurt was received; only lay with closed eyes, the thin, gray hands folded upon the heart men said had frozen and dried up long, long ago, until death silenced the faint throbbing, and the John Stewart, Jr.s., could come into their kingdom.

His will was the town-talk for the conventional nine days. He had forgotten nobody who had ever showed him a kindness, it seemed, or who could be said to have the remotest claim upon his regard and wealth. All his clerks, including Scotch Jamie, had large legacies; the benevolent institutions of city and State were remembered, with dozens of his old pensioners, from whom, when he was alive, he would never hear a syllable of acknowledgment. Among

the bequests which excited wondering comment were these two:—

"To David Guild, of —, five thousand dollars, in memory of an unintentional wrong once done him."

And "To James Stewart Judson, only child of my very dear friend, George Judson, the sum of ten thousand dollars."

"Why, George Judson died forty odd years ago!" cried the few who recollected that such a man had lived. "Who would have thought of remembering him all this while, except an eccentric Scotchman like Jack Stewart, who never parted with an idea when he had fairly taken it up?"

He had left no directions concerning his own tombstone, and not one of the forty or fifty legatees felt himself called upon to give of his newly-gotten substance for the erection of the same. In the shadow of the stately shaft that adorns his wife's resting place is a sunken mound, unmarked and untended, save when half-witted Jamie, now a white-haired man, walks all the way from town on Sabbath afternoons in the spring and summer to clip the tough grass and leave a bouquet of mignonette upon the breast of his old master.

"He had aye a kind word for me," says the silly old fellow, when rallied or questioned upon the subject of his devotion. "He had a wonderfu' gude heart, had yon. The Lord He kenned, and the angels, and meself. I doot if any ither body did."

His is the spoken testimony upon this point. I wish it were in my power (for this is biography, not fiction) to chronicle in a worthier manner, and upon a more enduring page, the history of the depth, the constancy, the stainless truth, the passion, the patience, and the pain of THE HEART OF JOHN STEWART.

THE WOODS.

BY GEORGE C. FOLEY.

I LOVE the grand, old, darkened wood,
Where silence reigns supreme;
I love to walk in solitude,
Amid the shades to dream.

I love to be alone with God,
Among the forest kings;
To tread the temple's carpet sod,
While the feathered choir sings.

I love the deep and quiet gloom,
The green, the arched nave,
The pillars high, the leafy dome,
The brooklet's chrismal wave.

I love the silent lesson taught
Of worship, leal and true;
The hymn of praise, that changeth not,
The carol, ever new.

I love this temple of the Lord,
The ancient, mystic grove,
Where Nature's book, that other Word,
Reveals a God of love.

LOUIE'S PICNIC.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"I WISH you would stay another week, Louie. We have planned such a pleasant picnic for the Fourth. Won't you stay over the Fourth of July?"

"It is exactly on the Fourth of July that I must be at home, Amy."

"Oh, dear! I thought there was no such word as *must* in your vocabulary. I have often envied you your perfect freedom from control. Young, and rich, with an elderly lady for a companion who must do as you say, not control you! You are to be envied."

"Would you give your mother and father, Edgar, Will, and Blanche, and all your relatives, for my freedom, Amy? Stand all alone in the world, without a person living to whom you can say, 'Advise me, govern me; I belong to you?'"

"Well, no, not exactly. But, as you are alone, and can do just as you please, why will you not stay for our picnic?"

"I must go home to attend to a picnic of my own."

"You mean thing! A picnic at Mausley and I not invited!"

"You would not come. I shall have two hundred guests, and probably not a dozen pairs of shoes amongst them."

"Oh, a charity feast! Do you know, Louie, it is a matter of comment in our set, the large sums you spend in charity? Father says it must take nearly half your income."

"Just half. Not my half."

"Not yours? What do you mean?"

"It is a long story, and a sad one, Amy."

"I like long stories. Everybody is in bed but you and me, and it is too hot to sleep; tell me the story, Louie."

"You never saw my sister Clarice?"

"No, but papa has spoken sometimes of her great beauty and her splendid voice. I thought she was dead?"

"I don't know."

"Was she not older than you?"

"Ten years. Our mother and father died when I was but three years old, and Clarice and I were taken at once to grandfather's. I had a nurse, of course, and she had a governess; but, O Amy, I can never tell you what Clarice was to me! Sister, little mother, guide, companion, everything an elder, loving sister could be to a younger one. Even after she finished her education, and became a belle in society, she was never neglectful of Louie. We did not live in New York in those days, but in New Orleans. Grandfather was very fond of music, and fond of patronizing musicians; but, with all his love of the art, he looked upon professional performers as a distinct class. His consternation was very great, therefore, when

Clarice fell in love with a tenor-singer in an Italian opera troupe, a gentleman in manners, of good birth, but a professional singer. Finding there was a really strong attachment, however, he consented to the marriage upon condition that Signor Buonotti left the stage. This was settled, and there was a brilliant wedding. Your father has told you of Clarice's voice. Child as I was, I can yet remember what a glorious voice it was. Nobody thought it strange, therefore, that my brother-in-law made a special point of cultivating it, and developing its full perfection. For two years nobody suspected his motive, and it came upon grandfather like a thunder-clap when he announced his intention of taking Clarice to Italy to finish her musical studies previous to making her appearance as an opera-singer.

"There were terrible scenes. Clarice, the gentlest and most submissive of wives, thought she must obey Paulo, and grandfather finally was obliged to yield, refusing even to see her face again if she once made a public appearance. They sailed for Europe, and we heard nothing more for a year. Grandfather would not allow me to write or receive letters, and it was through the papers that we learned that Clarice made her *debut* in Paris, and failed; tried again in London, and failed there. I can easily understand how one so timid and shy would lose all voice and confidence before an audience. We knew no more. Grandfather never spoke of Clarice, and when he did, willed his entire large fortune to me. I was but seventeen, and could do nothing for four long years. As soon as I was free, I advertised both in America and Europe for Clarice. We had moved from New Orleans to Mausley six months before grandfather died, and, indeed, some of his physicians thought the northern winter caused his death.

"No news of Clarice has ever reached me, but I take one-half my income every year, her half, to distribute in charity, and at Christmas and Fourth of July I have a festival for poor children. This one will be the sixth. In the winter, I hire a hall in the city, give them a dinner, and distribute clothing, blankets, orders for coal, and toys; in the summer, the children come to Mausley; it is only half an hour's ride on the cars from New York, and they get a good run in the free country air, a dinner and tea, flowers and fruit, and new sunbonnets and straw hats."

"But don't they injure the grounds?"

"Oh, yes! but the gardeners put that all right. My agent in New York attends to all the business for me; inviting my guests, chartering the train, buying the provisions, and such details, and I see that all is right at Mausley. So, you see, I must go home on Monday, to be ready on Thursday."

"Tell me, Louie, who are invited. Sunday-school children?"

"Some, but not all. Any child in the street who looks as if the country was an unknown Paradise, is invited to be at the depot at six o'clock on the morning of the Fourth, and is returned there at six in the evening."

"And you intend to have these festivals every year?"

"If I do not find Clarice. It is her money, but only the interest. I have a deed of gift of the principal drawn up if she returns while I live."

"May I go home with you on Monday?"

"I would gladly have you; but the picnic?"

"I had rather attend yours."

"You will find me rather a preoccupied hostess, Amy, dear, for it keeps Mrs. Tyson and me busy to superintend the preparations for an early dinner, and a sort of afternoon feast of fruit, ice-creams, and cake, that answers for an early tea. Hams to boil, chickens to roast and dissect, pies to bake, vegetables to cook."

"But can't I help?"

"Indeed you can. Even with all the extra help I hire, Mrs. Tyson and I find plenty to keep our hands busy."

"Then, I may go?"

"I can't tell how glad I shall be to have you, Amy."

"I'll ask mother about it the first thing in the morning. You promised to come here again?"

The morning of the Fourth was all that could be desired by either Louie or her guests. The early morning sun, peeping upon the wide porch at Mausley, saw a group of three, dressed in cool, light muslins, their faces shaded by wide-brimmed hats, looking down the road that led to the little station where the train stopped for Mausley passengers.

Mrs. Tyson, an elderly widow lady, friend and constant companion of the orphan heiress, looked quite as much pleased and excited as Louie and Amy, though the latter, being but eighteen, testified her impatience by balancing on her tiptoes, and occasionally running to the gate to see if there were any signs of the procession.

"Louie," she said, returning from one of these excursions, "do you have an oration?"

"Not one."

"No speeches or hymn-singing?"

"No. Mr. Rynall, the gentleman I told you of, who kindly acts in the city as my agent, tells the children how far they may ramble, warns them to come to the barn when they hear a horn, and I talk to them as I see opportunity. That is all."

"Here they come! O Louie, what a procession of ragamuffins!"

"I told you what to expect. Now, Amy, you stand by one of those baskets of buns, Mrs. Tyson will take another, and I the third. As they pass in the gate, give each child two, for many of them have had no breakfast."

A ragged set, indeed, it was that filed by the

three ladies; some dropping a courtesy or dipping a bow, some taking the buns in a sort of amazed silence, some saying "Thank ye, mum!" but all round-eyed and wondering what was to come next. It was not long before happy voices filled the air. A great meadow for a play-ground, and a pile of strong toys in one corner, was an unwonted treat. Hoops, grace sticks, balls, kites, in a profusion that the amazed little eyes had never feasted on such before out of a toy-shop window.

The morning sped away. Some quarrelling, much profane language, some bruises, were inevitable, but the majority were happy. Groups of little girls clustered together while Amy taught them the art of making daisy wreaths, dandelion chains, and cowslip balls. Others, shy and pleased, made bouquets of the field-flowers. Amy was everywhere. She taught them tag and Copenhagen, she made a class to learn how to play graces, she tossed the balls higher than the boys, and outran the girls on the gravel path with hoops.

Dinner-time found the shy procession a noisy, romping, but generally good-natured, crowd, and the great barn, with its long, bountifully-spread table, was filled with hungry children. If "My eye!" "Oh, cricky!" "Goody!" and "I'll be blowed!" were not strictly elegant words, they were, at least, expressions, and there was no reason to complain of lack of appetite.

"Louie," said Amy, coming to the busy hostess, after all seemed supplied for a time, "would you box my eyes if I told you there is a child here so like you she startled me?"

"Where?"

"On the steps. She is a little mite, about four years old, but wonderfully like you; she says her name is Louisa, too."

"O Amy!"

"There, don't faint! I thought of the same thing that has made you so white. Come and see the child."

She was still seated on the step at the great barn-door, eating cold chicken and bread and butter, when they came to her. Very plainly dressed, but with clean, whole garments, and at her throat a little ruffle fastened by a small coral pin.

"Amy, see! I would know that pin anywhere. It was our mother's. I've found Clarice. Little one, tell me, where do you live?"

The child only smiled and said: "Louisa."

"Is your name Louisa?"

She nodded again, but was joined at the moment by a boy of eleven or twelve, a lad who ought to have been a model for Murillo—dark-skinned, dark-eyed, and Italian in face and feature.

He smiled too, saying, in rather broken English: "Paulo and Louisa Buonotti, signorina. Only a few weeks in New York from Naples."

"Where is your mother?" asked Louie, in Italian.

The boy's face brightened at once.

"Mamma is in New York, sewing for money to go to New Orleans to find grandfather. We should have gone before, but it took all the money to get to New York after papa died."

"O Amy, I must go to her now! We can catch the two o'clock train and return at four. You will take my place here?"

"Yes, yes! Go, dress at once, while I order the carriage to take you to the station."

"Paulo," said Louie, drawing the boy into the house, "did you ever hear of your Aunt Louie?"

"Ah, yes! Mamma gave little sister her name."

"I am your Aunt Louie."

"She is a little girl."

"She was, Paulo, when your mamma last saw her. Tell me your mamma's first name."

"Clarice."

"I knew it. We will go home now, Paulo, and bring mamma out here to live with me."

"Here! In this beautiful place! Oh, it will be like going to Italy!"

"Shall we go now? Louie is good with the lady who was with me, and will not miss us until we are here again. Shall we find your mamma now?"

"Oh, come, come! Oh, signorina, will she die of joy? She has talked of you so much, and sometimes she says: 'I should die of joy to see Louie.'"

The boy's confidence won, he told Louie, in his own musical Italian, a sad story of want and suffering, and even, his great black eyes flashing, the while, of cruelty from the disappointed father to the patient mother. They had lived in poverty's hardest homes, till his mother, when left a widow, had sold clothing and some few paltry trinkets, and come home as a steerage passenger. Thinking her relatives still in New Orleans, she had intended to go there, if possible, as soon as she could by work or charity defray the expense. Louie's tears flowed fast, but the boy was radiant with delight.

It was in a very poor part of the town that Louie found herself after Paulo gave the address to the hack-driver, but the house was a small boarding-house, not a den of poverty, as she had feared. Her heart seemed to be suffocating her as Paulo opened a door, and she looked upon a lady in deep mourning, as unlike the gay young sister she remembered as possible.

"Paulo, where is your sister?" she cried.

"At Aunt Louie's. Oh, mamma, the kind lady that gave the party is Aunt Louie! She is here."

But Louie was sitting on the floor in the narrow entry, crying like a baby. The lady in mourning bent over her.

"Can you be little Louie?" she asked.

"Clarice! Is it, indeed, Clarice?"

It was, indeed, Clarice.

"I little thought," she said, as they were speeding back to Mausley, "that when I let the children accompany my landlady's little ones to a country visit for the day, where they were going. It was a hard struggle with my pride, for I understood it was a charity festival; but they begged so hard, and my pride has had to give way to my poverty so often," she added, sadly, "that once more seemed of little account."

"Oh, think if you had gone to New Orleans!"

"I scarcely know what I expected, Louie. I did not know our grandfather was dead, and I hoped he would do something for my children. With your love, I can face the future more bravely."

"Here we are at home—my home and yours, Clarice," and Louie, drawing her sister into the spacious drawing-room, told her of their grandfather's will and her own deed of gift.

Can I describe the end of the picnic? How the children were feasted, what treasures of clothing, toys, and flowers they took home, what promises of another holiday next year. You must imagine that, and little Louie's delight when she found the beautiful day was to be repeated for her, and that mamma and Paulo too were to live at Mausley.

On a smaller scale, the festivals will be continued, for Clarice highly approved of the previous appropriation of her income, and intends to join Louie in future festivals of the same character.

MYSTY SUNBEAMS.

BY L. S. C.

ALL along life's weary highway
Misty sunbeams fall;
Some unheeded, some forgotten,
Though they speak to all.

Rarely in unblemished splendor
Doth a ray appear;
Each is draped in saddening vapor
Ere it reaches here.

Mists from sere hearts' barren fen-lands,
Dews from vales of grief,
Hopes deferred, and dark misgivings,
Shroud the bright relief.

Nothing in our life is perfect—
Gall-embittered sweets,
Blighted rose, and rusted anchor,
Every pilgrim meets.

Shattered vows of self and others,
Lust-dimmed prayers for strength;
Little evils, oft recurring,
Shade trees grow at length.

Then, among the leaves and branches,
Worldly spiders spin
Endless webs, yet through the meshes
Mist-robed beams steal in.

LADIES' BATHING DRESSES.

GREAT reforms have been made within the last few years in the bathing dresses worn by ladies. Great reform was needed—for the preservation of modesty as well as of health and comfort. The long, loose gown, formerly worn, was apt to dab wet and flabby against the bather as she left the water, and cause a chill. Swimming in such a garment was very nearly something miraculous. Even in dipping in and out of the water, it would cling round the legs and impede freedom of motion. The very greatest objection of all was, that occasionally the air filled it, or the wind caught it, as the bather rose above the surface of the waves, and bore it up above the crest of the water like a balloon. The dress now in vogue amongst ladies, becoming more general every season, and which, we hope, will soon be universal, is of French origin.

A row of buildings on the shore serves bathers to undress and dress. From these they run across the sands to the water. Perhaps it is to this circumstance that the pretty and modest dresses now in vogue owed their origin. To swimmers such clothing is indispensable. The bathing garments consist of a pair of trowsers and a blouse belted at the waist with or without sleeves. There are a good many different ways and fashions for making these. Some are very plain, some piquant. A lady, not young, or ill-shaped, should choose a plain garment; as also will those of retiring disposition and delicate sentiment. A very stout woman, on the wrong side of forty, attired as a jaunty young sailor, would be ludicrous. Equally absurd would a tall, angular, very thin lady seem in like adornments. But young and pretty girls may be allowed to give some scope to the lightness of their hearts, which will express itself in fanciful costume. There is no reason why bathing garments should not be made with taste and some ornament; but by ladies of good character, what is remarkable and "loud" will be decidedly avoided. They will not desire to call any particular attention to themselves in the water by conspicuousness, though they may naturally and properly desire not to look unsightly objects, but rather pleasing ones, to their companions, or to anyone who inadvertently sees them, in addition to securing their own comfort and protection.

The French bathing dress is cut like a boy's tunic or larger. The pattern of a boy's brown Holland pinafore enlarged will prove a good guide. Fig. 1 shows the shape. It is cut open at the throat, sits plain on the shoulders, from which it is sloped straight away; the armholes afterwards are hollowed out. It should be long enough to reach the knees, when finished, in front, and two, or even three, inches longer behind. The sleeves are from two to three inches deep. The waistband is made of the

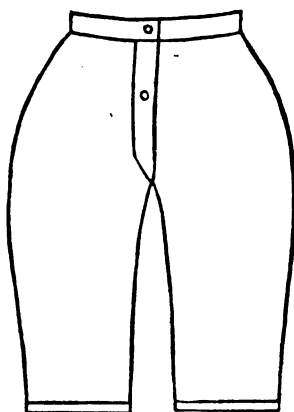
material doubled, and hooks over the blouse, reducing all the figure. Down the front there is a two-inch wide hem on one side only; the other is simply bound with braid. Large but

Fig. 1.



tons fasten it down the front. Before cutting the front out, pin a fold down the centre of four inches wide. This allows sufficient for the two-inch hem to be made, and to lap over under-side. The trowsers can be cut from any

Fig. 3.



pattern of white ones that fit (see Fig. 2.) They are joined behind, turning in an inch at one side and a little way up in front. An inch wide false hem is put on the rest of the front, and sloped away to the join. This will be observed in Fig. 3. It buttons an inch over the inner-side, which is the one that has an inch

Fig. 4.



turned in. Stitch this across a little below the join, and cut off the superfluous turning at the

back. Plait the trowsers into an easy waist-band two inches wide, double. Do not make them fuller than is absolutely necessary, for the less material used the better; the more there is employed, the heavier the gown will be when saturated with water. The serge used should be of a very light fine make. The French are partial to black suits. Many of these are

in the water are far more graceful than the wholly imaginary excellence of a braced-in waist, the artificial smallness of which is as strikingly marked and ugly, as rouge cheeks compared to the real bloom of health and beauty. The trowsers should be cut from the pattern of a boy's Knickerbockers, if the lady making them has got a suitable pattern. Of



Fig. 2.

Fig. 8.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

trimmed with cross-cut bands of tartan, wide on the skirt, and narrow on the body, sleeves, and trowsers. A pretty variety of patterns is made by rounding off the corners of the skirt of the blouse at the dotted lines in Fig. 1, making the round come to a marked point where the side seams meet.

A costume will take about five yards. A width is required to cut each leg, and a width each for the front and back of the blouse. The sleeves, bands, etc., can be cut out of the pieces. Bathing caps are made of oiled silk, covered with colored chenille nets.

Join the skirt to the band of the body. The sleeves may be mere epaulettes, deep under the arm, and scalloped quite away to the top; or square, short sleeves, or long ones. Long sleeves are of the coat shape, with very open cuffs. The band is made of the material, and hooks on. It should be quite loose, to allow perfect freedom of action to the bather or swimmer. The natural movements of the body

course, they must be considerably larger than a boy's, and half as wide again at the upper part. Plait them into a band. They are entirely joined. Put them on first, then the blouse, and lastly the band.

Colored flannel is a good material for bathing gowns, but serge is better, and also dearer—perhaps not dearer in the end, because wider. It can now be purchased in every color, such as gray, lavender, light-blue, Magenta, green, white, etc. Nothing is more suitable than a dark blue. This may be trimmed with scarlet military braid, without being remarkably conspicuous. A date brown is not a bad color for bathing dresses, and may be trimmed with white braid. White, trimmed with blue, is pretty, but a little conspicuous, unless at a bathing-place where such gay articles are commonly worn.

Fig. 7 is a dress of dark blue serge, trimmed with a broad scarlet military braid between two narrow ones. It opens on the cross down

the front, and fastens with long hooks and eyes. There is a rosette of braid on the shoulder. The trimming is carried round the skirt. The waistband of serge has a row of wide braid in the centre, and a rosette. There are no sleeves; the arms are trimmed round with a ruche of scarlet braid. The neck is cut square just round the throat, and ruched. The trowsers open above the ankle with a curve, and braided. The hair is brushed off the face and tied back with a ribbon.

A brown serge costume may be made with a two-inch wide outside hem all down the dress, very neatly trimmed each side with half-inch wide white military braid. There are two plain rows also on each side of this. Round the neck are points piped with white and rising from a band of white braid. There are short square leaves, waved at the edge, and bound with white braid. The edge of the blouse is also waved and bound. The trowsers are cut open outside at the ankle, waved and bound round. A rosette fastens the waistband.

Fig. 6 is a dress for a child. A couple of plain breadths are joined, the shoulders sloped, the top hollowed at the neck a little, and plaited in a band, which is afterwards covered by a ruche. A waistband of the material is hooked over it, to keep it to the figure. The sleeves are little puffs, edged with a ruche. The trowsers may be cut by any drawers the child wears, and left untrimmed. Children should be supplied with gowns, and many who now refuse to go in the water, would then gladly do so. The child's gown may be filled up with a plain piece to the throat, if desired.

Fig. 8 is a purple gown. It is nearly close round the throat, and is trimmed down the front and skirt with four or five inches of a woollen material, striped purple and white, and cut on the cross, to make a slanting ornament. This looks well with short or with long sleeves and cuffs ornamented. The lower part of the trousers is also bound with trimming.

A plain costume, with one row of broad braid all round, looks neat. The neck is square, edged with a ruche of scarlet braid round it.

Fig. 5 is a very stylish costume in the sailor-fashion, fit for a swimming dress. It is of blue, trimmed with white.

Materials of mixed wool and cotton are unfit for the sea, because they pucker in water. The serge or flannel used should be shrunk before cutting it out. Linen and brown Holland, which some persons recommend for bathing costumes, are not desirable; they are much too chilly.

Sandals are greatly worn by bathers, especially on stony coasts. There is also another useful invention. It is a loose boot, of colored felted flannel, of a mediæval cut, like Fig. 4, with a double sole of the same, and easily slipped on or off. It can be had in any color, and is very inexpensive.

Long hair may be left floating, tied back by a ribbon, as it looks prettiest, but is inconvenient (see Fig. 5). Or it may be twisted into a coil on the crown of the head, and secured by a hair-pin each way; or placed in an oil-skin cap, edged with scarlet.

On re-entering the bath-house, after a sea-bath, the dress worn in the water should be immediately thrown aside, to avoid a chill. She should then rub herself well in every limb till the skin glows and becomes dry. A loose, coarse flannel is the best for this. However, still better by far is a towel made of *house-flannel*. Its powers of friction, and thereby exciting a healthy and agreeable glow, are greater than those of any better looking sort.

MOTHER'S BALM.

To her who never failed me, these lines are affectionately dedicated.

BY MAGGIE LUTE SULLIVAN BURKE.

NIGHT is around me, and gloom, at my heart,
Welcomes its kinship in fancies that start
Ghostlike, 'mid silence, and darkness, and pain,
Haunting the soul like a prayer said in vain:
Soul, oh, so sick of the thankless tasks done!
Weary, so weary of toils but begun!
Hurt and alone, there's no gentle touch near,
Soothing the pain whose best boon is a tear.

Hark! 'mid the soft, choral voices of night,
Breathes a low symphony full of delight,
Nearer and nearer, till tones, loved of yore,
Call back my spirit to childhood once more:
Lo! 'neath their magic night's shades roll away,
Brightly uncouching a beautiful day:—
Day long, long backward, begemming a June,
When to joy's measure my heart sang in tune;

When I, a child, in a garden at play,
Chased the bright butterfly hours of the day,
Culling the flowers, and watching the spring,
Sudden and noisy, of grasshopper's wing;
Ah, still I see, 'neath the summer-tide sun,
Gleam the white gravel that beckoned me on
In my vain quest for the gems of romance,
Waiting, Aladdin-like, genii of chance.

White as those pebbles two chubby hands shone
In and out, hov'ring above each bright stone,
Where in the sunlight their diamond-like gleam
Shimmered, prophetic, the truth of my dream;
Snatching the sparkle, nor heeding to choose,
Found I, no diamond, but only a bruise:
Then dearest mother, while yet the tears fell,
Kissed it, so softly, and lo, it was well!

Mother! O mother! a wound pains to-night—
Pain that is turning these brown tresses white;
Cold in thy coffin those lips, with their balm
Frozen upon them in death's icy calm,
Lie, with their power of pain-healing o'er;
Deaf is thine ear to my call evermore:
Yet, wert thou here, mother dear! with thine art,
Could thy kiss heal it?—The pain 's in my heart.

To endeavor to work upon the vulgar with fine sense is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.—*Pope*.

NAMING THE BABY.

BY ROSE GAINES.

It was our first baby, and he was a boy. Reader, have you ever experienced the trying ordeal of naming the baby? This is a mind-perplexing, soul-harrowing subject; it is one of the most momentous eras of our lives. It almost equals, if it does not exceed, the trials of courtship and the *agony* of love-letters.

As I told you before, our baby is a boy; but, like Miss Betsey Trotwood, we had a "pre-sentiment that it must be a girl," and, like her, before "the moment of this girl's birth," her name had been decided upon; but when poor "Mr. Chillip laid his head a little more on one side," and, in answer to the inquiry, "How is she?" told us, "It's a boy," we took the matter more quietly than Miss Betsey, as, from force of circumstances, we were obliged to do, and dismissed the matter of a name entirely from our mind—at least, for a little while. But, as we regained strength and vigor, ever and anon the question arose: "What shall we name the baby?" Now, it certainly would have been wise, and saved a vast amount of thinking, if we had bestowed upon *him*, this wonderful son, the honored names of his worthy grandsires, Ebenezer David; but, while we duly revered "the late departed," we could not in our hearts bestow such fearful names upon our beautiful boy.

Then, there was his father's name, John, the best name of the best man in the whole world. John wouldn't be John with any other name—dear old John! Yet we asked ourselves the question: "Can we, on this new edition, so carefully revised, and so beautifully bound, bestow simply John? Isn't Virgil much more beautiful, much more classic?"

So we pondered the matter o'er and o'er, meantime bestowing all manner of pet names upon our boy. Time passed; weeks glided into months, and yet our baby had no name.

One evening, as I was sitting writing, and John holding the baby (you know I am in favor of the sixteenth amendment), I was aroused from my busy thoughts by John asking me, "What are you writing about, Susie?"

"Men, and their old foggy notions," I laughingly replied.

Thinking I had vanquished him, and being anxious to finish a little writing before I should be obliged to take the baby, I continued, when again I was aroused by John's saying:—

"Susie, this baby must have a name. Nearly *six months* old, and no name yet; indeed, he *must* be named."

Now, that was the subject that always excited my liveliest interest. I quickly laid down my pen, drew my chair up to John's, took baby on my lap, lest John would let him slip into the grate, and put on my thinking cap,

saying in my own mind: "Yes, young gentleman, this night your name shall be decided on."

"Well, John, dear, what shall we name him?" I eagerly asked.

"Any thing you please. Suit yourself and it will be certain to please me."

"Then, let us name him Victor," I said. "I think that is pretty, don't you?"

"Well, Susie, I don't altogether like that. It always sounds to me so far-fetched." To which, baby seemed to agree, by one of his peculiar coos, "but suit yourself though."

I then said: "John, *you* propose a name."

"Oh, no, Susie, I want *you* to be pleased. You know, it is of small importance anyhow. 'What's in a name?' But you little women attach a great deal of importance to such things, so I would not for all the world have you give him a name to suit my fancy, for, indeed, I have none."

For a few moments we were silent, considering the vexed question of a name, the baby laughing and crowing as if he thought it was the easiest matter in the world to find for him a name. Suddenly I felt inspired, and joyfully said:—

"John, let us name him Leonard! Now that is a pretty name. Why not?" for I saw before I had fairly spoken the words, that it did not meet with his favor.

"Don't you remember, Susie, I have so often told you of Leonard Grey, who was in our regiment, the greatest coward and scamp in existence? He always ran at the sound of a gun, and, finally, deserted the army and left the country, after stealing all he could lay his hands on, including my watch and ring. He would even steal the sick soldiers' rations and sell them to the sutler. You wouldn't want your baby to have that name, now would you, Susie?"

"John, you're the queerest creature I ever saw; here, take the baby and give him a name," I replied, as I put the baby in his arms, and arose to my feet, for my feathers were a little ruffled by that time. "You say, 'Suit yourself in a name,'" I continued, "and yet, to every name I propose, there is some objection! I'll never, never propose another as long as I live! You can just name him Moses and be done with it. Just suit yourself, John. Anything will please me."

"O Susie," said dear, patient John, "never mind! Don't take it so to heart. It is not a killing matter if we don't name the baby to-night. I am sure you will be able to decide on a name which will suit you in every way before very long, and I want you to please yourself."

"Indeed, it is already decided on," I replied.

"Give Moses to me; he is sleepy. I'm sure if Moses is 'far-fetched,' he didn't steal, did he?"

"O Susie, little mother," said John, laughingly, "you had better go and hide Moses in

the bulrushes, until he can become a leader in the house of Jones!"

But it will never do, I thought, as I saw John putting on his coat to go out, to let this matter drop now. Why not have it settled at once? And, as he came and leaned over my chair to kiss baby and me before going out, I brightened up my face with a smile, and, holding baby up to be kissed, I said:—

"John, darling, let us name the baby Paul, will you? I rather like that."

"What! Changed so quickly from the old dispensation to the new, Susie? A long leap from Moses to Paul, isn't it?"

"Shall we?" I again asked.

"Susie, love, I do want you to suit yourself, but I don't like that name. My father has so often told me that when he was a little boy he had a friend who"—

"Well, never mind, John, you needn't tell me. I will adhere to the old name. Moses, kiss papa good-by." And, as John closed the door behind him, I burst into a fit of hysterics, half-laughing, half-crying, until baby took up the strain, which ended on his part in a regular, old-fashioned cry; but, as it was all my own fault, I quieted him patiently until he fell asleep, when I laid him in his crib, and reflected in this wise: "John says name baby anything I please, but, to every name that I propose, he objects. He won't propose one himself, so what am I to do? Now, I don't believe John is any more fond of flattery than any other man, but I do wonder, if I should propose to name the baby John, what he would say? Wouldn't I be better satisfied? And, as he says, 'What's in a name?' At all events, I shall make up my mind to be contented with it if he is, for what matter is it either way? Yes, baby boy," I said, as I carefully covered him up, "rest quietly in your sleep. Let not your future name distress you as it has your unworthy parents."

When John came home that night, and had finished reading his paper, I seated myself on his lap, took his face between both my hands, and, turning his head towards the crib, I said:—

"There lies John, Jr. I think his father's name is the best one that can be bestowed upon the boy."

I just wish, reader, you could have seen the smile that irradiated his features. I saw I had touched the right chord, and I wondered why it was that men are so much fonder of compliments than women. But didn't he think he had concealed his vanity nicely, when he tenderly kissed me, and said?—

"Well, Susie, I am really glad you have suited yourself. You know I told you that any name that pleased you would suit me. Of course, when he is grown, I shall want him in business with me. It will be Jones & Son, and then, when I drop off, the business will be all his, and will it not be an advantage for him

to have the same old name—John Jones, Jr.? Yes, that is best. O Susie, you have a wise little head. I knew I could trust you to select a name for our handsome boy! John Jones, Jr.! Yes," thoughtfully, "that does sound well, doesn't it now? Wait until I take a look at the young scion of a noble house."

As he bent over the crib to look at "John Jones, Vol. II.," I really thought he looked six inches taller than ever he did before. And so we called his name John.

John, Sr., says I named him, but I know, deep down in my own heart, that I didn't. I often want to tell him, but I don't do it, that I might have commenced with Adam, and gone straight through the Bible, stopping at every name, without a ray of success, until I came to John. But I am altogether pleased, and, if he only makes as good a man as his father, notwithstanding his vanity, I shall be satisfied.

THE BUTTERFLIES OF THE WORLD.

It may seem a somewhat cynical thing to say, but it is nevertheless a sober fact, that sensible people, going about in the world with their eyes open, do come to wonder what can be the *raison d'être* of a large number of their fellow-creatures. Nature is, it is true, careful of the type, but prodigal of the individual; and really there seems to exist numerous specimens of the genus *homo*, both male and female, about whom one most decidedly wonders what object their existence is intended to fulfil.

We do not speak of those who seem to have outlived the uses of life, who have reached the years when their existence is but grief and labor, and to whom the "grasshopper is a burden." These may have already fulfilled noble ends, and their life, now wearisome to themselves, may yet be very precious to many, for whom existence would have a dreary blank if the place at the chimney corner were no longer filled by a dear and venerated form. Nor have we any intention of referring to the noble army of

"The holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bear."

Some of those for whom life is one continuous pain afford such an example of patience, and are so full of all goodness, that they are of those of whom it is said:—

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

We refer to no such sacred and tender subjects as these upon which we have lightly touched, but to specimens of human beings who are to be met with every day in the street, in railways, at all places of public resort. We must confess that the majority of the persons whom we intend to designate are young—a fault which is daily mending, and at the same time a characteristic which, as it departs from them, may, perhaps, allow it to become clear

that they have some object in the world, and that they are of value to others than themselves. We farther venture to observe that the majority of the young persons about whom we are in this difficulty are male creatures—not boys, but in the early young-man condition, when the faults and peculiarities of the not-long-emancipated schoolboy still appear, while the helpfulness of the man is yet undeveloped.

One main feature which distinguishes such young persons is the vapidness of their conversation, when one chances to overhear it; and another is their close and devoted attention to costume. Their talk, such as it is, is garnished with the slang of the class to which they belong, and they affect a satiety with regard to the affairs of life which they cannot possibly feel, and a delight when "time is killed," as they say, which affords matter of amusement to busy people, for whom the days are all too short. "There is nothing to be done in the morning," we overheard one of these astonishing young men say recently, in commending his friend for having "killed a morning" by doing some piece of routine. "Nothing to be done!" when in the world there is so much to be accomplished, and for the young men themselves, evidently so very much. What did they conceive, we could not help thinking, was their *raison d'être*?

Having turned over the matter mentally, and considered a large number of specimens of the class daily presented to our view, we have come to the conclusion that, socially, they must be the butterflies of the world. They aim, at least, at being so; for, as a rule, their apparel is gorgeous. It must be this class which gives the chief support and countenance to the manufacture of fashion plates; and it is certainly this which buys the gorgeous neckties and the marvellous shirts and trousers which are displayed in the shop windows to wondering eyes. Like the butterflies, too, these wonderful beings appear to be careless as to who admires their grandeur, and to love splendor of appearance for its own sake. They seek no admiration; if it is given to them, they are not affected by it; they seem to consider that, having made themselves beautiful, they have done all that can be expected of them.

We wonder what is the outcome of these beings. Do they ever grow up enough to fill responsible positions in society?

THE SEA.

BY A. L. C.

THERE cometh a sound from over sea,
Borne on the wind and rain;
A sound of wild, free minstrelsy,
The rich chords change unceasingly
A sweeping dirge-like strain.

Its solemn grandeur fills the soul
With a sense of awe and wonder,
As billow o'er billow their whole lengths roll
Like prairie steeds beyond control,
And the heavens peal their thunder.

Wind and waves, and heavy rain,
Are telling the ocean's sorrow;
To-night, with moans of bitter pain,
The story is chanted again and again;
Sunshine will hide it to-morrow.

To-night a hundred voices tell
That sorrow is o'er the ocean;
To-morrow 'tis only the waves well,
Long, tearless sobs it cannot quell,
That will speak of its heart's emotion.

To me the sound has nought of pain,
Though I know old ocean's sorrow;
Its tale is that of the autumn leaf
That whispers, in falling, life is brief,
Boast not thyself of to-morrow.

For the present time is the only one,
If well the time we're spending;
The Father will pardon the errors done,
For the sake of our Saviour, His Holy Son,
And brighten the journey's ending.

Old ocean grieves for the hapless ones
Whose bones 'neath her waters bleaching,
Who heeded never the many tones,
For them the night wind sadly moans,
Life's purest lessons teaching.

For the inward life is a burning fire,
Like those 'neath earth's surface glowing;
Or the under currents dark and deep,
That e'er in silence onward sweep,
Of the mighty river's flowing.

Sometimes the chords are soft and low,
Of peace and gladness telling;
Soft as the wind-harp's murmuring low,
Breathing lightly to and fro,
The restless spirit quelling.

Whispering though the heart be sad,
And harsh the fetters wearing,
There cometh a morning, brightly glad,
For those who darkness deep have had,
Earth's heavy burdens bearing.

For those who ever, onward still,
The narrow way are treading,
Trying their mission to fulfil,
And do their loving Father's will,
In blessings round them spreading.

Darkness covers the weary earth,
Rest for the weary bringing—
Rest—and they fully know its worth
Who live a life of utter death;
But ocean keeps on singing.

I love to hear the changing strain,
When all but myself are sleeping,
For it seemed as if old ocean and I
Together our watch were keeping,
When sleep has closed each weary eye.

But not alone, for one I love,
In thought by my side reclining,
Lists as the sounding numbers move,
And afar through the realms of thought we're
And a light in her eyes is shining.

The light is one I know and love,
The light of the spirits' fire,
That burns when the heart's best feelings move
And, in looking on to the land above,
Our aims grow purer, higher.

PRINCE CHARLIE AND PRINCE JOHN.

BY ANNE HARTLEY LEIGH.

"Where shall we land you, sweet?"
 'Land me,' she says, 'where love
 Throws but one shaft, one dove,
 One heart, one hand.'
 'A shore like that, my dear,
 Lies where no man will steer,
 No maiden land.'

We were sitting—Mabel Lorrimer and I—on the western piazza at Mrs. Singleton's, when the expressman drove up with a package, which proved to be for me.

"What is it? Where did it come from? Who sent it? Did you know it was coming? Do you recognize the writing?" asked Mabel, in a breath.

"Gently," I said, laughing. "I know no more about it than you do. But we will open it," which we did, and drew from the case a handsome, richly-framed engraving of Prince Charlie.

I had seen it before. During my stay in New York, I had, through Mr. Gordon, become acquainted with an ancient couple, country-people of ours, but as unlike the traditional Scot as possible. Mr. and Mrs. Macalister were in easy circumstances and childless. Their house in Eightieth Street was a miniature Mars Hill, where they and their friends spent their time in hearing or telling some new thing. Phrenology was their pet hobby. The chance visitor would be astounded by a lengthened stare, and the comment from Mrs. Macalister: "Perceptive faculties no' sac bad, intellectual nane to boast of;" or, "Reverence sadly wantin', man; I wunner, now, an' ye be nae a swearer!" Without any ailment, they had been patients at a water-cure, where Mr. Macalister learned to cure a cold in the head by sitting solemnly for half a day with his nose in a teacup of water, and where both had been taught that their peculiar organizations required a perpetual diet of crackers and applesauce. They had attended various "circles," too, and consulted divers mediums; but were "No' just Speeritualists yet, ye ken, but aye open to conviction." In religion they were something between Unitarians and Universalists, and, but for their real affection for each other, would, I doubt not, have been Mormons.

Well, it was at the house in Eightieth Street that I had seen the Prince Charlie. In one of the pauses between the dropping of one theory, and the taking up of another, Mrs. Macalister had conceived the idea of beautifying her very plain parlor, which, at that time, boasted little in the way of adornment, save the well-known phrenological bust, and had commissioned Mr. Gordon to buy her "some plecters." "Get a Burns, uv coorse," her direction had been, "and dinna forget a 'bonnie Prince Charlie.'" I was just leaving her house one evening when

the latter arrived. I remember how we gathered round it in the hall, admiring, and how Mr. Gordon, taking off his hat, sang:—

"I took my bonnet aff my head,
 For weel I loved Prince Charlie."

The rest we learned from Mr. Gordon's letter. At a time when the most prudent were tempted to speculate, it was not strange that sanguine Mr. Macalister should have golden dreams. He had risked a little, then more, then all his moderate capital, and lost. From that time, though Mr. Gordon's help was forthcoming at once, Mrs. Macalister's health failed, though to the last she complained of nothing but "low speerets." I love to remember her last message to me: "Tell the lassie my heart had aye a warm spot for her, and I think, maybe, she was richt after a'. I'm fain mysel' to mind the prayer I learned at my mither's knee. A' thae things" (referring to her theories) "is but havers when ye come to dee." This was how I got the Prince Charlie.

Miss Lorrimer was an admirer of Charlotte Brontë, and, referring to a favorite passage in "Villette," she demanded, when I had finished: "*Est ce là tout?*"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean that you have not read me all the letter."

I gave up the letter, as I gave up everything, to Mabel Lorrimer, and she read aloud in her softest of voices:—

"But for the Prince Charlie and our kind old friend, I should never have ventured to disobey your commands, and write at all. But now that I am writing, do not think me presumptuous if I beg you to review your decision made in New York. I do not ask this hopefully, yet I ask it frankly; and do me the justice to believe that, if I did not feel I could make you happy, I would not ask it at all. Our country, our habits, our tastes the same; my income ample, my love for you devoted—it seems impossible that it should be otherwise. You will say you do not love me. At least, you love no other, and, once mine, I feel that I could make you love me.

"Do you remember your words: 'If we cannot be friends, friends only, let me drop out of your life?' Dear friend, 'tis not so easy, and I would not if I could. We meet comparatively few of our class in this country, and I have never met anyone like you. The first time you ever spoke to me you seemed to satisfy a great need, and I determined to win you if I could. You say 'There are many fairer'—'tis true—and many better.' I do not know, I think not. But what does it all matter, seeing I feel in the depths of my heart there is not one I can love like you?"

"Why," exclaimed Mabel, enthusiastically, "your hero reminds me of Jean Paul. It is the very prettiest love-letter I ever read, and I mean to keep it always."

I faintly asserted my claim, but Mabel put the letter in her pocket.

"Don't let us talk about it to-night, dear, but come down after dinner to-morrow, and

we can have a long afternoon together," and she kissed me and was gone.

Four years before my story opens, I had left an Edinburgh boarding-school, on the death of my brother, to join a relative in Halifax, in whose house I was to live "as a sister." I was young then, scarcely sixteen, and had never had a sister; so I could not guess how much labor, how little love, fell to a sister's lot—to mine, at least. How I pined and fretted in the house of bondage, and vainly wished I had stayed at school forever, like the parlor-boarder whom we dubbed "Everlasting!" How I planned all sorts of Quixotic undertakings, and set my heart above all on teaching, for which I had no reasonable excuse, having an income small, but sufficient. Fortunately, deliverance came. Mrs. Hartley, the lady in whose charge I had come from Scotland, wrote to my relatives, inviting me to visit her in New York, and would take no denial. It was at her house I met John Gordon. What had passed between us, his letter tells. Mrs. Hartley's heart was set on our marrying, and she seemed thunderstruck on hearing that I objected.

"O child, child!" she said, "here is a way out of all your perplexities. John Gordon is rich, handsome, a sort of literary lion, and has, I believe, the temper of an angel."

I believed so, too.

"Then why in the world do you hesitate?"

Simply that I did not love him. But Mrs. Hartley pooh-poohed such a reason.

"Of course, your head is filled with school-girl trash, and you expect love to seize you like a frenzy. If you do not love him, at least you like him very much, and that is more than you do anyone else."

Which was true. But the liking, I believed, was something in which my heart had no concern. It was the yielding of a nervous, restless temperament to one that you felt possessed perfect strength and perfect rest. Proud, Mrs. Hartley and her friends thought John Gordon, and commonly called him "Prince John." But I felt intuitively that it was no pride, but the calm of one who had attained

"Rest in a happy place, and quiet seat
Above the thunder."

And yet I found that out of this calm came much to puzzle and startle. One evening, on my return from Eightieth Street, I was expressing my indignation at Mrs. Macalister for persisting in viewing the story of Jonah as an allegory. I became quite excited over it.

Mr. Gordon laughed lightly. "So you believe the whale story?" he asked, looking into my eyes, not with scorn or ridicule, but with the half pleasure, half amusement one might feel on encountering in this advanced stage of the world a child who yet believed in Santa Claus.

"I am Scotch," I said, sententiously. "Of

course, I believe, and not figuratively, but literally and truly, that *Jonah swallowed the whale!*" Alas! in my haste I had reversed the position.

Mr. Gordon laughed heartily. "Were I called upon to decide between the Bible version and yours, I should certainly adopt the latter as the most tenable. But, seriously, Miss Douglas, why should Mrs. Macalister's ideas be less devout than yours? You read the parables of Christ with as much reverence as his personal history."

"Oh, that's a different thing!" I answered. "The parables are given as parables, the history of Jonah as a history. My great objection is that if you begin by rejecting a little, you may end by rejecting all. I should not wonder if Mrs. Macalister ends in Spiritualism, and that is too dreadful to think of."

A look of troubled surprise came into Mr. Gordon's eyes, but his mouth was set more firmly. "Do you think so?" he asked, after a moment's pause. "But what if wiser than I, wiser than you, think otherwise?"

Nothing daunted, I went on: "I have heard Spiritualists divided into three classes: First, knaves, who would be respected as good jugglers, would they but confess their jugglery; second, fools, who, if not imposed on by Spiritualism, would be imposed on by something else; and, third, those who are neither knaves nor fools, who are wiser than I certainly, wiser than you it may be, but who would never be taken in by the cant of mysticism there is about it, unless, in spite of their wisdom, they had some lurking weakness you or I would be ashamed to confess—unless, indeed," I added, with mock deference, "Mr. Gordon is a Spiritualist himself."

"Mr. Gordon is," he said, quietly, and there was a long pause.

A pause which I would not have broken for the world. This was the man who had raised his head above the weaknesses of earth, only to be lured and bound by the spirits of the air.

Mr. Gordon spoke at last, and spoke long and earnestly; not so much, I think, to make me believe as to show what good reason he had for believing. He told of secrets supernaturally revealed, of supernatural sights and sounds. All which would seem ridiculous to the reader, were I to enter into particulars; but, told by such a man as John Gordon, carried awe to my heart.

"But what makes your eyes so large?" he asked, breaking off suddenly.

"Terror, I suppose," I replied, calmly. "I should not be surprised if you asked what made my hair stand on end. But, remember this: I might see what you have seen, and I would know it an illusion; I might hear what you have heard, and I would think it a cheat; I might die of terror, but I could never be a believer."

"You are a brave girl, Miss Gordon," he said, rising to take leave. "I am sorry the subject was ever mentioned, but, having been mentioned, I could not avoid saying what I have said. Heaven knows I don't want to make you a 'believer.' Keep you your Scottish Bible and your Scottish faith, and Heaven keep you." And, with rather a sad smile, he was gone.

"A brave girl, indeed!" The spirit might be willing, but the flesh was weak. For nights I could not close my eyes. And though I never even fancied I heard an unnatural sound, or saw an unnatural sight, my nerves were terribly strained, and at times it seemed as if I would go mad. At length I was really ill. Mrs. Hartley's doctor shook his head gravely, and advised my wintering in the South. I would not laugh at such advice, for was it not a way out of all my perplexities?" as Mrs. Hartley had said, meaning by perplexities, my return to Halifax. So a month later I was in Chester, S. C., with Mrs. Hartley's sister, Mrs. Singleton.

At Mrs. Singleton's I met Mabel Lorrimer. He was a ward of Mrs. Singleton, but lived with a maiden aunt in the house that had been her father's. Young, beautiful, wealthy, well-born—she was surely made, I thought, to

"Feed on the roses,
And lie in the lilies of life."

But, no, there was a curl on the shapely lip, a restlessness in the deep blue eye that spoke of heart unsatisfied. Mabel Lorrimer was proud, so proud; so, though admired by all, and envied by many, she had few who really loved her.

I believe in mental magnetism, if I do not in spiritualism; and the first time I ever saw Mabel, I felt—not, indeed, that I did love her, but that I could love her devotedly. I think her very pride attracted me. To see the haughty eyes grow tender; the proud mouth soften; to know the heart that scorned the rest of the world beat faster for me, would be happiness indeed. I felt like a lover, not a friend. Yet, while I could have fallen on my knees and kissed the hem of her garment, I sat, showing more emotion than a graven image, discoursing calmly of the last new book, or the latest fashion. And yet it may have been that actually my heart spoke in my eyes, and hers interpreted. At any rate, there came a day when all disguise was over, and the beautiful woman held me close in her arms, and kissed me again and again. After that, we were all alike to each other. The strong-minded may sigh at woman's love for woman, but as for me, I have not known, I shall not know, anything like it.

One feature in the case I had kept from Mabel Lorrimer—the Spiritualism, the very thing it made a change in my feelings impossible. For my reserve on this point I had various

reasons. I knew Miss Lorrimer's contempt for anything of the kind, and how impossible it would be for her to understand the peculiarity—weakness, if you will—that made Mr. Gordon liable to that against which many worse men might have been proof. I had, too, a nervous dread of recurring to the horrors of that time in New York. And, more than all, I longed to know that my friend loved me well enough to feel jealous of my marrying anybody.

What a transition from the black, dreary-looking street, with a cold, gray sky overhead, to the crimson lights of the Lorrimer library. I was not very well when I entered, and it was not two minutes before my wrappings were removed, and myself ensconced among the velvet cushions of the great English sofa.

"Not at home to any one," said Mabel to the servant, as he closed the door. Then to me, as she seated herself on a footstool beside me: "And now, Scotland, it is *Prince Charles comes Prince John*, for if you take Prince John, I shall certainly take the Prince Charlie."

How I drew her on, as I imagined, to think I did care for Mr. Gordon, denying it as one who would not tell the truth, yet could not hide it. Then Mabel Lorrimer rose from beside me, and, seating herself at the piano, touched the instrument with a master hand. And I lay in the heavily curtained room, the fire-light flickering among the shadows, the music oppressing me with mingled longing, and passion, and pain, till, able to bear no more, I sobbed rather than spoke her name. In a moment she was kneeling beside me, my arms round her neck, my burning kisses on her lips, while I vowed incoherently that I loved no one in the world but her. And Mabel said, with a quietness that surprised me: "I knew it all the while, dear, but I was afraid you did not know it yourself."

So it was settled about Prince John. But the next day I sent the Prince Charlie to Mabel, and was left without a prince at all. And yet, I cannot tell why, I delayed replying to John Gordon's letter.

On the outskirts of the town, and near Mrs. Singleton's, was a large property belonging to the Lorrimer estate, where, now that it was spring, Mabel and I often walked. Rambling there one beautiful afternoon, we came upon a tiny spring, gushing from the side of a grassy slope. Mabel became enthusiastic about it. "I will have it walled in, and a cross placed on it, and you shall choose an inscription, and we will dream it the cross and well of Sybil Grey." And, kneeling in the shade, with her hat thrown back, she lifted the water in her hands to her mouth, repeating:—

"Drink, weary pilgrim, drink, and pray
For the kind soul of Sybil Grey,
Who built this cross and well."

A shadow fell on the grass, and, looking up, I saw John Gordon. Without a shade of embarrassment, he came forward.

"You are not a very good correspondent, Miss Douglas, and I have come for my answer myself."

How it came about, I cannot tell, but in a short time we three were seated on the slope, Mabel and Mr. Gordon talking as easily as though they had known each other all their lives. We spent such an hour as it rests me to recall. The noises of the city that lay beneath us, softened into a faint hum; the river, full and calm; the hills beyond, hazy and blue; the presence of Mabel, whom I adored, the old feeling of rest that stole upon me unawares—all these combined to make on me an ineffaceable impression. It was Youth on the Mount of Transfiguration. Ah, could we but have built the three tabernacles and abode there forever! When we parted that night, Mr. Gordon said:—

"I don't ask you for your answer now. I want to spend a few days here and be happy."

As the days passed on, and I saw how genial was Mr. Gordon's manner towards Miss Lorrimer, I could not help remarking on it. It was one evening after we had left my friend at her home.

"I have known her before," said Mr. Gordon. Then, in reply to my look of amazement: "Have you never been conscious, in becoming acquainted with a person, that it is not the first time you have met? that in some other world or stage of existence you have known each other, and that, in reality, you are resuming, not commencing, an intercourse?" Mr. Gordon's eyes had the far-off look they sometimes wore.

"I have heard of such a feeling," I said; "possibly may even have experienced it. But I know it to be an illusion, founded on a resemblance of situation or sentiment to something we have either actually experienced or dreamed."

"Who shall say," he asked, dreamily, "what is illusory, and what is real?" And, falling into a profound reverie, he spoke no more till we reached Mrs. Singleton's, and then only to bid me absently good-night.

This conversation more than troubled me. Strange ideas might be expected from a Spiritualist, but this seemed less a phase of Spiritualism than a betrayal of the mental weakness that had made him liable to such belief. I meant to tell Mabel Lorrimer, but put it off from day to day, for the same reason that I had been silent before.

The time for my return to New York approached only too rapidly. Each day I grew more nervous that Mr. Gordon did not mention the subject that had brought him to Chester. I wanted it laid to rest forever, and dreaded that he should propose going with me. But the days passed on, and nothing was said.

My last night in Chester came; Mabel Lorrimer was with me. She had seated herself in a large easy-chair, and drawn me down close beside her.

"Come, Scotland," she said, "and let me confess you; it will be the last time for many a day. No, you need not speak; I can read all I want to read in your eyes." She read me through and through. What matter since she could but learn how much I loved her—her and no other? Then she spoke: "'Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!' Let me read your fortune, dear. You will develop into the noble woman that Mr. Gordon prophesies, without changing your heart, which is that of a pure and innocent child. Had I known you sooner, I might have been a better and a happier woman. Yet, as Seaforth said to David, 'think of me at my best.'"

I would have spoken, but she put her hand on my lips, and hastily kissed me good-night. I kept back the tears till I judged by her regular breathing she would not be disturbed, and then sobbed myself to sleep. When, next day, I bade John Gordon good-bye, he spoke and looked unfeigned regret. But of love he seemed as utterly unconscious as though he had just landed from some far-off star.

Mabel Lorrimer was a regular correspondent, yet her letters did not satisfy me; perhaps, because, while she wrote well and wittily—only too wittily—of others, she said little of herself. Once Mr. Singleton paid us an unexpected visit. Naturally enough, he spoke often of Mr. Gordon. Mrs. Hartley and her husband were loud in his praises. I kept to myself what puzzled me.

Perhaps the reader expects what is coming; assuredly I did not. I had been about two months in New York, when I received a package from Chester. Accompanying it, was the following note:—

"It cannot be selfish, dear Scotland, to take what you would not have, and I divide with you; you see; I intended you should have divided with me. *Bref*, dear, I send you the Prince Charlie, because I have taken the Prince John. Thine, none the less,

MABEL GORDON.

"P. S. It was a whim of Prince John's that you should know nothing till it was over, but you shall know all when I see you. We shall be in New York nearly as soon as this, *en route* for Europe."

The room grew dark as I read. I was tossed about in a tempest of passion which, hitherto, I had not known I possessed. Then despair took possession of me. One idea alone was clear to my mind—to get away from New York before they came; anywhere, and with or without a reason. I went to Mrs. Hartley and put the letter in her hand. She was shocked at the look on my face; and, when she had read, I

knew she thought I loved John Gordon. I did not care what she thought. "If you don't want me to go mad," I cried, "you will take me away." Which she did, leaving I know not what message. But never shall I forget her ceaseless kindness through the long dreary time till I was brought back from despair to resignation, if not hope; and could once more pray from the depths of my heart that she, my darling, might be very, very happy. A prayer which I breathed with strong misgivings. A year before, I would have thought John Gordon worthy even of Mabel. Nor did I know him less worthy now; only a mystery encompassed him—his belief, the strange thoughts he had expressed, his own sudden reserve, and the reserve he had imposed upon Mabel. He seemed "not of our order."

Mr. Hartley was one of a whist-club of eight that met twice a week at the houses of the different members. A few evenings after our return, it was at our house. Generally, Mrs. Hartley and myself were present in the parlors for an hour or two, working and entertaining each other while the gentlemen played. Mr. Hope—Mr. Gordon's cousin—and Mr. Darrell, were the first arrivals.

"By the by, Miss Douglas," said Mr. Darrell, in the course of conversation, "you did not see your friend Prince John."

Mrs. Hartley came to the rescue. "Miss Douglas's absence was doubly unfortunate, as the princess is a friend of hers."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Hope. "Then if I can take any message, I shall be glad to do so. I sail for Europe on Saturday."

"Is that not rather a sudden movement?" inquired Mrs. Hartley.

Mr. Darrell broke into a loud laugh. "Well, that is rich! You know Hope always did play grandfather to the prince, but to think of taking the princess in hand—proud as Lucifer, too, my boy, and has a dangerous look in her magnificent eyes—that is too good."

"Did you ever hear," asked Mr. de Selding, a gentleman lately from the West Indies, who had meanwhile joined our circle, "did you ever hear that there is insanity in Mr. Gordon's family? What could the young lady's father be thinking of, or has she a father?"

Mr. Hope said, gravely: "You will never lack news in Gotham, Mr. de Selding; but to hear is one thing—pardon me—to repeat, another. Mr. Gordon is my cousin."

Mr. de Selding retreated in some confusion to the card-tables, and Mr. Darrell followed. Walter Hope turned to me:—

"Can you see me to-morrow evening, Miss Douglas, or Saturday morning? Which will be the more convenient?"

"Either," I replied, mechanically.

I sat there like a statue, and answered almost without volition. I had reached such a crisis

of feeling that I did not grow faint or utter an exclamation, but I felt as if my very heart had turned to stone.

On Friday evening Walter Hope was shown into the library, where I awaited him.

"Miss Douglas," he said, as he took a chair beside me, "my poor cousin used to say you were a brave girl, and now I want you to prove it. Mrs. Hartley tried to dissuade me from speaking to you, when I told her last night what I am now going to tell you, but I felt, after what you had heard, that it would be better."

"Much better."

"You love Mrs. Gordon?"

How strangely the name sounded! "I would give my life for her," I said.

"And I mine for John." Walter Hope continued after a moment, in which he seemed struggling with painful emotions: "The first I recollect of my cousin is as a child at my father's house, where he had been brought as a baby. Our mothers were sisters. John's father had died suddenly of some disease then epidemic, and his mother had not long survived her husband. John was what is called a peculiar child. I remember no time when he did not seem as far above those of his own age as since his manhood he has seemed, to me, at least, above his fellow-men. I never saw him lose his temper; I never saw him vexed. At school, college, our friendship was proverbial. We travelled together on leaving college. But here the difference in our prospects became apparent. I, though an only child, was to settle down in my father's counting-house; John had a fine property in the most beautiful part of the highlands. About John and his prospects, however, my father and mother were strangely reticent; and my mother, as the time of his majority approached, seemed oppressed with sadness. She had always loved him passionately, and I attributed her sadness to the thought of separation.

"The week before John was of age, my father went to Scotland, and in a few days the rest of us, with quite a party, followed. And, truly, in external circumstances as in mind and heart, my cousin seemed a man to be envied. So I told him one day, as, after a morning's shooting, we lunched on the moors.

"'Yes,' he said, with a sigh, 'I know no finer property of its size. But I could never breathe freely here. I mean to sell it and buy a place in America.'

"'In America!' I exclaimed, thunderstruck, while Constant of the dragoons sneered:—

"'Is liberty, then, something more than a name, that a Gordon becomes democratic, and exchanges a paradise like this for Western prairie or timber land?'

"'Liberty,' said John, 'has nothing to do with it. But I believe that a person, like a plant, may be transplanted with advantage.

Europe is too old. It is not only that we tread the same soil, breathe the same air, think the same thoughts, and cultivate the same habits as our fathers; but we inherit with the paternal acres certain mental influences, and are subject to certain *spells*, as the vulgar say, till, like Tennyson's prince, we scarcely know the shadow from the substance, and,

"While we walk and talk as heretofore,
We seem to move among a world of ghosts,
And feel ourselves the shadow of a dream."

"Just then came up the gamekeeper and boys, and nothing more was said on the subject. But I repeated the conversation to my mother, and, after a long interview with my father, I was taken into their confidence. What you heard from Mr. de Selding, Miss Douglas, was no idle or malicious rumor, though how it reached New York I have not the faintest idea. Neither had we then any means of knowing what had given rise to such a train of thought in John. When he came to our house in England, no old servant, not even his nurse, came with him. He had never been in Scotland till the time of which I speak, and he had never met with anyone, so far as we knew, who could tell him the history of his house.

"My father opposed the American project; my mother approved, and, when my father hinted at the separation, said, through her tears, 'O William, if I could only know that Flora's son would live and die like other men, I would be satisfied never to look on his face again!'

"So, when John broached his plan, my father offered no opposition. Only it was settled that for the time, at least, the property should be rented, not sold, and that I should accompany my cousin, and spend a year or two in the American branch of our house.

"Since coming here, John has thrown himself with alacrity into whatever might engage his mind, and always with success. He speculated, and whatever he touched turned into gold. He wrote, and the most critical of critics admired. But he is incapable of continued effort. The worst that could happen is this marriage. I am persuaded, from a thousand circumstances, that John knew the fatal secret, even that his great uncle is still alive in a mad-house; yet, though the most unselfish of men, he has joined a young and beautiful woman's fate with his. Then his own silence in regard to his intentions, leaving me to learn from a mutual acquaintance his presence in New York, and that only an hour or two before the steamer sailed; his imposing silence on his wife; his return to Scotland, to that fatal place even—O Miss Douglas, I dread the very worst!"

"But he probably yielded to Mabel's wishes," I said. "I know her passionate desire to visit Scotland."

"True, but why? Because he thinks love

has so weakened the spell that henceforth it can have no power over him. Miss Douglas, you have not seen him as I have. Appalled as I was at the marriage, I went at once to his hotel, congratulated him warmly, rallied him on his silence, and begged him to remain ten days, as I should then be going over myself. But, no. Mabel wished to be in Scotland, to see the lakes, and mountains, and moors, and to Scotland he would go without delay. Then I begged him to take his bride to my mother's, pleading her old love for him. But it was of no use; they were going directly to Invermark. All I could do was to write to my mother, and follow as soon as possible. He was as one intoxicated. Do you think it possible that the old calm, once lost, can ever be regained? I fear the excitement will increase till beyond control. At any rate, my work is done in America. John Gordon is my charge—sacredly given by my mother, and sacredly accepted. Whatever one man may do for another, I will do for him."

So all was explained. It comforted me, even then, to think that John Gordon was what I had first thought him, and that the powers of the air, however they might vex his noble mind, could have no power over his soul. But Mabel? My God! my God! Could any suffering be greater than mine, as I wrote to her that night, forcing myself to refer to the happy past, expressing love that should not convey a thought of pity, breathing calm while my heart and brain were on fire?

Walter Hope went, and I envied him. How easy it seemed to go and act, how hard to wait and pray!

A letter from Mabel, which I took up with dread, and laid aside with a sigh of relief:—

MY DEAR, DEAR SCOTLAND: When we reached here, I could have knelt down, like the beautiful Magdalen of France, and kissed the sod of my husband's land.

You remember, in the happy days at dear old Chester, my close questioning about Scotland, and your vague answers, and how, one day, I told you I received but one idea from you—that all was dark purple, blue, or dark blue-purple? I understand it now. I understand that one brought up here might be comparatively unobservant of the minutiae that interest strangers; and yet, at the ends of the earth, and forgetting everything else, would remember evermore

"The fine glooms
On the rare blue hills."

On our voyage, I had made John describe it all so often that I knew every step of the way; the banks where early primroses grow thickest, the knolls where violets linger last. We passed thatched cottages, and saw yellow-haired, bare-footed children, sitting out on the heather, eating porridge with horn spoons. And as for ruins and legends—O Marlon, you know my weakness! Every foot of ground has its story; it is, indeed, the Scotland of my dreams.

But, oh, the evening, or, rather, the gloamin',

that sweet season which we in America do not know! The first evening I came, I wandered out on the terrace, which commands a view of the lake. The sun had gone down behind the Ben, and sky and water were slowly darkening. Out from the shore three fishing-boats lay motionless, the nets slowly rising and falling. The hills were drawing around them the deep, right royal purple that you love. And, just as I was recalling the closing passage in "What Will He Do with It?" (you remember: "And the lake is smooth as glass," etc.), and wishing for Fairthorn and his flute, there stole from where the shadows were deepest the sweetest music I had ever heard, not the flute, but the violin, which the master in "Charles Anchester" says is violet, and therefore the right music for a Scottish twilight. And, under the enchantment of the hour, I felt my old, proud self departing, and a tenderer self taking my place. So that the musician, stealing noiselessly upon me, found me quietly shedding tears—most happy tears, he knew, as he drew down my hands, and looked into my eyes.

Another month here, and we set out for the continent. Then home again, and then, dear, dear Scotland, we—the prince and I—look to have you here, to be our own little sister always.

That was all. No word of not meeting me in New York, by which I knew she still could read my heart; no knowledge of what might be, for which I thanked God. For a moment the vision of their happiness rose before me too vividly, too painfully, and bitterly I recalled the refrain of the ballad Mabel used to sing:—

"There's nae room for twa, ye ken,
There's nae room for twa;
In wedded life, in wedded love,
There's nae room for twa."

Then, shocked at my own feelings, I commended both to God, and tried to purify my heart from every selfish thought.

A year passed away, and they were again at Invermark; but, long before the end of the year, Mabel's letters had grown shorter and fewer. Walter Hope wrote regularly, but there was little satisfactory to tell. It had turned out with Mr. Gordon as he predicted. The excitement had increased, until a stranger meeting him would have supposed he was either frequently intoxicated, or the slave of an ungovernable temper. On Mabel, too, a change had come. The proud look had gradually changed to one of unutterable sadness, though the latter she tried hard to hide. Whether she had any idea of the cause of Mr. Gordon's excitability, Walter Hope could not guess. Once or twice in company Mr. Gordon had abruptly stopped speaking; his face had flushed crimson, then grown deadly pale, and, putting his hand to his head, he had left the room.

"A slight vertigo," Mabel had explained. "Mr. Gordon is subject to such attacks."

And so days and weeks passed on, I never knowing what an hour would bring forth. It had been long before settled that I was not to

return to Halifax, and Mrs. Hartley's house was still my home. At last I wrote to Mrs. Hope:—

"I am alone in the world; I can go where I will. If the time ever comes when I can be useful to Mabel, let me know."

And Mrs. Hope replied: "Since you are so good, dear child, come at once, and be our welcome guest till you can go to Invermark."

When I reached Birkenhead, the Hopes were already in Scotland, and thither, with a trusty servant, I followed immediately. As I stepped from the train, an elderly gentleman advanced to meet me, and cordially took my hand. It was Mr. Hope, Walter's father. He led me to a carriage. Invermark was several hours' drive from the station.

"I scarcely dare ask," I said.

A look of pain passed over his face. "My dear young friend, you must prepare for the worst."

"The worst!" But in how many ways the worst might come! A silent prayer for strength, and then, "Tell me all," I said.

I put together here what Mr. Hope told me and what I afterwards learned, that the reader may have the particulars in order.

Since the return from the continent, the Hopes had never been invited to Invermark. Now and then Walter would run down for a few days; but his presence seemed only to increase his cousin's irritability, so that lately his visits had been discontinued altogether. They had, however, taken the doctor, a skillful and trustworthy man, into their confidence. Doctor Bell wrote to Mr. Hope, after closely observing Mr. Gordon, as follows:—

"I apprehend not only that Mr. Gordon may be violent, but that he is, and that the paroxysms which, with the cunning peculiar to his situation, he controls through the day, break out at night, when he is alone with his wife. There are vague rumors amongst the servants of angry words, and worse than words, heard in the old Hall at dead of night. I feel it my duty to speak to Mrs. Gordon."

But to speak to Mrs. Gordon was not so easy. One day, when the doctor knew Mr. Gordon was absent, he rode over, and attempted to broach the subject.

"My dear lady," he began, "you know I would say nothing to distress you!"—

"My dear friend, I know you *will* say nothing to distress me. By the way, doctor, you have not seen my new pets." Stepping to the window, she showed a cage in which were two love-birds. "When one dies, the other dies; and when one is taken away, both die. Do you think I would separate them?"

This was on the eve of the birth of their child. The doctor turned away with a sigh, and telegraphed for the Hopes to come immediately. Next morning they were at Invermark.

A day or two passed very pleasantly, so that all but Walter were inclined to think the doctor had rather exaggerated the case. On the third night, Mrs. Hope had a headache, and retired early; Mabel followed; and the four gentlemen, for Doctor Bell was staying then at the Hall, spent an unusually agreeable evening.

When Mr. Hope went to his room, his wife was asleep, and he sat up late in the dressing-room, reading. He had probably been there an hour, when he heard a strange voice in the hall, and, going to the door, he opened it and looked out. John Gordon was pacing the hall, his face deadly white, his eyes glowing, his right arm raised, his hands clenched, hissing through closed teeth:—

"Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on!"

As Mr. Hope's door opened, Mabel came down the hall.

"Dear John," she cried, in a voice that tried to be gay, "your Thespian tastes are alarming Uncle Hope."

Mr. Gordon started, as if awakening from some hideous dream.

"I do believe," continued Mabel, with a smile which her eyes contradicted, "that John walks in his sleep. Good-night, dear uncle! You shall not be disturbed again, I promise you," and, taking her husband's arm, they went off together.

Mr. Hope re-entered his room, sorely puzzled, most thankful to find his wife still asleep. "I know not what to think of it," he said to himself. "Could the doctor have been right, after all?" He did not undress, and it was some time before he even lay down. He was just falling into an uneasy sleep, when roused by a loud knocking at the door.

"For God's sake, sir, come!" cried Walter.

Mr. Hope sprang out of bed, and followed his son to the door of Mabel's room, where Doctor Bell was before them. The servants were gathering, too. Before they reached it, they heard Mr. Gordon's voice, loud and hoarse, and the dull thud of heavy blows falling on some unresisting object.

"Open the door!" cried Mr. Hope.

No answer, but they could hear Mabel's sweet voice expostulating, and for a moment the blows ceased, then began again.

Walter threw himself against the door. "Open the door, Mabel, or I break it in!"

The bolt was withdrawn, and there stood John Gordon, foaming at the mouth. He was secured with difficulty. Mabel sank into a chair, heart-broken that the revelation had come at last.

They bore her husband away. "To the cottage!" ordered the doctor. "It will be best for both."

The cottage had been built to gratify a whim

of Mabel's. There she had planned she and John, when tired of the Hall, would play "wife Joan and good man Robyn."

On his way there, Mr. Gordon's struggles ceased, and Walter Hope, bending over him, saw with horror blood gushing from his mouth. They carried him in and laid him on the bed, and, when the hemorrhage ceased, the doctor administered an opiate. In that awful night, Mabel's child was born, a shadow of an infant, that uttered but one feeble wail, and then was silent forever. And John was rapidly failing.

"When I left," concluded Mr. Hope, "it was without knowing if I should see him alive again; but we all felt that some one must come to prepare you, and I could best be spared."

Oh, that weary, weary drive! Sometimes, overcome by fatigue and sorrowful thought, I fell asleep, to wake with a start, and wonder if we should never, never get there. It was night as we drove in at the gates, an autumn night, with its sweet air and moon of gold. The carriage stopped, and Walter Hope got in.

"Have you left John?" his father asked, in surprise.

Alas! John needed him no more. Even as Walter spoke, a sudden turn brought us in view of the cottage.

I put my hand in Walter's. "Take me there."

They would have had me wait, but I could not. I went as one in a dream, and yet I remember everything: the noise of our feet on the gravel, the silence as we stepped on the grass, the honeysuckle that half covered the window, the tall clock, the corner cupboard with its display of china, the soft druggot spread on the sanded floor. But then I was conscious of nothing but that John Gordon lay there dead, his face bearing no trace of all he had passed through, but radiant with more than the old look of rest, the peace that passeth understanding.

"He left a message for you," said Walter, coming to my side, and speaking low. "That if anything in the past had puzzled you, you would understand it now, and forgive it."

I could not say for tears that there was nothing to forgive, but I knelt by the bed, and thanked God for the sleep He giveth to his beloved.

Across the lawn, in at a massive door, through dimly-lighted galleries, till, at the door of Mabel's dressing-room, Walter left me with his mother.

"You must rest, dear child," she said, as she took me in her arms. "All this will be too much for you."

I shook my head. "I cannot rest. Take me to Mabel."

The bedroom door moved noiselessly back. Doctor Bell and a doctor from Edinburgh were standing near the bed. They made way for me.

Let me pass over the meeting which it breaks my heart to recall. Mabel desired that I should be left alone with her. The doctor from Edinburgh, a pompous man, took me aside to warn me against exciting the patient, but Doctor Bell whispered as the other went out: "Satisfy her in her own way; that is the only chance now."

Then I was alone with the woman I adored. And beside her the last touch of selfish sorrow died out. What was I that my grief should have place in such a scene as this?

"Your dear eyes are still the same," she said. "You will tell me the truth about John."

"I have just left him."

"Is he dying?"

I shook my head.

"Is he dead?" Then, seeing that I hesitated: "You need not fear to tell me; indeed, it will be better."

"He is dead."

"Oh, thank God! thank God! He will not have to live without me."

She lay silent for some minutes. Then, calling Mrs. Hope, she forced me away to take some refreshment; rest, I could not. When I returned, she drew down her aunt and kissed her. "I have a fancy for being alone with Scotland to-night," she said.

When Mrs. Hope had gone, she spoke of old days and old friends in Chester, and of her wishes and hopes for me. "Remember always," she said, "that there is nothing to regret. Had I known it all a thousand times, I should have married John." Then she expressed a wish to sleep. I smoothed the pillows, drew the curtains, and sat down to watch. "Don't call the others," she said, "and don't leave me."

I kissed her for answer, and, like a tired but happy child, she closed her eyes and seemed to sleep. By and by Mrs. Hope came in, and afterwards the nurse and doctors. When they learned that she still slept, "It may be the means of restoring her," began the Edinburgh doctor.

But Doctor Bell walked up to the bed and drew the curtain. "It has restored her," he said, "to her husband."

All this is too recent for any other changes. But sometimes I have dreams. And in my dreams I see young Walter Hope taking a fair bride to Invermark; I see the bright faces and hear the merry laughter that shall exorcise the shadow from the Hall; and, softened by years, the story I have told shall fade into a sweet, sad legend, to be told by Christmas fires, till, caught up by some listening stranger, it shall be given to the world by abler pen than mine. I see myself, with Mrs. Hartley still, letting the days glide on, gaining new friends, I trust, and, oh! not losing the old. But I dream of

no husband, no lover. I cannot blot out the past. Regret, indeed, has lost its bitterness; but love, though not so passionate, is none the less.

THE RAINBOW.

BY EMMA NASH.

UP in the heavens, far and blue,
God set his promise, bright and true,
That this fair earth no more should be
Destroyed by hungry waters: He
Painted with His holy fingers,
A Rainbow! See, how it lingers
On the purple clouds! and how fair
It makes the heavens with its glare—
With outstretched arm it grasps the sky,
And decorates its canopy
With arches painted soft and bright
In purple, blue, and yellow light!
'Tis token of a promise true,
Set in a coloring of blue;
A sign from God—a smile of love,
That from the ark no more the dove
Shall wander, pitiful and worn,
Without a resting-place or home.
A bridge of beauty spans the sky,
And angels walk its arches high;
Oh, vision, that a little while
Gilds up the heavens with a smile,
Then fades away in soft azure,
And leaves the sky of brighter hue;
That cheers the heart of man with joy,
That seems a pretty painted toy
To laughing child! Fair, bright Rainbow,
Oh, how I love to gaze at you,
And mount on wings of fancy high,
To where you bind the purple sky
With bands of many-colored light,
To link the day with coming night!

ALICE CARY.

THE lyre is hushed, the melody is stilled,
That soothed us in this weary world of care;
No more to hear those low, sweet notes that thrilled
Our souls with happiness unasked for here.

Happy are those who saw her, day by day,
Moving so sweetly in her life along;
Showing unto men's sight life's noblest way,
In the sweet strains of her own silvery song.

When April comes upon us with its showers,
When spring puts on its radiant coat of green,
When all the air is music, and the flowers
Are thickly covering all the earth, I ween

Then shall we miss her; never any more
Will the sweet singing fall upon our ears,
But the sweet memory of songs sung before
Will fresher grow, as come the future years.

Let not our tears fall for the fallen one,
Let not our hearts be filled with bitter grief,
For brightly shines the crown that she has won:
Her death has brought her from her pain—relief.

A CONTEMPT of the sacred rite of marriage not only endangers the morality of the individual, but strikes at the very foundation of social order and domestic happiness.

THE BOOKS WE READ.

BY L. R. FEWELL.

KIND reader, do not imagine from the heading of this article that it is a learned essay on literature, and, therefore, necessarily dull and prosy. It is simply a kindly talk about the peculiarities of some old friends, and the pleasant hours spent in their society. As such, I hope it will prove as interesting as a milk and water love story, for I take it for granted that friend Godey has not been laboring so many years for the benefit of the women of America without teaching some of them to hunger and thirst after some more substantial food for the mind than these silly and often unnatural fictions can afford. And so to my subject.

In spite of the outcry against them from the pulpit, and the frequent repetition of the well-worn words of Solomon, "My son, be admonished; of making books there is no end, and much study is a weariness to the flesh," novels continue to pour from the press, and form the principal reading of all classes, their study being a very delightful weariness, to which the flesh seems ever willing to submit itself.

These books, though generally classed under the generic name of Novel, naturally resolve themselves into different classes, as the several species under one genus, viz: The Historical, the Humorous, the Domestic, the Doctrinal, the Sensational, and the Serial or Periodical.

For the first, no better field could be found than that of American history; and yet, strange to say, no field is less worked, there not being a single standard historical novel of American birth, unless we except Cooper's; and as these, with the exception of "The Spy," deal altogether with Indian life and warfare, they cannot come strictly under this head. In "The Spy," though in the opinion of many his poorest book, he has clearly demonstrated the absorbing interest such a theme may furnish. One other writer, James Heath, a Virginian, met with considerable success with a two-volume novel called "Edge Hill," which depicted some of the early days of the Revolution, but this book has passed away with the day and generation that gave it birth, and probably the only copy now in existence is an odd volume belonging to the writer, kept as a relic. The reasons why this fertile field has been so little explored are twofold. The events either of the past or present century of American history are too new and fresh in the mind for us to meet them on the printed page with any degree of pleasure. They need the softening, subduing effect of time, the mellow haze that robs the distant with its tender grace, to make them acceptable to the public. Thus, with "Surry of Eagles' Nest" and "Mohun," the two principal books that have endeavored to

portray the events of the past war in a novel form, we appreciate the author's style, we linger over the tender love passages, but when we reach the pages devoted to the war incidents, if reading to one's self, the leaves are turned quickly with only a cursory glance at their contents; if reading aloud, some voice stifled by tears soon cries: "Do not read any more of that; it is so true; it is like tearing old wounds afresh."

Another reason for the paucity of such novels may be found in the amount of labor requisite for the preparation of such a work. To write it well, the author must not only thoroughly understand the events he would describe, but be so familiar with the localities of his story that he could make a sketch of them at the time of action, and give their history for fifty years previous. If he cannot, he will be almost certain to have the discrepancies between his statement and the truth pointed out by even the illiterate, familiar from childhood with the localities described. The author of "Surry of Eagles' Nest" commits this blunder in making the old Stone House on the battle-field of Manassas the property and residence, for an indefinite period, of Mr. Carlton, an English gentleman of property; and, fifteen years before the war, the spot where Mordaunt and his bride, the peerless Frances Carlton, erected their household altar; and afterwards the scene of Fenwick's machinations, when he came, like the serpent of old, to destroy their earthly paradise. The house in question is comparatively a new building, having been erected within the recollection of the writer, who went to school, when a child, near Groveton, immediately on the battle-field; and both it and the log-cabin which preceded it, on the same site, have always been kept as a wagon stand, or low house of entertainment, for wagoners plying their vocation on the turnpike between Alexandria and Warrenton. It has always been occupied by the same family, people rather lower in the scale of society than even the usual tenants of such places, and as little resembling the characters described as it is possible to imagine them.

It must then be the task of a successful Historical novelist to make his descriptions of real places so broad that they may be applicable to any spot having the same general outline, or to work them up with such pre-Raphaelite minuteness that not a single incongruous object may break the harmony of his picture. Sir Walter Scott is said not only to have taken notes of the peculiar features of the landscape which he designed to make the scene of a story, but even of the very herbs and grasses, giving as a reason that nature never reproduced or exactly repeated herself. Our authors must imitate his care if they would aspire to his success.

American novels of an historical character,

being *non inventus est*, we are obliged to fall back for our reading under this head to those of Sir Walter Scott and Miss Muhlbach, and in these works the principle that "distance lends enchantment" comes broadly into view. How delicately the bloody and terrible scenes of war are toned down and made to harmonize with the rich and vivid hues of Scott's masterpieces! Who thinks of bloodshed and death while reading of the gallant jousts and brave tournaments of Ivanhoe, or of the unsettled and dangerous condition of society that produced the originals of fierce Dick Hatteraick, weird Meg Merrilles, false Conrad of Montserat, wild Die Vernon, cruel Varney, and warlike Helen? Ah, how the wondrous power of the Great Unknown has thrown a romantic interest even around the profligacy and corruption of the Pretender and his followers, till the straitest-laced Presbyterian will, unconsciously, wish for the success of the king's party! So we forget, amid the brilliant and shifting scenes drawn by Miss Muhlbach, the want and misery caused by the wars of Frederick the Great, while he himself is changed from the sternest of military despots, whose ruling passion is ambition, to a warm-hearted, kindly-disposed man, whose treatment of even his own family is the effect of fortuitous circumstances. Such being the softening effect of time, we may hope that when another century has shed its subduing influences over the events of this, the chroniclers may forget the party feuds, factional prejudices, and petty intrigues that now mar their great events, and present them in their true magnitude to the reading public of that day, which, seeing only through a glass dimly, shall pardon errors, and give honor to whom honor is due.

In the second place come Humorous novels, and in this department, too, the range of purely American literature is quite limited still, though there have been additions enough to the stock in late years to silence the slander that Americans were not only incapable of writing humor, but of appreciating it when written. Among the American humorists, Irving deserves the first place, for there are humorous passages in the "Knickerbocker" and "Sketch Book," that will compare favorably with any in the English language. After him come Holmes, with his "Autocrat of the Breakfast-table;" Baldwin, with his "Flush Times of Alabama;" Hooper's "Simon Suggs;" Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes" and "Adventures of Major Jones;" and, bringing up the rear, a host of minor contributors to floating fun, headed by Artemus Ward, Bill Arp, and Josh Billings, with their extravagant humor, which would be just as laughable without their nondescript style of spelling.

Even in the face of this list, we have to submit to the fact that Americans are not as a class a witty people; but that they appreciate

it in others, is fully shown by the growing favor with which Dickens' works are meeting from all classes, and the aptness which they show in recognizing similar traits in the characters of those around them to his pen and ink portraits. "Here is a Mrs. Gummidge, with 'things always going contrary.'" "He reminds me of Sloppy, with his many angles." "Yonder is Mr. Micawber, 'waiting for something to turn up.'" Such are the frequent remarks of all acquainted with his novels, but often they add: "Dickens must live among strange people, if all his characters are drawn from originals."

They forget that Dickens but seizes upon one peculiarity, and makes that synonymous with his character, without paying any attention to the other traits that modify *our* opinion of those around us, whose peculiarities we notice. Just as we, if called upon to give a description of an acquaintance, would mention the most striking peculiarities first, though we might feel obliged to add other traits of character to render the representation accurate, and keep off the suspicion of being ill-natured. From this necessity authors are exempt, and for this reason Dickens' characters are so strongly marked as to appear caricatures; but if the originals could be presented to the reader, it is doubtful whether they would appear any more eccentric than those we meet every day. Still, however one-sided a critical survey may consider them, they are, to all readers, living, breathing realities, and, as such, keenly enjoyed, from Pickwick, Mr. Weller, and Samivel, to the fragmentary characters of the Mystery of Edwin Drood; and though their author now sleeps his last, long sleep, his memory will continue to live green, fresh, and radiant in the hearts of millions, and his name be a household word wherever the English language is not an unmeaning sound.

If, as some contend, satire be closely akin to wit and humor, we must not omit the mention of Thackeray's works under this head, for, certainly, no author of modern times has ever wielded such a keen, sarcastic pen, or ever more coolly dragged to light the ridiculous follies, subtle evasions, mean peccadilloes, and hidden vices of poor human nature. Grateful as the intellectual portion of our nature may be for the giant intellect and deep insight into human nature that have given us such books as "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "The Newcomes," we are doubtful if any one ever rose from their perusal with any other feeling, or moral emotion heightened. Are we better men and women for the reading? "We are no worse," says one, "for being made to look upon the evil which we know exists." My friend, you may be aware your brother is suffering with a dreadful tumor, but would you think it kind of his physician to force you constantly to look at the diseased part, and insist

that you forget all his kindly deeds and generous acts, because he is not as robust and healthy as yourself? Is it not better for our own happiness, as well as more in accordance with Divine teachings, to let that charity which "thinketh no evil, and is kind," drop its friendly veil over the faults and foibles that we cannot remedy, and, while not ignoring the works of this master mind, which no longer brightens our world, reserve them for some after-dinner hour, or lazy evening, when, in dreamy comfort, we may enjoy their quaint humor, without imbibing their bitter and jaundiced views of life and mankind?

No such precaution, however, is necessary in the perusal of the standard Domestic novel. Who does not rise softer and purer from worship at the household altars reared by Marion Harland, or stronger to endure and dare after tracing the strange but heroic characters of Miss Evans, the last great leaders of the mighty throng who find in the domestic life of America wide fields for their genius, and exert an influence greater than any other class of writers?

Few novelists have enjoyed greater popularity with all classes than Marion Harland. In the South, at least, her books are household names, rarely uttered save in tones of admiration, not only for the truthfulness of her portrayments of Southern, and especially Virginian, domestic life, but for the lessons of truth and purity inculcated on every page, awakening us to self-examination, and a desire to lead better and holier lives. That her true *forte* lay in the delineation of domestic life in the Old Dominion is proved by the immense success that has attended the publication of her writings in this particular field. Virginians feel and acknowledge the debt of gratitude they owe her for the graphic and delightful way in which she has so often sketched the *vie intime* of their domestic and social circle.

Severe and numerous as have been the criticisms on Miss Evans', or, as we must now learn to say, Mrs. Wilson's, works, very few will deny her genius of the first order, or a mind far in advance of the standard for womanly intellect, even in these days of strong-minded women clamoring for social, intellectual, and political equality. That she wields, and will continue to wield, a powerful and wholesome influence over her sisters of the pen cannot be doubted, even if she does sometimes disfigure her pages with such overstrained sentences as this: "Perish the microcosm in the limitless macrocosm, and sink the feeble, earthly segregate in the boundless, rushing, choral aggregation."

Most persons begin the perusal of Miss Evans' works with minds already prejudiced, and eyes so widely open to note the faults, that the prolonged stare is apt to make mountains out of molehills. Many of the allusions which

they pronounce "incomprehensible erudition" are really drawn from the Bible, that grand old classic which ought to be familiar with every reader. For the others, if her readers would take the trouble to search out what is obscure, they would find every reference to beautifully illustrate the point under consideration. The great fault, I think, in Miss Evans' books is that she draws her characters, not from the great world of living, breathing humanity around her, but from the glowing depths of her own vivid imagination; therefore they are crude oddities, who may act well their parts in the pages of a novel, but would cut a sorry figure if introduced into a world of realities. Her feminine characters, in all save one of her books, are types of the same idea, under different names; women of gigantic minds and most delicate sensibilities, who will harangue on any occasion at the greatest length, without any heed to time or circumstances. Her heroes are creatures of cultivated intellects, skeptical views, and strong, imperfectly curbed passions, that would make them highwaymen, if their position by birth did not make them gentlemen. It is doubtful whether in the refined and cultivated society in which Miss Evans moves she ever met any man approaching in character St. Elmo; and, I am sure, she would stare with amazement at any young lady that on any occasion would make a speech of half the length she made Edna utter at a dinner party.

If Miss Evans would study society more and books less, learn to make her characters flesh and blood realities instead of demi-goddesses and semi-devils, and remember the unities of time and place, she might rise to a position never occupied by a woman before, and throw all contemporaries into the deepest shadow. But this station she will probably never now attain, especially if she is happily married, for, as a wife and mother, her true aim lies in promoting the domestic happiness of those around her.

I wish that space permitted me to talk of all our dear domestic friends, many of whom have sent their messages over distant seas to cheer our hours of pain and loneliness, teaching us to fight our life battles bravely, to aid the weak, pity the erring, and fulfil our duty in whatever state of life God may have called us. Every true-hearted woman who loves genuine and ennobling reading must read with pleasure the name of Miss Muloch on the title-page of a new book. Who of us have not lingered with delight over the pages of the monthly that bears us such stories as "The Woman's Kingdom" and "A Brave Lady?" Which of us does not know numberless such selfish, ignoble women as Letitia, and, once and awhile, such constant, gentle, loving creatures as Edna, Anne Valery, and Christian Grey? So good and womanly are all her heroines, that we think

Miss Muloch's *forte* lies in the delineation of feminine character, till we recall such men as John Halifax, Max Urquhart, and Doctor Zerkow, characters so good, brave, true, and vivid as to be, indeed, word-paintings of what men ought to be.

Far more inferior to these works are those of Mrs. Yonge. First, "Heartease," in which the author so deeply sympathizes with Violet in her efforts to win the hearts of her boy-husband's stern relatives; then "The Heir of Clyffe," the perusal of which is a pleasure in store for the writer; and "Daisy Chain," which, though occupying two volumes, we do not wish yet longer, so deeply interested are we in its dear, pleasant home pictures. Especially do you love Ethel, with her Cockmoor memories, a character so noble that you feel as if you could not forgive the author for not making her happy at the close, instead of letting her sorrows and lonely life haunt the reader for hours after the book is closed, like the memory of some dear personal friend.

While I pause with pen suspended, questioning as to whom I shall next introduce, there comes upon me such an array of names—Miss Hant, with her pleasant stories of Scottish life; Mrs. Grey, with her exciting "Gambler's Story;" Grace Agullar, with her well-known romances, which some one has termed "prose novels;" Holme Lee's sweet "Kathie Brand;" and Gaskell's thrilling "Mary Barton," and scores of others—so numerous that one would not find words of welcome for them all, but a simple, heartfelt God bless you, one and all!

Next in order comes the Doctrinal novel, so written for the purpose of promulgating peculiar tenets of some particular denomination. In former days, such religious works were published under names that at once defined their character, such as "Crumbs of Comfort for the Children of the Covenant,"

"Reaping-Hook, Well Tempered, for the Sowing of the Coming Crop," "A Shot Aimed at Devil's Headquarters through the Tube of Cannon of the Covenant," "Salvation's Stage Ground," and "The Sixpennyworth Divine Spirit." But the conventions, Bible societies, or learned theologians, who now have management of such publications, know well that books bearing such titles, and wholly religious in contents, would remain unsold upon the bookseller's shelves, and that doctrinal points which they wish to enforce must be presented in some attractive form to draw the attention of the reading public. Now the novel is the most attractive form in all classes; they therefore select some noted writer of their belief. He reads up, as collegians say, "crams," for the occasion; writes out the points he wishes to set before the public, whether they may be baptism or loose communion. He then selects a set of

characters, the principal of which is generally a beautiful young woman, either married or single. If married, as "Grace Truman," her husband and his relatives are of a different faith and order, and she sets herself to work to proselyte them, holding forth, both in and out of season, with such fluency and readiness on all points as to prove that she has made polemics her study from her earliest infancy, and gained more knowledge than most men who have spent their lives in a search for truth. The persecutions she suffers from her husband's family and friends are the grains of salt which season the mixture for the general reader; and she, of course, in the end, wins them over to her way of thinking, and induces them to unite with the denomination which she represents. If unmarried, as in "Theodosia Ernest," she, after being raised in one faith, suddenly becomes convinced of the error of her ways. In spite of the entreaties of her family, she persists in following the new faith; parts with her lover on the same question, he failing to be convinced by the arguments which she, too, advocates in a masterly manner through two large volumes; and the story ends with happiness to all concerned. A proof that the doctrinal novel fails in its object, which is proselytism, is found in the fact that very few readers can repeat a single argument advanced, though they may remember distinctly the thread of the story.

Under the head of Sensational novel, the list is so long as to be almost appalling, ranging, as it does in this country, from Mrs. Stowe to the "Dime Novels," and in England from Wilkie Collins to "Railroad Novels." In the sensational school, Mrs. Southworth also must take a prominent place. Few will deny her genius for dramatic effects, and the gorgeous colors and rapidly shifting scenes of many of her works fit them more for the stage than for the domestic circle. With the young, who like excitement, her books are always popular; and many of us can yet recall the delight with which we once read Capitola's ingenious efforts to foil Black Donald in "The Hidden Hand," and the hearty laughs with which we greeted Jacquellina's mental ejaculation of "Verjuice, verdegriis, and vinegar!" as she puckered up her rosy lips to kiss the old nun in "Miriam the Avenger."

The author of "Elia" said: "I can read anything which I call a book, but there are books which are no books." Under this definition comes so large a proportion of the sensational writing of American birth, that one ought to be pardoned for not dipping deeply into the monstrous pitch-kettle, whose lightest touch defiles, to find the few grains of sterling metal that may be hid therein. What may be the use of this conglomeration of filth and impurity is "Beyond, short-sighted man, thy darkened ken," and so we will let it rest.

Wilkie Collins, with his weird "Woman in White," facetious Count Fosco, scheming Silas Wreggs, and irrepressible Miss Gwilt; Miss Braddon, with her defiled duality of fascinating men with two wives, and wives with two husbands; Eugene Sue and Alexander Dumas, with their impossible villains and infamous scenes, are the authors of the English sensational school with which the American people are most familiar, and I am sure that most of them will echo the wish expressed by a writer in the *Saturday Review*, that "injured wives and glorified governesses may soon take the wind out of the sails of the glorified adulteresses and murderesses in which these authors seem to delight."

It seems almost sacrilege to place Currer Bell among sensation writers, yet where else can we place "Jane Eyre?" And even the interesting "Shirley" centres upon disturbances among the weavers of England. There is something particularly touching in the life of the Bronte sisters; their isolation in that gloomy old stone manse, high up among purple moors; their quiet twilight talks over their writings, as they promenaded the long, fire-lighted parlor, each the critic of the other's work, show how strong their affection, and how closely they clung to whatever of brightness belonged to that period of their lives. How soon it faded into a darkness that was appalling, as Charlotte watched the fierce grapplings of Emily with the fell destroyer, and the gentle fading away of Annie, with nothing to distract her attention save the insane ravings of a brother, threatening the life of his father amidst the paroxysms of *delirium tremens*! Surely, few elements of the sensational were wanting there, and it is not wonderful that we find some of them reflected in her works; but the deification of villainy, which would prove her kinship to the authors of the sensational school which have been already mentioned, is entirely lacking; and it is not surprising that Miss Bronte was shocked by the remark of a lady friend in London, after the publication of "Jane Eyre," that they must both plead guilty to the charge of having written naughty books. Jane Eyre's character is purity itself, and even Rochester was more "sinned against than sinning," and it must be a vicious mind, indeed, that can find any element of depravity in the parting scene between them, in which Jane, without one single sustaining power, save her own innate sense of right, withstood the greatest of temptations, hushed the pleadings of her own heart, cast behind her everything that made life desirable, and went forth to brave destitution and, perhaps, death. Could anyone write a more signal triumph for virtue, or cast a stronger ballot in favor of morality? Surely not.

Last, but not by any means least, come Periodical or Serial novels, for many of the ablest authors, both of England and America,

are best known to the readers of the present day through the pages of the quarterlies and monthlies. Even Bulwer, whose name was "a magic spell" to our parents, who was indeed a cosmographer, equally at home amid the gay circles of English society and the classic walks of Rome and Pompeii, is best known to us through "My Novel," published as a serial in *Harper's Magazine*. Even Thackeray and Dickens, those master minds, have not disdained this method of publication, and almost all their later works have come to us first under the form of serials in some magazine; and it is to periodicals that we must now look to gain information upon many important subjects, as well as the cream of light literature.

Young writers have always particularly affected this style of composition, because they are less difficult to write than any others, the intervention of a month between the chapters allowing of many discrepancies in plots, which would be instantly detected in a connected reading. But that very few have risen to eminence in the art, is proved by most of our magazines continuing to publish *English* stories of this character. While bigoted and egotistic, as Americans are generally considered, they cannot help feeling the inferiority of native productions. Why is this? We have genius, refinement, culture; what is to prevent our rising to the front rank of literature? Nothing but a want of care both in editors and contributors. Washington Irving, Edgar A. Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Alice B. Haven, Marion Harland, were all magazine writers, yet their contributions stand in the front rank of American literature, and will compare favorably with contemporary English productions. "What man has done, man can do again," and if editors will only set their *standard high*, and pay well when it is reached, contributors will write up to it, and our magazines will no longer be crowded with the trashy, false, and unnatural stories which now make their perusal indeed a waste of time.

Especially are these remarks applicable to the writers of the South, who are just beginning to have a voice in the literature of the land. Be not content merely to equal English writers, but surpass them, as far as the natural gifts of your country surpass theirs. In the language of one of our own writers, "Let Excelsior be our motto, and let our standard never be lowered to cater to the false and vitiated taste of the sensational and depraved. Let purity and refinement, truth and sense, principle and Godliness, stand side by side with talent and interest, as the test by which all articles must be impartially and strictly judged. Thus, and thus only, can we hope for success in laying a pure and strong foundation, upon which future generations may erect a national literature for our beloved South, second to none in worth, purity, refinement, and brilliancy."

ROUGH PATHS.

BY O. D.

ONE of the sweetest, freshest of May mornings. Through the crystalline air every leaf seemed defined in the pale green woods, stretching seaward from the mountain. Up the gleaming bay swept the white sails, wafted with balmy briskness on the breeze. The very smoke seemed to dance joyously up from the cottage trees; coils of bubbling springs burst up through the green sward, studded with violets and white clover; while from bough to bough darted the happy songsters. They seemed echoing the glad *Te Deum* in our hearts, "All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father Everlasting." What intense, unspeakable joy it seemed to be to live! One could almost wish to set up his tabernacle here, unmindful of a future state; and, yet, if things seen could fill us with such ecstasy, with what longing expectation should we look forward to the possession of that heavenly inheritance; to those joys that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive. These joys are transitory and uncertain, sure to be swept away by the rude hand of time; those changeless and undying.

By some subtle intuition, I read similar thoughts in the quiet face of one sitting by my side. It was a face sobered by suffering, shadowed by graves, wearing the restful look of one who knows the future can hold no new pangs, and that the journey must end at last.

Surprised by my long scrutiny, the tender, earnest eyes sought mine, and, if my heart looked out, they showed it full of respectful sympathy. A faint smile appeared to thank me, then the long lashes weighed down the waxen lids again.

The road wound round the mountain base, past unassuming farm-houses, with garden walks bordered with sweet jonquils and hyacinths, and orchards thick with clustering blossoms.

"Your home lies here, Miss Lucy?"

"Yes, but why do you call me Lucy? My name is Lois."

"You remind me of Wordsworth's Lucy, who

'Dwelt in quiet, untrod ways!
Beside the springs of Dove.'"

"Yes," a touch of bitterness in the low tones:—

"'A maid whom there was few to praise,
And very few to love.'"

I was silent, slightly vexed.

Presently she said, penitently: "Forgive me! I know you did not mean that. You were my brother's friend, and, I am sure, you are willing to be mine; but, young as I am, so many storms have beaten on my head, that my

nature is warped and soured." She looked like it, with the sensitive lines about the mouth, the tearful, beseeching eyes.

I was not used to talking to women. For seven years I had lived the life of a savage; what should I say to comfort and not wound? A stanza of the Dean of Canterbury's came to mind:—

"'He holds me when the billows smite;
I shall not fall.

If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light—
He tempers all.'"

Then we were silent, until we jolted over the proverbially crooked, stony Southern lane to her father's door. He met us, white-haired, and bent, and urbane, the father of Marcus France, my friend, whose grave I had left, hidden from dogs and bears under a pile of stones, near one of the many canons of Colorado.

The remembrance of this made our meeting constrained and sad. Mrs. France, the second wife, was what Marc had described her—a namby-pamby girl-woman, one of the kind who never are women, who carry their ignorances and petty failings through life, uncorrected by its sharp experiences. She made some silly, shallow remark when I delivered the Sharp's rifle, travelling-bag, and watch, and crisp, shining, auburn lock—last words there were none. We had been surprised in "care!" by the Indians. He had often talked to me of his sister Lois; her uncongenial surroundings and faithful, true little heart. How he had offered to gratify her aspirations by sending her to school, or making a home for her himself, where she could pursue her studies, and be free from the selfish tyranny that had driven him away; but she refused to leave her old father to the careless mercies of her young stepmother.

For myself, in the two weeks the old man insisted on my staying, I found that Lois, though the guiding star of the large family, yet was the servant of all. Striving, sometimes fruitlessly, against the slatternly habits of Mrs. France; taking sole care of her four brothers' wardrobes; the click, click of her sewing machine sounding far into the night; up by light, bringing order out of confusion and dirt; coming flushed and appetiteless to the breakfast-table, bringing flowers, and toast, and delicious waffles; hiding, with a smile, weary sighs, as the long days rolled their multitudes of duties of hearing lessons, mending and knitting, and minding the twins, and sewing balls and dolls.

I had never heard of work until, sitting day after day in the long, low parlor her deft fingers rendered cool and inviting, I watched the treadmill of hard, exhausting labor this young girl trod, this girl who, beside her beautiful eyes, was far from prepossessing; neither witty, graceful, nor accomplished; like the hundred

and one woman you meet every day, with pale, uninteresting faces, and voices of mediocre flexibility. That she lived another life than the bustling, drudging one apparent, a careless observer would not have imagined. I read it in the hungry, wistful look of the brown eyes, as they chanced to light on a rare blossom, or when, with clasped hands, she watched the shifting opal and purple and crimson clouds, as the sun flashed through the "Golden Gate" of the far West.

To me she was a revelation. I was not a Calaban. Ten years before, when my cheek was unbronzed, my locks untouched, gushing misses had crowned my tawny ringlets with myrtle, and called me Adonis, Apollo, and I had laid the flattering unction to my soul, and pictured my ideal woman—beautiful, gracious, and tender—a Venus or a Hebe, at whose feet I would lay my proud attainments, my untarnished name. Sharp adversities, crushing afflictions, and a fair, false face had changed my views and ways of life, and driven me, hateful and hating, into the wilderness.

Time assuages the keenest pain. I had begun to long for educated companionship, when I met Marcus France, the surveyor. Intelligent, clear-headed, fervently pious, a man well calculated to settle and fix a vacillating though not hardened heart. We never parted until the earth closed between us. My best friend! In character Lois was his fac-simile, and I loved her, and knew, moreover, that she had made duty the ruling star of her life, and, though in the same constellation she should find, had found, every discomfort, she was not one lightly to turn back, having once put her hands to the plough. And so I sneered at my folly; called her dumpy, insignificant, an enthusiast; and grew miserable, watching the restless little figure, waiting for the speech of the eloquent eyes; picturing a green-bowered Western home, bright with music, and flowers, and loving smiles. It was not altogether a selfish love. She craved all beautiful sights and sounds. I could make her life a fairy land compared with what it now was.

She had toiled for others so long, it was but meet she should have some recompense. So I argued to myself, and repeated my arguments to her the last day of my stay, when I was surprised into a declaration by her bursting into tears at a cruel unmerited reproach uttered by her stepmother as she flaunted out of the room.

Giving me the poor consolation of acknowledging my love returned, she was flint against leaving "father and the boys. How could they do without me? Dear father! who was father and mother both for so many years to his troublesome girl?"

"But you are killing yourself."

"If sharp, 'tis short," you know," with a

little smile, lifting the wet, wan face from the table.

Now, I would like to tell how, by some impossible possibility, after a few years of patient waiting, Lois and I were rewarded, and lived happy ever after. Hear the sequel, oh, murmurers and complainers, living in your sheltered homes, with time to gratify every idle fancy.

I went back to my traps, and books, and "dugout." Four years from then I again sought the farm, to find Lois thinner and paler, if possible, but cheerful and patient. A stroke of paralysis had rendered Mr. France a feeble imbecile, who cried piteously when he saw me to know "whether I wanted to take his Lois out to bury under that stone heap by her brother."

Five years more of wandering, and an uncontrollable desire led me again to her home. A desolate air about the house chilled me; no autumn flowers bloomed in the disorderly garden; the lattice-work about the porch hung loose and weather-beaten. One of the younger Frances swung on the gate. I asked for his sister Lois.

An incredulous stare, and "Lor! don't you know that mother, and father, and sis Lois are all gone?"

"Gone where?"

"Why, dead! We were all took down with the typhus two years ago. Mother and father died almost together, and the five that were down were getting better when sis Lois was taken. The doctor told her she had the fever, and would die if she did not give up. She knew that, but how could she stop? At last I was holding up the cellar door for her one day, when, as she came up the ladder, she kind of reeled, and fell back dead."

I leaned on my horse's neck as the youngster, with earnest face, poured forth the recital. "On a ladder!" I turned sick at the thought. No time to die, even.

"Won't you come in; you look pale? Bro' Joe's married. We all live with him here. Come on in."

"No; where is your sister buried?"

"Under that fir-tree yonder. She planted it."

Bro' Joe, with more than characteristic thoughtfulness, had placed a simple cross at the head, and on it her name and "He giveth His beloved sleep."

HE that has no friend and no enemy is one of the vulgar, and without talents, power, or energy.—*Lavater*.

As good almost kill a man as a good book. A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—*Milton*.

THAT HATEFUL COLOR.

BY INO CHURCHILL.

"TWAS a pleasant occasion, that party at Mrs. Nickerson's, at the budding spring-time, and the beauty and happiness within seemed but a reflection of the life and joy without. The flitting swallow told of spring's renewing no more surely than did the rippling laughter from that youthful throng bespeak heart-sunshine and life music. It was no pretentious mansion where the young people of the village were assembled, but a long, low-roofed house, with a piazza running round it, not so much, it seemed, to give character to the building as to support the luxuriant honeysuckles that twined in and out among the climbing rose-bushes, and brushed their spicy petals lovingly against the newly opening leaves.

The rooms were cheerful and spacious, though somewhat old-fashioned and low-ceilinged, and the hanging lamps festooned with fragrant wreaths of hyacinths and lilies of the valley, exhaled odors as sweet and grateful as ever did perfumed taper breathing from antique carved flower.

The host and hostess were cheerful, middle-aged people, with no children, but so fond of young society that they took advantage of every lull in the social whirl to give one of their pleasant informal parties, and their invitations were always received with joyful anticipations. This particular evening had been devoted almost entirely to dancing, but the tripping feet had grown somewhat weary, and the parties had separated into small groups, and wandered up and down the rooms, or chatted in quiet corners.

Libbie Seeley's cavalier for the hour had thrown a shawl about her, and begged her to take a stroll on the piazza and gather some flowers. Wise fellow, he meant, and she knew it, to say, in flowing language, and sweet, insinuating tones, that her presence to him was the breath of the flower, and the light of her eye the sunshine upon it. She accepted his offered arm, rather glad of an opportunity to think over some sweet hopes that had entered her heart. She knew her escort's words meant nothing; not one of the girls believed he would ever ask the honest question: "Will you be my wife?"

They had paused by an open window that led into the parlors, but were hidden from the inmates by the flowing curtains; and Henry Raymond's voice grew low in pathetic sentimentality, and Libbie, half laughing, half impatient, was about to turn away, when she heard Sarah Wheaton's astonished voice exclaim:—

"Why, Mr. Wadsworth, not like yellow! It is the color of gold and of sunshine!"

"And of light, itself," said Ruth Lovell.

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"Beg your pardon, Miss Ruth, but light is white."

"Well, I don't care," said Ruth. "Our atmosphere must be very fallow, then, for it becomes yellow enough before we get any of it. If I were Della, I would plant a row of sunflowers all around the garden, and have you grow so like their honest upturned faces, not afraid to absorb all the cheerful sunshine they can get. Now, I dare say, you would never have a buttercup held under your chin, lest the bright reflection might stay there."

They all laughed at this, and Wadsworth said:—

"You are merciless, Miss Ruth. You do not give me a chance to defend my opinion."

"I don't mean to, till you get the benefit of mine. Suppose all the bright color should be stricken out of the world, how dull everything would be! Did you ever look at a landscape through a blue medium? Ugh! I did once, and I experience a slight shiver every time I think of it." And she shrugged her pretty shoulders, in token of disgust.

"He likes yellow curls floating over his shoulder," said his cousin, Della Clemment, mischievously.

Libbie shrank back a little at this. She knew Della meant her, for her hair was yellow; *golden*, she liked to call it; and she had promenaded with Mr. Wadsworth in the early part of the evening. He was quite tall, and she knew her hair *did* float back over his arm, and she thought he liked it, too, for his manner had grown tender, and he had danced with her many times, and asked permission to accompany her home. Her companion was absorbed in his own eloquence, and she leaned forward to catch Wadsworth's answer, and the flitting rose-tinge on her cheek grew to a steady, burning red, as she heard him say:—

"You jest on serious subjects, Della. I expect you will ask me next if I like the color of the stars, or the streets of the golden city. I have no objection to nature's coloring," he continued. "You pounced upon my opinion so vehemently, you gave me no time to explain what I meant by my assertion. I certainly do not like yellow in contact with a lady's cheek, or, in fact, in any article of her dress, it is so trying to the complexion that no lady of good taste will wear it. I never saw but one lady who did not look like a fright in it."

"Pray, who was she?" said Della; "you were in duty bound to fall in love with her for being beautiful enough to render becoming an unbecoming color."

"It was Miss Harding, of St. Louis, a perfect brunette, with a clear olive complexion, yet a skin so delicate that the bloom in her cheek was plainly visible, not common in a real brunette."

"But," said Ruth, "when we approach the

sere and yellow leaf of life, we may wear it, may we not?"

"No, wear brown then, a golden brown, if you will, if so be, in your heart; youth's flower and sunshine are merged to yellow, ripened fruitage."

Libbie dared listen to no more, but said to Mr. Raymond she was growing chilly; he led her around by the back entrance to the music-room. The few who were assembled there begged her for a song, and she, willing to have Raymond suppose she had heard his vapid nothings, sang, in a sweet, plaintive voice: "Call me pet names, darling; call me a flower!"

"And like a flower she looks," thought Wadsworth, who had been attracted to the room by the song.

And perhaps she did. She was exceedingly fair, with the faintest tinge of red in her cheek; a delicate, well-formed nose; and eyes so blue they were almost violet. She was dressed in a pale blue silk, with lace decorations; her yellow curls, just frizzy enough to be carelessly pretty, and show they were of nature's twining, looped back from her brow with apple-blossoms, that Wadsworth only wished were thistles, to catch Raymond's impertinent beard, that had approached in such aggravating proximity to her sunny head.

William Wadsworth had proven quite an acquisition to Bloomdale society. He had been there but two months, but, as Della Clement's cousin, he had the *entrée* of every home circle. He was the only child of Mrs. Clement's dead sister, and had spent most of his life in his western home, but had now come east with a considerable capital, and formed a very promising business connection with a large firm in the city, only three miles distant from our village. He boarded with his aunt, as companion and protector, she being a widow, and her son, an artist of some note, being on a tour of the States, preparatory for a trip to Europe in the fall, soon after Della's contemplated marriage.

Della had told all the girls confidentially that her cousin was not engaged, and had never been in love. "Only think of it!" said she; "and twenty-six, too!" And it is not to be wondered at if there was some fluttering of hearts when the handsome stranger made his appearance among them.

A week or so after Mrs. Nickerson's party there was to be a concert in the city, that promised to be of the highest order, and every Bloomdale girl was on tiptoe to attend. Mr. Wadsworth had invited Libbie Lesley, and she could not find it in her heart to refuse. She meant to look charmingly, too; she had ordered from the city a white chip hat, to be trimmed with blue ribbons and daisies; and the concert hour was growing nigh, and the hat had not been sent home.

"What shall I do?" she said to her sister Caroline. "My velvet hat will look shabby, because out of season, and Mr. Wadsworth is so fastidious in matters of dress, and he will be here in ten minutes. There is his ring now, I do believe! Oh, dear, what a hard-hearted creature that Madame Flummery must be!" At this moment the maid handed the bandbox into the room. "Oh, I beg her ten thousand pardons!" she joyously exclaimed, and she laid out her pearl-colored gloves and embroidered handkerchief with a sense of relief.

Mr. Wadsworth's card was soon sent up, and Libbie uttered a cry of dismay, as Cad held up a pretty chip hat, gorgeously trimmed with an unmistakably yellow ribbon. The messenger was gone, and Libbie could have cried with vexation.

"The abominable thing!" said she, giving the crown a spiteful punch, which did not alter the color, only marred the shape.

"Put it on," said Cad, not at all discomfited. "Perhaps it is his favorite color."

Libbie knew better, but gave no sign, as she tied the broad brilliant strings in a flaunting bow under her chin, and fitted on a pair of straw-colored gloves.

"Cad, how do I look?"

"Like a squaw," said the uncompromising Cad.

"Why don't you say like an Indian princess? I wish I had a saffron-colored shawl and a bouquet of dandelions. I'll stay at home!" she said, giving the unlucky strings a sudden twitch.

"No, you won't," said Cad. "Go down now; he will get impatient; and don't you explain a word about it. You never looked so homely in your life, but be just as agreeable as possible. It is a pity if the color of your hat is going to affect his opinion of you. When I have beaux, they shall like me for my own charming self, not because a particular dress happens to become me." Cad was fifteen, and had not a very clear idea of the "men sect" in general.

Libbie did go down, and the surprised and somewhat annoyed look on the gentleman's face, as his eye rested on her, decided her course; she would take Cad's advice.

Mr. Wadsworth did not again in the whole evening lose control of his expression, and he could not have been more kind and attentive if she had worn the blue ribbons and daisies.

The drive had been so pleasant, the music was so entrancing, that Libbie found it easy to make herself irresistible, and, when her cavalier held her yellow-gloved hand a moment at parting, she felt that she certainly had not lost favor in his eyes.

"Della," said her cousin, next morning, "did you tell Miss Seeley what I said about colors the other morning?"

"No," said Della.

"Did she ever wear that hateful color before?"

"No," said Della; "but it is very fashionable now, you know."

"Will you ask Miss Wheaton and Miss Lovell if they mentioned our conversation to her, and please do it in a way that will not involve me? That's a good cousin. I am very anxious to know."

"All right," said Della.

"She must have overheard me," said Wadsworth, as his cousin told him at night that the girls had not spoken of his antipathy to yellow.

"I don't believe they will tell her, Will. They are only too glad to have her wear it if you do not like it. You know you are quite a handsome man, cousin, and I suppose the girls would not object to adding you to their list of conquered."

"Miss Seeley does not seem inclined to make any sacrifices to bring about so lofty a result," said Wadsworth, half-ashamed of his interest in the matter of a mere girl's preference.

"Now, seriously, Will, I think it was all accident that Libbie wore the color. As for hearing the conversation, it was impossible, as she was quite in another part of the house, flirting with Hen Raymond."

"Is she a coquette, think you, Della?"

"No, indeed! She is true as truth itself. Woe be to him who trifles with her."

"But you said she was flirting."

"Oh! Patience Prim herself would flirt with Hen. He is so anxious to make himself ridiculous, one cannot resist the inclination to help him."

Libbie Seeley was bent on being fashionable, it seemed, for she purchased a buff muslin, and trimmed her white morning dress with bands of straw color, and, when madame sent down the lovely, daisy-decked hat, with her profuse French apologies for the mistake she had made, Libbie had the courage to request that she might keep the one she had, as she had already worn and slightly bent it. She wore the color on every occasion—at picnics, croquet parties, and even Fourth of July, when all the girls were dressed in a pretty uniform of red, white, and blue.

One morning Wadsworth was walking around the verdant village streets, and, passing Mr. Seeley's house, saw Sam, his son of about seventeen, hanging over the garden fence in quite a disconsolate way.

"What is the matter, Sam?" he said. "You look as though you had lost all your friends."

"Don't know how soon I shall," replied Sam, lugubriously. The truth was, Sam had been quite delinquent in an important business matter, which, as his father's head clerk, he should have attended to. He had received a severe reprimand from his father, and declared he would go to sea, so he was swinging on the garden gate, half-wishing it was the yard-arm.

"None of your family ill, I hope?" inquired Wadsworth.

"All well enough, but Libbie."

"What is the matter with her?" asked our hero, hastily.

"Got the *yellow fever*," replied Sam, sententiously.

"In this climate?" gasped Wadsworth, his cheek blanching. "Perhaps I can be of some assistance. I know something of the malady. I will offer my services."

"It's catching," called Sam, as Wadsworth sprang up the steps and pulled the bell. Sam looked on without a smile. His temperament was very mercurial. He was always either up or down; and, when he felt happy, he had no patience with anyone for being sad, and, when he was sad, he wished everybody in the very depths of wretchedness.

It happened that Libbie was standing by the low window that opened upon the veranda; and, noticing the rapid movements and evident excitement of the gentleman's manner, she stepped out, and, laying her hand on his arm, asked if anything had happened to his aunt or cousin, he looked so very pale.

The sudden revulsion of feeling at seeing the object of his solicitude well and blooming before him caused him to lean heavily against the door for a moment and close his eyes, and, when he opened them again, Libbie could not at all understand the relieved and joyous look in his eyes, contrasted with the expression of pain about his mouth.

"What is the matter?" she asked again, anxiously.

"Nothing, nothing, I assure you," glancing at her bright buff cambric dress. "I have been made the subject of a practical joke. I ought to have been quick-witted enough to have understood it. It was witty, but I hope the perpetrator will never experience the pain it caused me. Do you feel well enough to take a drive with me this morning, Miss Seeley?"

"Why, I never was better in my life, thank you," and she tripped away to don a suitable carriage dress, while Wadsworth went for his pretty phaeton.

Well, time went on, and one by one the happy days dropped from summer's rosy fingers, and the cooler September breezes permeated the heated atmosphere, and wafted away the languor that had oppressed us with its cloud-like, intangible influence, and Bloomsdale was its busy, bustling self again. The fall campaign of gayety was to commence with a party at our wealthy lawyer's, given to introduce his young daughter into society. It promised to be a gay affair, and great and numerous were the preparations. Mr. Wadsworth had already engaged Libbie's company, but he called that morning to ask the color of her dress, if he might be allowed to send flowers for her hair.

She smilingly assented, and told him her dress was a deep orange tinge, of thin material, and *beautiful*, she assured him.

He could not help laughing; the thing was growing spicy. The box came to Libbie's room while she was dressing. How lovely the flowers were—so fine, and feathery, and fragrant, and something new to Libbie! In her great admiration, she forgot that their vivid scarlet hue would ill accord with the color of her dress. She laughed merrily; he had out-generated her, after all.

"What shall I do about it, Cad?"

"Could not possibly do without the flowers, I suppose?" said Cad.

"Why, no. He asked the privilege of sending them; it would hardly do to slight them."

"You must wear white, then," said Cad.

"I think that is just what he desires, and I am not inclined to indulge him. I will wear the violet grenadine I wore to Hattie's wedding; it will be charming over white, with these scarlet flowers. Do run and get it, Cad. I have only an hour to make the change."

"Oh, I have an idea!" said Cad, as she brought the dress. "I'll get some white verbenas. Put on your dress while I am gone," and away she darted.

She was soon back in her sister's room, her busy fingers weaving the red and white blossoms together. "Now, Libbie," said she, "I will loop up your dress with these, and with this wreath I will bind back your bonny curls."

"How lovely, Cad! You were born an artist. But they will droop and wither before the evening is half over, and I shall look like a water-nymph with sea-weeds in her hair."

"Sure enough," said Cad. "I'll wind the stems over with wet worsted, and then cover them with a piece of that new kid glove I split open last night, because my hand was too large for it. Nothing lost in this establishment, and I am not sure but it will be an improvement on the French tubes."

"Oh, you are a jewel, Cad! How perfectly lovely!" she involuntarily exclaimed, as she glanced at her finished toilet in the mirror. "Now, Cad, dear, throw that light shawl about me, so as to entirely conceal my dress," said Libbie, as word was brought up that Mr. Wadsworth awaited her pleasure.

The party was a brilliant affair. Nothing that taste could devise or wealth purchase was lacking to make the scene one of enchantment. The entrancing music, the quivering light, the perfumed air, the fairy forms, seemed to mingle together in one harmonious whole. No jar of discontent, no breath of sorrow, cast a shadow there. When we are joyous and happy, how very bright this world does seem; and, when we are bereaved and sorrowful, how we chide ourselves, and censure others, for ever being gay! The wheels of life turn easily when naught but flowers obstruct the way.

Well for us, if they cheat us not, to think they never move at all.

Libbie Seeley, always a favorite, was the acknowledged belle of the evening. The peculiar effect of her dress and its adornings heightened her blonde beauty to ethereal loveliness. She floated through the brilliant rooms like a thing of air, so light of heart, so bewilderingly happy, that the glow and sunshine of her manner seemed a halo of light around her, attracting all within the radiant circle. It was not the inspiration of joy and music alone that gave her mere animal spirits, but the overflow of a heart that was beginning to realize its own capacity for bliss.

She could not help remembering, even in the mazy dance, and the witty conversations, the flush of admiration and pleasure that mounted even to Mr. Wadsworth's brow, as he met her at the dressing-room door to lead her to the parlors, and the tender, searching glance that tried to read her soul. Nor could she quite forget the inmomentary pressure of her hand as he laid it within his arm. What wonder, then, if, floating on through this enchanted dream-land, her brow took on the glorious shining enfranchised spirits wear?

It was late in the evening, when, from very weariness, Libbie declined to join the dance, Wadsworth led her into the library, where a few quiet people were turning over the engravings. She paused beside a table, and began looking at the pictures, conscious that she was being studied more closely than the engravings were.

"Do you know how beautiful you are?" he said, at last. "Surely, floral offering never received more gracious acceptance than you have given mine. I thank you most heartily for your kindness."

"Perhaps I ought to thank *you*," she replied, with a smile and a blush, "for their bestowal, but your gift changed the whole plan of my toilet. I must either give up my dress, or discard the flowers, and"—She hesitated, and stopped. She had acknowledged in words that she had sacrificed her taste in dress to his wishes, and was overcome with confusion.

"And so," he said, "you improvised a dress from an opal-changing cloud, and looped it up with sapphire?"

"Not exactly," she said, regaining her composure, "but I will not deny that it was made when I revolved as a satellite of less degree around a shining centre."

"I don't understand," said Wadsworth, laughing.

"Then, perhaps you would not rank me as a star of the fourth magnitude in the galaxy of beauty, but I held that position nevertheless, at cousin Hattie's wedding, and this was the dress assigned me. It was worn over pink silk, and the effect was quite marvellous."

"I have not a doubt of that. So you were

fourth bridesmaid, and dressed as sort of a gradation, or connecting link between the gorgeous outside world and the white-robed inner circle? A very pretty idea. Your own, Miss Libbie?"

"No, it was Hattie's; but I am not to be cheated out of wearing my gay robe next week to Della's wedding. I shall ask some one to send me flowers who better understands the harmony of colors."

She repeated the words the moment they were spoken, and yet she felt she had maintained her dignity in saying them. She had not thought he would take her so much in earnest as he seemed to, for the sparkle faded out of his eye, and his mouth grew grave in its expression. She stood embarrassed and perplexed, while he silently regarded her for a moment, then seemed absorbed in the picture he held. When he raised his eyes again, however, he seemed to have forgotten the subject of their conversation, and said, in his own pleasant tones:—

"I was thinking, Miss Libbie, of a dear friend of mine in St. Louis, an amateur artist, a person of wealth and refinement, yet one whom I never could exactly understand. He would spend months in elaborating some beautiful painting to the most exquisite finish, till it was a perfect gem of art, and every line and shade of coloring was in itself almost an embossed thought; then he would call me to his studio, and while I was gazing in rapture at the beautiful work, he would seize the wet brush and dash it out. I never could exactly understand why he should call to life such beautiful images, then, with his own hand, send them back to chaos. It is a great gift, Miss Libbie, to be able to awaken visions of light and beauty where they have not existed, and it makes one sad to think that if that same hand chooses to blot them out, no other hand can reproduce them." His eye was calm and clear as it met hers, yet she could not but think there was a double meaning in his words.

"You seem to intimate, Mr. Wadsworth, that your friend painted his pictures merely for the pleasure of destroying them. If that was so, he was selfish, and loved not art so much for its own sake, as for the power he possessed in it. I think you have failed to read his character aright, though you say that he was dear to you."

"Read it for me, then, Miss Libbie, from what I have told you."

"I think, then," she said, "that your friend possessed a highly sensitive organization; that his pictures were the creations of his own brain, the very outflowing of his soul; and he shrank from exposing them to the public gaze, as we might shrink from having our most delicate, sacred feelings carelessly, perhaps scornfully, read. I doubt not but that he had many pictures that even your eye never rested upon, in

the contemplation of which, his own nature grew deep and strong, as though feeding upon itself. I think I could comprehend such a nature, though I might not be able to imitate it. Your friend might be a martyr, but not, perhaps, a hero."

The sweet seriousness of her manner became her exceedingly, and Wadsworth's thanks were no less emphatic because quietly expressed. Perhaps they were rather a grave-looking pair for a scene of mirth, and Ruth Lovell, who, with Della, had entered the room, drew her roguish face down to most comical length, and said: "Amen! Sister Clemment, will you make a few remarks?" Then, changing her mood, she asked Wadsworth whether he was dictating his last will and testament, or popping the question.

"Not so fast, Miss Ruth, if you please," he said. "I am half inclined to make you pay a penalty for your roguishness."

"Sauciness you mean, only your gentlemanly lips refuse to say so," said Ruth, her own red mouth pouting in most tempting defiance.

"You are my captive, whether you will or no," he said. Putting her hand within one arm, and offering the other to Libbie, he led them back to the dancers.

The party soon broke up, and Wadsworth, affectionately gallant, yet grave and quiet, accompanied Libbie to her home.

What a happy time it had been to her! Perhaps she did not feel so buoyantly gay as in the early part of the evening, but, as the rose-bud, grown used to the soft flutter of its own unfolding, holds, in deep and quiet joy, the dew-drop to its blushing heart, so she laid herself down to rest that night, with her white hands folded over her breast, as if to shut in the electric drop that had the power to transmute her very soul to fragrance.

The morning light kissed open her eyelids none too soon. She was not one of those languid maidens who must sleep half the day to make up for one evening's amusement. She performed her light duties with a song on her lips and a thrill at her heart. She had not acknowledged to herself in words that she loved William Wadsworth, but such a thought really nestled like a brooding bird in the depths of her heart, and woke its dreams to melody.

The morning and afternoon passed, and evening was fast darkening into night, yet he had not come, as he was wont, to inquire after her health; and another day drew its languid hours away, and still he did not come. Sunday followed, damp and drizzly, precluding all hope of her seeing him at church. Still, she felt certain that the quiet Sabbath evening would find him with her as usual. But he did not come.

Cad and Sam held secret council together as to what might be the reason. Cad declared it was a downright shame that he should stay

away long enough to make Libbie uneasy. Sam said she did look rather *blue*, for one who tried to be so yellow. But Will was a capital fellow, and he must be sick, or out of town; he had not seen anything of him since that kick-down at Squire Thompson's.

But Cad did not believe it. He would have told Libbie if he was going away, and she guessed he was not sick either—he was too tall and strong to get sick in a minute. But they wisely awaited the turn of affairs, loving their gentle sister too well to tease her about it.

Ruth, Sarah, and Hen Raymond spent Monday evening with Libbie. They chatted of the prospective wedding, and teasingly told her not to trust Will too long out of her sight. By what she gathered, he certainly was not sick, and he could not be away, as Della had set her heart on his being her groomsman, the sister of her husband elect acting as bridesmaid.

Poor Libbie! She sought her bed that night sick at heart, and woke weary and unrefreshed. What was it to her that her friend's wedding-day dawned so brightly, when her own life was under a shadow? "The very *first*," she thought to herself. "I have always been so happy. Weak, vain, and foolish girl, to believe so surely that he loved me, as to jeopardize my peace of mind. But then he could not have been trifling with me. He is too noble for that. Perhaps I offended him. His manner certainly changed. Or perhaps he thought me indelicate and bold, when I replied to the real meaning that underlay his question in regard to his friend's character."

She had some misgivings about wearing her gay dress, but she was not deficient in womanly pride, and, when Sam came down to the drawing-room, he found her all ready.

"Why, Lib," he said, "you look first-rate! Those blue cobwebs you have hung about your shoulders and waist rather take the edge off of your *yellow frock*, and make your neck look as white as pearl-powder. Have not got any on it, have you?" and he drew the tip of his finger daintily across her white throat. "You ought to have a bouquet. I'll run over to Plant's, and get you one."

"No, no, Sam, I do not wish any. I would rather not," said Libbie.

"But you shall," persisted Sam. "Who ever went to a wedding without flowers?" Cad slyly shook her head at him, so he said: "You shall have roses in your cheeks, then," and he gave her six kisses on each cheek, that were decidedly more deep than delicate.

"Take care, Sam," said Cad; "they will be blisters instead of roses."

While the assembled company were waiting the appearance of the bridal party, Libbie looked around the beautiful rooms, and wondered if Della loved this man of her choice well enough to be willing to leave her luxurious home, and go away with him. "Yes, yes,"

she thought. "One would be willing to leave father, and mother, and all."

Her musings were interrupted by the coming of the bride. How fair and sweet she was! How noble and manly *one* form looked in a bridal toilet! How grave, and earnest, and almost prayerful the expression of his face became as the ceremony proceeded!

The service was over, and Libbie found herself, almost before she knew it, led up to congratulate the bride. As she passed to make way for others who were pressing up, Mr. Wadsworth took her hand a moment in a warm, strong clasp, but she dared not meet the eye that had such power to command her. She did not want for partners or admiration, although the vivacious little bridesmaid, with her dancing black eyes, seemed to be the ensurance. She knew very well that etiquette would not excuse Mr. Wadsworth from his attendance on her, yet every now and then a pang shot through her heart as she heard below, clear laugh, and quick reply in sparkling repartee.

After supper, she slipped away to the dressing-room, and from thence to the conservatory. There was not much to be seen there, she knew, only the green, feathery mosses, and the few foreign plants that shrank at the cool breath of a September night. But it was clean, quiet, and calm, and the light was subdued and pleasant. There was no fear of interruption. The guests were either dancing or wandering about the brilliantly-lighted grounds. She could see them through the windows, a living panorama, fitting and changing like forms in a fairy scene. She moved out of sight, toward the fountain, and leaned her arm upon the marble urn hung down with ivy and myrtle. The goldfishes glided up to receive their wonted repast, but darted, startled, away again as two salt drops fell into the pure, fresh water. The lilies bowed their white heads, and talked softly together, and the water-sprite threw up the ball in merry, mocking glee. She looked down at her gay dress. How she hated the gorgeous thing that so belied her taste for all that was modest and sweet—a poppy in a garden of lilies, an oriole among wrens!

She was so absorbed in her own thoughts that she did not hear the footfall near her, as Mr. Wadsworth approached, and was not aware of his presence until he said, in deep, musical tones: "Alone and sad?" And, seeing that her lip quivered as she essayed to speak, he went on:—

"It seems long since I have seen you. Tomorrow after the party I was summoned to Buffalo, whither I went immediately that I might be back to-night. I returned only in time to prepare myself for the wedding. I saw you wear no flowers to-night. May I place these in your hair? I think they will be in harmony with your dress."

She saw that they were orange-flowers, and flushed scarlet; but she said nothing, and he wined them among her curls with a caressing touch.

"Why do you wear this color so much, may I ask?"

"Perhaps because its cheerfulness is emblematic of my bright and happy life. I was just hinking, if any new fibre was woven into the exture of my life, it must necessarily be of a larker shade."

"Can you not imagine, then, one of deeper, warmer, richer hue, that might intensify rather than sadden?"

She trembled visibly, and he put his arm about her and bent over her.

"May my life be that other thread that shall intermesh itself with yours until death do part? I love you. Will you make my heart your home-nest?"

She drew nearer to him with a nestling motion, and he wound his arms about her and kissed her brow with solemn tenderness.

"Will you let me take you in now," he said, at last, "and show them how happy I am?"

"I cannot," she said, covering her face again. "Your duties are not over. Please leave me here awhile."

"What! my little yellow-bird afraid of its mate? I see, I see," he said, as she looked beseechingly at him. "But I will get released long enough to see you home." And he led her to the rustic seat, and left her there beside the fountain, whose silvery jets shot up straight and clear, like the new spring of joy in her bosom.

She soon went in search of her brother, and said to him: "Sam, don't you want to go home with some pretty girl to-night?"

"Humph!" said Sam. "I guess all the pretty girls will go home with the fellows they came with."

"Then, brother, would you mind going home alone?"

"Yes, I should," said Sam, decidedly. "What's the matter, Lib? Do you want him to take you home?"

Libbie gave him a confused little nod, and Sam said: "All right, but I'm going to stay until it's out."

So, when the party was out, Sam walked slowly home, and, unlocking the door, stood behind the pillar, waiting for his sister—"So not to wake up the household twice," he said.

He heard the carriage approach, and in a moment they came up the steps; and Wadsworth drew Libbie to his heart again, and whispered over her:—

"Beloved, my beloved!"

"Whew!" said Sam, as his sister rushed past him and up to her room, leaving the street door wide open. "It is well I waited, or we should all be carried off by thieves and robbers, for all Lib would know or care."

Libbie, who sat in her chamber, with her burning cheeks hid in her hands, heard Sam call out, in a stage whisper, through the key-hole of Cad's door:—

"I say, Cad, are you asleep?"

"No," said Cad, with a suspicious yawn.

"Well, he's surrendered to the yellow flag."

"Who?"

"Will Wadsworth. You see, Lib came to me just before the party broke up, her eyes running over with light, and wanted to know if I would not be delighted to come home alone. So I came and waited for her behind a post. Josephus, how he did hug her!"

"Who, Josephus?"

"No; Will. I tell you it makes a fellow feel like a streak of lightning. I say, Cad."

"What?"

"Come out here and let me hug you."

"I won't. Hug the banister," said Cad.

The next night, when Wadsworth came, and before them all drew Libbie fondly to his side, and asked her father to give her to him, Sam threw up his cap, and said:—

"Libbie's wedding dress should be woven from the brightest sunbeams that ever shot athwart this earth."

When they were alone together, and Libbie's lover put on her finger the engagement ring, a topaz encircled with diamonds, she told him the secret history of "that hateful color."

PONDROUS PAPERS—NO. 6.

"WHY, it's jest a little birdsnest of a town," says I, as we caught site of Soquel through the trees. There it lay in its little valley, the green hills and stout oaks guardin' it, and the mornin' sunlight makin' it lovely to the eye.

"Yes, it is too much of a birdsnest, if birds-nests are dusty little holes," answered Mr. Sunbrite. "It gets too dusty in the summer time; it lies so low. I think they might have picked out a better place for their town. It looks well from here though. But now we must find a spare oak-tree to camp under."

Pretty soon we found a nice little spot in site of the ocean, a grassy place, shady and retired enough. "So that ev'rybody shouldn't stare us right in the face," Bell said.

It was so new to me to see the great waves rollin' up on the sand. How the water leaped, and shook itself, and fell shiverin' into white foam! And what a mighty voice it had! We had heard the noise of its roarin' three or four miles back among the hills.

When things was a little settled as to our camp, and we was a-waitin' for them all to git ready to go down to the beach, Mr. Pondrous and I took a walk by ourselves to view the village. Ev'rything was quiet, except a passle of children playin' before a nice-lookin' school-house. A few men were about the stores, but

there was no rush and hurry of business along the streets. There were home-like front yards and gardens about the houses, there were home-like, broad-faced sunflowers lookin' over one garden fence, and I really felt like goin' in and sayin' "Howdy do?" to 'em, they made me think of so many things that happened when I was a girl. At one house I was sure I heard a piano, though I had never heard but one or two in my life. Take it all in all, I thought Soquel was a nice little town, notwithstandin' what Mr. Sunbrite said of it. Following the road from the village towards the beach, we found some more splendid oak-trees, with the light green moss swingin' from their branches. John wondered how it could grow there in such lengths. So I told him a fairy story of how the sea-fairies used to come up from the sea of moonlight nights, and take possession of the whole country; hang up their green lace mantles on the trees while they was havin' their dance. But one night (after gold was discovered), they were surprised by a party of Yankees, who had strayed out here prospecting; and, when the light of their bonfires flashed up, the fairies all run down to the sea, leavin' their mantles on the branches, so there they've been swingin' ever since.

John said he was sure I was growin' young again, for I hadn't told him a fairy story before since I come to Californy. I think somehow folks are too homesick when they first come out to think of stories; they don't grow in their hearts at first.

We stopped over a week in our camp, and I got so I wasn't much afraid of the waves when they broke over me, 'specially as I took care not to go out far, and always had a rope to hold hold of. The girls and boys run barefoot into the foam, and Bell was always tryin' to scare me by goin' far out. I thought she got frightened herself once or twice, though she wouldn't own it. Sometimes parties from Santa Cruz or Soquel would come down there and go out huntin' shells and seaweed, jest as Ellen and Bell did. I didn't s'pose I could be so pleased as I was when I found a lot of pretty shells. I thought I should have quite a museum when I got home.

One day, when we went down for our usual day's sport, we saw three carriages near by, and the party that came in them were havin' a jolly time with the waves. There was half-a-dozen children barefoot, with their pants rolled up. How they shouted and laughed, 'specially when a gentleman with a white beard run with 'em, caught 'em up, and held 'em up, swingin' 'em into bigger waves than they dared to meet alone.

Then a kind-voiced lady said: "Don't frighten them, doctor."

"Oh! they don't mind it," he said. And, indeed, they didn't seem to.

They all seemed to be havin' a good time,

and bimeby they got some baskets from their buggies, and, layin' a cloth on the ground, they spread out their picnic dinner.

The next day the whole town had a picnic up on the regular picnic grounds, which a gentleman had fitted up and set apart for all such out-door jubilees. As Mr. Sunbrite and the girls were somewhat acquainted in Soquel, we all got invitations to attend.

We found Picnic Hill the prettiest spot in all the regin round about. Why, it was a real little woods up there, the first tiny forest I'd been in since I come to Californy. There was a lemonade and lager beer stand right in a big hollow tree, and a little further on was a dancin' pavillion, shaped some like a Chinese pagoda, as I see a picture of it in my geogrophy when I was young, only the pavillion was ever so much larger than a pagoda, 'cording to my judgment. There were plenty of rustic tables round under the trees, which the ladies were loadin' with things to eat. And, as I followed Bell down the hill a little ways, we come to a long, deep trench dug in the ground, and in it they had had a hot fire, and were now roastin' a "barbecue," Bell called it, but it looked to me more like a beef critter.

Well, we had a pleasant time as ever was that day, and so we did all the week. One day Mr. Sunbrite harnessed up and took us up to Santa Cruz City, which is a real pleasant place, I should think. Some of the streets had trees on each side. On Orchard Street they were fruit trees. I see two places where I thought I should like to live. After we had rode round the town some, Mrs. Sunbrite proposed that we should go over to Springvale Farm, and see her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mountain. We all liked the idea, and so were soon on the way.

I was delighted with the scenery, the mountains, and trees; and, when we reached a piece of road where the woods come up close on each side of it, and brooks were sparklin' and gurglin' in the shady hollows, I thought it was about perfect, and this bit of road was on Springvale Farm. We went on towards the house by a broad field; and then how tall the trees were, and there were elder bushes, and wildbrier roses, and fern. Oh, my dears! they told me stories of old apple-parin' and spellin' school times as powerful as Mr. Sunbrite's, but in a gentle voice that I did not try to interrupt. For didn't I put wildbrier rosebuds in my hair on my wedding night, and didn't John and I walk through feathery ferns when we went to our first little home in the woods the next day? Yes, that was our weddin' tower, walkin' 'cross lots from my father's house to ours.

Mrs. Mountain gave us the kindest welcome, and Mr. Mountain took us over his farm—that is, a part of it, for it was too big to see it all in one day. The once famous Santa Cruz ruins were not very far from the house, and are a grate curiosity, even though they did not prove

to be an ancient palace or castle, as the discoverer s'posed they was at first. I liked Springvale so well that I count my visit to Mr. and Mrs. Mountain one of the chief pleasures of our trip.

We didn't stay long at Mr. Sunbrites after we left Soquel. We went back to San Francisco for our team, and, in due course of time, we stopped once more at the hotel in Stockton, and I saw my dear little Miss Spencer again, and she actually seemed glad to see me; even her friend Miss Carrie Skinner gave me a fash'nable smile, and two fingers to shake.

"Oh, we're going to the Big Trees and Yo Semite with you, Carrie and I are," said Miss Spencer. "We're going to start in three days, and I was hoping you'd get back in time to start with us. I expect it will take about all the money I earned last year, but then I can earn more if I am not sick.

"If you are sick, I'll take you home with me and take care of you, my dear," says I, when we got alone together.

"Will you? Now that is good and comfortable to have such a promise. I do mean to come and see you some time, for I think you are my friend jest as trusty and true as my own mother would be, so I want to talk to you about something. There is a gentleman here who says he remembers my father and mother; he has told me all about my old home; says he remembers me, and came here on purpose to get acquainted with me. Now I don't remember him, can't even recall his name, and I feel as though I would not be got acquainted with. But he is one of the party to the Big Trees; Uncle and Aunt Richome are going, and they like him. He will be with them so much, I am just going to keep with you all the time I can after we get there."

"I shall be proper glad to have your company, but isn't he good?"

"Yes, I can't help believing that he's better than most men, but that is no reason—well, it may be a reason, yet I don't wish to get acquainted with him."

Jest then, Miss Skinner come back to inquire if her shignon was perfect, and says she: "Which will look best to wear this evenin'; my pollynay or pompydoor waist, or lace fitchen? Your aunt wants us all to come to her sittin'-room this evenin' to discuss about our comin' joint, I suppose."

"Very well, Carrie, Mrs. Pondrous and I will be down soon."

"Why, you didn't tell her what to wear," says I, as she went off again.

"Oh, she don't care to have me! It's her way to ask though. Folks must have something to talk about, you know."

"Will he be there this evenin'?"

"I suppose so; his name is Delesther. Now, don't you think I would remember such an odd

name if ever I had heard it before? But come, let us go down."

When we went into the room, she introduced me as her 'special friend; but I didn't notice any face or any name but Mr. Delesther's. The welcoming look that came into his eyes at site of Miss Spencer, made me understand why he wished to get acquainted with her.

I had took my knittin' work down with me, so first I knew, everybody was a lookin' at me and sayin': "Why, we have never seen anybody knit in Californy before. How odd!"

"I am glad to see her knit. It calls up gentle mem'ries," said Mr. Delesther. "I can just remember my mother knitting me a red and white stocking; I could not have been more than three years old then. I have got it yet," he added, more softly to me, "for she died before it was finished."

"Oh, dear! it's such old-fashioned work!" simpered Miss Skinner, not hearing his last remark. "I should think you'd a good deal rather tat, Mrs. Pondrous."

"If you mean tattle, I don't do that, never did, and never shall."

"No, no, she means to make tattin', as she is doin' now with that little shuttle," said Miss Spencer.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I never seen any before, nor heard of it either. It's pretty, though."

After a while they all got to talkin' about goin' to Yo Semite, and how many crackers and sardines they had better take, whether to take sugar, tea, and coffee, or not, and whether they could git such things at the Big Trees Hotel, where we were goin' to stop a week or two. These things was settled some how, and we started when the given day come round.

In the big wagon was Mr. and Mrs. Richome, Miss Spencer, Miss Skinner, Mr. Lamoree, and Mr. Delesther; there was four in another team, but I don't remember much about them.

The first day, we passed Copperopolis, and it was a lonesome place, all goin' to rack, jest as Plumbolt did. There had been a big fire there, and ev'rybody had moved off that could move after that, and those that were left, wanted to go. There was a nice meetin' house, but no congregation, and I am afraid there never will be. Still, Californy is a new country, and Copperopolis may come up again, 'specially if they should happen to find new mines anywhere near. We stayed the first night at Murphey's Camp, where they have a nice hotel, and a brisk little town, I should judge, from what I could see.

JANE PONDROUS.

IF every man would reform himself, the world's reformation would be accomplished, and philosophers would be needless.

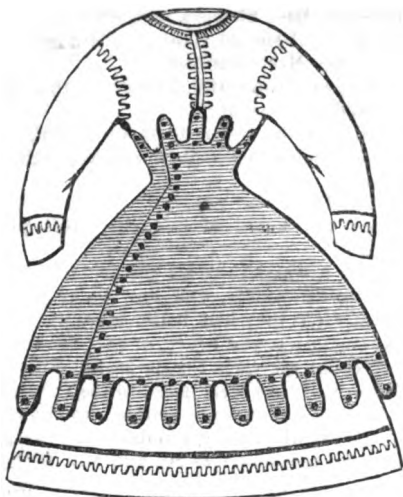
WORK DEPARTMENT.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

CLOTHING FOR GIRLS EIGHT TO TEN YEARS OF AGE.

DRESSES.—Fig. 1 is a pretty design for a frock for a little girl from eight to ten years of age; it is made with a princess tunic. At the present moment it is the fashion to wear dresses composed of two or three shades of the same color. We will suppose Fig. 1 to be a spring or summer frock, made of two shades of green llama—an inexpensive but ladylike material, and very suitable for children. This material used to be known by the name of *mousseline-de-*

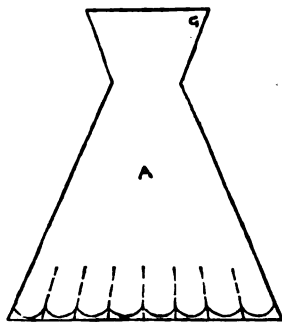
Fig. 1.



laine. The skirt and body are of very light, rich green, known to artists as emerald green. Make the skirt in the way already described in the account of clothing for a girl of eight years, making it long enough for the child, and wide in proportion. The width of a child's skirt does not increase equally with its length. A hem six or seven inches deep is made on the right side. This cannot be done with part of the skirt turned up; it must be a false hem, each piece cut to follow the slope of the gore of each breadth, in the way indicated by a dotted line in breadth B in Fig., which illustrates the tunic. Join the breadths of the hem; run it on the wrong side to the bottom of the skirt; turn it over; turn in an inch at the top and tack it down; then run on a white *passementerie* trimming half an inch from the upper edge. To make a hem six inches wide, the false piece must be cut eight inches deep. For the body, make a plain Garibaldi. Directions for forming this article of clothing for a

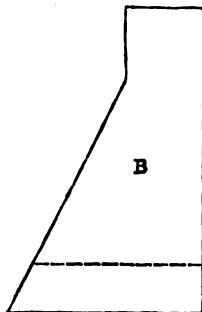
girl have already been given. Trim it down the front each side of a fold in which the buttons are inserted, and lay a row of trimming

Fig. 2.



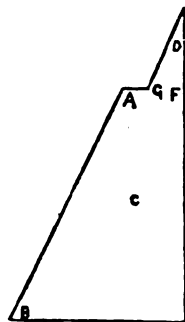
on the neck-band. Make coat sleeves, with false cuffs, after the manner of the false hem; sew these on also with white *passementerie*,

Fig. 3.



and place a row round each arm-hole. Next cut the tunic out of a rich deep green. Figs. 2, 3, and 4 illustrate the way this tunic is cut;

Fig. 4.



A is the front breadth; B the one next it; the back breadth may be plain, and C the one next it. If the skirt is not full enough with these

readths and the two breadths on the other de corresponding with B and C, but, of course, reversed, let in one or more gores each side, it to points without any body between B and

The straight sides of all the gored breadths re to the front. Join A and B together, the hole length of the body and sides. Join C to the same way. Cut the back breadth each de like B, Fig. 3, in the body; but, instead of bring the skirt part, leave the material cut raight off each side of the waist, and plait or ither it.

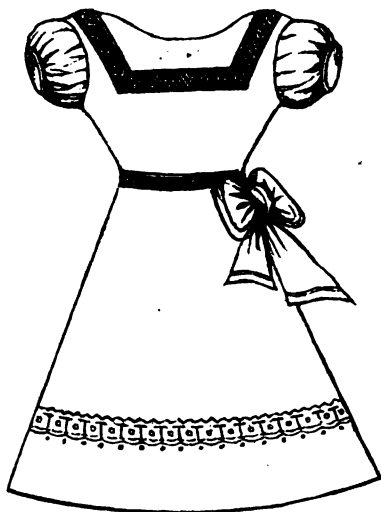
When the breadths are all joined, proceed to itre the skirt, taking care a mitre comes in ie centre of the front breadth, and mitres end cactly at each side of the front breadth, as own in Fig. 1. The easiest way is to have a iff card well cut out in very deep, exact itres; place it on the material, and draw the itline with a white chalk pencil, as far as ssible at a time. Cut out the mitres, as own in D, Fig. 4. Then draw straight lines p from them, favoring the slope of the skirt, s shown in A. When these are exact, cut em. Bind them all round the edge with a ry narrow, but stout sarcenet ribbon, with a tin edge of the same color as the tunic, or ith braid. They will never sit well bound ith a common ribbon. One side of the front left open all down, bound with ribbon, and ittoned over with white buttons. In every itre there are three buttons. The ordinary ina buttons are used for this purpose.

A loose out-door *paletôt*, the shape and dimensions of which will shortly be given, should e made of the light green llama. Cut a lining e white cambric muslin. Run the seams of ie llama and the seams of the lining sepately. Put the right sides together and tack em. With a blue chalk pencil mark the scalps on the lining at the lower edge, and lines p, as in the skirt. Run these all round a little ay in, and then cut them as the tunic was it. Undo the tacking and turn the jacket, ulling out all the points. Tack it together gain on the right side, and bind the mitred ngues as the skirt was bound, carrying the bbon up the fronts. Sew on white buttons a trimming, and to fasten the jacket. Round ie neck and sleeves put a row of white *passerenterie*. The *paletôt* is otherwise finished in ie usual way. The hat worn with this should e rice-straw, trimmed with green, of the dark-st shade. For warm summer days, make the irt and Garibaldi of plain jacquet muslin, ith a row or two of green ribbon over the em, and wear the green tunic over it. Blue even prettier than green with white. The alking *paletôt* may be made of white muslin, immed with a row or two of colored ribbon raight round.

Fig. 5 is pretty, in velvet, velveteen, plain lk llama, Cashmere, or muslin. It is a plain skirt and a plain square body, with puffed

sleeves. In all but muslin, it is simply trimmed above the hem of the skirt, round the neck, the waist, and the sleeve bands, with real or imitation Cluny insertion, an inch or an inch and a half wide; in white muslin, Valenciennes insertion, or muslin embroidery, is first mounted on colored muslin. The inch-wide striped

Fig. 5.



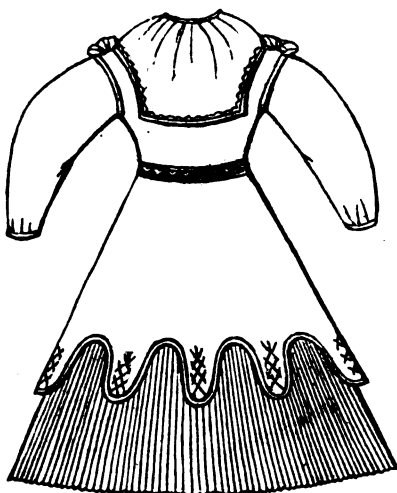
muslin is useful for this. Cut it apart in lengths in the centre of the white stripes; turn in the white, and use it as a ribbon. This is well run to the dress, and the insertion very neatly run down at both edges over it. If proper care is taken by the laundress, it will wash entire. The sash is short, and should be worn behind. It may be made of muslin edged with trimming, or of colored ribbon. A ribbon bow on each shoulder is a pleasing addition to a young child's toilet.

Another design for a child's dress is intended to be made in white alpaca. The Vandyked piece is of blue washing silk (foulard), piped along the Vandykes and top with blue satin. It is lined with soft Victoria. A blue satin piping is placed just below the hem of the dress. The cuffs are trimmed like the skirt, but not so deep. A narrow row of points of blue inclose the throat. The sash is made of the foulard, piped with satin, and lined. There are four bows, a buckle, and two pointed ends. The band is lined with buckram, to stiffen it sufficiently. The out-door jacket is made to fit. This is also trimmed round with the blue Vandyke, and up the front the Vandyke turned outwards; a Vandyked blue collar is added. There are no sleeves, but the armholes are piped and trimmed with narrow blue Vandykes. The sash is worn over the jacket. This design, made in buff alpaca, trimmed with brown or violet, is very pretty.

Fig. 6 is another design. The tunic is sepa-

rate from the corset, and joined at the waist. The underbody is white muslin, drawn round the throat, with small bishop sleeves. The petticoat is of light silk, small-plaited all one

Fig. 6.



way. It is false, and joined to the skirt above the scallops, which are bound with satin. Or the petticoat may be of white muslin, handsomely embroidered. Another way of making this dress is with a llama or Cashmere plaid false skirt, and a llama or Cashmere body in place of a muslin one.

Fig. 7 is an illustration of two ways of making a child's frock. First, let it be of black

Fig. 7.

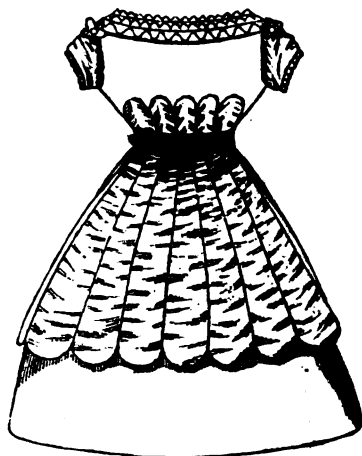


and white small check. Trim the skirt above the hem with a plain row of black ribbon velvet, and above that a row put on instead of the flounce, and at the head of it two or three rows plain or the Greek pattern, here shown. Cut

the body square, and trim round with the Greek pattern. Trim the band also, and fasten it with a rosette. Make short puffed sleeves. Secondly, make it of plain camlet. Put a flounce, plaited one way at the base; then a row of black braid as a heading; run rows of braid on the belt and cuffs. Let the body be high and plain, and the sleeves coat-shaped. But, if preferred, the flounce and the Greek pattern may both be used. Buff llama or Cashmere, trimmed with black velvet, is very effective. The rosette of the band should be at the back.

Fig. 8 is a ball dress for a little girl. This is a very stylish toilet. First, a plain frock and low body are made of plain sky-blue silk, and there are four rows of Valenciennes lace round

Fig. 8.



the top. The tunic is of tulle. Cut a foundation in imitation Brussels net. To do this, cut a front breadth, like A, Fig. 2, and a breadth for each side, like B, Fig. 3; a second breadth each side, like C, Fig. 4; and a back breadth, like A, Fig. 2. Try these on, and make any needful alterations. Join these breadths. Fold in half, and fold again and again, to mark the sections for the puffs of tulle. A join must not come right in front. There are two ways of putting on the tulle. Measure it half as long again as the net foundation, and every drawing half as wide again as the sections on the net. Then run every drawing with a long thread. Pin the top and bottom of each to the net foundation, and pin them at intervals to the marks of the net. Then draw up the thread. Run the tulle to the net. This, all but a band, completes the skirt. The other way is to cut every section of the tulle separately, half as long again as the foundation and half as wide again. Run each side and put each on separately. A trimming, such as the ready-made satin pipings, must then be put down over each seam. White satin, or the color of the slip,

can be used. Cover the corset the same way, but separately. Make full sleeves of the tulle. There is a blue band, and a short sash, and cluster of bows behind, and bows at the backs of the shoulders. The shoes should be of blue kid, with heels, and large clusters of bows on them. This dress is also very pretty, and less expensive, made of blue Japanese silk and white tarlatane. A foulard skirt, made this way, and a white jacquet Garibaldi, form a pretty summer dress.

WHITE COTTON TASSELS FOR CURTAINS, ETC.

FIG. 1.—The two nobs at the upper part of this tassel are made of balls of cotton of two sizes, wound and worked over with fine twisted

Fig. 1.



pipng cord, leaving the hole in the centre of the ball open. The lower part consists of thirty skeins of knitting cotton, six inches long, each skein containing three threads,

made into a crochet chain, which should not be carried quite to the end, either above or below. Tie the upper ends of the thread tightly together, and over this work in crochet with four threads of knitting cotton as follows: Make a chain of four stitches, and join it round, 2 chain, 1 treble, 6 times; then tie into the 2 chain skeins of 4 threads five inches long, double, and cross them as shown in illustration. Now draw the upper ends of the tassel with the cord through the 2 cotton balls, and make a rosette of 4 rows of crochet scallops as follows: 1st row. Work a chain of 5 stitches, join it into a circle. 2d. 1 double, 11 chain, 9 times. 3d. 1 double, 7 chain, 9 times. 4th. 1 double, 5 chain, 9 times. Sew the cord into a loop, and crochet round it, fastening the rosette just below the loop.

Fig. 2.



Fig. 2.—This tassel is also made of white cotton and fine cord. The rings in the upper part of the tassel are made by winding some coarse cotton over an inch mesh, then drawing

the mesh out, and overcasting the ring with coarse cotton, and over this with fine cord, the lower part can easily be copied from illustration.

WATCH-POCKET IN THE SHAPE OF A BEETLE.

THIS watch-pocket, in the shape of a beetle, is first cut in card-board; the wings are first covered with gray cloth, then with three layers of light gray crape, and on this fourfold material work with blue netting silk, the design shown in illustration, in long stitches, and overcast round the edges, and fastening at the same time a row of steel beads threaded on fine

gray leather at the back. Put a ring, wound round with blue silk, at the top, and the watch-pocket is completed.

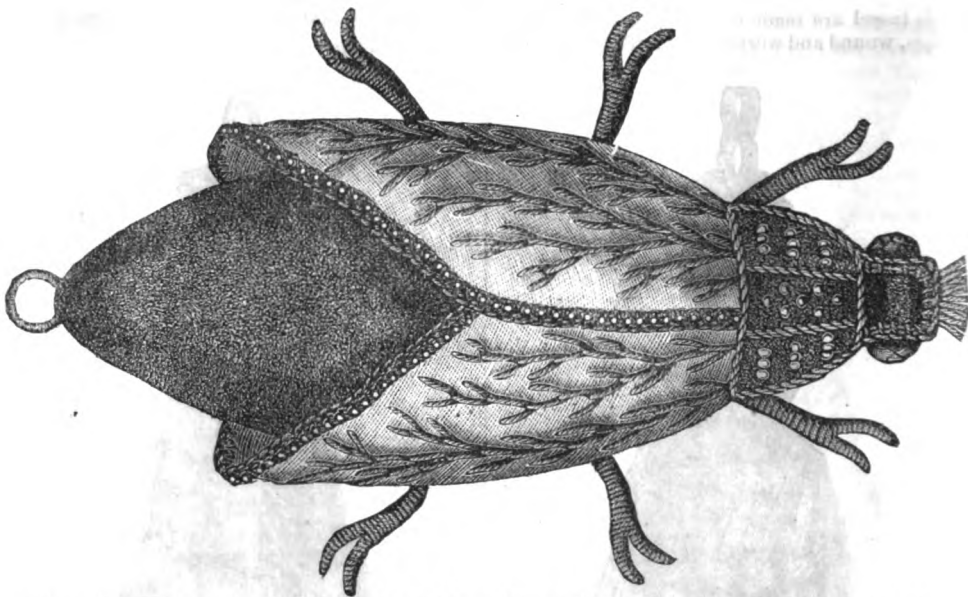
PORTFOLIO FOR MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS, ETC.

APPLIQUE AND EMBROIDERY.

(See Engravings, front of Book.)

THE entire cover is shown in a reduced size in Fig. 1. The medallion corners and sprays are given in the full size, in Figs. 2, 3, 4, and 5.

For the entire medallion, Fig. 4, the groundwork, is of fine black cloth. The body of the bird is of rich crimson cloth or velvet, fastened



wire. Cover the end of the piece of card intended to represent the head with brown velvet, turning the edges of the velvet over the edge of the card, and stitching it firmly down, sewing on two black cut beads for the eyes. Then cover the other end of the card with a layer of wadding and blue velvet, fastening the edges down at the back of the card with gum. Join the wings to the body, so that the left wing lies partly over the right. Now cover the space between the head and the wings with brown velvet, previously ornamented with gold beads and gold thread, and afterwards sew on the gold cord as shown in illustration. For each of the six legs, take two pieces of black covered wire, and wind first over each separately, then over both together, a thread of thick black silk. Bend the wires to the desired shape, and sew them to a piece of card cut the same shape as the body, but without the head. Sew this second piece of card to the back of the body, leaving the legs between the two cards, and gum a piece of

down with button-hole stitch of the same color. The stitches on the back and wings are blue, green, and gold, so as to make the plumage of the richest possible colors. The silk used is a fine purse silk. The bough under the bird should be of brown cloth, fastened down and shaded with brown silk. The ivy leaves are green cloth, fastened with green stitches. The blossoms are one piece of scarlet cloth, worked down with brown stitches. The tendrils are all of green silk. At the top, bottom, and sides, are little bunches of forget-me-nots. The flowers are in two shades of blue cloth or velvet, with green leaves and buds; the flowers are fastened down with blue silk, and the centre eye is yellow.

The groundwork of the border and corners is white cloth. The flowers worked upon it are in their natural colors. The applique parts are either in velvet or cloth. Patterns must be taken of the applique portions of all the parts, and they must be very carefully cut, and fixed to the ground with gum, which must not be

put on in sufficient quantities to wet through the fabric, but merely to unite it to the ground. The border must be first fixed upon the covers, and the centre medallion is fitted on to it, meeting the forget-me-not sprays, as shown in the design. A little fancy border must be placed over both (see Fig. 1); this may be of black velvet, button-holed down with gold-colored silk. The outer edge is of black velvet, embroidered with bright oriental colors. A variety of suitable designs will be found in recent numbers. The portfolio should be mounted by a bookbinder. Ladies desirous, however, of making it up for themselves, might readily do so over stout millboard. The lining should be of tawny. Ladies are frequently asking for suitable presents for gentlemen, and we are quite sure this would not fail to be useful and acceptable to them.

TRINKET-BASKET, WITH CROCHET.

Materials.—Cane sticks; green, black, and white purse silk; a small piece of white silk; eight yellow button pins.

THE frame of this little ornamental basket consists of soaked brown cane sticks, with

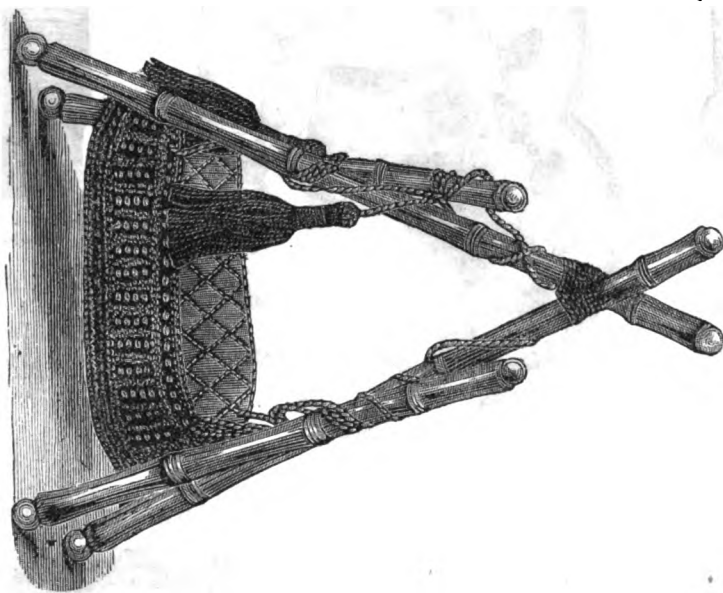
gether at the cross sides, and the corners are formed by bending back the card-board, as required; the card-board bottom is cut according to the shape, and joined in; the white silk lining is lightly wadded, and quilted in squares. The outer covering is left to taste; tatting, guipure netting, or Irish lace would be very pretty over colored silk, or a cross-stitch pattern would look equally well. Our model has a crochet covering of green silk cordon, with little thick crochet patterns of black and white silk worked in. The basket is finished off at the edge with green silk cord, and suspended by cords fastened to the frame like a hammock. The tassels are of green silk, bound underneath, as shown with black and white silk.

ORNAMENTAL FRAME FOR A MATCH-STAND.

(See Engraving, Page 80.)

Materials.—Small barrel with tassels of carved wood, gold thread, gilt beads, canvas, and silk for the centre.

THIS framed match-stand is very elegant; a similar frame for a cigar case or watch-stand is generally worked to correspond. The centre of the frame is worked in a fancy stitch over



gold-colored buttons at the ends. Two bars, seven and a quarter inches long, cross each other in the upper middle; the two adjoining side bars are four inches long. To make them more firm, they are notched where they cross each other, and then firmly bound together with a dark silk thread, and afterwards ornamented with silk thread, according to design. The edge of the basket consists of a strip of card-board, an inch and three-quarters high, and about ten or twelve inches long, sewn to

canvas, with light green floss silk (or any other color to match with the wood); the small barrel into which the matches are to be placed is fastened with gold thread on the centre; then fasten the oak tassels, and work the stems in gilt beads sewn on the canvas. When the work is finished, line it with card-board and silk, or glazed calico; hide the seam under a green silk and gold cord, and fasten a circle of carved wood at the top, by means of which it is hung on the wall.

HANDLE OF A RIDING-WHIP. (BEAD MOSAIC.)

FIG. 1 shows the handle of a riding-whip, which is covered with beads, sewn on so as to form a mosaic pattern. Wind some thick

according to the shape of the same. Underneath the heading, as well as at the beginning of the thicker part of the whip, work three rounds with steel beads, which imitate steel circles.

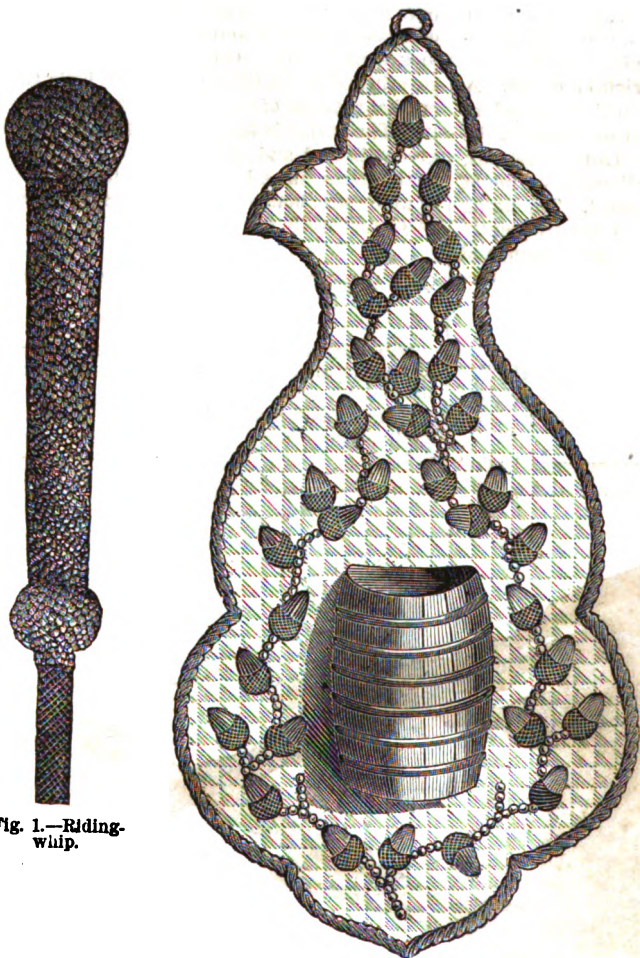


Fig. 1.—Riding-whip.

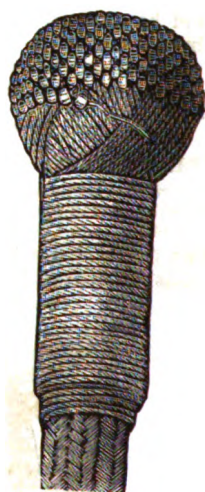


Fig. 2.—Detail of Riding-whip.

Ornamental Frame for a Watch-Stand.

white knitting cotton round the upper end of a riding-whip, about six and two-fifth inches. The head of the whip is obtained by winding the cotton round it a greater number of times. When the handle has the shape seen on Fig. 2, begin to cover it in the following manner: Thread five crystal beads on cotton, and join them into a circle; then work in rounds the well-known bead mosaic, increasing sufficiently so as to form a flat circle, which must correspond in size to the upper surface of the head of the whip; then continue to work on without increasing. The cap thus obtained is pushed on the head of the handle; then continue to work on over the whip, increasing or decreasing.

ROSETTE FOR SATIN SLIPPERS.

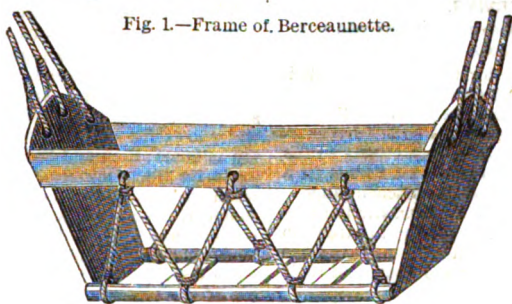
ROSETTE of lace an inch wide, with bows of white satin ribbon between the bows.

BABY'S BERCEAUNETTE.

THE chief feature of this graceful berceaunette is the handsome carved stand, to which the berceaunette itself is slung like a hammock

by the illustration Fig. 2; the berceaunette is then placed in the centre, and the cover fixed to it at the long sides, so as to fall over on each side and border the berceaunette; the rounded

Fig. 1.—Frame of Berceaunette.



by thick blue silk cords and gilt chains (illustrations Figs. 1 and 2). As this frame (Fig. 1) is entirely concealed by the trimming, therefore a basket may be used, if preferred. The

lappets thus formed on either side are lined with muslin or lawn, and trimmed with an embroidered vandyke border. A white muslin curtain, simply scalloped (or trimmed with an



Fig. 2.—Berceaunette Complete.

trimming consists of a square of blue quilted silk, but, of course, any other color and material may be employed—of which square two points are rounded off in the manner shown

embroidered border to match the berceaunette), and blue silk cords and tassels, complete our model.

Receipts, &c.

PRESERVING.

A FEW GENERAL RULES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING.

1. Let everything used for the purpose be delicately clean and dry; bottles especially so.

2. Never place a preserving-pan *flat upon the fire*, as this will render the preserve liable to *burn to*, as it is called; that is to say, to adhere closely to the metal, and then to burn; it should rest always on a trevet, or on the lowered bar of the kitchen range.

3. After the sugar is added to them, stir the preserves gently at first, and more quickly towards the end, without quitting them until they are done; this precaution will always prevent the chance of their being spoiled.

4. All preserves should be perfectly cleared from the scum as it rises.

5. Fruit which is to be preserved in syrup must first be blanched or boiled gently, until it is sufficiently softened to absorb the sugar; and a thin syrup must be poured on it at first, or it will shrivel. Instead of remaining plump, and becoming clear. Thus, if its weight of sugar is to be allowed, and boiled to a syrup with a pint of water to the pound, only half the weight must be taken at first, and this must not be boiled with the water more than fifteen or twenty minutes at the commencement of the process; a part of the remaining sugar must be added every time the syrup is reboiled, unless it should be otherwise directed in the receipt.

6. To preserve both the true flavor and the color of fruit in jams and jellies, boil them rapidly until they are well reduced, *before* the sugar is added, and quickly afterwards, but do not allow them to become so much thickened that the sugar will not dissolve in them easily, and throw up its scum. In some seasons the juice is so much richer than in others, that this effect takes place almost before one is aware of it; but the drop which adheres to the skimmer, when it is held up, will show the state it has reached.

7. Never use tin, iron, or pewter spoons or skimmers for preserves, as they will convert the color of red fruit into a dingy purple, and impart, besides, a very unpleasant flavor.

8. When cheap jams or jellies are required, make them at once with loaf-sugar, but use that which is *well refined* always, for preserves in general; it is a false economy to purchase an inferior kind, as there is great waste from it in the quantity of scum which it throws up.

9. Pans of copper or bell-metal are the proper utensils for preserving fruit; when used, they must be scoured bright with sand. Tinned pans turn and destroy the color of the fruit that is put into them. There is now a new sort of stewpan made of iron coated with earthenware, which is very nice for preserving.

To Clarify Sugar.—Take the finest kind, break it into large lumps, and put it into a preserving-pan. If for syrup, add a pint of cold water to each pound; if for candying, a couple of wineglassfuls to the pound will be sufficient. Beat the white of an egg, add it to the water, mix it well, and pour it over the sugar; one egg is enough for twelve pounds of sugar, if it is fine, or two if it is coarse. When the sugar is nearly melted, stir it well, and put it over a gentle fire; do not stir it after the scum begins to rise; let it boil five minutes, then take it off the fire, let it stand a minute or two, then take the scum carefully off; put the pan again on the fire, and when the syrup

begins to boil, throw in a little cold water, which should be kept back for the purpose; boil till the scum rises, draw it off the fire, and skim it as before; repeat this till quite clear; it is then fit for use. It is by long boiling that the different degrees are acquired, which the confectioner requires.

Black Currant Jam.—To every pound of fruit, weighed before being stripped from the stalks, allow three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar, one gill of water. Let the fruit be very ripe. Strip it from the stalks, and put it in a preserving-pan, with a gill of water to each pound of fruit; boil these together for ten minutes; then add the sugar, and boil the jam again for thirty minutes, reckoning from the time when the jam simmers equally all over, or longer, should it not appear to set nicely when a little is poured on to a plate. Keep stirring it to prevent it from burning, carefully remove all the scum, and, when done, pour it into pots. Let it cool, cover the top of the jam with oiled paper, and the top of the jars with a piece of tissue-paper, brushed over on both sides with the white of an egg; this, when cold, forms a hard, stiff cover, and perfectly excludes the air. Great attention must be paid to the stirring of this jam, as it is very liable to burn, on account of the thickness of the juice.

Red Currant Jam.—To every pound of fruit allow three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar. Let the fruit be gathered on a fine day; weigh it, and then strip the currants from the stalks; put them into a preserving-pan with sugar in the above proportion; stir them, and boil them for about three-quarters of an hour. Carefully remove the scum as it rises. Put the jam into pots, and, when cold, cover with oiled papers; over these put a piece of tissue-paper, brushed over on both sides with the white of an egg; press the paper round the top of the pot, and, when dry, the covering will be quite hard and air-tight.

Gooseberry Jam.—To every pound of fruit allow three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar, currant-juice. Select red gooseberries; have them gathered in dry weather, when quite ripe, without being too soft. Weigh them; with a pair of scissors cut off the tops and tails, and to every six pounds of fruit have ready half a pint of red currant-juice, drawn as for jelly. Put the gooseberries and currant-juice into a preserving-pan; let them boil tolerably quickly, keeping them well stirred; when they begin to break, add to them the sugar, and keep simmering until the jam becomes firm, carefully skimming and stirring it, that it does not burn at the bottom. It should be boiled rather a long time, or it will not keep. Put it into pots (not too large); let it be perfectly cold; then cover the pots down with oiled and egged papers.

Preserved Greengages in Syrup.—To every pound of fruit allow one pound of loaf-sugar, half a pint of water. Boil the sugar and water together for about ten minutes; divide the greengages, take out the stones, put the fruit into the syrup, and let it simmer gently until nearly tender. Take it off the fire, put it into a large pan, and, the next day, boil it up again for about ten minutes, with the kernels from the stones, which should be blanched. Put the fruit carefully into jars, pour over it the syrup, and, when cold, cover down, so that the air is quite excluded. Let the syrup be well skimmed both the first and second day of boiling, otherwise it will not be clear.

To Preserve Morello Cherries.—To every pound of cherries allow one pound and a quarter of sugar, one gill of water. Select ripe cherries; pick off the stalks, and reject all that have any blemishes. Boil the sugar and water together for five minutes, put in the cherries, and boil them for ten minutes, removing the scum as it rises. Then turn the fruit,

etc., into a pan, and let it remain until the next day, when boil it all again for another ten minutes, and, if necessary, skim well. Put the cherries into small pots; pour over them the syrup, and, when cold, cover down with oiled papers, and the tops of the jars with tissue-paper, brushed over on both sides with the white of an egg, and keep in a dry place.

Raspberry Jam.—To every pound of raspberries allow one pound of sugar, a quarter of a pint of red currant-juice. Let the fruit for this preserve be gathered in fine weather, and used as soon after it is picked as possible. Take off the stalks, put the raspberries into a preserving-pan, break them well with a wooden spoon, and let them boil for a quarter of an hour, keeping them well stirred. Then add the currant-juice and sugar, and boil again for half an hour. Skim the jam well after the sugar is added, or the preserve will not be clear. The addition of the currant-juice is a very great improvement to this preserve, as it gives it a piquant taste, which the flavor of the raspberry seems to require.

To Preserve Strawberries Whole.—To every pound of fruit allow one pound and a half of good loaf-sugar, one pint of red currant-juice. Choose the strawberries not too ripe, of a fine large sort and of a good color. Pick off the stalks, lay the strawberries in a dish, and sprinkle over them half the quantity of sugar, which must be finely pounded. Shake the dish gently, that the sugar may be equally distributed, and touch the under side of the fruit, and let it remain for one day. Then have ready some currant-juice; boil it with the remainder of the sugar until it forms a thin syrup, and in this simmer the strawberries and sugar, until the whole is sufficiently jellied. Great care must be taken not to stir the fruit roughly, as it should be preserved as whole as possible. Strawberries prepared in this manner are very good served in glasses, and mixed with thin cream.

Preserved Strawberries in Wine.—To every quart bottle allow a quarter of a pound of finely-pounded loaf-sugar, sherry or Madeira. Let the fruit be gathered in fine weather, and used as soon as picked. Have ready some perfectly dry glass bottles and some nice soft corks or bungs. Pick the stalks from the strawberries, drop them into the bottles, sprinkling amongst them pounded sugar in the above proportion, and, when the fruit reaches to the neck of the bottle, fill up with sherry or Madeira. Cork the bottles down with new corks, and dip them into melted resin.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Green Peas à la Française.—Shell sufficient fresh-gathered peas to fill two quarts; put them into cold water, with three ounces of butter, and stir them about until they are well covered with the butter; drain them in a colander, and put them in a stew-pan, with the parsley and onions; dredge over them a little flour, stir the peas well, and moisten them with boiling water; boil them quickly over a large fire for twenty minutes, or until there is no liquor remaining. Dip a small lump of sugar into some water, that it may soon melt; put it with the peas, to which add half a teaspoonful of salt. Take a piece of butter the size of a walnut, work it together with a teaspoonful of flour, and add this to the peas, which should be boiling when it is put in. Keep shaking the stewpan, and, when the peas are nicely thickened, dress them high in the dish, and serve.

Baked Potatoes.—Choose large potatoes, as much of a size as possible; wash them in lukewarm water, and scrub them well, for the browned skin of a baked potato is by many persons considered the better part

of it. Put them into a moderate oven, and bake them for about two hours, turning them three or four times whilst they are cooking. Serve them in a napkin immediately they are done, as, if kept a long time in the oven, they have a shrivelled appearance. Potatoes may also be roasted before the fire, but, when thus cooked, they must be done very slowly. Do not forget to send to table with them a piece of cold butter.

Baked Tomatoes.—Take off the stalks from the tomatoes; cut them into thick slices, and put them into a deep baking-dish; add a plentiful seasoning of pepper, and salt, and butter; cover the whole with bread-crumbs; drop over these a little clarified butter; bake in a moderate oven from twenty minutes to half an hour, and serve very hot. This vegetable, dressed as above, is an exceedingly nice accompaniment to all kinds of roast meat. The tomatoes, instead of being cut in slices, may be baked whole; but they will take rather longer time to cook.

Roast Leg of Lamb.—Place the joint a good distance from the wire at first, and baste well the whole time it is cooking. When nearly done, draw it nearer the fire to acquire a nice brown color. Sprinkle a little fine salt over the meat, empty the dripping-pan of its contents; pour in a little boiling water, and strain this over the meat. Serve with mint sauce and a fresh salad, and for vegetables send peas, spinach, or cauliflowers to table with it.

To Prepare Hung Beef.—This is preserved by salting and drying, either with or without smoke. Hang up the beef three or four days, till it becomes tender, but take care it does not begin to spoil; then salt it in the usual way, either by dry-salting or by brine, with bay salt, brown sugar, saltpetre, and a little pepper and allspice; afterwards roll it tight in a cloth, and hang it up in a warm, but not hot, place, for a fortnight or more, till it is sufficiently hard. If required to have a little of the smoky flavor, it may be hung for some time in a chimney corner, or smoked in any other way; it will keep a long time.

Miroton of Beef.—A few slices of cold roast beef, three ounces of butter, salt and pepper to taste, three onions, half a pint of gravy. Slice the onions, and put them into a frying-pan with the cold beef and butter; place it over the fire, and keep turning and stirring the ingredients to prevent them burning. When of a pale brown, add the gravy and seasoning; let it simmer for a few minutes, and serve very hot. This dish is excellent and economical.

Beef Rolls.—The remains of cold roast or boiled beef, seasoning to taste of salt, pepper, and minced herbs; puff paste. Mince the beef tolerably fine with a small amount of its own fat; add a seasoning of pepper, salt, and chopped herbs; put the whole into a roll of puff paste, and bake for half an hour, or rather longer, should the roll be very large. Beef patties may be made of cold meat, by mincing and seasoning beef as directed above, and baking in a rich puff paste in patty-tins.

HOW TO TREAT THE HAIR.

BY DR. SCOFFERN.

BEYOND combing and brushing, what are the best expedients for hair-cleaning? In man there is nothing so good as soap and water lather, but the plan cannot be recommended for ladies. The alkali of soap is not congenial to the gloss and beauty of human hair; moreover, to some extent, alkaline contact affects the coloring matter, and changes its tint. Men are above or beside these considerations, but they should be taken heed of by ladies. Glycerine and lime-juice, so called, is not glycerine and lime-juice at all. It is merely scented oil and lime-water.

Glycerine and rose-water is much better. The advantage of glycerine is that it imparts to the hair a soft, silky brilliancy, the so-called brilliantine, in point of fact, which gentlemen—vain young ones—use for their whiskers and moustaches, is only glycerine scented. For bandoline, nothing is better—perhaps nothing so good—as a very small fragment of gum-tragacanth dissolved in water, and perfumed. The fragment must be very small, otherwise the solution will turn the *accroche-cœur* into a veritable horn, as uncomfortable to wear as ungraceful to look at. People who use pomades should be very careful that they do not apply injurious coloring matter to the hair. The fashion these some years past has come in use of using yellow or straw-colored pomades. They are elegant to look at, and so long as the yellow tint is imparted by palm oil, as it should be, they are, sanitarily considered, unobjectionable. I fear, however, that in many instances the peculiar tint of yellow, so much desiderated, is given by incorporation with some injurious metallic compound. Roseate pomades are never, on account of their coloring matter, objectionable, the tint being always imparted by alkanet root, which is wholly innocuous. In respect to the oleaginous composition of pomades, that varies greatly. Spermaceti and almost any animal oil or fat—except mutton fat—may be employed in their composition. I believe the very best oleaginous hair application consists of a mixture of castor oil and alcohol; two parts by measure of the former to one of the latter, the whole perfumed according to taste. The circumstance should here be mentioned that castor oil is the only oil admitting of this treatment; if, for example, it were attempted to combine olive oil with alcohol, the operator would soon find that he had taken trouble in vain. Between the two no union would ensue; and the same remark applies to every oil, with the exception of castor oil.

The hair of human beings, as well as of animals, holds sulphur in its composition, and retains this element obstinately. Thus, if a scrap of flannel a thousand times, or even ten thousand times, washed, be taken and analyzed for sulphur, this element will invariably be found. As will be seen hereafter, the theory of the action of a certain class of hair dyes turns upon this sulphurous presence. It is a property of sulphur—and more especially of a certain sulphur containing gas—to turn several metallic combinations black. Lead is one of the metals in this category, and accordingly lead has formed the basis of more than one hair dye. Bismuth is another of these metals, and silver another; the blackening function of silver salts, however, when used as hair dyes, is not wholly referable to this sulphurous reaction.

BRINE FOR PICKLING MEAT OR FISH.

By reason of no defined system being generally known for ascertaining the intensity of brine, meat is occasionally spoilt, as it will become tainted in parts if the brine is not sufficiently strong to meet the temperature of the weather; the other extreme, of salting meat in very strong brine, is equally objectionable, as it renders the exterior of the meat disagreeably salt and hard, while the interior is next to fresh, the flesh remaining soft and unset. Much perplexity, too, is often felt by the housewife to decide whether the meat is sufficiently salted, as the time required for salting will depend on the intensity of the brine. This, too, may be saved by observing the simple yet scientific method which we shall prescribe: In temperate weather, brine should be composed of about twenty-four parts of salt to seventy-six parts of water, its specific gravity being to that of water as 1180 to 1000. Thus, by taking a bottle that will hold

ten ounces of water, salt your brine until the same bottle holds eleven ounces and three-quarters. In very hot weather, the brine should be stronger—twenty-eight parts of salt to seventy-two parts of water.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Unfailing Yeast.—Boll two ounces of the best hops in four quarts of water for half an hour, strain it, and let it cool down to new-milk warmth; then put in a quarter of a pound of salt, and half a pound of moist sugar; beat up one pound of fine flour with some of the liquor, and mix all well together. This should be done on Monday. On Wednesday add three pounds of potatoes, boiled and mashed; let it stand till Thursday, then strain, and bottle it for use, but do not cork it till the yeast has done working. It must be stirred frequently while making, and kept near the fire. Before using, shake the bottle well. It will keep in a cool place for two months, and is best at last. The bread made with this yeast requires a longer time to rise in the sponge and in the dough than when common yeast is used, and is best baked in tins.

To Pot Butter.—If butter be well made, that is, well squeezed or washed of its buttermilk, it may be potted after mixing with it a small quantity of salt, or, if it be preferred, a small quantity of lump sugar. The sugar tends to keep butter from turning rancid quite as well as salt; and the one, after a certain quantity, is neither wholesome nor agreeable, while the other, up to a certain quantity, is both. Layer upon layer may be added, but care must be taken not to touch the previous layer with the hand. Indeed, butter which is required to keep, should be worked throughout with wooden "pads," or "pat-ters" (whence a "pat" of butter).

Why Unripe Fruit should not be Eaten without being previously Cooked.—Fruit that is in an unripe condition may be compared to "bad water, laden with organic matters in a state of change." When such fruit is eaten, a species of fermentation is set up, which tends to injure the health. This result may, however, be prevented by previously exposing the fruit to the action of heat. This precaution is more especially to be adopted with fruit like the melon, which contains such large quantities—ninety-six per cent.—of water.

Westphalia Pickle.—To one gallon of soft water, put two ounces of bay-salt, two pounds of common salt, two ounces of saltpetre, and a handful of bay-leaves, chopped small; boll and skim it, and pour it over the meat.

Pickle for Tongues.—Water and porter, each one quart; saltpetre, four ounces; bay-salt, two pounds; common salt, two pounds. Simmer together and skim, and pour it hot over the tongues, which have been rubbed four days with sugar, salt, and saltpetre. The tongues having lain in the pickle for eight days, will be fit for use.

Hamburgh Pickle.—Water that has been boiled, one gallon; common salt, one pound; coarse sugar, one pound and a half; saltpetre, two ounces; vinegar, half a pint. Simmer the above, and pour it over the meat, which will be ready for smoking in three weeks.

To Restore Fading Flowers.—Should the flowers be much withered, and beyond the efficacy of cold water readily to restore, plunge their stocks about an inch deep into scalding water, and by the time the water becomes cold, the flowers will be restored and fresh. Cut off the ends of the stocks which have been softened by the scalding water, and restore the flowers to the vases in cold water.

Editors' Table.

A SOCIETY WITHOUT WOMEN.

In a work recently published, the "Journal of a Visit to Egypt, Constantinople, the Crimea, Greece, etc., in the Suite of the Prince and Princess of Wales," by the Hon. Mrs. William Grey, we find some curious particulars, showing the ferment which intercourse with the West is at last producing in Oriental ideas, especially in regard to the social position and education of women. On one occasion the travellers dined with the Sultan, at one of his palaces. The dinner, though good, and served in the European style, was, as an entertainment, rather a dull affair, at which we cannot be surprised, when we learn that this was the first time the Sultan had ever sat down to dinner with ladies, or that any of his own ministers, except the Grand Vizier, had ever been known to sit down in his presence. "We were twenty-four at table," continues the narrator, "but twelve of the party were Turks, and looked so frightened and astonished that nobody ventured to speak a word."

After this striking experience of Oriental society in its transition state, Mrs. Grey could not have been much surprised at the revelations subsequently made to her of the state of feeling which exists among the members of that society, men as well as women. At a breakfast party given by the Grand Vizier, she was seated next to a Turkish minister, whom she had known when he was attached to the Ottoman Embassy in Paris. He spoke good French, and soon commenced a conversation, in which he expressed his sentiments with great freedom. "He began to speak of their Turkish customs," says Mrs. Grey, "and asked me how I liked the dresses of their native women. I told him that I admired them very much, and thought them most picturesque and becoming. 'But if you had to wear them,' he said, 'you would not think so. Our ladies are the most unhappy beings in the world; always shut up, always kept away from all civilization; and this,' he added, 'is, to my mind, the curse of the country. We are all unhappy, for how can we be happy with a wife who is the most ignorant creature possible? who takes absolutely no interest in anything that passes in the world? who can comprehend nothing, and who has no instruction of any sort whatever?'"

Mrs. Grey observed that the wives seemed quite contented with their position, and not to be desirous of changing it; but he assured her that, on the contrary, they nearly all pined for freedom, and only wanted opportunity to come out and throw off their slavery at once. "How can you expect," he went on, "that a country should be happy with such customs? What can be more unnatural than a society without ladies? And they, again, cannot but be unhappy, never to see anybody but their own family. It is a wretched destiny for us," he added, with bitter earnestness. "In other countries—with you, for instance—there is heaven on earth, while here we are always unhappy. Let us hope that we shall, at least, have heaven in another world, and that our miserable destiny will not accompany us into eternity."

It is evident from this volume that the Prince and Princess of Wales, while intending a mere pleasure tour, were acting unconsciously the part of missionaries of civilization. To have caused the "Com-

mander of the Faithful" to dine, like a Christian king or president, in the company of ladies and of his own ministers, is no small achievement in the way of breaking down the barriers of ancient prejudices and absolute power. Of course, it was the presence of the princess and the ladies who accompanied her which accomplished this result. Visible facts are the strongest of arguments, and the mere appearance of educated and refined women, respected and consulted as equals by their husbands and friends, was enough to bring about this surprising innovation in the social usages of the Ottoman court, which may lead to very important reforms.

A HUNDRED YEARS SINCE.

No man in modern times has better deserved the title of an apostle than David Zeisberger, the Moravian missionary, whose biography has lately been published.* For more than sixty years—from 1745 to his death, 1806—he devoted himself to the conversion and civilization of the Indian tribes, with a constancy, endurance, and success which, as his biographer remarks, find their only parallel in the lives of some of the Jesuit fathers of the seventeenth century. Indeed, none of those zealous men, nor yet the justly celebrated John Eliot, of New England, approached him in the variety and, in a certain sense, the greatness of his works. He surpassed Eliot as a linguist; for, besides learning to speak fluently several Indian languages, he reduced two of them to writing, prepared grammars and vocabularies of them both, and translated into one of them (the Delaware) many religious works. His achievements of that practical order, which men are apt to regard as the best of missionary success, were unrivalled. He founded no less than thirteen towns of civilized Indians. These Christian communities, as his biographer remarks, "were the wonder of all who saw them, whether white men or natives; and they seem ever to us, who can only read of them, miracles of energy and faith. A hunter and a warrior, the Indian was constrained to give up his wild habits and cruel ways; to quench all the instincts of his savage nature; to change most of the customs of his race; to acknowledge woman as his equal; to perform the labor himself which for generations had been put upon her; to lay aside his plumes, paint, and traditional ornaments of every kind; to assume the dress which white men wore; to plough, and plant, and reap, like any farmer; to rove no longer through the wilderness at pleasure, building lodges here and there, but to remain with his family in one town; and, above all, to submit to municipal enactments, which were, of necessity, so stringent that nothing could be more galling to the pride of American aborigines."

The great wave of European colonization has swept away most of these communities. Yet, though displaced, they have not been destroyed. The civilized tribes in New York, in Canada, in Michigan, and in Wisconsin, and the thriving Indian confederacy in the South-West, have received the remnants of those communities, and are indebted to them for much of the improvement which their present condition dis-

* "The Life and Times of David Zeisberger, the Western Pioneer and Apostle of the Indians," by Edmund de Schweinitz. Philadelphia, Lippincott & Co. 1870.

plays. A debt of gratitude is also due to Zelsberger, as his biographer remarks, for what he did in preparing the way for the settlement of the West. Wherever he founded a town of civilized natives, a feeling favorable to the white colonists, as the friends of Christian Indians, was diffused among the nearer tribes. The country was thus opened to European settlers, and hostilities between the two races were prevented, except during the periods of the French and Revolutionary wars, when the Indians were enticed or compelled by the opposing parties to take sides in the conflict. The peace which, prior to the Revolution, usually prevailed on the Western frontier, between the British colonists and the Indians, with all its beneficial results to both races, was due chiefly to the efforts of Zelsberger and his colleagues. Such a man is justly entitled to rank, with Las Casas, Marquette, Eliot, and Oberlin, among the illustrious benefactors of their kind, whose names are an honor to humanity.

It is deserving of notice that the most important of Zelsberger's works were undertaken just a century ago, a period to which our thoughts naturally revert, at the time when our country is about to complete the first hundred years of its national existence. It was in April, 1770, that he set out with a party of converts, in fifteen canoes, to descend the Alleghany River, and found a new town (to which he gave the name of *Friedensstadt*, or the City of Peace) on the western border of Pennsylvania. They halted for a time at a place where now a populous city spreads far and wide, but where then only the frontier post of "Fort Pitt" existed. This was the first time, we are told, that a company of Protestant converts had ever been seen at that post. "Traders and the garrison thronged the camp, and beheld, with astonishment, the problem solved, that savages can be changed into consistent Christians." Leaving the site of the future Pittsburg behind them, they proceeded down the Ohio to the confluence of the Beaver. "This region, which now teems with the traffic of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad, and of the Beaver and Erie Canal, and is enlivened by a cluster of four towns, was then a deep solitude. Not a wigwam, even of a native, could be seen, only the ruins of Sakunk, an Indian village, abandoned long ago. They steered up the Beaver, and beyond its rapids came to the first town since leaving the fort. It was inhabited, strange to say, by a community of women, all single, and all pledged never to marry!"

Nothing more is told us about this singular community of dusky vestals or Amazons, nor is the slightest hint given anywhere in the volume either of its origin or its fate. It was, perhaps, not a permanent town, but merely a temporary settlement of Indian women, engaged in some religious ceremony, and pledged "never to marry" while the solemnity lasted—the "never" having about the same force which it ordinarily has in similar declarations of young damsels (and, indeed, of young bachelors also) of the Caucasian race. From the "City of Peace" Zelsberger proceeded, in 1771, to the Tuscarawas Valley, in what is now the State of Ohio. In the whole region which now constitutes that great State, with its population of nearly three millions, there was not then one white settler. Zelsberger was pleased with the beauty of the country, and attracted by the opportunity of founding a mission in the chief seat of the Lenni Lenape, or Delaware Indians. Accordingly, in the following year, he led forth another band of converts to the charming valley of the Tuscarawas River; and there, near a large spring, which gushed forth at the base of a high bluff, and fed a lake nearly a mile long, he established his favorite and, for a time, most prosperous

settlement, to which he gave the name of *Schönbrunn* or Beautiful Spring. The valley in which it was situated is, at the present day, one of the fairest regions of the West, "blooming like the rose, with its farms, its rich meadows, and gorgeous orchards." A century ago, although a wilderness, it was no less a land of plenty to its swarthy inhabitants. "The forests were generous to their children. They gave them the elm-bark to make canoes, the rind of the birch for medicine, and every variety of game for their food. The soil was even more liberal. It produced strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, gooseberries, black currants, and cranberries; nourished the plum, the cherry, the papaw, and the crab-tree; and yielded wild potatoes, parsnips, and beans. Nor was the river chary of its gifts, but teemed with fish of unusual size and excellent flavor."

The settlement grew so rapidly that in a short time another colony was formed near it. The fame of these native towns spread throughout the West. Visitors of both races came from great distances to see them. The chapel at Schönbrunn, which could hold four hundred persons, was often too small to accommodate the worshippers. One of the most striking features of these settlements was that "they were centres of agriculture, and not a collection of hunting-lodges. The chase was by no means abandoned, but it had become a secondary object. To raise grain, cattle, and poultry formed the principal employment of the converts. Their plantations covered hundreds of acres along the rich bottoms of the valley; herds, more numerous than the West had ever seen, roamed through the forests, or were pastured in their meadows; while few farmyards of Pennsylvania had fowls in greater variety."

When these settlements were at the height of their prosperity, the Revolutionary war broke out, and, between the contending forces, these feeble Indian communities were broken up and swept utterly away. Yet, as has been already remarked, they cannot be deemed failures. They accomplished two great objects. They proved that Indians were capable of civilization, and they were the pioneers of agriculture in one of the greatest and most productive States of the Union. When the citizens of Ohio join in celebrating the centenary of our national existence, they should not forget the debt which they owe to the Moravian missionaries. The name of Marquette is still honored on the shores of Lake Superior; and that of Zelsberger deserves an equal remembrance in the fruitful valleys which he first opened to the transforming light of the gospel and the wonder-working touch of the plough just a hundred years ago.

THE RAIN.

Oh the rain, the crystal rain!
How it spatters, how it clatters on the pane!
How it dashes on the glass!
How it lingers its gemmed fingers on the grass!

Oh the rain, the gentle rain!
How it dances, how it glances on the pane!
How it kisses the sweet rose!
How it lulls you, how it soothes you to repose!

Oh the rain, the rain, the merry rain!
Hear it rattle, hear it prattle to the pane,
How it pelters yon poor old man!
How it drops, and without stops, on all it can!

Oh the rain, the naughty rain!
See how it spies with diamond eyes through the pane,
As if sighing to come in,
As if spying e'en as lying were no sin.

EMMA NASH.

PAINTING AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.

WE noticed last month a book by the painter Hamerton, called "Thoughts about Art," and promised our readers some extracts from it. It is, in many respects, a work of great practical value. Not only does it give general directions for buying our pictures, furnishing our parlors, and many such transactions which every man and woman of independent fortune must frequently undertake, but it enters into the details of painting, displays the difficulties of the art, and the resources at the painter's command. Now many women are taking up Art, not only as a pleasant occupation to fill their leisure, but as the work of their lives, upon which they are to depend for their maintenance and their position. It is well, therefore, that they should clearly understand how onerous a labor they take upon themselves, and against what disqualifications they must contend. Leaving out of the question portraits and historical paintings, with which women seldom meddle, the profession is divided into landscape artists and painters of *genre*. Now within the last twenty years there has come a great change upon the spirit of landscape painting. Natural scenes and objects used to be regarded almost entirely as adjuncts to humanity. A mountain, a troubled sea, a cloudy or a glowing sky, made a pretty background to the figures in which the spectator's interest was concentrated. Hence, nine-tenths of the study given to a picture went to the drawing of the human form, the fall of draperies, or the contrasts of furniture, while Nature was shuffled off with a conventional representation that bore slight resemblance to the original. But now artists love and paint Nature for her own sake. Men like Turner and Gainsborough spend their lives in studying landscape, and dash in their figures, when they introduce any, with a careless brush. To this change of temper corresponds a change of method. Instead of painting entirely in a studio, a landscape artist spends half the year out of doors, among the Highlands of Scotland or of Norway, under the burning suns of Palestine, or upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean. He lives in his painting-tent or hut, through whose windows he can observe a thousand delicate effects of light and color when the storm is at its height, or when his thermometer marks 120° under the rays of a vertical sun. It is not one or two who do this, but all the fraternity; and it seems evident that no high rank in landscape painting can ever be attained without it. It is obviously impossible for a woman to lead such a life. A wife might "camp out" with her husband, but the unmarried must remain faithful to the studio and the model.

Thus women are practically limited to what is called *genre*—pictures where the costume of the characters and the furniture which surrounds them are of the first importance. Small historical pictures come under this class: "still-life" of all sorts, and every scene whose interest is concentrated upon the many-colored life of Man. But the author gives his pupils one caution: "Let them choose always that which appeals to the sense of beauty, which is the soul of art. Men and women are more wonderful than mountains, but men and women have a fatal liberty which mountains have not. They have the liberty of spoiling themselves, of making themselves ugly, and mean, and ridiculous. They tattoo themselves in South Sea Islands; what they do in North Sea Islands it is more prudent not to particularize. But a mountain cannot dress in bad taste, cannot be ridiculous, cannot degrade itself by vice. * * * Note the subjects which great artists choose and avoid, and believe that their instinct leads them rightly. If

they paint men, they go back to some age of costume and dignity, or else to some golden time of early poetry, when the primitive human creature fought and loved under the bright sky of the world's youth. Or, if it is contemporary life which they choose, they choose it as humble as possible, to get down below the strata which vulgarity permeates. A noble artist will gladly paint a peasant driving a yoke of oxen, but not a commercial traveller in his gig." Our limits forbid us to quote more; but to all of our readers who are looking forward to a painter's life, as well as to those now actively engaged in it, we heartily recommend Mr. Hamerton's genial and able work.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

THE news from China is unexpected and unpleasant to all who wish to see the gradual enfranchisement and civilization of heathen women. The extract which we publish below indicates a purpose directly contrary to the treaty obligations of the Chinese government with America, as it will no doubt learn if it drive out our missionaries:—

"SHANGHAI, April 12, *via* London, April 26.—Advices from Peking state that the Imperial Government has made a demand upon the foreign ambassadors that the schools for the education of females be abolished; that teaching to the male subjects of the Empire of all doctrines opposed to those of Confucius be forbidden; that missionaries shall be considered Chinese subjects; and that no women will be permitted access to the Empire in that capacity. The ambassadors were also notified that the attendance of women upon religious services is one occasion of the recent massacres of foreigners, and that, though these events cannot but be deplored by the Imperial Government, compensation for their commission is absolutely refused."

HERE is an amusing exhibition of the nation's extravagance, and the relative shares of men and of women. We may fairly say, however, that of the articles in the second column, a larger proportion are really useful than of those in the first. A writer shows the relative proportion of the masculine and feminine interest in the tariff by the following exhibit of the duties on imports consumed especially by the two sexes. Thus, of the duties paid in 1869, there were paid for:—

| POOR MAN. | | LOVELY WOMAN. | |
|--------------------|----------------|-----------------|----------------|
| Cigars | \$1,237,556 97 | Ribbons | \$2,249,799 58 |
| Brandy, wine | 5,111,362 80 | Silk dresses .. | 5,951,938 60 |
| Playing cards .. | 5,182 30 | Fancy fans .. | 71,829 35 |
| Liquors | 104,438 12 | Chignon hair .. | 128,680 20 |
| Fusel oil | 10,310 09 | Beads | 96,216 50 |
| Billiard chalk .. | 309 50 | Lily white .. | 68,026 00 |
| Total | \$6,469,609 60 | Total | \$8,579,536 23 |

THUS said Voltaire about marriage: "The more married men you have, the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise. An unmarried man is but half of a perfect being, and it requires the other half to make things right; and it cannot be expected that in this imperfect state he can keep the straight path of rectitude any more than a boat with one oar, or a bird with one wing, can keep a straight course."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Vain Longings"—"To Sunrise"—"To Sunset"—"Rose Leaves, No. 4"—"Olden Memories"—"To Clara" and "Unrest."

The following are declined: "Woman's Intuition"—"Margaret the Magnificent"—"Cloud and Sun"—"Curtains"—"Across the Way"—"Helen Grantley's Flirtation at Lake George" and "Thoughts."

Health Department.

BY DR. CHARLES P. UHLE.

SALT RHEUM—ITS TREATMENT.

THIS disease, as we have stated, is hardly a disease of itself, but rather a nickname or term applied to certain diseases that appear upon the skin, and take on a stubborn and refractory form. We mentioned eczema, psoriasis, and lichen as probably known more frequently under this name than any other of the affections of the skin, and, in giving the treatment, therefore, of "salt rheum," we must embody the treatment of these. We can give no more than the general outline, and, even in doing this, we meet obstacles on every side.

Cutaneous diseases invariably present themselves under a great many different aspects for treatment. First we have the acute and chronic form, and then their nature as they appear in infancy, manhood, and old age, and again as they occur in the different temperaments, the different idiosyncrasies and diatheses, the different conditions of vigor and debility of the constitution. These diversities in the degree of the affection and in the power of the individual necessarily constitute so many grounds of modification, both of the material and strength of the treatment which should be applied. Then we have again other sources of modifications, as the season of the year in which they occur, and the locality, as upon the scalp, the hands, the face, the limbs, etc. etc., which, of course, demand special attention in their successful management. The treatment of all skin diseases, however, naturally divides itself into two forms, constitutional and local, and in all of the degrees of acute or chronic we shall have to consider these two parts of our treatment.

"These two divisions of the subject," says Doctor Wood, "are the medical and surgical practice of the healing art, and so nicely are they balanced in the treatment of these diseases, that it becomes difficult to say which is the more important; the constitutional treatment is greatly assisted by local attention, and the local treatment would be almost useless without constitutional aid. The *etiology* of affections of the skin naturally lead towards the employment of the former as the most reliable. This regards these affections as issuing directly from an unhealthy condition of the blood, and that they are *blood diseases*, and not local or skin diseases, the disease of the skin being a mere symptom or tail-tale of the disorder that exists in the blood. If this be the case, then, truly, the constitutional is the one from which the most benefit may be obtained; but the local, it seems to us, is just as reliable, and just as much called for as the former."

There is one thing, however, always to be made note of in the management of affections of the skin: their effect is always more or less obvious upon the general condition of the patient. The complexion is muddy, yellowish, and discolored; the eye is dull; the tongue broad, pale, and indented by the teeth; the muscles soft and flabby; the heart weak, and easily excited to palpitation; the bowels relaxed or confined, and a general feeling of languor and disinclination to exertion pervades the whole body. He eats, sleeps, and drinks, but does it all imperfectly. "He is like a steam-engine," as beautifully expressed by Doctor Wilson, "acting when the fire is lighted and steam up, but terribly in need of new sockets, new bolts, and an abundance of oil to rub off the rust and ease his movements. In these symptoms," to quote further from Doctor Wilson, "we see the operation of a mal-assimilation, which must, before long, lead to the destruction of the patient, unless presently arrested." In a few words, there is a mal-diges-

tion, mal-conversion, and a mal-appropriation of the food taken to sustain life; and the blood recruited from this unhealthy source becomes loaded with morbid products, in the shape of salts, coloring principle, and fluids. If we follow this impure fluid through its course, we shall find the organs which it supplies injured in their physical state, and weakened in their functions. The muscular system becomes soft and feeble, the heart participates, and the foundation is laid for disease of this organ, with all its painful train of consequences. The brain and nervous system suffer also, and the brain, irrigated with muddy blood, develops none but muddy ideas. The intellectuality of the man is deranged, his mind depressed, and a state bordering on suicide at hand. Skin diseases may be a trifling affection in themselves, mal-assimilation may be but a small matter when considered apart; but, when these conditions are viewed in relation to their consequences, they may be ranked among the most serious of the body infirmities of man. In the treatment of these diseases, therefore, the *principle* is, as we can infer from their cause and nature, to subdue the excitement and irritation in the system, and to neutralize and eliminate the morbid materials.

In the chronic forms, and in the chronic stages of the acute forms, all this must be done, and, at the same time, the powers of the system must be kept up—in other words, conjoin with an antiphlogistic, neutralizing, and eliminating plan, an invigorating and tonic treatment. Sometimes we meet with instances of depression of the animal powers from simple accumulation of morbid humors, in which case simple elimination by purgative medicine strengthens the entire frame, and that which might be presumed to lower actually heightens the power of the patient. At other times, and more frequently, we are early made aware that the disease is one which, in popular language, is ascribed to "poverty of blood," and our tonic system must begin from the commencement of the treatment.

To eliminate, the remedies are purgatives, and in the use of these we must endeavor to imitate the operations of nature, which always works with gentle means. The *compound cathartic pills*, of the drug stores, taken in doses of from two to four, according to the constitution of the patient, answer an excellent purpose. In certain constitutions a pill of aloes, with a bitter extract, as gentian, seems to act better than anything else. The best time for the exhibition of the compound cathartic pill is just before meals, and for the aloetic pill at bedtime. They should be continued throughout the cure, unless contra-indicated by an unpleasant effect upon the patient. *Epom salts* seems to agree well with some individuals, when everything else produces discomfort.

To restore power is an indication which must be attempted concurrently with elimination. While the latter carries off the morbid humors, the former is intended to give tone to the assimilative organ. The old material of the organism is to be carried away, while new and sounder material is to be added in its place. The remedies indicated here are tonic medicines, as *quinine*, *quinine* and *iron*, *gentian*, or *gentian* and *potass*, *nitro-muriatic acid*, etc. etc. *Arsenic* is also here a valuable medicine, and may be combined as follows with excellent results:—

| | | |
|---|------------------------|----------------|
| R | Quinine, | 30 grains. |
| | Extract Nux Vomica, | 4 do. |
| | Arsenic, | 2 do. |
| | Extract Gentian, q. s. | to make pills. |

Mix thoroughly, and make 30 pills, two to be taken daily.

As to local application, the very best that can be

made use of is the *oxide of zinc ointment (benzoated)* of the drug stores. This should be applied every night, by gently smearing the parts with the finger, so as to introduce it into all the cracks and hollows that may be present, and to insinuate it as much as possible into any crusts that may have formed upon the surface. If secretions are poured out, the eruption may be wiped, not washed, and a fresh application of the ointment made.

There are a host of other remedies, both external and internal, that are said to be used with very good success in the treatment of this disease, but there is no occasion of mentioning them here. Whatever remedy is used, however, it must be borne in mind that, in the chronic cases, it is only by extreme perseverance and prompt attention that any good will accrue. Sometimes months pass without any apparent steps towards a cure, and then all at once the affection takes a change for the better, and gets well in a few weeks.

Diet has a material influence over the continuation of the disease, and especial care should be given to it. Doctor Wilson has drawn up some bits of advice in this respect, and we will present them complete:—

"The diet most suitable for cutaneous diseases, and especially those of a chronic kind, is a nutritive animal diet, moderate in quantity, but sufficient for comfort as well as mere necessity. A judicious blending of animal and vegetable food for breakfast—namely, meal, ham, bacon, eggs, butter, and bread, with tea, or cocoa made from the nibs, not exceeding a single breakfast cup, and abstinence from sugar. Coffee is more heating than tea, and a check to the active operations of nutrition, and, therefore, not so good. For the mid-day meal, meat, vegetables, and a moderate amount of sherry and water. Malt liquor is objectionable, for the amount of sugar it contains. Puddings and tarts are prohibited, with the exception of plain suet pudding; the whole family of light puddings is indigestible and detestable. For the third meal of the day, the second may be repeated; the fluid taken with the meal being like that of the previous meal, or simply tea without sugar. Pickles should not be used in any shape; they are very difficult of digestion, and only tend to disarrange the stomach. Potatoes also should be taken only in moderation."

Literary Notices.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE HOLCOMBS. *A Story of Virginia Home Life.* By Mary Tucker Magill. A novel of medium merit, in which the writer has endeavored to present to the world a faithful picture of a Virginia home as it was before "the late war." There is nothing strikingly original about its plot, as it narrates chiefly the antagonisms between a step-mother and a step-daughter; while its secondary purpose is a defence of slavery as it formerly existed.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

TRIED FOR HER LIFE. *A Sequel to "Cruel as the Grave."* By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. A story of wonderful adventures, mysterious events, of robbers and rescues, of storms and floods; all told in the highly-wrought style for which Mrs. Southworth is so famous.

HOW HE DID IT. By Miss Eliza Dupuy, author of "Why Did He Marry Her?" etc. Miss Dupuy is a milder edition of Mrs. Southworth. Her stories are as wonderful and as improbable, but told in a quieter and less impassioned manner. The scene of

this story is laid in Virginia, and it dates back twenty-five years.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER. Second Series of "The Three Guardsmen." By Alexander Dumas.

BRAGELONNE, the Son of Athos. Third Series of "The Three Guardsmen." By Alexander Dumas.

KNIGHT OF GWYNNE. *A Novel.* By Charles Lever.

TOM BURKE "OF OURS." *A Novel.* By Charles Lever.

VALENTINE VOX, the Ventriloquist. *With His Life and Adventures.* By Henry Cockton, author of "Sylvester Sound, the Somnambulist," etc.

From J. P. SKELLY & Co., Philadelphia:—

HELEN FREEMAN; or, the Right Path. By L. A. F. A story of a religious character, intended for the use of Sunday Schools.

From HENRY C. LEA, Philadelphia:—

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. Assisted by I. Minis Hays, M. D. April, 1871.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER, and LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

MOTHERLESS; or, A Parisian Family. From the French of Madame Guizot de Witt. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." For Girls in their Teens. With Illustrations. We are frequently led to infer, from the class of French novels usually selected for rendition into English, that French literature is of a character so questionable as to render it unfit for general or family reading. That this inference is incorrect is demonstrated by occasional translations of works which will compare favorably with the best and purest English and American literature. Miss Muloch, herself one of the highest-toned of English writers, is eminently qualified to glean the pure wheat from the chaff of foreign literature. "Motherless" is a beautiful story, charmingly written, and one that will delight and profit every young girl to read.

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY. *A Novel.* By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. This is a new edition of one of Miss Muloch's earlier works, but one creditable equally with her later ones to her genius and her heart.

HEAT. By Jacob Abbott, author of "Abbott's Illustrated Histories," etc. Lawrence and his Cousin John make a trip across the Atlantic on board the steamer Scotia; and, during their voyage, they obtain a vast deal of information on various subjects, but principally in relation to heat. The book, being in narrative form, makes it more attractive to its young readers.

NOTES, EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL, ON THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS. *Designed for Bible Classes and Sunday Schools.* By Albert Barnes, author of "Notes on the Psalms," etc. The commentator says: "The hope has been cherished that this epistle might be introduced to this portion of the youth of the churches (the members of the Sabbath Schools and Bible Classes), and thus be made to imbue their minds with correct views of the great doctrines of the Christian Revelation."

A SMALLER SCRIPTURE HISTORY. *In Three Parts: Old Testament History, Connection of Old and New Testament History, New Testament History to A. D. 70.* Edited by William Smith, D. C. L., LL. D. This work is designed to supply a condensed manual of Scripture history for school and family use. It is meant to be used with, and not in place of, the Bible.

THE MONARCH OF MINCING-LANE. A Novel. By William Black, author of "In Silk Attire," etc. An interesting and well-written, but somewhat improbable, novel. Its characters are well drawn and judiciously contrasted.

DIARY OF THE BESIEGED RESIDENT IN PARIS. Reprinted from the London *Daily News*, with Several New Letters and Preface. This book is in the form of letters written in Paris during the siege, and forwarded by "balloon post." The object of the writer has been to present a practical rather than a sentimental view of events, and to recount things as they were, not as he wished them to be, or as the Parisians wished them to appear.

FENTON'S QUEST. A Novel. By M. E. Braddon, author of "Aurora Floyd," etc. A story with the average amount of sensation, mystery, and crime which characterize Miss Braddon's productions.

A LIFE'S ASSIZE. A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell, author of "Phemie Keller," etc. Mrs. Riddell holds a fair place among English novelists, and her stories are always readable.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

ON THE GENESIS OF SPECIES. By St. George Mivart, F. R. S. The author of this work maintains a position in relation to the origin of species antagonistic to the Darwinian theory. He reviews that theory carefully and with apparent fairness, admits what there is good in it, and points out its inconsistencies and weak points. The volume is an exceedingly interesting one to all who wish to be well informed in this branch of science.

THE DAISY CHAIN; or, Aspirations. A Family Chronicle. By author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," etc. In two volumes. A standard English novel, a new edition of which we are glad to see, for the benefit of a generation which has arisen since it was first printed.

MUSINGS OVER THE "CHRISTIAN YEAR" and "LYRA INNOCENTIUM." By Charlotte Mary Yonge. Together with a few Gleanings of Recollections of the Rev. John Keble, gathered by several friends. To Christians generally, and to members of the Episcopal church especially, this book will be found acceptable. The first chapter, "Gleanings from Thirty Years' Intercourse with the late Rev. John Keble," is especially interesting.

GABRIELLE ANDRE. An Historical Novel. By S. Baring Gould, M. A., author of "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," etc. The author declares his object in writing this story to be to illustrate the currents of feelings in the State and Church of France in 1789. His moral, if he has any, is this: "In times when the relations between Church and State are precarious, coercive measures are certain to force on a rupture." The scene of the story is laid in Normandy, and one of the prominent characters, Thomas Lindet, was a real person, a parish priest of Bernay.

From CARLETON, New York, through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

WHAT I KNOW OF FARMING. A Series of Brief and Plain Expositions of Practical Agriculture as an Art Based upon Science. By Horace Greeley. This book, about which we have heard so much, is published at last. Horace Greeley is probably the best ridiculed man in the country in regard to his knowledge of agriculture; but, while he confesses to but a meagre knowledge of that science, he yet says many sound and practical things in relation to the subject. The moral of the whole book may be safely set down as this: That any man who is content to

put his best efforts, means, time, and thoughts upon his farm, and is not in too great haste to get rich, is ultimately sure of success.

A LOST LIFE. A Novel. By Emily H. Moore. ["Mignonette."] A lively, spirited American novel, bringing the smile to the lip and the tear to the eye by turns.

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHER, New York, through MARTIN, Philadelphia:—

ASHCLIFFE HALL. By Emily Sarah Holt. Ashcliffe Hall is a story whose plot is laid in the times of the Protestant succession. It is written after the manner of the Schönberg-Cotta Family, and its object is to present religious teaching indirectly in the form of a story. Much of the effect of such a work must depend on its verisimilitude, and we deprecate the introduction of modern slang into a story of the reign of Queen Anne.

TRUE TO HIS FLAG. This little volume concludes a series of stories illustrating the Beatitudes. Frank Seaton, the hero, goes through great troubles from his conscientious refusal to obey his father's command. The book is well written, but we think that such stories are apt to impair the obedience and confidence of children in their parents, and thus to do more harm than good.

THREE LITTLE SISTERS. By Emma Marshall. The story of three orphans who were saved from growing up wild and untaught by the influence and control of their mother's cousin. The book is easy, natural, and bright, and among the many well-meant but unfortunate volumes with which children are deluged, we are always glad to find one that we can heartily commend.

AGATE STORIES. By the author of "The Basket of Flowers."

THE LESTRANGE FAMILY. By Margaret K. Wilmer.

These books are well bound and printed, like all Messrs. Carter's publications. The house has reached a high standard of typographical elegance.

DORA'S MOTTO. By Joanna H. Mathews. Miss Mathews has won for herself an enviable reputation. A child's book from her pen is sure to be simple, interesting, well expressed, and suggestive. Our own experience of the eagerness with which children read her writings leads us to hope that she will continue for many years her labor of love.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS. By Camille Flammarion. From the French by Mrs. Norman Lockyer. An exceedingly interesting book, treating of astronomy in a popular and comprehensive manner. Like all the volumes in the "Library of Wonders," it is handsomely illustrated.

From THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND PUBLICATION HOUSE, New York:—

THE EVIL BEAST. A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, Brooklyn Tabernacle.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN. A Sermon by Rev. J. Dunn, Beach Street Presbyterian Church, Boston, Mass.

From WOOD & HOLBROOK, New York, through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

MINNESOTA—Its Character and Climate. By Ledyard Bill, author of "A Winter in Florida," etc. This volume conveys to the reader a clear and accurate knowledge of the climate, resources, and

general appearance and characteristics of Minnesota, a State concerning which we have had heretofore comparatively little information. The author, in the course of the volume, briefly refers to California, Florida, the Adirondacks, and other resorts favorable to invalids, and gives hints to tourists and emigrants.

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through TURNER & BROTHERS, and PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

THE CAUSATION, COURSE, AND TREATMENT OF REFLEX INSANITY IN WOMEN. By Horatio Robinson Storer, M. D., LL. B., of Boston. This book, while it presents no special attraction to the general reader, will be found of great interest and value to the medical practitioner, and may possibly work a revolution in the treatment of insane women.

PUBLIC AND PARLOR READINGS; *Prose and Poetry, for the use of Reading Clubs, and for Public and Social Entertainment.* Edited by Lewis B. Monroe. This is a handsomely bound volume of over three hundred pages, containing a vast number of selections of a humorous character from the best writers of the age. Trowbridge, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Saxe, Henry Ward Beecher, Dickens, and other well known writers, are represented in its pages.

DESK AND DEBIT; or, *The Catastrophes of a Clerk.* By Oliver Optic. A handsomely bound and finely illustrated volume belonging to the "Upward and Onward Series."

GUILT AND INNOCENCE. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown.

From LORING, Boston, through W. S. TURNER, Philadelphia:—

THE MILLS OF TUXBURY. By Virginia F. Townsend, author of "The Hollands," etc. A story of absorbing interest, bordering on the sensational, from the pen of one of the most graceful as well as most popular of American writers.

From HENRY H. and T. W. CARTER, Boston, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

ONE YEAR; or, *A Story of Three Homes.* By Frances Mary Peard. This is a French-English story, which deserves well at the hands of American readers.

From ADAMS & Co., Boston.

SPORTS AND GAMES. *A Magazine of Amusements for all Seasons.* We have received six numbers of this publication. It contains plays, pantomimes, charades, tricks, wonders in science and chemistry, puzzles, etc.; in fact, a multitude of things calculated to interest and amuse young folks, and contribute to an evening's entertainment.

From SOUTHWESTERN BOOK AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, St. Louis:—

WOMAN HER OWN DOCTOR. *A Plain, Practical, and easily understood Treatise upon the Diseases and Derangements peculiar to Women.* By Robert B. McNary, M. D., of Holden, Mo. The author of this work believes that medicine should become a popular science, and that it is a woman's duty especially, as the guardian of the health of her household, to familiarize herself with diseases and their remedies. This volume is written especially for the use of women, and, if carefully studied, will be found of exceeding value.

REVIEWS, PAMPHLETS, ETC.

From THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY, New York:—

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW. *January and April, 1871.* The *North British* is defunct, and Leonard Scott & Co. propose to give their readers in its stead the magazine whose first two numbers are before us. The standard of its articles is high, and, though not so purely literary as its predecessor, it will no doubt approach it in ability. It is Nonconformist and Liberal.

THE NEW ENGLANDER. *April, 1871.*

From PROF. JOHN M. LEAVITT, Editor:—

THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY CHURCH REVIEW. *April, 1871.* This excellent Review comes to us with its usual array of standard articles. The paper upon Michael Faraday is extremely able and interesting.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF INSANITY. *April, 1871.* This interesting Review contains two papers of great importance, "The Dependence of Insanity on Physical Diseases," by the editor, Dr. John F. Gray; and "Moral Mania," by Mr. J. B. Browne. As a repository of facts and speculations upon insanity and its cure, it is valuable, not only to the medical profession, but to the general reader.

We have received No. 9 of ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA, from which we see that the work is progressing prosperously. Mr. Zell and Mr. Colange have our best wishes for the success of their great enterprise.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

JULY, 1871.

FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—"The Music Lesson" is the title of the steel plate. The fashion-plate contains every variety of dresses, colored in a good style. An unusual number of designs are to be found on the extension sheet; and we also give an extra number of designs for fancy work, among which will be found in the front of the book five designs for making up and ornamenting a portfolio cover, for manuscripts, drawings, etc.; a page of children's fashions; an alphabet for marking, etc.

We expect to hear that the slipper pattern we have presented our lady friends with this month has become the popular slipper among the gentlemen. Nothing has been brought out before to equal this. The design is not a wood engraving. It has been constructed entirely of type.

OUR LITERATURE.—We do not think that we have issued a number for some time that will compare with this one in regard to the story matter. "The Heart of John Stewart," "Prince Charlie and Prince John," and "That Hateful Color," are stories of great depth. Marion Harland, Ino Churchill, Anne Hartley Leigh, and Miss Frost are a host that seldom appear in a single number of a magazine. The article on "The Books We Read" has been written by one who evidently is conversant with the literature of the country, and it will be found of interest and instruction to all who read it.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes some one to furnish a receipt for making German coffee cake; also, directions how to use sugar of lead in washing bright colored calicoes.

PUBLIC LEDGER.—It is difficult to overstate the appreciation with which this journal is regarded in our community. Accurate and diversified information, local and general, domestic and foreign; temperate and thoughtful counsels on the vital questions of the day; the genial inculcation of the duties we owe one to another as good citizens; the absence in its columns of anything which would bring a blush to the cheek of the most fastidious member of the domestic circle—all these, and many other characteristics of an excellent family newspaper, are patent to the most casual inspection. The uniformly healthy moral power which the *Ledger* exercises over the minds of its readers is not one of the least of its claims to our regard; and when we bear in mind its vast circulation, we may form an approximate conception of the range of its influence. Care, skill, and judgment are exhibited in every department of it. The "make up" of the paper, especially the arrangement of its multitudinous advertisements for convenience of reference, is mechanically almost without fault. In the personal supervision of this family journal, its kind-hearted and gentlemanly publisher regards no labor as too exacting; and it must be a source of just pride to him that he has succeeded in making the *Ledger* one of the most high-toned and influential organs in the land.

REGISTERED LETTERS AGAIN:—

"Stealing money out of a registered letter. Before Commissioner Betts, the United States vs. John C. Berthoff. The defendant, who had been a clerk at Station L, Post-Office, Harlem, was arrested by Deputy Marshal Kehoe, on the complaint of M. Gaylor, special agent of the Post-Office, on a charge of stealing ten dollars out of a registered letter. He was held in the sum of \$7,500 to appear for examination on Friday next."

There is no doubt but that the idea of robbing the mail was suggested to Berthoff by seeing this registered letter, which he knew contained money. We consider it an outrage and a sin that the Post-Office Department should thus encourage its clerks to steal by constantly putting before them these temptations. For a lady to let her jewelry lie about is wrong, for it might induce a servant, otherwise honest, to steal, by placing this temptation in her way. The reformed drunkard can get along very well if liquor is kept out of his sight. We wish the department would take this thing into consideration. Most of the money lost by publishers is through registered letters. So far from this being any safety, it is twice the risk to send money in a registered letter. Get a Post-Office order; that is the best plan.

"The vestry of Christ Church, Fifth Avenue, have just voted \$12,000 for music there for the ensuing year. This is said to be the largest appropriation for a like purpose ever made by an Episcopal Church in this city. It provides for a double quartette in the gallery, and a choir of thirty male voices in the chancel."

With the \$12,000 a neat little chapel might be erected each year, into which poor people would not be afraid to venture. They certainly would find no seat in this place. We do not intend to be irreverent, but we think it should read, instead of "God is in His Holy Temple," "God is in His Music Hall."

The following looks like an operative notice:—

"Bedford Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn. It is understood that Miss Butman, the soprano, is engaged and will make her first appearance in the choir next Sabbath."

Would anyone believe this of the primitive Methodists?

"Do you like codfish-balls, Mr. Wiggins?" "I really don't know, miss; I can't recollect ever attending one," replied Mr. W., hesitatingly.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for July contains a variety of voice and piano music, suited to the wants of all classes of players and singers. This number begins the half-yearly volume, and is a good starting point for new subscriptions. Every pianist and vocalist should subscribe for this favorite old periodical. Terms \$4 per annum. Single numbers, 40 cents. Last three numbers as samples for \$1.

Special Premiums.—We offer to every new subscriber received during this month, a copy of Hunten's Piano Instructor, a \$2 book, and the best instruction book ever written. Twenty-four cents in stamps must be sent for postage on this premium. Or, if preferred, we will send \$1 worth of new sheet music from the following list:—

New Sheet Music.—Gilt Edge Polka, Lily Leaf Polka Schottische, Starry Night Galop, Ingleside Mazourka, Unadilla Island Waltz, and Winter Green Polka Mazourka are very popular, easy pieces for teaching purposes, and for pupils in their second quarter; 20 cents each. Phantom Bells at Sea is a beautiful new duet for female voices, 35. Handsome Davie Browne is a capital semi-comic song, 35. For Ever and For Ever, new edition of this beautiful song by Converse, handsomely illustrated, 40 cents. Address all orders for the *Monthly*, or music, to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Phila.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The last number of this most beautiful and fascinating monthly has been received. Every number that we receive makes us like the work better, and, just as true as Godey is a household word, we would not do without his magazine for more than twice the cost. Its steel engravings and fashion-plates are gotten up in the highest style of the art, and are well worth a sight at any time. It is only three dollars a year, and is cheap at that.—*Banner*, Mount Vernon, O.

BOOTH, of New York, the actor, does not like adverse criticism. Some critic in New York did not like his performance of Cardinal Richelieu, and said so. He was refused admittance in the theatre with a purchased ticket. Booth has a certain popularity with young ladies; and, when they go, the men must follow, and thus fills his theatre. We have never heard an old playgoer—one who knows what acting is—give him credit for any great talent. He is a fair actor, dresses well, and mounts his plays admirably.

WE commence, with this number, our forty-second year as publisher of the *LADY'S BOOK*. Starting out, as we do, with a brilliant number, we know we will retain all our old friends, and make many new ones, as it is a well-known fact that we never go backwards.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, one of the first ladies' magazines published in this country, has never faltered in its march of improvement and interest. Wherever it is taken, it is valued as highly as a woman does a new silk dress. It gives all the latest fashion-plates, embroidery patterns, domestic receipts, and a large quantity of general reading, especially entertaining to the ladies. The *LADY'S BOOK* cannot be properly estimated by those who have never taken it. Its fashion-plates and embroidery patterns, by creating a taste for the beautiful, ennoble the mind and character, and by teaching the art of making and ornamenting womanly apparel, at the same time saves many dollars that otherwise would go to the dress-maker. Women will be largely the gainers by taking *GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK*.—*Times*, St. Cloud, Minn.

It is a curious fact that most of the great musical composers have been childless. Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Corelli, Pergolesi, Rossini, Spontini, Auber, Wagner, and Schumann, are among the instances.

"MORE than fifteen hundred English Established Church clergymen have signed a paper, addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, expressing their disapproval of the admission of a Unitarian minister—one of the Bible revisers—to the communion at Westminster Abbey."

Have our so-called religious people gone crazy? Is there no charity, brotherly feeling, or any good understanding about them? Look at the above. Look at the Methodists fighting over their book concern, and ostracising croquet. Look at the English church in a turmoil because the Queen's daughter was married during Lent. In our own neighborhood they have a minister liked very much, but he will bow his head in reading the creed. This is objected to, and is a cause of complaint; the minister won't give it up, so perhaps he is as much to blame as the congregation. In another church in this city there is a fight between the clergyman and the congregation, because the former chooses to dress like a harlequin, and the congregation don't like it. In another there is a fight among the members to obtain control of the church affairs. You are helping matters along finely, gentlemen, but do you not see that you are playing into your adversary's hand? Do these men love one another? Do they love their enemies? Not a bit of it. They would come to blows and smite each other most willingly. There are on hand at least a dozen more quarrels of just the same ridiculous kinds.

TEXAS.

YOUR magazine is appropriately named, GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. This is the third year I have subscribed for it, and I can truly say that its reception in our little family is a part of life's joys. Many pleasant remembrances are associated with your pure Book.

MRS. L. F.

THE following article is from a work upon copyright by Mr. Copinger, Barrister at Law, London:—

"Here, again, are some very curious legal facts which may be commended to the attention of that innumerable class of persons, men and women, who send manuscripts to the editors of periodicals. If you send an article to an editor, implying that you want him to publish it, neither you, the author, nor anybody else, can publish it from any copy you may have retained of the manuscript, whatever may be the said editor's decision. Unless there has been an express previous stipulation to return you the manuscript if not made use of, the editor is entitled to put it into the fire and give you nothing in return. To a certain extent, you have still a *locus penitentiae* remaining. If your heart fails you before your paper appears in print, you may interfere and stop the publication altogether, though you cannot get back the manuscript itself."

OUR NEEDLES.—We tried to make an estimate of how many millions of these favorite needles we have sold, but could not compass it. We commenced the sale of these needles many years ago, and the demand still continues. They are the best needles in the American market, and those who have ever used them always apply again. The manner in which they are put up is also a recommendation. Forty cents for one hundred.

THERE is a paper printed in the Cherokee Nation in the "native dialect." An Arkansas editor says: "It is the worst specimen of pickled tongue we ever saw. It looks as though a nitro-glycerine explosion had occurred in a type-foundry." Did the author of the above ever see a Welsh paper?

CHARLES SUMNER, it is said, has one of the finest collections of engravings in this country. But the best collection is the property of James L. Claghorn, of this city.

MORE TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS:—

A Plymouth paper the other day ventured on the extremely rude and certainly unfounded statement that Mr. Grant Duff, M. P., was "empty-headed." The next day the editor explained that the objectionable phrase was due to a typographical error. What he had written was that Mr. Grant Duff was "curly-headed," which, no doubt, renders the statement one degree less offensively personal. Talking of typographical errors reminds me of a story of a paragraph which, when written, recorded that a railway train had run over a cow, and cut it into halves. The printer substituted a "c" for an "h," and thereby made the railway train cut the cow into "calves."

The *Lumpkin Telegraph* appeals to its "fends," instead of its "friends," for items of interest, etc.

Jenkins has much to contend with. In describing a recent ball at Columbia, S. C., he attempted to speak of Mrs. T. H. as "exceedingly lovely in long train and short sleeves;" but the demoniacal printers made him mention "Mr. T. H. exceedingly lovely on a fast train in his shirt sleeves."

In a brief temperance article, the other day, the *Toledo* (Ohio) *Blade* attempted to say something about "the chief point in the battle," but the perverse types got it "the chief pint in the bottle."

An exchange states that the poor young Queen of Spain is dying of the millinery (meaning military) fever. The editor evidently is not skilled in Mantuan medicine, or he would know that the millinery fever never proves fatal to women.

The night editor of a daily paper wrote this headline to one of his cable dispatches: "The British lion shaking his mane." He was unable to eat his breakfast next morning, when he found the printer's version of the matter staring him in the face thus: "The British lion skating in Maine."

An advertisement was lately sent to the office of the *Cleveland Herald*, in which the words, "The Christian's Dream: no Cross, no Crown," occurred. The compositor made it read: "The Christian's Dream: no Cows, no Cream."

BANKRUPT.—From Auction, a large lot of Ladies' Solid Gold, Hunting Case Watches, full jewelled, detached lever movements, \$24 each, usual price \$40. More expensive Ladies' Hunting Watches, and elegant Chains from Auction, at proportionate prices. Goods sent C. O. D., privilege to examine. F. J. NASH, removed to 712 Broadway, N. Y., May 1st. "Worthy the fullest confidence."—*Christian Advocate*, N. Y. "All that Mr. Nash says may be relied upon."—*Christian at Work*. "We have the utmost confidence in the above goods."—*Liberal Christian*. "Certainly cheap and the quality reliable."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

"A SOIREE was given to some three hundred children in Kincardineshire the other day. The youngsters, tickled by the remarks of a genial old fellow, who really knew how to win their attention, laughed exuberantly, whereat the minister presiding rose to order to state that 'There would be no laughter in heaven,' and that, 'therefore, laughter was inconsistent with religion.' Odd, if this be so, that the human animal should be the only one endowed with the faculty of laughter, and the only one that knows anything about religion. But then I suppose this lovable parson must be a relic of the Stone Age. Bless him! may he never be troubled with anything more disagreeable than the merry laugh of children."

The above is another specimen of the intolerance of the age. What would they have us do—croquet, and dancing, and laughter cut off?

AN exchange says:—

"The latest style at a dinner party is to have a fan placed at each lady's plate, on which is printed the bill of fare, and on the side of which is a small looking-glass, so that she is able to survey herself and keep cool."

The very latest is to have a patent masticator at your side, by which the victuals are prepared for the mouth, and requires very little personal exertion.

THE London *Queen* is publishing the expenses of many persons upon the subject of cheap house-keeping. We have seen several statements that have surprised us. Here is a family of eight persons, with many visitors—and of respectability we have reason to suppose—having three meals a day, living upon eleven hundred and six dollars a year. We do not see any mention of servants' wages:—

| "ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPING.—Perhaps the following particulars on the subject may prove useful to your correspondents. We are in family (including two servants) four adults and four children. We live in the county of Surrey, twenty miles from town; we have constantly visitors staying with us, and we keep a liberal table. We do not indulge in late dinners, but all dine early, having a meat tea at 7 P. M. The servants fare precisely as ourselves. Washing is put out, except some small items. As a rule, meat is one penny per pound dearer than in London, other things about the same rate as in town. | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| Three years' experience:— | Per month. |
| Butcher's bill, poultry, and fish | £5 10 0 |
| Milk | 1 4 0 |
| Grocer and oilman (includes butter, bacon, fresh pork, eggs for cooking, candles, and paraffin for lamps) | 4 10 0 |
| Tea, from Co-operative Stores | 0 16 0 |
| Baker, for bread and flour | 1 0 0 |
| Washing (including servants') | 2 2 0 |
| Coals, 1½ ton, at 24s. | 1 10 0 |
| Table ale, in cask | 1 0 0 |
| | 17 12 0 |
| Twelve months | 201 4 0 |
| Vegetables and fruit | 20 0 0 |
| | £221 4 0 |

AN ambitious glazier in New York has spent three months trying to get a contract to put one pane of glass in the new court-house. He says if he could get such a contract "on the usual terms," it would make him independently rich. The man who painted the lightning-rod has erected a brown stone mansion on the profits of the job.

THE painful ingenuity of those who fabricate false news for the purpose of hanging bad jokes thereon was outdone many years ago by an Oxford dignitary, Doctor Barton, the warden of Merton, who gave a dinner one day, and invited Mr. Bork of his own college, Mr. Crow of New College, Mr. Woodcock of Christ Church, and Mr. Partridge of Brazenose, who, according to express invitation, were punctual at five o'clock. "Well, gentlemen," said the doctor, "I think I have got all the birds of the air, but we must wait a little for one bird more." In order to get in this stupendous joke, Mr. Birdmore had been invited for half an hour later than the others.

WE copy the following from the *Evening Bulletin*, and ask particular attention to the conclusion of the article:—

"Gail Hamilton makes an admirable argument upon this point in her 'Woman's Wrongs,' showing that, while woman has the same essential right to vote that man has, the exercise of the right would, at the very best, only double each man's vote, and so have no important effect upon general results; while, at anything below the best, it would throw a fresh preponderance of ignorance, prejudice, and vice into the scale of national affairs; for the simple reason that womanly instinct would keep from the polls the very class of intelligent, refined, educated, virtuous, good women, whose voices, speaking through the medium of the ballot-box, would be of real value and aid to the corresponding classes among the honest and true men of the country."

A BOSTON paper mentions an individual there who claps his hands so fervently in prayer that he can't get them open when the contribution box is passed round. Very often the case; or, perhaps, he don't want one hand to know what the other does.

AGE OF THE TOWER.—Even as to length of days, the Tower has no rival among palaces and prisons; its origin, like that of the *Iliad*, that of the Sphinx, that of the Newton Stone, being lost in the nebulous ages, long before our definite history took shape. Old writers date it from the days of Cæsar; a legend taken up by Shakespeare and the poets, in favor of which the name of Cæsar's tower remains in popular use to this very day. A Roman wall can even yet be traced near some parts of the ditch. The Tower is mentioned in the Saxon Chronicle, in a way not incompatible with the fact of a Saxon stronghold having stood upon this spot. The buildings as we have them now in block and plan were commenced by William the Conqueror; and the series of apartments in Cæsar's tower—hall, gallery, council-chamber, chapel—were built in the early Norman reigns, and used as a royal residence by the Norman kings. What can Europe show to compare against such a tale? Set against the Tower of London—with its eight hundred years of historic life, its nineteen hundred years of traditional fame—all other palaces and prisons appear like things of an hour. The oldest bit of palace in Europe, that of the west front of the Burg in Vienna, is of the time of Henry the Third. The Kremlin in Moscow, the Doge's Palazzo in Venice, are of the fourteenth century. The Seraglio in Stamboul was built by Mohammed the Second. The oldest part of the Vatican was commenced by Borgia, whose name it bears. The old Louvre was commenced in the reign of Henry the Eighth; the Tuilleries, in that of Elizabeth. In the time of the Civil War Versailles was yet a swamp. Sans Souci and the Escorial belong to the eighteenth century. The Serail of Jerusalem is a Turkish edifice. The palaces of Athens, of Cairo, of Tebran, are all of modern date. Neither can the prisons which remain in fact as well as in history and drama—with the one exception of St. Angelo in Rome—compare against the Tower. The Bastille is gone; the Bargello has become a museum; the Plombi are removed from the Doge's roof. Vincennes, Spandau, Spielberg, Magdeburg, are all modern in comparison with a jail from which Ralph Flambard escaped so long ago as the year 1100, the date of the first Crusade.—From "*Her Majesty's Tower*," by *Heppworth Dixon*.

ONE stormy, blustering night in January a verdant couple presented themselves at the residence of a certain Norfolk clergyman, requesting to be married. After the ceremony was performed, the happy groom, pocketbook in hand, asked: "Wall, squire, what's to pay?" The astonished and expectant reverend modestly replied that he never named his price for any such service, but accepted whatever anyone was pleased to give him. The money was returned to the capacious pocket with a grin and a bow. "Wall, I'm obliged to ye, I declare; I'll do as much for you some time." "Yes," chimed in the blushing bride, with an astonishing courtesy, "much obliged to ye, as far as I'm concerned. If it hadn't a-stormed, we should have gone to Dedham."

TEXAS.

I HAVE been taking your magazine now for two years, and I want to write to you to show my appreciation of it. I think GODEY'S is decidedly the best monthly published, and I would not do without it for a great deal. I think every woman in the United States, of taste and refinement, ought to take it, to show their gratitude to one who has done so much for them.

B. T.

Our opinions agree precisely with the above.—ED. L. B.

IN New York it is rather dangerous for a young lady to invite half a dozen friends to spend the evening with her, for ten to one the society papers will describe it as a grand reception, and then what a row with the uninvited! Why do people patronize these abominable papers?

It is said that the reason why the Russian Government is so slow in availing itself of the advantages of the electric telegraph is that they object to one of the important preliminary arrangements, namely—the elevation of the Poles.

the Blue Blood of England that cannot mix with common herd:—

The pictorial papers have all contained a portrait of the Duke of Hamilton, the leader of the conservatives in the House of Lords—a fine-looking man it presents. His title is the Right Honorable Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond, Duke d'Au-ry in the old kingdom of France, and seven other titles. He is descended from Louise de Querouaille, notorious Duchess of Portsmouth, and Duchesse d'Anguigny in her native country, the mistress of Charles II. of England, and yet this is the first blood of England, the descendant of a courtesan! Here is her of the same family:—

The second Duke of Richmond, who was grand-son of Charles II., married Lady Sarah Cadogan, daughter of Marlborough's favorite general. The Duke was a bargain to cancel a gambling debt between the parents, and the young Lord March was brought from college, and the lady from the nursery, to the ceremony.

The couple married to cancel a gambling debt! Two pitiful Blue Bloods. Now for No. 4:—

A penny post was set up in London by an upper-classer named Murray, in 1683, and succeeded well. Charles II. was accustomed to grant pensions out of postal revenues, one of which he gave to the Duchess of Cleveland, a former mistress of Charles who received in this way £4700 a year; this pension is still paid to the Duke of Grafton, her heir—so a precedent in England."

There is another instance of one of the Blue Bloods of England, receiving even at this late day a pension of £3,500, procured by the infamy of his ancestors. One would naturally suppose that a high-bred man would hesitate to receive money thus tainted, but it seems not.

In the celebrated Yelverton case, the noble colonel declared that the woman he had married in Scotland, Ireland, but not married according to the laws of England, had not "Blue Blood" in her veins. He, scoundrel, we suppose, had. Gainsborough, the celebrated artist, painted a picture called "The Blue Blood." The subject is the son of an ironmonger. It is a criticism upon it:—"If looks tell tales, and rings goes for ought, we should ignore the ironmonger, and declare Blue Blood ran in his veins." Comment upon this is, that an ironmonger's son, in a picture, cannot look like the son of a Blue Blood. What a mockery is this! Lord Courtenay elected to parliament in 1868, and was missing, afterwards it was ascertained he was a bankrupt. An ancestor of his fled from England for a serious crime, and lived for some time at Harlem, New York. He never returned to England. He succeeded to the title of Earl of Devon, and died in Paris. He, of course, had Blue Blood in his veins. Another noble lord, since dead—Lord Arthur Clinton—was arrested for cheating a cabman out of his fare. Here is the account from a London paper:—

A 'NOBLE' BILKER OF CABMEN.—Lord Arthur Clinton was summoned by a cabman to appear at 7 Street, on Tuesday, but when his name was called there was no response. The cabman claimed or driving his lordship about for upwards of six weeks on Saturday week. The cabman took up his case at the Opera Hotel, Bow Street, and on leaving there at night was sent to Long's Hotel with a letter addressed to a gentleman alleged to be staying there. The cabman was informed that the gentleman had gone abroad; and, when he returned to the Opera Hotel to get his money, he was told that Lord Arthur had also gone, and since that time he had been unable to find him. The summoning officer declared that the summons was left with the barmalee at the Opera Hotel, who stated that Lord Arthur Clinton was staying there, and that he should have summons when he came in. Mr. Vaughn directed a writ to be made, and added that if it was discovered that the summons was delivered to Lord

Arthur a warrant should be granted for his apprehension."

WAITING FOR BREAKFAST.—A correspondent in Paris describes an extraordinary scene of which he was a witness during the distribution of food to the inhabitants:—

"I had heard, on the occasion of my previous visit to the Rue des Petits Pères—the scene of Mr. Moore's distribution—that the applicants took up their positions over night in a *queue*, so as to be among the first served in the morning; and, determined to verify the fact, I accompanied a friend at midnight to the locality in question. Passing through streets still dark and silent in Paris at this hour, we reached the Bourse, and already the hum—one might almost say the subdued roar—of thousands of voices struck the ear. In a moment we came upon the outskirts of what was apparently a mighty crowd, though it was too dark to see much until we found ourselves actually in the midst of a dense mass of women and children, heaped upon one another in amicable confusion, and extending down the street as far as the eye could penetrate its gloom. Not that it was altogether dark, for numbers of candles flitted through the crowd, or formed the centre of groups of squatting or dozing figures. The scene was so unexpected and unique that for a moment it was difficult to realize that here were at least ten thousand human beings who were deliberately bivouacking in the streets of the most beautiful and luxurious capital in Europe for the sole object of being the first to receive some bread and cheese in the morning. I asked one of the women when she expected to arrive at the door of the warehouse, where she would receive her portion. 'The day after to-morrow morning, monsieur,' she replied, as calmly as if she was talking of a journey to St. Petersburg. 'What! are you prepared to pass two successive nights in the streets?' I asked. 'Why not?' she said; 'all the others do it.' 'Do you think what you receive at last will be worth waiting for forty-eight hours?' 'I don't mind waiting any more than my neighbors for what those good Americans send us; they tell me it is well worth while, and be assured, monsieur, we shall never forget the generosity which has given us food when we wanted it so much.'"

SOMEBODY in New York asserts that admission fees are to be charged at fashionable weddings hereafter. Imagine big fence-posters: "Grandest Nuptial of the Season. The lovely — to the manly —. Several novelties never before presented. New music, new dresses, new properties. Tickets, \$1; reserved seats, middle aisle, 50 cents extra. N. B. All persons occupying reserved seats are assured that their full names will be mentioned in the papers."

At a dinner given to the Turkish Ambassador in London, the presiding officer gave as a toast: "The Sublime Porte and the Turkish Ambassador!" The waiters understood it a supply of port for the Turkish Ambassador, and he was well supplied.

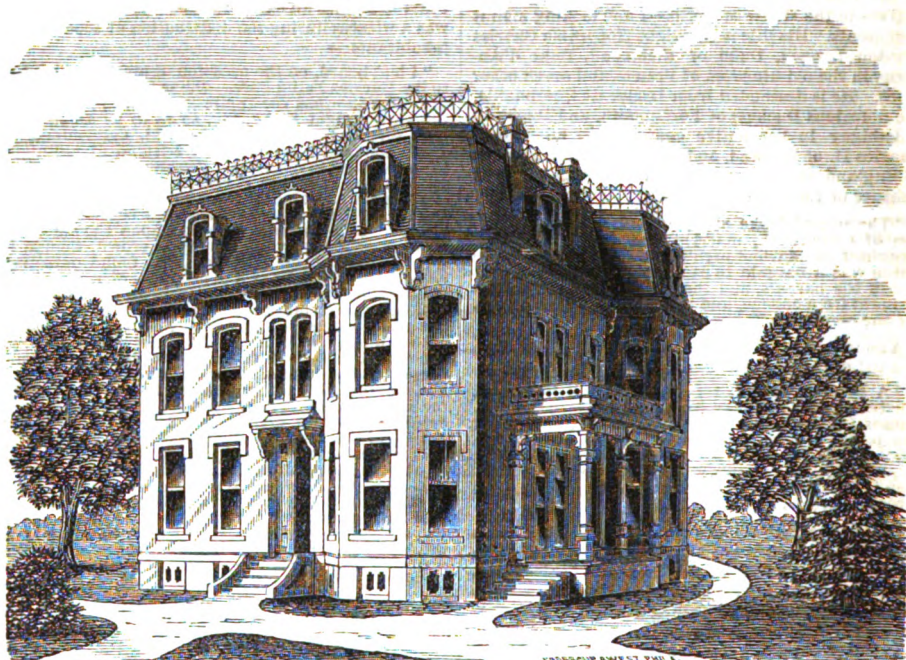
"TRIBUTE TO ART.—Miss Christine Nilsson appeared in Nashville on Wednesday night before a thirty-four hundred dollar house. After the performance she was serenaded by the band of the Sixteenth United States Infantry, and a grand review of the troops was given yesterday in honor of the Swedish nightingale."

We do not consider the above a tribute to art; we think it a result of good management. We should like to know how many troops passed in that grand review. Eleven hundred and thirty-three dollars is the average in this case for each song. Pretty good pay; but, fortunately for the manager, all that class of people which we forbear to designate are not dead yet.

A SMART GIRL, WORTHY OF BOSTON.—A little Boston girl assured her mother, the other day, that she had found out where they made horses—"She had seen a man in a shop just finishing one of them, for he was nailing on his last foot."

A MODEL RESIDENCE.

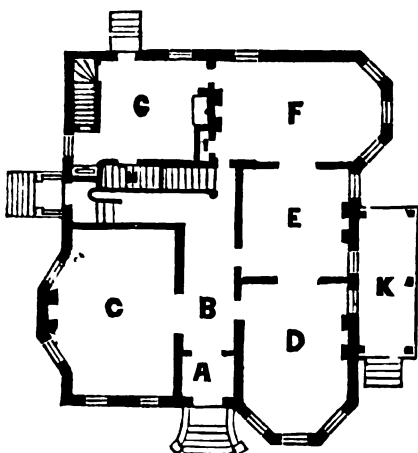
Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.



THE above residence is about being built for Mr. John Bowers, of New Castle, Pennsylvania. It contains many interesting features, and was prepared for an elevated position. The roof is of the Mansard pattern, adjusted perspective to the elevation where it is to stand. Great economy has been used in the design, and the whole building is ornamental. Its plain surfaces are made to give to the beholder great beauty, every size having been strictly calculated by the Ovo law of architectural proportion. The musical ratios are perfectly adhered to, varied by perspective position, which ever and anon pleases those beholding the structure.

windows must be of proper width and height, and all openings, sizes of cornice, brackets to support them, etc., are the forces that must govern all good architecture. All others are unworthy of the times in which we live. This building is being built of brick, and painted, and will cost, nicely finished, about \$8000, with all modern conveniences.

First Story.—A vestibule, 7 feet 6 inches by 6 feet; B hall, 7 feet 6 inches wide; C parlor, 23 feet 6 inches by 18 feet; D library, 15 by 21 feet; E sitting-room, 15 by 15 feet; F dining-room, 14 feet by 23 feet 9 inches; G kitchen, 14 feet by 15 feet 9 inches; H pantry, under stairway; I china closet; K porch.



FIRST STORY.

The beauty of design in architecture must be resistant in the shapes, sizes, and general position in which the details may be placed. The doors and



SECOND STORY.

Second Story.—L chamber, 9 feet 3 inches by 12 feet; M chamber, 17 feet by 23 feet 6 inches; N chamber, 15 by 21 feet; O chamber, 15 by 15 feet; P bath-room, 5 by 8 feet; Q chamber, 14 feet by 23 feet 9 inches; R servant's room, 12 feet 9 inches by 8 feet 9 inches; S hall; T store closet; U balcony.

FREIGHT ON LETTERS AND PREMIUM ON DRAFTS.—Subscribers will please understand that when they send their letters by an express company they must pay the freight, and those who send drafts must pay the premium. We advise subscribers to remit a post-office order or a draft payable to the order of L. A. GODEY. The rates for postal money orders as established by law are as follows:—

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum, but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge will be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

"Do you think that raw oysters are healthy?" asked a lady of her physician. "Yes," he replied; "I never knew one to complain of being out of health in my life."

PARIS retained much of its gayety during even the worst hours of the siege. The *Gaulois* published, among other things, a restaurant advertisement, as follows:—

"*Wine at ten sous the litre, et eau-dessus*"—(translatable either 'and at higher rates' or 'with water on it').

"*Rosbeef*"—(translatable either 'roast beef' or 'old horse beef'.)

"*Rat-gout de mouton*"—(translatable either 'mutton ragout' or 'rat with a mutton flavor'.)

A GENTLEMAN upon being asked by a friend for the loan of a dollar, briskly replied: "With pleasure;" but added, immediately, to his impecunious friend's disgust: "Dear me, how unfortunate! I've only one lending dollar, and it's out."

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. G. W. H.—Sent articles by express May 10th.

Mrs. J. J. C.—Sent pattern 12th.

Mrs. N. H. B.—Sent pattern 12th.

Mrs. R. P. K.—Sent pattern 12th.

Mrs. M. G. F.—Sent pattern 12th.

Mrs. N. G.—Sent pattern 12th.

Miss E. S.—Sent pattern 12th.

Miss V. F.—Sent lead comb 12th.

L. B.—Sent lead comb 12th.

Miss A. K.—Sent lead comb 12th.

Miss J. S. McL.—Sent lead comb 12th.

E. D.—Sent lead comb 16th.

Mrs. W. S. S.—Sent lead comb 16th.

E. C. D., East Bridgewater, Mass.—No stamps.

Send two.

Miss Bessie.—The evening of October 31st is Halloween.

Ignorant.—How can we tell you what to say? Different circumstances may govern different cases. We can tell you what not to say: Don't wish them many happy returns.

Artesian.—The artesian well of Grenelle, in the suburbs of Paris, is one of the most noted of its kind, and is one of the deepest in the world. The depth is 1,806 feet.

Emma.—The flowers should not be watered when the sun is on them.

Inez.—You had better consult a doctor. Eruption in the face is a very unfortunate disease for a lady;

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and if proper remedies are not taken in time, it is likely to be lasting.

Mabel Moore.—1. It is better to decide for yourself, as universal treatment cannot be useful. 2. White vells keep the face from tanning better than colored ones, but green are decidedly best for the eyes. 3. It is not possible to say.

A Subscriber.—Excessive perspiration in the hands, or any other part of the body, as a rule, arises from weakness. Seek the advice of a doctor, and do not take tonics hap-hazard.

May D.—Leghorn hats are the most difficult of all to clean, and only very experienced cleaners can undertake to do them well. They require blocks to dry upon, therefore you could not possibly clean one yourself from directions.

M. P.—Cold water is not good for washing flannels; it shrinks and thickens them very much. Flannel, before it is made up, should be put into warm water, left to lay in it for about an hour, and then hung up to dry. It will not shrink much afterwards. For washing, a large handful of powdered borax is required for about ten gallons of water; soap should also be used. The water should be as hot as you can bear your hands in, and it should be well blued. Flannel, if not very dirty, may be washed in one water; if dirty, two waters, made up in the same way. Flannel should not be allowed to remain long in the water, but should be rubbed through as speedily as possible, well shaken, and hung to dry quickly. Flannel should not be rinsed in clear water like linen.

Unloved.—We can offer you no better advice than to be as patient as possible, and no doubt you will find some one who will permanently appreciate you.

Nellie.—1. Third finger, right hand. 2. Always a bride's cake.

Lewellyn Park.—You have noticed very few of the sayings and doings of the little ones in our columns for this reason: Most of the so-called sayings of the little ones are simply blasphemy. Your own communication uses the name of God in too familiar a way.

Jane.—Decidedly the most profitable business, opera singing; but we must say that such notices as the following are to be taken with many grains of allowance: "Minnie Hauck has been presented by the Imperial family of Austria with a set of diamond jewelry valued at \$10,000." In the first place, no such present may have been made. It may be only an advertising dodge of the Impresario to whom this young lady may be farmed to. Secondly, always cut off the last 0. Emperors are not so lavish with their diamonds as these hucksters of opera singers would lead us to believe.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor the Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in re-mitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

The publisher of the *LADY'S BOOK* has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the Fashion Editor does not know.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—White muslin costume; the underskirt is trimmed with six ruffles, an alternate white and pale green lawn; the upper skirt is edged with a narrow quilling, and faced with green. Plaited corsage; open sleeves, trimmed to correspond. Lace bows and ends on back of corsage. White chip hat, trimmed with white feather and green ribbon.

Fig. 2.—House dress of silver-gray silk, with an underskirt of lilac silk; the upper skirt is looped up to show the underskirt, forming puffs, divided by bands, finished with rosettes at the sides. Corsage, cut heart-shaped, trimmed with folds of the same; flowing sleeves, with puffs at the top.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of cuir-colored grenadine, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with four ruffles and narrow silk pipings; the upper skirt with fringe, ruffle, and pipings. Black guipure lace saque. White chip bonnet, trimmed with cuir-colored *crape de Chine* and ribbon. White silk parasol, with black lace insertion trimming it.

Fig. 4.—Evening dress of pink silk, with plain corsage and coat sleeves; overdress of black-figured lace, cut in the Watteau style in the back, cut square in the throat, back and front, and trimmed all around with a broad black lace and narrow pink velvet.

Fig. 5.—Dinner dress of white French muslin, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with three ruffles of muslin, bound with blue silk; the overskirt trimmed with two narrower ones to correspond. Plain corsage, trimmed with blue silk and white lace; sleeves trimmed with ruffles and silk to correspond.

Fig. 6.—Dress for little girl of six years; the underskirt is of pink silk, trimmed with one ruffle, headed by a puff; the overskirt, waist, and sleeves are of white muslin, trimmed with pink silk and ribbon. White muslin hat, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and pink ribbon.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

(See Engravings, Page 32.)

Fig. 1.—Walking dress for girl of twelve years, made of percale; the lower one of striped blue and white, with three bands of blue stamped on it; the upper skirt and basque waist of plain blue, trimmed with bands of the material. White straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon and feathers.

Fig. 2.—Dress for little girl of three years, of white *piqué*, made with two skirts, trimmed with plain muslin ruffles, plaited. Plain waist, trimmed square.

Fig. 3.—Suit for boy of ten years, of Nankeen-colored cassimere, made with an open jacket and white Marseilles vest underneath.

Fig. 4.—Dress for girl of eight years, made of blue silk; the skirt trimmed with one ruffle; the waist made basque, trimmed with a quilling of the same, and a vest underneath of white *piqué*. White chip hat, trimmed with white and blue.

Fig. 5.—Suit for boy of six years, of buff linen, made with a jacket and pants coming to the knee.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Dress of lilac silk, trimmed with puffings of a darker shade; overskirt trimmed with a fringe and bands of silk, knotted in the back. Basque waist, with illusion at the throat, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 2.—White muslin dress for seaside wear, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with ruffles, headed by a broad Valenciennes lace; the upper skirt is trimmed with two rows of lace. Cor-

sage cut heart-shaped; open sleeves. White muslin hat, trimmed with flowers and lace veil.

Fig. 3.—Robe dress of lilac lawn, with a pattern of lace stamped on it; the lower skirt is trimmed with one ruffle, with a band above it; the upper skirt the same. Plain corsage, heart-shaped; open sleeves. White chip hat, trimmed with lilac velvet and feather.

Fig. 4.—Black grenadine suit, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a plaiting of the same and bands of silk; the upper one to correspond. Plain corsage; open sleeves. Black lace bonnet, trimmed with green flowers and black ribbon.

Fig. 5.—*Ecrú*-colored silk dress, made with one skirt, trimmed with three ruffles in the back, and two in front, headed by black velvet, which also extends up the sides, finished with bows. Coat waist, trimmed to correspond, with black lace shawl draped to form an overskirt. Leghorn hat, trimmed with black velvet and *écru*-colored feathers and flowers.

Fig. 6.—Half-open sleeve, with ruffle, trimmed with *ruche*, bows extend up the back and on the inside of sleeve.

Fig. 7.—Open sleeve, trimmed with silk, plaited on one side, and put on in scallops.

Fig. 8.—Half-open sleeve, trimmed with *ruches*.

Fig. 9.—Black lace bonnet, trimmed with green ribbon, feathers, flowers, and black lace.

Fig. 10.—Hat of white chip, trimmed with black velvet, pink ribbon, flowers, and white feathers.

Fig. 11.—White satin slipper, with satin bows. This is always the most elegant *chaussure*, but sometimes shoes are worn the same color as the dress. The rosettes are worn very long this season, and sewed on so as to reach considerably beyond the front of the shoe or slipper.

Fig. 12.—Rosette of white silk, ravelled out at the edge, and arranged in box-plaits, with a rosebud and leaves in the centre.

Fig. 13.—Rosette of goffered white satin, edged with lace; in the centre a white satin bow, with a spray of small flowers.

SECOND SIDE.

Figs. 1 and 2.—Front and back view of robe de negligé, with Marie Antoinette fichu. This morning dress, which is in the Princess robe form, is the newest style of morning dress. It forms a train at the back, and is shortened in front to show a handsome white petticoat. The model from which our engraving was taken was of gray silk, bordered with *ruches* of gray sarcenet ribbon. The fichu, of the same material as the dress, is lined with sarcenet.

Fig. 3.—Low tunic bodice, to wear over a white muslin dress, or merely an underskirt, as fancy dictates. Made of blue silk, trimmed with plaited frills of white muslin, bands and bows of blue velvet and lace edging.

Fig. 4.—The President mantle for an elderly lady. The material is black *fauille*, and the trimmings are tassel-fringe and black silk braid. The form is a loose long *paletot*, pointed back and front, and has wide pointed sleeves; the ornamentation at the back simulates a hood.

Fig. 5.—Gentleman's shirt, the bosom made of fine puffs of linen cambric; they can be divided by bands of insertion or linen.

Fig. 6.—New style of hairdressing. This style requires a youthful face. The back hair is tied and curled; the ringlets fall low over the shoulders. The front hair is combed over two frizettes, which are pinned underneath the curls, and form a double coronet over the forehead. A bow decorates the centre of the coronets.

Fig. 7.—Muslin canezon with basques. This can-

zou is to be worn over a light silk or satin dress with a low bodice; and our model has basques at the back as well as in front. It is made of white muslin, and trimmed with white Bruges lace and insertion; the latter is lined with satin ribbon that matches the color of the dress upon which this canezou is worn.

Fig. 8.—Sunshade, of unbleached linen, trimmed with strips and a Vandyck edging of red linen, and with a flounce edged with red, arranged in small box-plaits. Red cords and tassels. Bamboo handle.

Fig. 9.—Bretelles and band of violet satin. These bretelles or braces are intended to be worn over a low bodice. They are made of satin, laid in very small plaits, and mounted on stiff net; at each edge there is a rouleau of satin. They are bordered with white blonde, having narrower black blonde above. The waistband corresponds, and fastens with a satin rosette.

Fig. 10.—Low pointed bodice for evening wear, trimmed with silk plaited and lace.

Fig. 11.—Black silk casaque for an elderly lady. Rich black faille is the material used for this casaque, and the trimmings are frills of the same, and rich passementerie and tassels. The tablier in front is square, and the basques fasten with gimp ornaments down the centre. The bodice fastens straight down the front, and is trimmed squarely as at the back.

Fig. 12.—Basque sash, to be made of black silk, trimmed with fringe, or of the material of dress.

Figs. 13 and 14.—This is one of the most useful crinolines that has come under our notice, as, by simply changing the flounce, it can be made available for either a costume or an evening *toilette*. The portion given comprises the upper part, and there are five pieces which represent one-half of it. These pieces are front, back, two pieces for fastening the elastic straps to, and the band. They may be distinguished thus: The front has one notch, and is plain; the back (which is to be joined to it) has seven pricked horizontal lines; these indicate the position of the steels; the smaller of the two triangular pieces is joined to the top by the one notch, the larger by two notches. Elastic straps are to be sewn to each of these pieces, and they fasten to the corresponding straps on the other side with sliding buckles. The belt is made with drawing strings at the back, plain in front, and fastening with a button. To the pattern a flounce is to be added. This flounce should measure four yards fourteen inches in width, and eighteen inches in depth, terminating with a hem of five inches. It is gathered into a band the width of the skirt, and has buttonholes about a finger apart, the buttons being sewn on the line which marks the second steel. This flounce can therefore be taken off and washed when requisite, without the upper part coming to pieces. The material of the model petticoat is white *brillante*, but scarlet camlet for the upper part and a white starched flounce for the lower also would answer. Both an inside and outside view are given. We can furnish the cut paper pattern for making this.

Figs. 15 and 16.—Fashionable-shaped collars for gentlemen.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR JULY.

We will endeavor to give a few hints and suggestions about children's fashions.

Our fashions, given from month to month, show how nearly children's fashions resemble those worn by ladies. There are the invariable double skirts, basques, and flounces, and many little girls only five years old wear collars and cuffs like their mammas. Many mothers make an opening down the centre of basque backs, and button them behind, as they think

dressess open in front too old-looking for young children. As children do not wear much tounure, plain basques are prettier for them than those made with full postillion plaits. The proper length of dresses for girls from three to five years old is three or four inches above the gaiter top, and gradually getting longer, until girls of ten or twelve show but an inch of their stockings, while misses of fifteen wear their skirts to reach the instep. The pantalets of smallest children are not visible. For suits for girls for cool days during the summer in country or watering places, summer Cashmere, in shepherd's check and in broken plaids of a color with white, is soft, light, and all wool; it answers for kilt suits for boys' as well as for girls' costumes.

Glossy English mohairs are seen in all colors. They can be easily cleaned by the scourer when soiled, and make a pretty, dressy suit. These, with the light summer serges, are the goods most worn for ordinary occasions. For dressy occasions, the low-priced striped silks are made with two skirts and a basque, trimmed with many pinked ruffles. White continues as popular for small children as well as for misses and young ladies. The style for French muslin may be simply tucks and puffs of the muslin, or they may be made very elaborate with lace insertion, embroidery, and Valenciennes lace; in the latter case, they are usually worn over colored silk or lawn under-dresses.

A very pretty and not very elaborate dress for a miss of fifteen is made of French muslin, with full, high-necked corsage. The yoke and coat sleeves are made of puffs of muslin, separated by rows of Valenciennes insertion. The lower skirt has four narrow ruffles, gathered, overlapping, and edged with Valenciennes half an inch wide; the upper skirt is trimmed with puffs, insertion, and ruffles, and has bretelles of lace. Many ladies are using the patent Valenciennes lace, some of which can hardly be told from the real, and the cost is not over one-half of the other. It washes nicely, and, for children's clothing, and white dresses, and overskirts, answers admirably.

The latest novelty for young ladies and misses is bretelles, with a postillion basque, made of Swiss muslin, embroidery, and Valenciennes, to wear with Swiss or French muslin upper skirts over colored silk dresses. The bretelles are wide on the shoulders, sloping narrower towards the waist, are crossed in front like a fichu, and are finished behind with a pretty square postillion basque. Light lavender-colored silks are trimmed with embroidered or plain Swiss ruffles; and a muslin Polonoise, trimmed with ruffles, completes a costume for a watering place. The hat and parasol should be of silk, covered with muslin.

For infants' robes, high neck and long sleeves still continue popular. The robe is one yard long and two yards wide; the skirt straight, and gathered into a yoke of insertion and puffs. More elaborate dresses are trimmed robe fashion across the front, and require to be sloped or gored. New summer cloaks for infants are large double capes of French Nainsook, trimmed with a fluted or plaited frill, edged with narrow Valenciennes (patent lace), and headed by two rows of Valenciennes insertion, separated by a row of Hamburg work. *Piqué* cloaks are a long talma, embroidered or braided on the material, or else the two kinds of work combined. Imported bibs are of soft white muslin, slightly wadded and quilted, shaped with armholes, and merely edged with a narrow work around the edge, or embroidered with a pattern or the word "Baby" in the centre.

The first short clothes are invariably white, have high yokes and long sleeves, with the full skirt and body in one, worn with or without a sash. Long

robes are often cut down to make these dresses. *Piqué* dresses are also worn. They are usually trimmed with needlework. They are generally made very large, so they can be worn until the child is two or three years old. Walking coats, long-sleeved *sacques*, with drawing-strings about the waist, and a large cape, are made of *piqué* for street wear; they are braided or embroidered, the edge being scalloped or finished with a lace. Cottage bonnets of Valenciennes lace and medallions of needlework are prescribed for dressy occasions. Fine corded *piqué* bonnets, with soft crowns and pretty coronet fronts, prettily embroidered or braided, are neat and serviceable.

For girls from three to six years old, elegant gypsy bonnets of real Valenciennes lace are seen; they are trimmed with white ostrich tips, forget-me-nots, and loops and strings of *gros grain* ribbon. For small boys, who do not wear the kilt suit, gored *piqué* skirts are worn, belted to a linen habit shirt, and worn beneath a slashed jacket; they are trimmed with embroidery or braiding. Soft-crowned hats, with the brim turned up all around, are worn by boys of this age. Jackets, with vests and knee pantaloons, are the suits for boys too short for long pantaloons. Gathered knickerbocker pants are still worn, but with less fulness than formerly. Sailor suits of Mazarine blue flannel are again worn by boys of five or seven years; these are nice for cool mornings in the country. White twilled flannel suits are worn, and, according to our taste, are extremely pretty. All kinds of plain and striped flannels are worn for boys' suits, and white wash goods of all descriptions. Hats for girls are of white or colored straw, with rolling brim, turned up broadly back and front. They are trimmed with silk puffs or gauze ruches, which may be dotted with white daisies, with large yellow centres. Sailor hats are of white straw. Muslin hats, of white, buff, blue, green, and lilac, are worn by children and ladies. They are made of thin muslin, puffed over reeds, and trimmed with muslin ruches. Short hair is out of fashion for children. All girls let it grow, and wear it flowing in careless waves that have been crimped, or else in two long braids, fastened with ribbon, plaited in with the lower part of the braid, and tied in a bow with ends.

A pretty hat for ladies for summer country visiting, is denoted at the sides à la Watteau. A white organdy plaiting, edged with Valenciennes, is laid under the brim. A wreath of blue daisies is around the crown. A Marie Stuart coiffure of organdy and lace, with rows of narrow black velvet ribbon above the lace, is laid on the crown, the point in front, and long scarfs of the same hang at the side. Blue *gros grain* ribbon bow on top of the crown, with ends behind; an elastic under the chataleine for fastening. For the seaside and country resorts, are broad-brimmed Maud Muller hats, the brim having three platings of black velvet; dark-blue or brown scarfs around the crown, with blackberries, white flowers, and green-leaved sprays intermingled.

Richly embroidered handkerchiefs are exhibited among the novelties. In these costly trifles, the French embroidery, which is of the finest description, extends around the handkerchief. New specimens in costly lace are displayed to admiring eyes. A very pretty style has a two-inch hem, with a band of Valenciennes lace insertion inside the hem, and a medallion of Valenciennes in each of the corners. Large initial letters are needleworked on muslin, and sold, to be transferred to handkerchief corners, for marking them in an ornamental way.

The lace fever is contagious as it is expensive, yet proves a revival of refinement in taste. It is no mis-

nomer to connect poetry with rare old point lace, such as becomes heirlooms in old families, oftentimes the sole fortune of the child descending from an impoverished house, who grows pale and fragile as the cobweb threads in her delicate fingers, and, it may be, blind over the fabrication. Such is the rage for lace, that grave and reverend grandmothers disdain caps, and wear only point lace crown pieces the size of a tea-plate, or in oval shapes, perhaps with a Marie Antoinette point. Old ladies in the country, ordering their caps from town, are *désolée* at the frivolity of earth, upon being told they must take to a chignon and curls, or go capless.

Neckties are made of soft twilled India silk, cut bias, and hemmed on the edges; the ends can be trimmed with fringe or merely hemmed. The delicate fisherman's green and palest blue are worn by blondes, pale rose and Frou Frou buff by brunettes. Striped silk ties, half-inch stripes of a color alternating with white, are new this season. Straight ties have knotted fringe at the ends, and are ravelled on the sides. The sailor knot is almost universally worn, bows being the unfashionable exception. Any becoming color of silk, edged with narrow Valenciennes edging, makes a pretty tie to wear with black grenadine or silk dresses.

There is nothing new exhibited in grenadine suits; as before stated, they should be made over silk; but those who cannot afford silk, use alpaca, or farmers' satin, and sometimes soft, thick cambric, that has not gloss enough to betray it. Silk lining is only used for the waist, but few persons wear drilling with it; they get a better silk and use it alone. Indeed, silk linings for corsets are rapidly gaining favor, and are not considered extravagant, as they wear well, set smoothly to the figure, and are far pleasanter to wear than twilled muslin or linen. Many ruffles merely hemmed, with a fold of *gros grain* laid in the hem, or else edged with lace, are the fashionable trimmings.

A costume lately seen was made of silk and grenadine, and so arranged as to make two different costumes. The underskirt is of black silk, trimmed with a ruffle of silk and narrow plaiting of grenadine; the upper skirt was entirely of grenadine, trimmed with a narrow plaiting of grenadine, made very long in the back, and looped over a black silk sash, which was fastened half-way down the skirt. A jacket of black silk, with a sleeveless jacket of grenadine over it.

For afternoon drives, and cool days in the country, are jackets of scarlet, blue, or black cashmere, trimmed with a border of medallions of silk, richly wrought in colors, and edged with fringe. A novelty is pale cuir and buff cloths, the color of *écru* linen, made in most graceful *pailettes*, and braided with cord of a darker shade, in simple but close pattern. These are delicate enough to be worn with the stylish buff pounce costumes prepared for the watering places.

Pale gray, pearl, and fawn-colored jackets are also seen in very thin summer cloths.

Velvet encircling the neck is now quite obsolete. In its place we find the gold necklace, with its lockets, crosses, or enamelled pendants. The necklace is broad and massive, according to the wealth of the owner, of the dead yellow gold; some of these are models in artistic designs. Roman and Etruscan gold are very fashionable. Also lockets merely for ornament, without opening, are made of pale gold, set in bars of turquoise, with a full set of jewelry to match, and nothing can be found more becoming to a blonde beauty. Jet sets are very much worn, very beautifully and elaborately carved; they consist of necklace, ear-rings, pin, and bracelets. FASHION.



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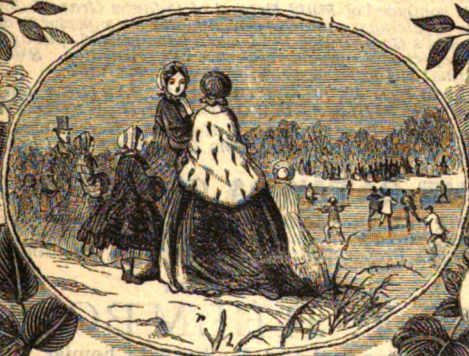
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FIG. 1.

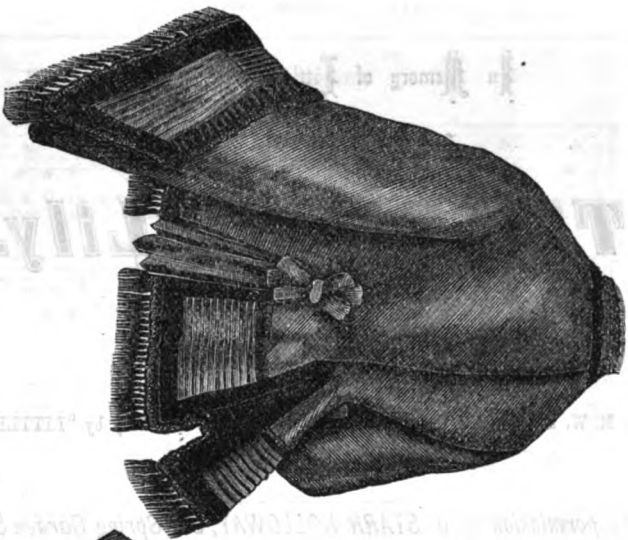


FIG. 2.

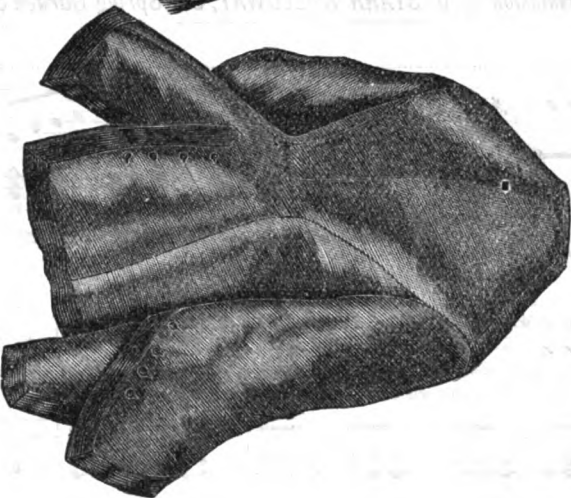


FIG. 3.

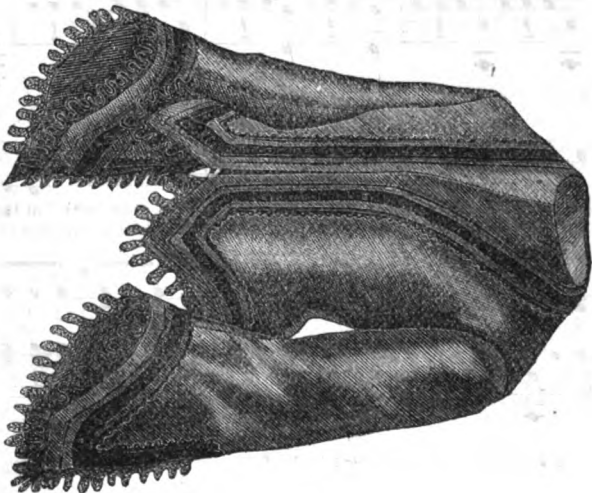


FIG. 1.—Sacque of *gros grain* silk, open at each seam, and trimmed with narrow silk braid, ribbon bows, and fringe.

FIG. 2.—*Gros grain* basque, for a lady in mourning, trimmed with a fold of the same and silk buttons on the back, and sleeves which are open.

FIG. 3.—Basque of *gros grain* silk, with open sleeves, trimmed with a handsome climp around the edge below the silk, and three rows above it.

In Memory of Little Nellie Gushman.

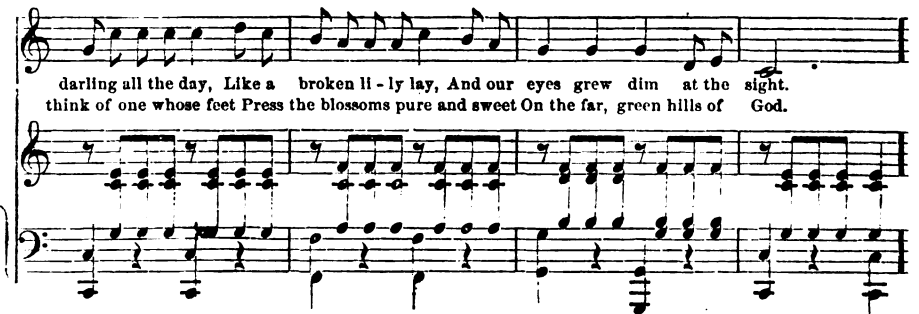
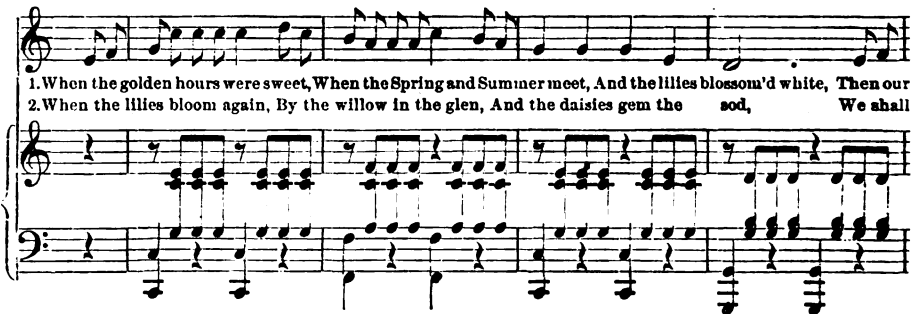
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Words by M. W. H.

Melody by "LITTLE MAUD."

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THE BROKEN LILY.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO.



1. So like a li-ly rare, So fra-gile and so fair, And dear-est to the an-gels of all; For we
2. And often in our dreams, We hear the flow of streams, That murmur through a valley of rest, And our

ALTO.

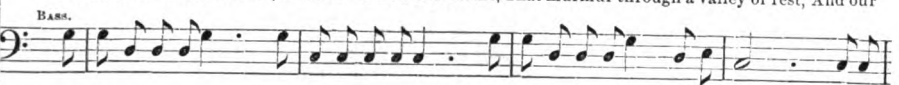


TENOR.

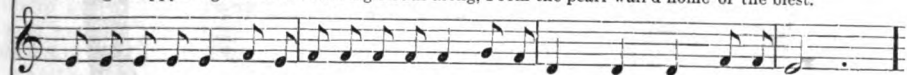


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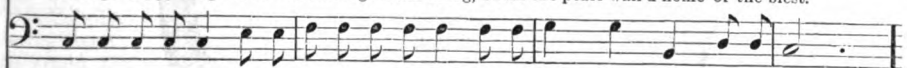
BASS.



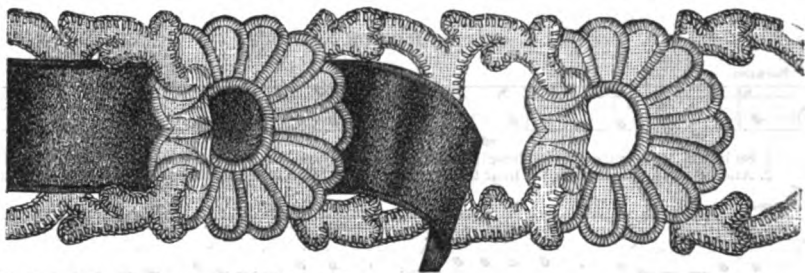
heard the angels say, "Let us bear the child away Where the cold, sharp frosts nev-er fall,"
darling's happy song Floats the shining clouds along, From the pearl-wall'd home of the blest.



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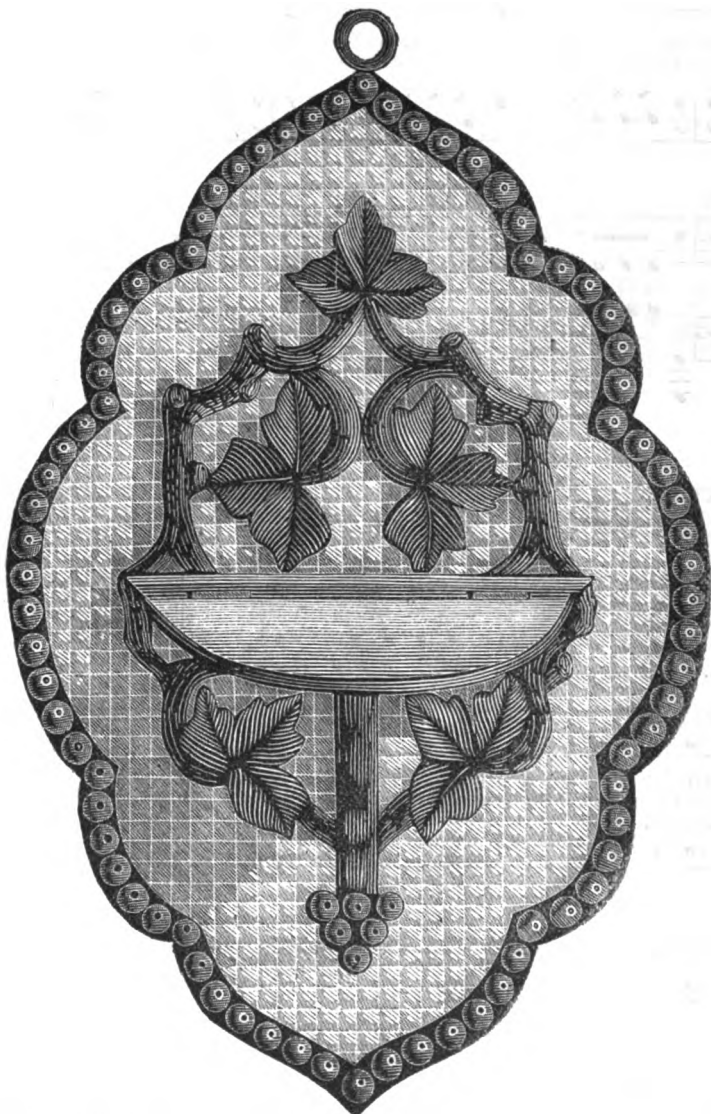


EMBROIDERED INSERTION FOR MUSLIN BODICES, ETC.



Worked on fine lawn or cambric; the shell pattern is worked in satin stitch, and buttonhole stitch.

ORNAMENTAL BRACKET.



Made of carved wood, lined through with Java canvass, which extends beyond the edge and is embroidered.

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXXIII.—NO. 494.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1871.

FOR NAUGHT.

BY MARION HARLAND.

"I DON'T know why it is," said Mrs. Aiken, fretfully, "but things do get more awry on Sunday morning than upon any other day in the week, and this is but a crooked world at the best. I did not close my eyes before one o'clock last night; did not lay aside my needle until ten minutes of twelve—all to get ready for to-day. Yet here it is nearly nine o'clock, and everything is topsy-turvy, my head included. It aches as if it would split. I am really uneasy about these repeated attacks of neuralgia. Hardly a day passes in which they do not visit me."

"You do all in your power to invite them," replied the sober-looking husband, lowering *The Times*, in which he was studying the state of the money market. "One would suppose that you enjoyed them. It is absurdly wicked the way you women ruin your health and tempers to get up your frippery. I would pity you if necessity, instead of a whim, had kept you out of bed so late last night."

"And what was it but sheer necessity?" retorted the wife. The children's new dresses came home from the dressmaker's at six o'clock yesterday afternoon, and you never saw such fits! Jeannie's hung upon her like a bag, and Sophie's was so tight she could hardly breathe, while the trimming was a perfect botch. It was not choice, I am sure, that set me to work altering them. There was no one else to do it; they could not wear them as they were, and they had nothing else to put on to-day."

"I thought they had new dresses a week ago. At least, I paid the dressmaker's bill at that time."

"They have worn these three times during the week, and had set their hearts upon having their light silks for to-day. I would have sat up until three, instead of twelve o'clock, rather than disappoint them."

"Better break the Sabbath than mortify a silly child's vanity! Have your own way.

These are mysteries of conscience and action past my finding out." Mr. Aiken turned the sheet rustlingly. "But don't complain of what you have preferred to do. I wouldn't live as you do for a kingdom. You are like the old woman with her diet of victuals and drink, 'scarce ever quiet.'"

"If you have finished your Sunday paper, we will have prayers, if you please."

Mrs. Aiken arose from the breakfast-table with an air of offended dignity, and led the way to the library, followed by the children, who had been attentive listeners to the dialogue.

"Isn't papa provoking?" whispered Sophie to her brother Henry. "When poor mamma has worked herself sick for us!"

"She needn't have done it!" rejoined the youth, disdainfully. "It's my opinion she likes to show off your fal-lal toggery better than she does to please her dear daughters."

"And *my* opinion is that you are perfectly *hateful*—so like a man!"

With this they repaired to their respective seats, to await their father's coming. Mrs. Aiken looked twice at her watch, with an audible murmur at the delay, before he appeared, reading as he walked, his face grave and thoughtful.

"We are waiting for you, my dear," remarked his wife, with forced politeness, intended to be severely magnanimous. "We shall be late at church, I fear."

He laid aside the paper, with a lingering look at the column he had been perusing, and took up the Bible, opening it at random. Mrs. Aiken was too much engaged for a moment, signalling the children into decorous and graceful postures, to notice what was read. These were the first words that reached her ear:—

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"

"I heard a sermon from that text once." Her thoughts flew off at a tangent. "It was from Mr. Sewell, the clever young preacher

who married Mary Elwood. He set forth the vanity of earthly toil and ambition very eloquently. Mary and I sat together. It was the winter white hats and feathers were so fashionable. I remember telling her she must certainly get one, for she wouldn't dare wear any finery after she became a preacher's wife. Mine was trimmed with ostrich feathers; hers with marabout, and very becoming they were. Mary had a neat little fortune of her own, and, I suppose, has managed to dress better and live in more style than most of them do. They are the forlornest-looking set generally. My heart actually bleeds when I see the little Elliotts follow their mother up the aisle on Sundays. I don't think there is an article of dress that youngest girl of hers wears that has not gone the rounds, and Mrs. Elliott has but one best dress a season, and has her hats done over until one is sick of seeing them. It is a starving profession. I wouldn't let one of my girls marry a preacher if there were another man in the world. I am glad my husband can keep his family respectably, so that I can hold my own in society. If there is anything I do enjoy, it is to have a handsome house, and to be able to dress and entertain elegantly. There's a broad streak, left by Willie's finger, no doubt, across that window! Where were Katy's eyes, that she did not wipe it off when she dusted this morning? And, as I live, there is a cobweb in that corner! These servants are the pest of my life! I thought when I engaged a third girl that things would be done more to my liking, but it seems to me I do more than ever myself. I must speak of this carelessness the moment prayers are over. How Sophie stoops! These growing girls require continual attention. I will have her fitted with a pair of stays to-morrow, and caution her teacher to have an eye upon her in school. That is the way with hirelings of all kinds, they neglect everything except just what they are ordered to do. They say Miss Blanton is a fine scholar, but she does not pay that regard to her pupils' deportment that she ought, when one considers how high her charges are. I should take Sophie away if the establishment were not so fashionable. Henry is really getting awkward. He is too tall for his age. I often wish boys could be kept out of sight between the ages of fourteen and twenty. They are absolutely unrepresentable during the hobble-de-hoy period. His dancing-master should see to it that he holds himself better. I hope he will be a fine-looking, graceful man. It would mortify me to death if my children should not make a good figure in society. Sophie is not pretty; she never will be, I am afraid; but she is lively and satirical, and has a marked talent for music, and carries off dress well. She has more taste in such things now than many grown women. Sometimes that style of girl 'takes' better than a regular beauty. Jeannie is a lovely little fairy. I do

trust she will not grow out of it. There is Willie biting his nails again! If I were not afraid he would rub his eyes, I would put pepper upon his finger-tips. He won't look at me, try to attract his attention as I will. Children are a great care and responsibility. Mine make a galley-slave of me. No washerwoman in the land can feel more jaded every night than I do. The demands upon every lady who pretends to keep up with the age are *terrible*. It is a marvel that we live through it. It shortens the days of many, beyond doubt. I must shop all day to-morrow, and give directions about the girls' new underclothes. They are nearly as troublesome as outer garments now-a-days, they are so much trimmed. And I am not at all satisfied with my laundress. She does not flute nearly so nicely as Mrs. Jocelyn's does, although I give higher wages. Bless me! what a short chapter!"

Mr. Aiken closed the Bible, and his family knelt with him for the morning prayer.

"An hour, less ten minutes, before church time," uttered the mother the instant this was over. "Off with you, children, and tell Hannah to begin dressing you at once. I will be up so soon as I have given orders for dinner. I declare, Henry," as the brood flew noisily up stairs, "it is a shame to hurry so on the Sabbath. I've been driven hard from the moment I got up until now. The dressing for church is, in itself, a task."

"I wouldn't do it. Go as you are," advised the husband, abstractedly, pencilling on the margin of his beloved paper.

"In a morning wrapper!"

"Yes, or dress for the day when you get up, as I do," still absently. "I tell you what, Sophia, if flour continues to advance during the next ten days as it has done during the past week, I shall be the richer by some thousands for the rise. It was a lucky hit, my buying when I did. My warehouse is full; of choice brands, too."

"I am glad to hear it," answered his partner, cordially. "I always rejoice in your successful speculations."

But, on her way to the kitchen for the morning conference with the cook, she had a passing thought that this calculation of our worldly gains in dollars and cents was not exactly a suitable occupation for the Sabbath. The sight of the paper and pencil slightly offended her ideas of propriety. She never read the *Times* on Sunday herself. It was "not quite the thing." Besides, she had not time. It was a pity Henry was so much absorbed in his business. He might give one day in seven to his family.

"And I hope, Rosie," she said, in concluding her directions to the chief functionary of the lower floor, "that the bread-sauce will be less watery than it was the last time we had roast chickens, and the courses follow one another

more promptly. I am very particular about Sunday's dinner."

"And about everything else," muttered the woman, before her mistress was quite out of hearing, impertinence she would have liked to reprove upon the spot, but dared not, in consideration of the explosive material she had to deal with.

"One might as well be a bond-slave at once, as to live in such constant fear of these wretches!" she said, bitterly, to herself, ascending the stairs. "There are not many cooks equal to her, and she presumes upon her proficiency; knows, as well as I do, how difficult it would be to replace her, should I give her the warning she deserves."

In the nursery was fresh cause of annoyance. Wee Willie, the petted youngling of the four, insisted upon sitting in Hannah's lap while she dressed his sisters; and, in consequence of this distraction, Miss Sophie's hair was not braided evenly, and Jeannie's toilet had not been begun. Mrs. Aiken was an energetic person; and, by dint of scolding, hurrying, and lending her personal assistance in the work, the two were at length arrayed in the new silks, their summer hats adjusted upon their heads, their rebellious fingers thrust into new light kids to match the dresses, and themselves thrust into chairs, with orders not to speak, move, or breathe while their mother made herself ready.

It was a serious matter, this dressing for the eyes of a fashionable congregation—a task in itself, as Mrs. Aiken had truly remarked—and she brought to it a proper sense of the importance and solemnity of the occasion.

"I shouldn't enjoy a word of the service if I did not know that I was all right back as well as front," she said, pending the operation, to the twelve-year-old Sophie. "I always feel as if I were in a glass show-case while I sit in my pew. It is in such a conspicuous part of the church, and Mrs. Clairvue has eyes like a microscope. I wish she didn't sit directly behind me."

"I don't think you need be afraid of *her*," replied the child, with a wise look. "Her chignon was all one side last Sunday, and ever so rough. I noticed it as we came down the aisle, and she has worn the same collar these two months. Jeannie and I nudge one another about it every Sunday. And Adeline, her eldest daughter, had on a blue dress, although her hat was trimmed with purple violets and green grasses. I don't call *that* taste."

"Hush! hush!"

But the mother turned away with a smile that neutralized the reproof.

"It must be allowed," she observed, complacently, when the family party sallied into the street, "that there are few better-dressed children than ours in town."

"They *do* look butterflyish; but most children

are decked out within an inch of their lives in this age," replied her spouse, carelessly.

He was swinging his cane, and apparently watchful of the point as it struck the pavement, and did not once look toward his wife. She looked chagrined. She had expected him to praise her taste as displayed in her girls' attire and in her own. There was little satisfaction in dressing for him. She knew herself to be a *distingué*-looking woman; but, if he noticed it, he cared little for it, in comparison with the thought of the money he hoped to "turn over" within the coming week. He was fast degenerating into a mere business-machine. After all, *was* she remarkable for the elegance of her appearance among the crowd pressing on and against her? There were Mrs. Dindou, in a suit quite as stylish in cut as her own, and richer in material; and Mrs. Beaumont, just from abroad, with a ravishing dress and unapproachable hat; and Miss Lyon, whose imperial carriage called the attention of the gentlemen to her fine figure, and that of the ladies to the exquisite fit of her basquine and the flow of her be-trimmed skirts. Already the costume, which had been faultless in the wearer's eyes, as surveyed before her own mirror at home, began to look commonplace, became but one of many. Nor did Sophie and Jeannie outshine certain other misses tripping along the pavement. The mother wished they would not look so conscious of their finery. "Bran-new" was stamped upon every feature, and advertised by every motion, while they turned, every now and then, to gaze after those whose outfits rivalled theirs.

"I could shake them with a good will," broke out Mrs. Aiken, presently. "A pair of conceited monkeys! One would think they were never dressed decently before."

Mr. Aiken laughed, but said nothing. He was still adding up his probable gains upon the warehouseful of flour.

"I declare, I forgot it was Communion Sabbath," whispered Mrs. Aiken, suddenly, to her husband, as the opening doors of the sanctuary revealed the "table covered with a fair cloth," standing in front of the pulpit. "I hope you have money for the collection with you. I like to put something handsome into the plate at such times."

The choir was chanting a voluntary as the Aikens moved up the aisle. They were rarely in their seats before the service commenced.

"Somehow," Mrs. Aiken, lamented, "it was just impossible to get off in season." She settled her juniors with due regard to the new silks; bowed for a moment, as did her husband, in the attitude of devotion; and, in recovering her upright position, caught a sentence from the singers' gallery:—

"*And your labor for that which satisfieth not.*"

"Quite a coincidence," thought Mrs. Aiken, and almost smiled, an impulse dispelled the

next instant by the fervent wish that Mrs. Clairvue might deserv no fit subject for critical censure in the occupants of the pew in front of her. "And, upon my word, thought the worshipper, "there are the Vanderveers in entirely new suits—all five of them! Very pretty and tasteful, too, although Bertha would look better if she did not strain every nerve to seem to be but nineteen, when she is over twenty-nine. That's a novelty in trimming. One, two, three narrow ruffles, then a wider, surmounted by a pinked box-plaiting of silk. I must speak to Miss Joubert about that for my new black silk. That is an odd-looking hat in Mrs. Warner's pew. The taste of some people is inexplicable. Who can that be with the Van Werts? Their rich cousin from Boston, I suppose. There is an unmistakable air about the Bostonians—something classic. It is a perpetual puzzle to me where the Derwents get the money to dress as they do. The lace barbe upon Ellen's hat and her point lace collar must have cost a tenth of her father's salary. They must have wealthy relatives who help them along. Mrs. Satton is out in great strength to-day—diamond ear-rings and all. If there is one thing I really covet, it is a handsome set of diamonds and such a camel's-hair shawl as she wore last winter. If Henry *should* get rich, would he give them to me? It is the hardest trial to my faith and patience to have to see so many things I want, and should so clearly enjoy, and not be able to get them."

The service, meanwhile, went on. Sophie bridled and cast supercilious side-glances at her neighbors' dresses; Jeannie twisted herself almost entirely around in her seat to get a view of Adeline Clairvue's blue gown and mauve hat-trimmings; Willie swung his feet and bit his nails; Henry fidgeted and stretched out uneasy legs, bracing himself against the back of the pew until it creaked again; Mr. Aiken drummed musingly with his fingers upon the pew-door, until his wife covertly poked him with her parasol. Then he started and looked inquiringly at her—pantomime that brought the blood to her cheeks, so sure was she that Mrs. Clairvue saw and enjoyed the by-play. 'There was no sermon, and the Communion service was so familiar, it was difficult to fix one's attention upon it. It was not surprising that Mrs. Aiken's thoughts should wander, while she appeared to follow the reader, her eyes fixed steadfastly upon the book she held; that conscience should check her, every few minutes, for planning the week's pleasures and labors, have occasion often to admonish her that she should be in "a more suitable frame of mind." And, as a consequence of these monitions, a fragment of the prefatory exhortation now and then touched the surface of her comprehension.

"That we may now celebrate the Supper of the Lord to our comfort, it is above all things

necessary—First—Rightly to examine ourselves," read the pastor's earnest tones.

And again: "'Notwithstanding we feel many infirmities and miseries in ourselves, as, namely, that we have not perfect faith, and that we do not give ourselves to serve God with such zeal as we are bound, but have daily to strive with the weakness of our faith and the evil lusts of our flesh; yet, since we are, by the grace of the HOLY GHOST, sorry for these weaknesses, and earnestly desirous to fight against our unbelief, and to live according to all the commandments of God, therefore we rest assured that no sin and infirmity, which still remaineth *against our will* in us, can hinder us from being received of God in mercy.'"

Solemn and touching words, replete with comfort to the doubting soul, trembling with a sense of his own unworthiness. But what had weak faith, and fleshly lusts, and inward conflict to do with a thoroughly correct member of society; an exemplary wife, who rejoiced in her husband's successful speculations; a mother, who had sat up until Sabbath morning to finish her children's finery; with a church communicant, who made it a rule to put something handsome into the plate when the quarterly collection for the poor was taken up?

"Infirmities and miseries in ourselves!" She had some vague association of these words with desperate offenders against society, morality, and religion—bank-robbers, bigamists, and infidels. It was a pity such things should ever be. She hoped the evil-doers were "suitably penitent," and did not find herself again, until conscience pricked her in the middle of the task of refurnishing her spare bedchamber in case Henry should be *very* successful this year. Her spare bedchamber and parlors; but, before this was done, the house must be painted, inside and out. She wished she could have the first and second floors frescoed. Paper was almost common, now that so many were having their walls tinted and panelled. And, oh, if she *could* have a new carriage that should cast even Mrs. Satton's into the shade! A Clarence, with a pair of high-steppers, instead of the modest barouche and one strong roadster she had been so proud of one year ago. There was nothing like keeping up with the times. She must persuade Henry that his business credit would be enhanced by a certain degree of show in his domestic affairs. Once convinced of this, he would be more appreciative of her struggles, her toils, her discouragements. She did try with all her might to be a true helpmeet to him, was daunted by no sacrifice of ease or inclination, and it *hurt* her to see how careless he was of it all. It was a cruel trial to be misunderstood, when she was straining every nerve to further his interests. She was tired and neuralgic, and reaction was succeeding to the bustle and excitement of the morning. Before she was herself conscious how

deep was her self-pity, the print of the page under her eyes was obscured by the rising moisture, and she raised her handkerchief to prevent the drops from falling.

Mr. Aiken looked around at her, startled by the token of emotion so incongruous to his feelings, and a sensation of shame and self-reproach stole over him. He knew his cogitations upon buying, and selling, and heaped-up riches to be almost sacrilegious in their unfitness to the time and place, and his wife's tears were a direct rebuke, set him to thinking in earnest in a far different strain.

In an humbled, softened mood, he offered her his arm at the conclusion of the service, and they walked away from the house of God in company, were several squares on their homeward way before either spoke. Both were gravely thoughtful; he repentant for the unseemly frame of spirit and thought he had borne to the holy place, and maintained throughout so much of the most solemn service of the church he professed to honor and love; longing to confess this, to ask her sympathy and help in his resolve henceforward to wear the shackles of Mammon more loosely.

"I have been thinking"—began Mrs. Aiken, in slow, troubled accents.

"Of the man with the muck-rake, whom Christian saw," interposed Mr. Aiken, in the same tone. "So have I."

"Eh?" The wife's lifted face was full of astonishment and perplexity.

"I mean, Sophia, that we must both have had brought home to us very forcibly to-day the folly and sin of being, as our pastor said, in his address at the Communion table, so grievously 'entangled' in the things of this world. I often feel that I am 'wasting my strength for naught,' and 'my labor for that which satisfieth not.' For naught, even so far as this life is concerned. Strive and strain as we will, there are always as many ahead of us as behind. It is sound policy, as well as religion, to be content with such things as we have, and not fret ourselves because our neighbors have better."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Aiken, in manifest alarm. In imagination, she saw the frescoes and new furniture fleeing rapidly into the distance with the Clarence and pair. "For one, I am too high-spirited to be distanced by anybody that I can pass. The age is constantly advancing, and, if we do not move with it, we shall be trampled down and forgotten. For our children's sake, we must live and dress as the majority of our acquaintances do. And where is the harm? I don't read anywhere in *my Bible* that it is wrong to make money and to enjoy the good things it brings."

"If riches increase, set not your heart upon them," quoted Mr. Aiken, with a sigh. "I am afraid we do set our heart upon them, to the exclusion of higher subjects and pursuits."

"That text refers to misers," answered the other, confidently. "I think it is wicked to love money for money's sake, and to hoard it. But I did hope you were more liberal in your views, Henry, than to imagine that, because one is a church-member, he must deny himself everything that makes life beautiful to others. That is downright Puritanism. And so far as a contented frame of mind tends to increase of spirituality, I am sure I can say my prayers more earnestly when I have all I want than when I am hankering after something somebody else has and I cannot get."

"Have you ever had all you wanted?" asked the husband, quietly.

"Not yet. But I have faith to believe the day of my complete satisfaction will come. When our ship comes in, you know."

He did not seem to notice the playful addenda.

"I doubt it. But what were you about to say when I interrupted you awhile ago? You began with, 'I was thinking.'"

"Oh!" with affected carelessness, "I believe I was turning over in my mind the possibilities that the man from whom you bought our carriage would allow something like its value for it in trade in case we wanted a larger one. I suppose he would, provided we do not use it too long first."

Mr. Aiken said nothing, but his look told of the regret and disappointment he felt at this turn of the conversation, and his wife saw that she had made a blunder in speaking of her project just then. Like many other excellent women, she had a habit of watching for and manoeuvring to bring about favorable opportunities for stating her wants and wishes. If the thought and energy expended upon these plans were devoted to mental and moral self-improvement, there would soon be no more dispute as to the intellectual equality of the sexes.

I do not pretend, now, to discuss the question on whose side lies most of the fault of producing this unnatural state of things. There must be cogent and universal reason for it, or the practice would not be general. I merely observe, in passing, that the tactful sisterhood err greatly in the supposition that the partners of their bosoms do not, nine times out of ten, detect their wiles, and, at least in five cases out of the nine, despise the motive and the deed, however quietly they may follow the tactician's lead. Mr. Aiken was thoroughly and painfully aware of his Sophia's strength (or weakness) in this respect; had, long since, learned to espy a pitfall in caresses, a trap in every marked attention to his wishes, a masked battery in an unusually nice dinner; did not need that Dr. Watts, or any other low-spirited hymnist, should warn him to

"Suspect some danger near
Where he possessed delight."

He was more than willing—anxious for his family to have a full and reasonable share of comforts and luxuries. Allow me to make one more remark, *apropos* of this part of my everyday tale, for which, I trust, I shall not be branded as traitorous by my sex. I believe that most men—certainly all kind and reasonable husbands—are, in this respect, like Mr. Aiken. They desire that their wives and children should live in nice houses, dress well, and hold up their heads among their associates, without abasement and without envy. They appreciate, moreover, the social and commercial effect of a creditable appearance in the world. Where you find one who is a niggard in these things, you will meet fifty who are overpersuaded by affection or importunity into expenditures their reason tells them are needless, and their pockets that they cannot afford. There should be but one mind between husband and wife with regard to that “cannot afford.” And yet, if the truth were known, upon no other point of common interest is there such frequent and violent variance of sentiment. A woman, whose faith in her husband's truthfulness and honest dealing seems entire and immovable where all other issues are involved, will disbelieve him flatly when he, with evident reluctance, denies her a coveted luxury on the ground of inability to procure it honestly—that is, without crippling his resources, or defrauding others. The wife, who is usually reasonable and gentle of spirit, is deaf to argument and pleading when the poor, badgered money-maker strives to represent how—his funds being tied up in real estate, in his stock in trade, or in other ways—he must sometimes be crippled for ready money; must, perforce, limit his family expenses to a stated, and not extravagant, sum.

“What business had he to tie it up when he might have known I would want it?” I once heard a lady urge, on being met by this plea. As if said “tying up” were in a stocking-foot, or leather wallet, and had been accomplished by her lord's bodily digits.

Mrs. Aiken had no intention of being exacting or unjust to her really liberal husband. But, seeing that he undervalued, according to her ideas, the things she esteemed most highly, she concluded that he was unwilling, not unable, to give them to her, and this belief, instead of tempering her desire, whetted it. Her love of dress, fine furniture, and the other appliances of wealth, had long since passed the bounds of moderation, and become a *lust*—greedy, gnawing, never still. “Show” was the goddess before whose shrine she burned a perpetual sacrifice. I know that the spread of this system of idolatry throughout our land has wrought for it toleration from those who, for themselves, have not as yet bowed the knee to Baal, while the severest censors of the mad race for precedence in the debasing service,

only deprecate it as “folly.” Whereas, it is as really a vice as drunkenness; as certainly stultifies the intellect of the victim, and confuses her perceptions of right and wrong.

With no thought that she had, that day, as truly committed sacrilege as did the licentious priests who, of old, offered strange fire in the holy censers, Mrs. Aiken superintended the unrigging of her daughters after she reached home, substituting plainer suits for the elaborate ones they had worn to church.

“I did not see another dress as handsome as ours in the whole church,” said Sophie, conceitedly. “And, I promise you, I used my eyes well while Doctor Elliot was reading that everlasting Communion service.”

“It is tedious,” assented the mother, “and, of course, quite beyond the comprehension of a child. If I had remembered that it was the day for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, I would have left you at home.”

“I am glad you didn't recollect it,” laughed Jeannie. “I always like to go to church—that is, when I have anything nice to wear. I should stay at home forever if I had but one Sunday dress, like Mattie Ormsby. She wore one dark merino every Sunday all winter, and a gray alpaca all the spring, and this makes four weeks she has worn that light poplin trimmed with blue. But I suppose she is poor,” with a patronizing air, more offensive than her ridicule had been.

“Mr. Ormsby is very wealthy, I believe. Is he not, Sophia?” said a lady who sat by the window, and had hitherto been a silent observer of the scene.

It was Mrs. Aiken's widowed sister, Mrs. Imbrie, who lived a mile or two out of town, and on this account often dined with the Aikens on the Sabbath.

“So they say.”

The mother's reply sounded significant to the quick-witted Sophie.

“Oh,” she said, pertly, “stingy, I suppose.”

“Not that, certainly,” rejoined Mrs. Imbrie, pleasantly. “He lives most comfortably, educates his children well, and grudges them nothing that could increase their real happiness. He is very liberal; gives largely to all benevolent objects; is very kind to the poor and destitute.”

“I call *that* giving alms to be seen of men,” replied the unquenched Sophie, and was sent from the room by her mother.

“What a tongue that child has!” she sighed.

“I find it impossible to control it as I would. But she is young, and will learn discretion in time.”

“Perhaps so. Some people never do,” said Mrs. Imbrie, seriously.

The sisters were alone; the one fidgeting from bed to bureau and wardrobe, picking up, folding, and laying away the scattered raticles

of clothing; the other watching her with sorrowful eyes.

"It is high time Jeannie had a room of her own," ejaculated Mrs. Aiken, returning, after a short absence in the adjoining chamber. Their things are too much crowded. I got a wardrobe for her last winter, and, of course, she has her own bureau, but Sophie complains that she cannot turn around. I must have one of those third-story chambers fitted up for one of the girls."

"Yet we occupied, up to the day of my marriage, a room not nearly so large, and were very comfortable and happy," said her sister.

"That was in the old times. People live very differently now. Children are brought up to expect other things, and will not be put off. It is not customary for two sisters now to room together, or for two boys. I was telling Henry last night that we must positively alter this house, or remove to a larger. Jeannie wants a chamber, Henry says he will *not* have Willie sleep in his, and we are really suffering for the want of a music-room. I cannot tell you how the girls' practising is broken in upon by calls upon me. I shall not be satisfied until I get the piano out of the parlor. It is no place for an instrument, especially one so bulky as a piano. Sophie has determined to learn the harp so soon as she is old enough, and she has such a wonderful talent for music it would be a pity to deny her. Then, of course, the music-room becomes a necessity. You, who live so secluded, Winifred, can have little conception of the demands upon my time and thoughts; how heavily the welfare of my children presses upon me. I am so fearful lest they should not make a fair appearance in the world, should not dress as their companions do, be accomplished, brilliant, admired, that it is a constant draught upon mind and body to keep everything in train to accomplish this end."

"Yet you are often ready to cry: 'I have spent my strength for naught.'" Mrs. Imbrie spoke with exceeding gentleness of affection. "My dear sister, *you* cannot know what a source of solicitude you are to me; with what real sorrow I see you spending money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not." Mrs. Aiken changed countenance at the quotation thrice heard that day, but was silent. "Believe me, my darling, *this is not the life your Creator meant you to lead; not the path in which you meant to walk with your children when you consecrated yourself to His service and said of them: 'They shall be the Lord's!'* Not be vowed to the god of this world! If I did not love you, it would not grieve me so sorely to see you swallowed up in the whirlpool of frivolous anxieties and needless toils; devoted, body and soul—to what? Not to the sacred task of providing needful raiment and wholesome food and a

sound education for your children, of relieving your generous husband of some part of his care and work. But binding upon yourself burdens, heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, because other women, who have not one tithe of your sense and native independence, crave nothing higher than this hollow, gaudy existence. Do not be angry with me, dear. I speak because I cannot help it. I heard you acknowledge just now that, amid the pressure of other things, you had forgotten what service was to be held to-day. It is for you, not for me, to decide whether the thoughts that crowded this out of your mind were a fitting preparation for that service."

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend." True, but not one person in five million loves his friend the better while the smart lasts—if the affection between the two is not ended summarily by the frank reproof, let it be uttered never so tenderly.

Mrs. Aiken bit her lip angrily. She loved and respected her sister, but this was going a little too far.

"You have lived out of the world so long, Winifred, as I said just now, that you do not appreciate the needs and obligations of one in my position. I must obey my conscience, you yours, and discussion of our peculiar views can result in no good. Will you walk down to dinner?"

Mrs. Imbrie had scarcely expected, however she may have hoped, for a different result of her faithful speech. It is only in the good story books, where fidelity to nature is secondary to poetic justice and the interests of morality, that a single or many verbal remonstrances prevail over the power of long habit, the lust of the eye, the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches.

Reader and friend, who have borne me company to the last page of my sermonizing patiently, as when, in former sketches, I have sought to entertain you, and tossed you a bit of a moral at the last, as we set on crackers and cheese after the dessert, I have written this homely, plotless story because I could not hold my peace; because it seemed to me that the very stones in our city streets must sometimes cry out against the shameless worldliness—I had almost written the debauchery—of vanity and ostentation which is the rule, not the exception, among the women of this era. Mothers forget that their children have souls in their eagerness to polish the outside of the goodly vessel; train them to grasp with baby fingers the painted baubles that have crumbled to choking dust so often in their own clutch. Wives, whose very caresses are like the bite of the vampire to persecuted husbands, madden their thirst for gain, instead of luring them to gentler and nobler aspirations. Women, called by their fellows refined and lovely, have, instead of homes, show-places, advertisements of

the master's wealth or the wife's extravagance. Homes! Heaven help their owners! The word is fast losing its meaning. And for what have we exchanged solid comfort, and sturdy independence, and the blessed privacy of the penetralia, with whose pure joy the stranger could not intermeddle? For what are we wearing ourselves into premature old age, and robbing our offspring of their childhood? For what neglecting the cultivation of mind and heart, the purification of our souls? For what forgetting God?

ROSE LEAVES, NO. 3.

BY JOHN S. REID.

LIFE has within itself a life,
Whose birthday is the hour of death;
A triple crown, a fadeless wreath,
Awaits the conqueror in the strife.
But o'er the stream, so cold and dark,
Alone the immortal soul must go;
Whether the tide is at its flow,
Or the low neap has reached its mark.
Time waits for none, though death is near—
Ready he stands to act his part;
His beat is heard within the heart,
His shade seen in the pearly tear.
Yet on the cheek the roses' bloom
May to the young long life inspire;
The boy may shadow forth the sire,
Although the yew-tree shades his tomb.
The heather blooms on Mora's hill,
The birch is green by Ardlie's stream,
And sweet and soft the morning's beam
Crimsons the walls of "Ashentill;"
And far up in the dewy sky,
The lark trills forth his song of love;
And from the fragrant, leafy grove,
Float strains of richest melody.
Yet there, on couch of softest down,
Lie ringlets of the sunny gold
Upon a breast so lone and cold,
Whose brow now wears a starry crown;
For she has crossed death's silent tide,
With the pale boatman, to that shore
Where friends who meet shall part no more,
Whom time nor death can e'er divide.
The birds may sing in Mora's grove,
And birks and broom perfume the vale;
But she, who lies so lone and pale,
Can hear no more their songs of love;
Yet oft, when twilight shades the glen,
And shadows lengthen on the wall,
The scenes of youth I then recall,
And dream I am a boy again.
And then, on fancy's aerial wings,
The soul immortal soars afar,
And peoples worlds in every star,
Where life from death triumphant springs,
Pure as the snowdrop on the lea,
Sweet as the rosebud on the thorn,
Bright as the star at dawn of morn—
Rose leaves of immortality.

THERE is nothing more allied to the barbarous and savage character than sullenness, concealment, and reserve.—*Godwin.*

IN OPPOSITION.

SOME people seem to have been born at cross corners with life throughout, and to find dwelling in parallel lines with their kind the one thing impossible to be compassed. What charm there can be in this eternal divergence, those who are of a more accordant temper utterly fail to discover; but it must be assumed that there is a peculiar flavor in it which renders it worth the pains taken to secure it, and that living at cross corners and flinging stones over the way is a more exciting kind of thing than running in parallel lines and nodding agreement across the interval. With people of this cross temper there is no chance of agreement. They do not want to agree, and they will not, come what may. Even if you repeat their own statements, thinking, like a coward, to propitiate them, and smooth them down into a happy frame of mind towards yourself, they will turn round on you, and either deny point blank that they ever made use of such expressions, ever gave utterance to such opinions, or insist that you have misinterpreted them, and that they meant the grayest shade of sage green, while you have reproduced it as the deepest and most uncompromising emerald. Or they boldly eat their leek and recant altogether rather than agree, saying they have changed their mind since then, and now think so-and-so the best kind of thing; though, if you have any perception at all, you must see that it is only from the love of opposition they speak, and that what mind they had formerly on the matter in hand has not changed in essentials, if they choose for their own cross-cornered purposes to give it a twist round in externals.

There are two most annoying classes of conversationalists: the one, the people who assent to all you say without further discussion or amplification; the other, those who oppose you for no reason, by the mere inbred love of opposition. With the first, you can strike no chord; it is all monotony, all harping on a single string; with the last, you can make no harmony; and both weary you, though the last irritate you most. No matter what it is you talk of, your friend who likes to oppose for the mere love of the trick takes you down on the spot, and plants a negative against your assertion. You expatiate on Rome, on the glorious treasures of art stored therein, on the grand associations with its past, etc. etc., and I dare say you are prosy and tiresome enough. "Nothing equal to Florence or to Munich," says your cross-cornered friend, with disdain; "and as for associations, what associations can you have with a few tumble-down old ruins, which priests and brigands share between them?"

You shoot your little shaft of satire against the cloudy sky of your beloved metropolis, and the abominable climate generally, and you

rhapsodise on the unclouded blue of Naples, and the sweet shelter of the Riviera. Your friend in opposition, who goes about done up in furs, and who is notorious for his abhorrence of a north-easter, is "not quite so sure of that, after all. The climate of Italy is very delightful, certainly, but too much sunshine induces sloth and makes lazzaroni; and we ought not to think only of our own pleasurable sensations—we ought to think of what is best for the country, what makes the finest race, and under what kind of heaven it is we find most energy, most brains, the biggest muscles, and the largest amount of material wealth. Why, there is no kind of question about it," continues your cross-cornered friend, warming with the subject, and spurred on by your expressions of dissent; "our own climate, to be sure, is the most conducive to the well-being and happiness of the race," and you are a Sybarite, if not a fool, for disallowing it. Another time, when a robust young sportsman, bitten with the love of "hard gray weather," is descanting on the advantages to be derived from a fine, keen, bracing air, and the good we get by hardening ourselves to bear it, the friend in natural opposition comes down on the broad-chested enthusiast like a sledge-hammer; declares that we are born here for our sins, that no greater fallacy ever obtained currency among half-educated people—people who know nothing of the deeper secrets of physiology—than the doctrine of "hardening one's self" up to our detestable weather, and that a climate which allows one to live and enjoy one's life, and not to groan through one's existence in perpetual shiver and suffering, is the only rational condition of atmosphere; but that all our fog, and rain, and rude north-easters are just so many nails which Nature knocks into our coffins, so many instruments of torture for our punishment, and if we are what we are under such climatic disadvantages, what should we not have been under better conditions? With which he gives the fire a vigorous stir, and swears at the hardship of living in a place where anthracite takes the place of the sun. You might as well drop the subject, and let the tide of opposition flow on unchecked. You are not expected to reply, and you cannot convince; so the saving of your breath to cool your proverbial porridge is the wisest thing within your circle of possibilities at this moment. This, indeed, is always the wisest thing you can do with oppositionists. Let them run down by their own weight; they will come to the bottom presently, and make an end of their tinkle.

If these oppositionists are irritating because of the impossibility of making harmonies with them, so also they are depressing, and specially to the sympathetic young. For they not only contradict everything that is said within their hearing—which, of itself, casts down and ex-

tinguishes the natural gayety of young creatures, because giving them a sense of perpetual snubbing—but they also find so much that is bad in life there seems to be no room left for love or admiration for anything. And love and admiration, belief and enthusiasm, are the natural food of the young, without which they cannot live anyhow. But you never hear the cross-cornered speak well of any one—never with hearty praise or genuine unqualified approbation. They have covert sneers, if not more open fault-finding, for all the world within their ken, and they cannot go with any one's line of action, either on important matters or trivial ones. The people they love best they do not always or often recommend, and, whether it is the taking of a house or the marrying of a daughter, they are sure to find more to condemn than to admire. So far from echoing the famous formula, "Whatever is, is right," they substitute a catch of their own, "Whatever is, is wrong, and whatever anybody thinks is false;" and they go about the world trying to prove their melancholy theory true. They ridicule every new fashion, though they adopt it with the rest until the day of its zenith has passed and a new order has appeared in its stead; and then they swear by it as the only right thing, and fling stones at its successor. They declare we are all going to the dogs, and that the dogs will have the worst of it when we get there, if they are in the presence of the hopeful, and those who believe in human progress and the gradual improvement of things; but they uphold the present age—shoddy, false hair, Grecian bend, and all—as the best the world has seen, if they find themselves confronted with those who shake their heads at the degradation of things in general, and they even go so far as to place Brown, Jones, and Robinson on a platform superior to that whereon Plato, Aristotle, and Socrates lived. They will have none of your peace, peace, they say, where there is no peace—and they do not believe in your gods, nor will they bend their knee to your priests. A public philanthropist is a humbug; a popular preacher is unsound; this ecclesiastical movement is superstitious, that infidel; the best novel of the best author of the day has more faults than beauties; the central character of the popular play is feebly acted, the subordinate parts are made too prominent, and if everything of scenery and plot had been changed and introverted, it would perhaps have been a deserved success, or, at least, have had a better chance of being so. If art critics, they are of those who go to a painter's studio a day or so before sending in to the academy, and they say to him, "My dear fellow, your picture will be admirable if you will repaint this head, throw that figure several feet back, alter the keynote of the whole, make that dress red instead of blue, paint out your background, and put in an olive

tree instead of a bough of apple blossoms"—in fact, repaint in a couple of days a picture which has taken so many months. Else they can do nothing for you by way of encouragement. They see no beauty in it as it stands; and, as you cannot follow their advice, if even you would—and probably you would not—they go about among your friends elaborately pointing out all the defects of your work, as they make them, and lamenting your obstinacy which would not take timely counsel to save your reputation from a failure.

If there were any real principle in these people, we should respect them. We might not like their tempers if they were surly or cantankerous in their manner of differing from their neighbors, but we should understand their sincerity, and so far admire their adherence to their convictions; but when we know that they are mere weathercocks, blown about by every wind in the contrary direction—when we know that the one guiding principle of their life, and the only one to which they stick, is to oppose—that disagreement is as the very breath of their bodies, the very light of their eyes—and that Heaven itself would be intolerable to them if they might not find fault with its arrangements and contradict its decrees—then we can have no kind of respect for their opinions or love for themselves, and at the best can only look upon them as diseased in mind and ill-constructed in body, and so perhaps come to a kind of tolerant compassion for that which we can neither accept nor admire. Indeed, disagreeable and aggressive as is the person born into a natural temper of opposition, he is thereby afflicted with one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall a man. To be always at cross corners with everything, never to know the fellowship of likemindedness, never to feel the soothing of agreement, the help of mental comradeship, nor to understand the beauty that lies in harmony, must be a condition of things, in its painful angularity and mournful privation, demanding all our pity, if we think of it rightly and with more charity than self-consideration. And were we less impatient than we are, and better able to look below the rugged surface of an ugly fault into the sorrowful depths whence it has its rise and where it has struck its roots, we should have the tenderness of infinite toleration, even for the oppositionist among other sinners, and, for all his aggressive and annoying temper, hold him more pitiable than hateful, and more his own enemy than his neighbor's.

OUR sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses; it fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments.—*Spectator*.

THE DEFENCE.

(See Steel Plate.)

BY A. S.

ONE of the loveliest spots in the State of Virginia is situated in a corner of F—— County, remote some ten miles from any railway station, and bearing traces of aristocratic seclusion in its buildings, its orchards, and the general management of the large estate. The house, a large square mansion, of solid stone, is built in the style of English residences in the seventeenth century, somewhat modernized by additions made in later generations, but still of a sufficiently marked antiquity to attract attention in this country of new houses. The estate is very large, and fifteen years ago the pretty little cabins for the slaves, the air of wealth and cultivation visible everywhere, the superb proportions of the mansion, with its wide halls, deep windows, and noble front, made Ellis Wharton's home one of the most beautiful of all the beautiful homes in Virginia.

Fifteen years ago I was a school-girl, and at the seminary where I was educated, Rosa Wharton was also a pupil. She was, like myself, a shy, retiring girl, called proud and exclusive by the other scholars, but at heart humble, studious, and half afraid of the noisy romplings of the others. We were put in the same room, and soon we became intimate, truly loving friends, studying earnestly, and joining but seldom in the frolics of our school-mates.

Rich and petted, a motherless child from infancy, Rosa Wharton was a close student from intense love of knowledge, whilst I was as devoted to my books from the fact that my future bread depended upon my own exertions, and I had not many years in which to fit myself for the arduous life of a teacher.

We had been two years together, sharing one room and every study and pleasure, when Rosa invited me to visit her during the approaching holidays.

"It will not be very gay at home," she said to me, "for Aunt Edith is an invalid, and papa sees but little company; but we have a fine library, an Erard grand piano, plenty of horses, a little pony carriage, all my own; and you will have a warm welcome from all. Do come!"

My holidays had been passed in the company of a grim old aunt, my sole living relative, who varied her grumbling over my appetite by reminding me what an expense my schooling was to her, and how much I owed her for a grudging care of me since I became an orphan at ten years of age. Sure of her permission, and relief to get rid of me without paying my board at school, I gladly accepted Rosa's invitation.

Shall I ever forget the day, the drive, the home, the welcome? We left Washington, after riding all night in the cars, and, crossing the Potomac, reached the station, where we left the cars, at about seven in the morning, of a delicious June day. Waiting at the station was an open barouche, with a pair of coal-black horses, and a negro driver almost as black, who was grinning with delight to welcome "Miss Rosa."

Lounging on luxurious cushions, discussing a cold luncheon provided by "Aunt Edith's" thoughtful care, drinking in long draughts of the fresh morning air, what cared we for Virginia roads, that we were jolted and jogged over, now in a "run," with water to the hub of the wheels, now on a hill that brought the horses over our heads, now in a gully that looked wicked enough to swallow us up alive. Was not the sky blue, the air soft, the mocking-birds just finishing their morning hymns before retiring to unknown parts till sunset? Did not the wild flowers nod at us from the meadows, the clover fill the air with fragrance, and twice were we not feasted with wild strawberries we picked ourselves from the fields skirting the roads? If ever there was a little bit of heaven granted on earth, it was granted in that ten-mile ride to the little school-girl who had never before put her foot on ground outside of Massachusetts.

We were welcomed at the house by a stately old gentleman, and a lady some few years younger, whose lovely, refined face, gentle manner, and sweet voice, won my heart in less than an hour.

For three days it was delight enough merely to live in this paradise. Rosa was the darling of every servant on the plantation, from the dignified housekeeper, Aunt Martha, to the round little picaninies who rolled about like black kittens everywhere. We wandered all over the estate, we fed chickens, we gathered berries, we rode, we drove, we walked, till, on the third day, there came a heavy rain-storm, a steady, determined down pour that would last all day, we were quite weatherwise enough to decide. So, after breakfast, we looked about for indoor amusement, practised an hour on some neglected duets, strolled into the library, and wandering aimlessly about, found ourselves in a long, narrow room, lighted by a glass roof, and hung with pictures. I know but little of paintings, but Ellis Wharton's gallery, I have been assured, is one of the finest private collections in the country. We wandered about, Rosa explaining the various pictures, till she came to one where Rosa stopped short.

"Look at this," she said, "the first of our family who ever came to America."

It was the portrait of a lady, the very face of Edith Wharton, young, and undimmed by suffering. The perfect oval was the same in both faces, the soft, brown eyes, the delicate com-

plexion, and the profusion of nut-brown hair. But the lady in the portrait wore the quaint dress of the seventeenth century, and not more than eighteen summers had visited her fair face.

"Your Aunt Edith's image!" I said.

"Tell her so," said Rosa. "Nothing pleases her better than to have strangers see her resemblance to her ancestress and namesake, Lady Edith Wharton. If you like to hear stories of heroic women, we will coax Aunt Edith to tell us one this rainy day. Come."

It needed but little coaxing. Aunt Edith was proud of her descent from the lovely lady, and willingly told us the tale I am about to repeat. I would you could hear it, as I did, from the sweetest of voices, told with all the pride of relationship to the fair heroine. The rain beating outside made a musical accompaniment in falling on the glass panes, and we were luxuriously lounging in a cool, pleasant room, with no cares to take our interest from the narrative, no sounds of a rude world to interrupt us. And this was the tale we heard:—

"In that dark time, when England was groaning under the horrors of civil war, when Charles the First was vainly trying to defend his throne from the usurper's grasp, when Cavaliers and Roundheads struggled for supremacy in Great Britain, there lived in the proud castle of Wharton, the old baron of that name, his only child Edith, and the usual retainers of a nobleman of his high rank. It would be too long a story to tell the life in the castle during the progress of those great political events which led to the great civil war. Never fretted a man bound down by iron chains, or locked fast in a dungeon, as the baron fretted over the fetters Time had placed upon his aged limbs. He had been an old man when Edith was born, having buried his first wife and five noble boys before he married the young Edith Gascoine, a French lady, who died when her daughter was born. The young girl had been carefully educated, and at the age of eighteen was betrothed to her second cousin Wilfred, Viscount of Wharton, and the heir to the baron's title and the estate.

"It was a match dictated by love as well as family convenience, and it was no small grief to the young girls when, at the first war cry, the viscount placed himself under King Charles' standard, with a troop of horsemen comprising every available retainer in his uncle's household.

"It was hard to live in the old castle with no companion but her aged father, and hear from afar the stories of the king's reverses; to pray nightly for a life that might already be sacrificed in the cause of loyalty; to wake only to dread news of still greater misfortune; but in those dreary days, the loyalty that warmed the blood of generations of ancestors, never was

keener, never more devoted, never more willing to sacrifice all for king and country, than it was in the heart of Edith, Lady Wharton. Not the old man's regret for the five boys in their graves was keener than was hers that she had not been a son, to draw a sword for King Charles.

"You can imagine better than I can describe the horror that fell upon the household when there came the news that the king had been captured, mocked by a trial, and executed. It proved too heavy a blow for the old baron, and he drooped for a few days and died.

"*'Edith,'* he said to his child, when the death dews were already on his face, 'you are only a weak girl, but you are true and loyal. Wilfred may return to you, or he may already be cold in death. Swear to me that you will burn your home to the ground before you will surrender it to these minions of Oliver Cromwell's. Swear to me that you will plunge a dagger into your own heart before you promise allegiance to any king but Charles the Second, who will come to his own.' And, kneeling by the death-bed, his child took an oath never to swerve from her loyalty to the son of the murdered king.

"The few old men left in the castle laid the baron in the family tomb, and Lady Edith was left to bear alone the sickening suspense of life, where every hour might bring news of horror, death, and disaster.

"The fact that the castle stood in a rather remote part of England was probably the reason why years of tranquillity followed Baron Wharton's death. The next baron still followed the fortunes of the royal party, and, from time to time, often at intervals of many months, Lady Edith heard of the fortunes of her betrothed.

"It was a strange life for a young and beautiful woman. Her only feminine companions were Ursula, her old nurse, and Dorothy, her confidential servant, a woman filling the position of a modern lady's maid. Some old retainers still kept up a feeble imitation of the former stately grandeur of the baron's castle, but it was a dreary, sad existence, made doubly hard to endure by the uncertainty of the future. It was certain that, if the royal party was defeated, the possessions of so staunch a royalist as the late Baron of Wharton would not be permitted to pass into the keeping of his nephew and daughter, and Lady Edith felt her heart sink, as she heard of ladies in the same position as herself being forced into the care of Roundhead families, to learn the new code of morality and politics. To keep her inheritance, she knew well would soon be impossible, unless King Charles the Second won some of the momentous battles threatening.

"It was a lovely day in early fall. September had set in, and the castle was preparing somewhat early for the cooler weather, when Lady Edith sat at her embroidery frame, sadly

thinking of the future, praying silently for her betrothed, and sometimes wiping from her eyes the tears gathered there by memory and anxiety. Suddenly a commotion was heard in the wide entrance hall, a confused sound of voices and footsteps. It was a time when every unusual sound was fraught with terror, and Lady Edith and Dorothy dropped their needles, and listened with bated breath and fast-beating hearts. They were not long in suspense. Suddenly, as if he had sprung from the ground, Wilfred, Baron of Wharton, stood before his cousin.

"*'Fair cousin,'*" he said, 'there is but short time for parley. The royal cause seems hopeless. We have had a severe battle at Worcester, and have been utterly routed by these Roundhead rascals. Our loss in prisoners is enormous, and I shudder at the slain. But I and three of my uncle's old retainers have escaped so far to give you warning that our enemies are upon the road to summon this castle to surrender. You must fly from here. We will defend the castle as long as we have life. You must take the subterranean passage through the woods, and try to get to our Uncle Oliver, of Isleton.'

"*'I! I seek refuge with that man! I fly to a traitor, who deserted his king in his hour of tribulation! You mistake me, Cousin Wilfred.'*

"*'But it is the only refuge for you.'*

"*'Then I remain here. I will not hinder your defence of the castle, and, if we are overpowered, we will fly together. But, cousin, listen. Upon his death-bed, my father required of me an oath to destroy the castle sooner than allow it to fall into the hands of our enemies, and, from the hour that I became mistress here, my preparations have been made to burn it at an hour's notice. Combustible material is piled in every room and corner of the halls, and I will apply the torch with my own hand before the home of a long line of noble ancestors shall fall into the hands of one of Cromwell's minions. But, Wilfred, a word with you.'* Dorothy discreetly withdrew to the other end of the long room.

"*'I can but admire your spirit,'* said Wilfred, looking with loving admiration at her erect figure and flashing eyes. '*'Yet I dread to have you here while we hold the castle. Listen, cousin. King Charles is two hours' ride in advance of us. Do you understand now why we must detain his pursuers here?'*

"*'Yes. Oh, let me help you! But, cousin, I had a few words for your private ear. You remember the great beech-tree, where we made a seat years ago, before you left home?'*

"*'I remember.'*

"*'Under the tree, on the same side as the seat, are hidden the plate, gold, jewels, and family papers. My father and Roger, his faithful servant, who died a year ago, placed them there, that, if we left or destroyed the*

castle, they might, perhaps, be reclaimed in a happier future.'

"Can you not escape by the subterranean passage, Edith? I cannot bear the thought of your danger. Hark!"

"Hurrying feet were approaching. Three men, in the dress of the royal troops, rushed into the room.

"The Roundheads are here! We have raised the drawbridge, and they summon the castle to surrender. They think King Charles is here.'

"Ah!" cried Edith, 'this is brave news. Return to the moat, and tell them we will never surrender our king or our castle.'

"The men hurried away.

"If they think the king is here, they will not pursue him till they find out their mistake. And now come to the hall, cousin, and see what poor preparations I have made for this hour. Dorothy, Ursula, and I can load, while you and your men fire upon these insolents.'

"It was time, indeed, to hasten. Already the attacking party were drawn up on the further side of the castle moat, preparing for the attack. Bravely the loyal little party defended their home, every minute being time gained for the royal fugitive they were willing to peril their lives to defend. Hours passed; the women loading rapidly, and passing the firearms to the brave little party at the windows, who fired with fatal precision. It was a hopeless struggle. Two of the three men fell dead, Wilfred was wounded in the arm, poor Ursula was struck through the heart, when the last man at the window cried out that the Roundheads were in possession of the court, for three men had crossed the moat, and were lowering the bridge.

"Then," said Edith Wharton, proudly—"then did Lady Edith, my ancestress, prove her courage and loyalty. Hastily gathering a few effects together, the cousins sent Dorothy and the one surviving soldier to lead the flight through the subterranean passage, and themselves fired the castle in every room and hall, previous to seeking their own safety in flight.

"It would take me days to tell you of the adventures that followed before the fugitives gained the coast, and were able to secure a passage in a French schooner. From France they came to Virginia, a feeble colony in those days, but a refuge for many of the unhappy fugitives of those terrible times.

"It was not until long years after the separation that Wilfred of Wharton revisited his home, and was reinstated in his titles and property. Many offers were made to induce him to remain in England, but his heart clung to the land of his adoption, where his fair wife and three noble children waited his return. So he came here again, a man of wealth, and able to make a home such as he longed for for Edith, even in the wilderness the country was

then. So my ancestors came here, and have lived through many generations. Many of our possessions were dug from the roots of the beech-tree in the days of Charles the Second of England, but we have no treasure we value more than the portrait of Lady Edith, hidden there by her father's loving hand, and so saved from the destruction which fell upon the castle."

DREAMS OF YOUTH.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

"WHY dost thou sigh, O heart of mine!
For the lost dreams of Youth?
The waking visions of thy life
Are fraught with love and truth.
Thy childhood's days were ne'er so bright
As those of later years;
Then why this mourning for lost hopes,
Why these despondent tears?"

"Because my life, though brighter now,
Though peaceful, clear, and fair,
Can never take the rosy hue
Which childhood's dreams did wear."

"Why dost thou mourn, unthankful heart,
For the lost loves of Youth,
When those around thee now are tried—
All tenderness and truth?
Thy childhood's loves were false to thee,
Unworthy of thy care;
Those days are past—oh, mourn them not,
For now thy life is fair."

"I know the friends who love me now
Are tried, and true to me;
But childhood's, in their falseness, seemed
More true than these can be."

"Heart, cease these idle, vain regrets,
Youth is the time for dreams;
But now, above thy head, shine forth
The noonday's sunlight beams.
Work faithfully, for perfect bliss
Is ne'er to mortals given;
And Age's visions shall be bright,
For thou shalt dream of Heaven."

SONG OF THE SURGE.

BY ESPY.

On the shores of Time we wander,
Picking pebbles as we go,
Pebbles cast up by the waters,
In their ever-surging flow.

Finding here one bright with pleasure,
There one dark with sorrow's shade;
Grief and gladness, mingled ever,
On the soul together laid.

List to what the surges murmur:
Every pebble is your own;
Seek not only those of pleasures—
Earth is not for joy alone.

Learn the lesson of Contentment;
Light and shadow both are blest;
Take whatever lies before you—
All are given for the best.

While along Time's shores ye wander,
Gathering pebbles as ye stray,
Learn to act, and aye remember
What the murmuring surges say.

CARL HURXTHALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MALBROOK" AND "HONOR BRIGHT."

"WHEN I marry, it shall be for love," and Bina Hurxthall looked into the cold, proud face of her friend; her own cheeks burning, and her lips quivering with excitement.

"Bina, love is an abstract quality, a thing utterly intangible. When too late, you will find you have grasped an illusive shadow. Poor little thing! I cannot bear to think of your blue eyes, full of despair, searching your empty clasp for what never had been there." Huldah Gaskel laid her work in her lap to look into the earnest, almost childlike, face of the young girl beside her.

"Huldah, what has made you so unbelieving? You used to trust almost every one. Now you do not seem to have any faith in anything or anybody. It almost frightens me."

"Full many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant."

Bina Hurxthall never suspected that she had hurled a shaft into a wound, still torn and bleeding; never noticed that the hands that resumed their work did so with a sort of fierce energy; never saw the white line that traced itself about the proud lips; so followed the remark by still another, in an eager tone of curious questioning:—

"Huldah, if you do not believe in love, what do you believe in? What else should hold a man and a woman together through all their lives?"

The white line broke, to give place to a little laugh, that would have been heartless if it had not held a ring of pain.

"What do I believe in? Oh! an intellectual friendship, or something of that sort."

The young girl looked more troubled and perplexed than ever.

"Huldah, do you mean to say that you would marry a man for the amount of brains he possessed, irrespective of his heart?" Her tone was really distressed. It called forth a laugh that was natural and musical with merriment.

"Certainly, little unsophisticated. Head and pockets are the essential requirements."

At that, a pair of impulsive arms were thrown around her neck in true girlish fashion.

"Now you are your dear old self again, and have only been up to the old tricks you used to serve me at school. You shall not tease me so soon again."

At that moment a servant said, at the door: "Miss Bina, Professor Loring is in the drawing-room."

With sundry cautions "to amuse herself, and not grow homesick, while she was gone," the young girl answered the summons, and a few moments after the tones of the piano rang through the house. When she had gone, Huldah Gaskel dropped her work idly in her lap,

and looked drearily out at the window. The day was sunless, having such a sky as Ruskin has described as "a kind of hesitation in the clouds whether it is to be fair or foul weather, they having neither the joyfulness of rest or the majesty of storm."

The face in the window was quite in sympathy with this unhappy, negative state of nature. There was no rest in it, neither the grandeur of utter grief, but a sort of uneasiness and disgust of life. One word of this woman. There had come into Huldah Gaskel's life that which has brought a blight to many a woman. The old, old story. We have it with a thousand different narratives, yet still the same. The "tender-eyed" Leah; the insulted Vashti; the wronged, slighted Octavia; and, in more modern times, the noble, womanly Empress Josephine. We sum it up in the pertinent phrase, "disappointed in love."

An orphan, with no one to guide the uncontrolled impulses of her strong nature, she had immediately on leaving school lavished an unreasonable, idolatrous love on an ideal, and found him a mortal. He was as handsome as the Greeks' Apollo, as graceful as their Adonis, but as false and fickle as their Cupid. He had a certain brilliancy easily mistaken for intellect, but even the shallowest stream will catch the scintillations of the sunlight. The small but sufficient fortune left her by her father, as well as her beautiful face and noble bearing, had been the attraction. So, when an heiress of reputed wealth joined their circle of society, his ardent flame of love suddenly paled into a dim blue taper. The shock had stunned her. She had set up on pedestal so high as to quite shut out all view of the Deity this idol, and, making it a god, had bowed her knee. Suddenly it lay shattered at her feet—a paltry, glittering, hollow thing, that made her shiver in its infinite deceit. Then, instead of bowing in penitence and humble remorse before the God she had insulted, by having made another god before Him, she had turned away, a cold, skeptical, unbelieving woman, only acknowledging that there was any God at all, because to deny His existence was incompatible with reason.

All this had happened but a few short months ago. Bina Hurxthall and she had been school friends. They had never met since they had left school, two years before. Now, when she had received an urgent invitation to spend the winter with her, she had accepted it gladly, on condition that Bina should return with her to her guardian's home, and spend the following summer with her. We find her the day after her arrival, as yet a stranger to all, save her friend. So much by way of exegetical prelude to our story.

All the morning, whilst these two friends had been taking up the lost links in their chain of friendship, in Mrs. Hurxthall's pleasant li-

brary, there had been a third and unnoticed presence. The room was large. His chair was wheeled quite into a distant bay-window. He had sat with one hand shading his eyes, the other guiding a pencil over the paper on his knee; sometimes rapidly, as if the thoughts crowded for utterance, sometimes slowly, the pencil almost idling. After awhile it grew quite still, and the face was so restful and peaceful that, together with the closed eyes, you might have thought the man sleeping, had it not been for the lines of thought about his mouth. A short time after the distant music floated in through the open door, he arose and crossed the room, with the uncertain, hesitating step characteristic of the blind. The girl in the window turned her face suddenly into the room, with a little shiver, half of nervous dread, half of awe, impressed with the sense of mystery and distance that always envelops the blind. In the old school days, Bina had talked for hours of her blind brother, expatiating with girlish enthusiasm on his wonderful talents and almost holy nature. Even in those happy, light-hearted times, Huldah had listened with awe. Now, with nervous system sorely racked, as he drew near, she shrank farther into the window, with a quiver of fear, as if in the presence of some visitant from another world. With wonderful instinct, as if the "over-soul," from its far outpost, had caught the signal, he paused an instant, a little quiver of pain disturbing the restful lips; then, with scarcely the slightest palpable evidence of the inward struggle, he advanced and took the chair beside her.

She saw, with mute amaze and increased awe, that, with almost supernatural acuteness, he had discovered her unexpressed sensation, and for a moment was seized with a wild, nervous impulse to leave the room, but the latent nobleness of her womanhood deterred her. She sat quite mute. For a moment he was silent, leaning back in the chair Bina had but a few moments before vacated. She had scarcely heard him speak since her arrival; now he addressed her:—

"Did Bina show you anything of our city this morning?"

His voice was low and musical, and there was such an undefined charm in the restful quiet of his face, she never thought to answer. Again, with that wonderful instinct, that we might term compensation, he seemed to define the cause of her silence. A smile, half of pleasure, half of amusement, flitted across his face. It recalled her. With a hesitation quite new to her proud nature, she said:—

"Your pardon! Yes, Bina showed me your city."

"What do you think of it?" A shadow of the smile still lurking, just enough to perturb her.

"It is very pretty. How many inhabitants has it?" There was evident effort in the reply.

He laughed, a little, low, merry laugh, that she unquestioningly joined, though conscious it was at herself.

"Why do you ask? You do not care if it has five or fifty. Be honest and admit it."

"No, I do not," quite frankly, looking at him with wondering interest.

"Miss Gaskel, what are your ideas of conventionalities?" resting his head upon his hand to await her answer.

He was a new phase of character. He puzzled her. His conversation and manner were in direct contradiction one to the other. The one was abrupt and original, the other full of most quiet grace, yet they harmonized. The question utterly precluded any idea of an answer. She could as easily have told him what she thought of himself. He waited a moment, then said, quizzically:—

"Are you and I to labor through a month of polite-isms, or will you frankly say now: '*I know you*'?"

"But I don't," she said, very honestly, with an uneasy conviction that by some strange agency he already knew her better than she did herself, and trying, with a sense of bewilderment, to remember what all she had said in the presence of this silent, astute observer, whom she had regarded as utterly removed from the immediate incidents of everyday life. Again he seemed to read her thought, and, with something in his voice that made her conscious that he enjoyed her perplexity, said:—

"Yes, I know you quite well already."

We all plume ourselves on our individuality, and proudly think we have locked the door of the inner penetralia, where dwell our secret thoughts and purposes, thinking the keenest penetration cannot discover them. No one likes to feel that he "is an open epistle, known and read of all men." Intuitively, this woman felt that this man had made no vain or idle boast. It piqued her; with woman's tact she sought to hide her secret admission, saying, sarcastically:—

"I must be as clear as crystal. You met me for the first time yesterday. My life must have been a failure, indeed, if a character twenty-two years in forming is so weak and shallow as to be comprehended in so short a time."

"Yet, Miss Gaskel, a book, which the author has brought the greatest power of intellect and heart to bear upon for years, can be read in a few hours," in his quiet, asserting tone.

"I question your mighty presumptive power," she said, with a touch of haughtiness in her voice. Again that fitting smile.

"Your tone is a direct refutation of your words. Shall I prove the power I vaunt?"

She had never talked to him before, yet here he was, a perfect stranger, boldly sweeping aside the conventionalities contingent to ac-

quaintance forming, quietly asserting that he knew her, and asking permission to prove it. Was it any wonder she was puzzled? In answer to his question she bowed her head, forgetting he was blind, until she saw him awaiting her answer. Then said, quite simply:—

"If you please."

Instantly his lips grew grave. He said, as if talking of quite another person:—

"Huldah Gaskel is a woman of a slightly different calibre from the generality of her sex. She is a unit. In some things she far excels, in others does not nearly equal, many a weaker woman. As is usually the case with strong natures, her faults and virtues alike project too boldly for perfect symmetry of character. She is proud and haughty, and often feels contempt where she should experience only pity. There is no littleness in her nature. Her errors are always large; her intellect is clear, vigorous, and comprehensive; she worships *mind*. To her the Creator is an intelligent more than a loving Being. I know not whether in profession, she is orthodox or not, but in her secret heart she acknowledges the oneness rather than the Trinity of the Deity. The infinite, loving, pitying Christ, the gentle Holy Spirit, are lost before the creative mind of God Almighty. Her mind is naturally skeptical and unbelieving, and I should judge that experience has aided nature. She looks with cynicism on the purest passion of the heart—*love*. Yet in her being there is an infinite craving that this alone can satisfy. When her heart balances her head, her womanhood will be complete. There is no rest in her nature; reason and impulse hold constant warfare. With Emerson she says, proudly: 'Nothing can bring you peace but yourself;' and, looking where peace is not, fails in the finding."

As he had talked, her cheeks had alternately flushed and paled, her eyes dimmed and burned. Now she interrupted him with an eager question, that all-unwittingly admitted the whole truth of what he had said:—

"Where, then, is that peace to be found? Not in my fellow-beings, surely! I have looked in vain."

"No; let me quote Emerson again: 'It is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose.'"

"And that infinite?" earnestly.

"Is not what you have comprehended. You have endowed Deity with a single attribute—*mind*; whereas religion, both natural and revealed, asserts incontrovertibly that 'God is love.'"

"Well, and if I should admit it, how would that bring peace?" her voice full of unbelief.

"To believe, you must first comprehend; and to comprehend love, is peace and rest."

He had fought her with her own weapons. She had doubted the existence of a thing which,

with all her vaunted power of mind, she had failed to understand, and this man, a perfect stranger, had boldly told her so. She was silent, looking full into his face with intense curiosity. It was an interesting face, of pure intellectual type, with just enough of the German characteristic to mark his descent. Somewhere she had seen a face that resembled this. She was puzzled. A sudden smile about his lips advised her that he was conscious of her gaze. This wonderful intuition, this keen, sensitive perception, startled her. It seemed supernatural.

"You never knew what I looked like until this moment, did you?" he said, in an amused tone. He put the question in such an unexpected, natural way, that she answered very frankly:—

"No."

"And why?"

She could not tell him that it was because she had never thought of him before, save as an inhabitant of some mysterious spiritual world, living quite in the solitude of the impenetrable darkness that surrounded him. He was waiting her answer. This woman was haughty and self-possessed, yet this man, in a single conversation, which had occupied but a few moments, had disconcerted her half a dozen times. She grew restless with embarrassment, and drew a quick breath of relief when at that moment Mrs. Hurxthall entered the room, and came into the window where they sat. She was a little woman, of perfect German style; her blue eyes full of gentle mother-light, her flaxen hair gray-sprinkled, and the fairness of her smooth, unwrinkled face intensified by the deep mourning, that declared her a widow. Her husband had been dead for many years, but she had never laid aside her black. Now she placed her little dimpled hand, with loving pride, upon her son's shoulder.

"Carl, Mr. Norton is in your study."

He arose, and with his hand before him, like one groping in the dark, left the room. His mother took his place. Huldah watched the blind man until the threshold divided them, then her eyes met his mother's. The gentle little lady's were full of tears.

"It is a sad cross, dear, but Carl never knew any bitterness. His life is one of perfect peace." Then she related how, when twelve years of age, as the result of an almost hopeless illness, the optic nerve had been utterly paralyzed. He had been to the first oculists of both Europe and America in vain. At that moment he went down the door-steps, and passed the window, his arm linked in the arm of a gentleman several years his senior.

"Mr. Norton was his tutor as a boy; now he comes to read to him several hours every day. They generally walk an hour first," explained his mother. Huldah was watching them out

of sight. "Mr. Norton is a very accomplished gentleman," continued the lady. "He is conversant with several languages; so, too, is Carl. They spent five years together abroad. Carl says he saw the Old World through Mr. Norton's eyes."

Huldah Gaskel had been with her friend a month. That month had been wonderful to her in its revelations. Orphaned from her earliest childhood, she had never known anything of home life. Until the last two years, she had spent even her vacations at boarding-school; these two had been passed in a whirl of dissipation, ending as we have recorded. Now she saw home in all its German perfection—quiet, heartsome, joyous, and utterly destitute of frivolity, each, kind and generous, bringing all their best powers to bear upon the general happiness. Motherhood became to her symbolical of all things pure and unselfish, and the relations of brother, sister, and friend typical of the brightest affection, as she saw it revealed in Carl Hurxthall, Bina, and Mr. Norton. The latter of these she found the cultivated gentleman Mrs. Hurxthall had described, whilst Carl Hurxthall, as he had the first day surprised her, so each succeeding day filled her with wondering perplexity. His character seemed a harmonious whole, composed of a thousand contradictory and conflicting hearts. He constantly fathomed depths of thought whose surface she, with all her love of intellectual research, had never even stirred, discussing the occult mysteries of both the moral and material creation with a reverent daring that both startled and fascinated her. His mind was of that idealistic calibre characteristic of the Germans, but every speculation was guided by his firm faith in the Christ. So in the sea of doubt, flecked with the many illusive islands of false philosophy, that have proved the wreck of thousands who have sought safety and repose in their deceptive shades—as Spinoza, Plato, Hume, Voltaire, and in latter days Parker, Renan, and Emerson—he, clinging to the Rock of Ages, could look with infinite restfulness on the dark, angry surges, and count the wonderful variety of their numberless waves.

All this combined, the quiet home life, the constant exhibition of those pure passions of the heart, at which she had been wont to scoff, such as truth, friendship, and love, inevitably wielded a mighty influence on the character of this woman. Suddenly she found herself brought face to face with her inner self. Her proud, self-dependent theories were crushed to atoms. She blushed with shame at the narrowness that had caused her to doubt all the world, because one had proved false. Those things at which she had sneered seemed now the only reasonable things to credit. The New Testament, for the first time to her, was a Revela-

tion, instead of a well-devised fable, and with reverent awe, in the silence of her indwelling soul, she admitted that God is Christ, and Christ is God, and with the acknowledging of Christ was the acknowledging of *love*. The utter revolution of feeling had been wrought so suddenly that her strong nature quivered as from a shock. Those about her, simply knowing her as they saw her, never suspected the struggle—none excepting Carl Hurxthall. With his wonderful intuition, he had stripped away the slight screen of her outward actions, and comprehended the conflict. One day, when they chanced to be alone in the library, in his quiet but abrupt way, he had given her to understand as much, and then left her to wonder how he had found it out, going over and standing in the window. The sunlight poured in full; he turned his face to meet it, drooping his lids to protect his sightless eyes. Mr. Norton had been out of town for a week. In all that time he had never walked a block. She knew that his walks were a source of keenest enjoyment to him. An expression of indecision fluttered her haughty lips.

"Mr. Hurxthall." The voice was full of hesitation.

"Miss Huldah," turning his face towards her. In speaking his name, she had cast the die. Her Rubicon must be passed. Her voice trembled a trifle, for all her efforts to control it.

"You have not walked for a week. Will you let me fill Mr. Norton's place?"

She had never seen the quiet of this man's face broken before; now the blood rushed to his very brow. She thought she had hurt his pride. A moment he was silent, then came over and stood beside her.

"Miss Huldah, Carl Hurxthall is a prouder man than he likes to admit. Was this offer made from pity?"

She clasped her hands with impetuous motion; her voice was full of earnest disclaim:—

"Believe me that had no place in my thought."

"What then?"

"You are constantly compelling me to analyze my impulses," she said, impatiently. Still he waited. "Are you going to insist upon a reason?" she asked, petulantly.

"Yes," in his quiet voice.

The answer was childlike in its frank simplicity: "It is because I wanted to." And, with this little admission, came the revelation to the woman's heart, "I love him." The words left her lips, as they passed them, pale and troubled.

At these words, "Because I wanted to," he flushed again, but not violently as before; then said: "Thank you." There was a ring of pain in those two little words. She abruptly left the room.

An hour after, on her way to her room to lay aside her wrappings, she met Mrs. Hurxthall

on the stairs. The gentle lady kissed either cheek, that the winter wind had painted, and, looking full into her eyes, said: "Thank you."

Scarce an hour before, she had heard those two words spoken in accents of pain; now they fairly quivered with an exultant ring of joy. She passed on, the two tones blending strangely, her heart oscillating between their conflicting emotions.

There are some spots that seem consecrated to the strongest, deepest experiences of our lives. This same library window, in which our story has centred, was destined to prove such a spot to Huldah Gaskel. About one week after these two had taken that walk, she was sitting quite alone in this window.

This woman, in God's gentleness, had been taught to cast aside all unbelief. Now the last vestige of skepticism was swept away. With bowed and troubled heart, she had been forced to acknowledge the truth of that at which she had the most bitterly scoffed—human love. Love comes but once into any life. The master-passion is confounded with a thousand flitting fancies. When we find that a thing is only the semblance of that for which we have mistaken it, we do not lose our admiration for the thing itself, but only for the semblance. So, when this woman found that he whom she had loved was an ideal, a morbid creation of this same love, the pure, immortal passion did not cease to exist, but simply shrank away from her sneers, until, knowing the master-touch, it had leaped forth with joyous, uncontrollable bound. Huldah Gaskel was humbled and perplexed. To her this was one of the greatest mysteries of life. She was seeking to solve it, and so absorbed was she, so far removed from the immediate scenes by which she was surrounded, that she started with a little cry of positive alarm when, glancing in from the window, she found Carl Huxthall beside her. He smiled.

"Pray, Miss Huldah, from what nomadic pilgrimage have I recalled your soul?" he asked, coming quite into the window, where the iridescent light of the brilliant sunset tinged a shower of concentrated glory adown his brown hair, and rested upon his noble, peaceful face. This man, in his sightlessness, seemed to revel in sunlight.

"That is a new way of putting absent-mindedness," she said, not answering his question.

"It is quite reasonable, however," as was his wont, proving the assertion. "What you term mind is but the reasoning power of the soul. If the soul withdraws utterly from its earthly tenement, death ensues. If it shuts its doors and windows, barring out the world, whilst one of its attributes is taking a discursive flight, we call it absent-mindedness. So, when some one knocks at our soul's door, we are sometimes

startled as with a rude alarm in the night. For instance, a moment since I frightened you."

She did not deny it.

"Why?" Then, ere she had time to reply, he abruptly changed the subject. "Miss Huldah, I am told that you are very handsome. Are you?"

He had a way of saying such strange things in such a quiet tone, it kept one in utter bewilderment between the words and voice. She did not answer. What woman could have? But the quick blushes dyed her cheeks. The corners of his mouth played in amusement, as if he saw them. Perhaps the small space of air between them, in the silence, fluttered and palpitated with her embarrassment. The next remark was in a grave tone:—

"Miss Huldah, I am going to ask a great favor of you. Will you grant it?"

Perhaps he was going to ask her to read to him or walk with him. She answered unequivocally, without any proviso: "Yes."

There was a curve of triumph about his lips. There always was when he could elicit any sign of trust from this woman, who, so short a time ago, had gloried in her unbelief and caution. His next movement, though characterized by his usual grace and ease, startled her. He knelt quite at her side, and, turning his face full to the sunlight, swept back his hair, saying:—

"I am going to ask of you what I have never been able to ask of any other mortal, not even my own mother. Will you please tell me exactly how I look?" and, as he proffered the request, he rested his arm lightly upon her lap.

It was so sudden, so unexpected, she was quite mute. He misunderstood her silence. A shadow—the first she had ever seen—darkened his brow, a shadow of mingled disappointment and pain.

"Pardon me, it was presumptuous!" he said, about to rise.

With quick impulse, she laid her hand detainingly upon his shoulder.

"Oh, you do not understand! How shall I make you?" Her tone was distressed. The expression of pain vanished.

"Explain yourself, and I will try to comprehend," he said, in amusement.

She drew her hand hastily away, hoping he had not noticed it, and realizing, with burning cheeks, that the sole exegesis lay in this, "I cannot tell you how you look, because I love you."

"I am waiting for the explanation," he said.

"I cannot give it," in perplexity.

"Either I must have the portraiture or the reason of its denial," he said, with cool determination.

The latter was an utter impossibility. "Do you want me to act as if I were your mirror?" her voice trembling in the question.

He bowed assent.

Again she was silent. The sunlight gathered full in his noble, earnest face, bringing no pain to the sightless eyes, with the lashes shading them. He seemed to feel the intense gaze of the eyes fastened upon him, and lines of suspense broke the restfulness of his quiet mouth. At length he said, with a touch of suffering in his tone:—

"Miss Huldah, you little dream how you are trying me."

Never before had she felt conscious of any power over this man in his still strength; now she fairly palpitated with exquisite pleasure in being able even to give him pain. With that wonderful intuitive perception, he seemed to seize her thought, and, taking her hand, placed it on his shoulder, where she had voluntarily laid it but a moment before, saying lightly:—

"If you persist in inflicting pain, you shall help me bear it."

The blood rushed to her very brow; she drew it hastily away, saying:—

"I will tell you."

He laughed, a little, low, teasing laugh, then grew grave to listen. It touched her pride. She strove vainly for words. How could she describe each lineament? Every nerve was strained, each sense keenly alive. Memory, on the alert, aided her. This face had from the first reminded her of some other face. Now, as it was revealed in the broad sunlight, with its earnestness, its peacefulness, its strong German characteristics, thought came. She spoke it in a tone of joyous relief:—

"You look like the picture of Philip Melancthon. Did you ever see it?"

"Yes, when I was a boy." There was a slight flush of pleasure on his cheek. A moment he was silent; then, with a quiver in his usually quiet voice, he said: "And my eyes?" As he spoke, he raised the lids, and quite exposed the darkened windows, through which his soul was never to look. Her own eyes filled with tears. She had never looked into them before, for they were always partially veiled.

"They are very dark," she said.

"Tell me, honestly, are they unsightly? It has troubled me for years."

There was a hush of long pent emotion in the question; all the womanhood in her nature asserted its sway. She said, in a low, gentle voice:—

"They are very beautiful to look upon."

A sudden burst of joy for an instant broke up all the peace of his face into gladness. As if striving to hide his emotion, he said, "Thank you;" and, rising hastily, stood quite in the window, his face turned from her.

This man, whose life she had thought one of ineffable peacefulness, had for years suffered at least one pang. With the exquisite pride of his fine sensitive nature, he had borne this suspense. Why should he have come to her, a

comparative stranger? A wild rush of mingled doubt and joy sent the blood to her cheeks. He was standing quite beside her. He turned suddenly and laid his hand upon her head. Instantly she guessed his purpose. She drooped her head, saying, almost pleadingly:—

"Oh, not now!" He laughed.

"There is no time but *now*. The past is gone, the future is not. Besides, why should you deny me what all the world can see?"

She sat quite mute. He passed his hand gently over brow and eyes, over the oval of the burning cheeks and the beautiful, proud lips, then stood beside her with folded arms. She could not look at him. At that moment the library door burst open, and Bina, with startled face and white cheeks, came hastily to join them. With loving motion she knelt at Huldah's knee, and taking both hands in hers, said:—

"Huldah, dear, you are so alone in the world! Is there any one at all for whom, if you should hear he was dead, you would grieve?"

Every nerve had been racked. This proud woman paled and trembled, she scarce knew why.

"Bina, explain yourself child!" said her brother.

"There is a letter for her, all rimmed with black." And the young girl extended it toward her, her own hand trembling almost as much as the hand that received it.

Huldah broke the seal and read the few brief words.

"My guardian is dead. I shall have to go home at once," she said, quietly.

Bina interrupted her impulsively:—

"But, Huldah, why? You do not know him. You never met him half a dozen times. You cannot mourn for a person you do not know. Why, then, must you go?"

"Business will make it necessary, dear. Besides, I owe that much respect to his widow. I was to have made my home with them in the spring, you know."

Her voice was so very quiet and calm it startled even herself. In all this time Carl Hurxthall had spoken no word. He had stood with folded arms, and still white face. Bina looked at him, then arose abruptly and left the room. So were this man and this woman brought face to face. Neither moved nor spoke. The silence seemed fairly to palpitate and throb in its intensity. At length he laid his hand upon her head; his voice was as usual, quiet, but suffering spoke in every tone.

"Huldah, it is but your right to know what I am about to tell you. My life has been a darkened one from boyhood. I had learned to bear it, with God's help, in peace, but now I am suddenly cast into impenetrable gloom. I had always believed that my Maker would spare me the anguish of experiencing that

which brings joy to others, but could only bring suffering to me. In this belief, I have fearlessly met all women, and so met you. I love you. Do not offer pity. I am so proud I could not bear it. My nature is strong. When you are gone, I shall learn to bear this, as I have the other sorrow of my life." As he spoke, he passed his hand once more over her face, as if bidding her good-by, then turned from her, and stood again in the window.

Each varying hue of setting sun had faded, the purple twilight pervaded all the world, and Huldah Gaskel sat in this twilight, seeing all the world irradiated as with glory, quite mute in this sudden joy. At length she arose, and, standing timidly beside him, spoke his name. Her voice in the sudden gladness sounded so strange, the man turned quickly into the room, thrusting out his hand to where she had been, in a sort of bewilderment, as if he must rend the darkness. She caught the groping hand in both of hers, saying, still in that strange voice:—

"Mr. Hurxthall, I have something to tell you."

The hand she held closed over hers almost fiercely, as if fearing to lose hers. He bowed his face, its restfulness utterly broken by anguish, to listen. She told the story of her life. When she had finished, he asked, his voice fairly quivering with suspense:—

"Why have you told me this?"

"Because it was your right," in a tone so low he had to stoop to catch it.

"And why my right?" The hands in his trembled.

There was no answer. His face, in its white anguish, demanded the reply.

"Because I love you."

A little later, Mrs. Hurxthall brought in the lights, followed closely by Bina. There was a look, half of curiosity, half of anxiety, on each fair German face. Carl Hurxthall sat in the window, and Huldah on a low stool beside him, her arm resting upon his knee. With one hand he stroked her dark hair, the other lay caressingly upon her shoulder. The old restful look had come back, and his peaceful face looked as if it had caught and fixed the last gleams of the sunlight, but just faded.

He heard his mother and sister, and called them. Huldah started, and would have drawn away, but his quiet hand detained her. The quick eyes of mother and sister comprehended it all instantly.

"Mother, your blind boy is fairly dazzled in the light of an unlooked for joy," he said.

The gentle old lady swept back his hair, and kissed his brow, then, laying a hand on each of Huldah's hot cheeks, kissed her too, and, quite broken down with glad emotion, left the room to thank her God in solitude. Not so Bina; she fairly clapped her hands with child-like delight.

"I knew it would end so. I have told you so all along. What is your opinion of 'intellectual friendship,' and 'heads and pockets,' and so on indefinitely?" stooping down beside Huldah, her blue eyes fairly dancing.

Carl Hurxthall laughed merrily. Huldah's cheek grew very hot.

"Those were about the first words I ever heard you speak," he said, teasingly.

"Were they, Carl? How odd you should have felt any interest in her then. I have often heard you say that the most essential characteristic in a woman was faith, and Huldah talked that day as if she doubted everything."

He smiled. The tea bell rang. Huldah, with a quiet breath of relief, arose hastily. Bina laughed; so, too, did her brother, arising, and drawing a hand of each through his arm. As they left the room, Bina said, a trifle anxiously:—

"Huldah will not run off and leave us at all now, will she, Carl?"

He smiled, answering in a low tone of mock confidence:—

"She has promised to stay until I go with her."

TWO VISIONS.

BY SUE MURDOCK.

I DREAMED a dream of the olden time,
When life was sweet, and life was new;
Each golden hour was fraught with joy,
For life was love, and love was true.
Oh! the cherished scenes that dreams reveal,
Lost fountains of all childish bliss,
When each dewy morn and radiant eve
Was hallowed by a mother's kiss.

But, alas! the rude awakening
Dispelled the phantom of the past;
My bark, from gliding 'mong the flowers,
Had neared the ocean, dark and vast;
And, while drifting with life's busy fleet,
My spirit-fingers grope and find—
Not a fairy dream of youth fulfilled—
But burdened heart and shadowed mind.

I dreamed once more, but of ended years;
The world was old, and heaven new;
These weary feet had found pastures green
And verdure sweet to wander through—
In that land where faith is lost in sight,
And hope by full fruition blest,
And heart and soul by the Master's hand
Attuned to harmony of rest.

Sweet, dream-winged messenger, thou has taught
A better wish than for youth's return,
For its boundless pleasures, proved at last
A flowing fount with broken urn—
A wish to yield to a hand that leads
Along the path He trod alone;
But, with loving finger, points the way
From Calvary's cross to heaven's crown.

HE who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty approaches sublimity.—*Lazater.*

ACTING CHARADE. INDEPENDENT.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

Characters.

MR. JOHN MURRAY, a parson.
MRS. JOHN MURRAY.
LEONORA MURRAY, a young lady.
AUGUSTUS MURRAY, a boy of twelve years of age.
BOB BOUNCER, an innkeeper.
JENNIE BOUNCER, his wife.
CHARLES INGRAHAM.
MARY REYNOLDS, Mrs. Murray's niece—an orphan.

SCENE I.—INN.

SCENE.—*The parlor of a country inn. Curtain rises, discovering JENNIE, dusting and arranging the furniture.*

Jennie. There! I am sure the room looks as nice as hands can make it. I have dinner all ready to serve up, and Bob is dressed as neatly as any landlord in town. Now, I do wonder if we shall have any guests!

Enter BOB.

Bob. The stage is coming, Jennie. I heard the echo of the horn from the hill.

Jennie. O Bob, I do wonder if any of the travellers will come *here*! If they don't, it will be too bad. The rooms are all aired and ready, and I have the nicest dinner on the fire!

Bob. Well, Tim Jones, the stage driver, promised he would recommend the "Green Tree," if any of the passengers inquired for an inn.

Jennie. When all the other houses in town are crowded all summer with guests, who come for the shooting and fishing, I should think we might have *some* customers.

Bob. *(Solemnly.)* But, Jennie, it is a great undertaking to start a new public house.

Jennie. Yes, that it is, Bob.

Bob. You see, there's all the expense of furnishing, and engaging servants, and providing—There's the stage! *(Horn outside plays one bar of Yankee Doodle.)*

Jennie. Run, Bob, run, and see if it is coming here! *(Exit BOB.)* Oh, how I do hope somebody will come! If the inn is not patronized, I don't know what we shall do, for all Bob's savings and mine, after eleven years of service, are in the house.

Bob. *(Behind the scenes.)* This way, ladies! This way, gentlemen! This way, if you please!

Jennie. *(Clapping her hands.)* Oh, somebody is coming!

Enter BOB, walking backward, and bowing, following him MR. and MRS. MURRAY, LEONORA, AUGUSTUS, and MARY REYNOLDS, all in travelling dresses, and carrying shawls, valises, umbrellas, and baskets.

Mr. Murray. Landlord!

Bob. Yes, sir!

Mr. Murray. Can you accommodate us for two or three weeks with comfortable rooms and a good table?

Bob. Yes, sir! Rooms all newly furnished, sir, and all the delicacies of the season on the table.

Mrs. Murray. *(To Jennie.)* We want four of your best rooms for the family, and an attic for my daughter's companion.

Mary. *(Aside.)* Companion! Her own niece. When my poor father was alive, we did not put Aunt Ellen's family in the attic.

Leonora. I require a full length mirror in my room, landlady.

Augustus. And you must make some sort of a bed for my dog in my room.

Jennie. *(Aside.)* Mercy on me! We shall never be able to suit them in the world.

Mr. Murray. How soon can we have dinner, landlord?

Jennie. In a few minutes, sir.

[Exit JENNIE.]

Mrs. Murray. Mary, take my bonnet and cloak, and Leonora's to our rooms. I shall not go up stairs until after dinner.

Bob. I will show you the rooms, miss.

[Exit MARY and BOB, MARY carrying the bonnets and cloaks.]

Augustus. Come, pa, let's see if the driver got out the guns and fishing tackle all right.

Mr. Murray. Yes, yes! Those guns cost a pretty penny. Come!

[Exit MR. MURRAY and AUGUSTUS.]

Leonora. And now, mamma, that we are alone, do tell me why you have come to this miserable little country town, and taken lodgings in an inn, instead of going to Saratoga or Newport, as other people do?

Mrs. Murray. *(Mysteriously.)* My dear Leonora, Mr. Ingraham is coming here for a month's fishing and shooting.

Leonora. Mamma! The young millionaire we met in Boston?

Mrs. Murray. Yes, my dear; he told your papa so last week. Now, Leonora, you are a very pretty girl, no doubt, but you have not the advantages of the girls who have always had money. Our wealth came too late for you to commence your education again.

Leonora. *(Sighing.)* I know that. There's Mary now; she had a rich father when she was a child, and just see how accomplished she is. Do you know, mamma, I have often wondered Uncle Rolf did not leave the fortune he left you to Mary; he was so fond of her.

Mrs. Murray. Well, my dear, fortunately for us, he did not. But to return to Mr. Ingraham. Knowing you were not calculated to appear to the best advantage amongst the belles of Newport and Saratoga, I coaxed your father to come here, where you will not have any rivals.

Leonora. When does he come, mamma?

Mrs. Murray. He is already here, at the Golden Fleece, but, unfortunately, the inn was

too full to accommodate us, so we were obliged to come here.

Enter MARY.

Leonora. (Pettishly.) I do wish you would knock before you come into a room, Mary.

Mary. (Quietly.) I scarcely thought it necessary on entering the public parlor of an inn.

Mrs. Murray. Well it *was* necessary. You are interrupting a private conversation.

Mary. I will retire, then.

Leonora. No, you need not go now. Here, arrange my collar and hair a little before we go to dinner.

Mary. You look very well.

Leonora. (Snappishly.) Don't answer me back!

Mrs. Murray. Do as you are told, miss, or you may find yourself turned out of house and home. Remember, if we withdraw our charity, you will have nothing to live upon.

Mary. (Arranging LEONORA'S collar and hair.) You remind me of the fact often enough to keep it in my memory.

Enter MR. MURRAY and AUGUSTUS.

Augustus. I wish they would hurry dinner! I'm as hungry as a bear!

Mr. Murray. I could relish a bite too, my son.

Enter BOB.

Bob. Dinner is ready! (*AUGUSTUS rushes out, MR. and MRS. MURRAY follow, arm-in-arm. MARY walks towards the door, but LEONORA pushes her back violently and goes out first with an air of insolent disdain.*)

Mary. (Sighing.) How long must I endure this? O Uncle Rolf! Uncle Rolf! Is this the end of all your promises? [*Exit MARY.*]

Bob. Now ain't that a shame! Such a pretty, modest looking young lady, and 'tother one so brazen and bold! Dear me, what a difference money does make, to be sure; but it will never make a *lady* of the miss in the gray gown; no, not if she has millions, while the pretty young thing in mourning is a lady born!

Enter JENNIE.

Jennie. O Bob, can we ever satisfy them? I'm sure there ain't such a thing as a full length mirror in town, and just think of a hateful, great dog sleeping on our nice new carpets!

Bob. Never mind, Jennie. We must do our best. They are powerful rich folks, I guess, by the quantity of trunks and fixing they've got.

Jennie. Of course we'll do our best, but we have got our hands full now, I guess.

Bob. (Pompously.) Yes, Jennie, it is a very heavy responsibility to keep an inn.

[*Recount BOB and JENNIE.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—DEPENDENT.

SCENE.—*Same as SCENE I. Curtain rises, discovering MARY seated in an attitude of sorrow. In her hand is a piece of embroidery.*

Mary. Oh, how can I bear this life? Every hour some new sneer or some new insolence reminds me of my dependent position. My heart is breaking. (*Weeps.*)

Enter CHARLES INGRAHAM.

Charles. Can you tell me, madam— (*MARY looks up, facing CHARLES.*) Miss Reynolds! This is an unexpected pleasure. But you are in trouble. Forgive me if I intrude.

Mary. You forget this parlor is free to every passer-by. It is I who should have gone to my room before I allowed my own sad thoughts to force these tears from my eyes.

Charles. I cannot regret your choice of an apartment, since it has given me the pleasure of meeting you.

Enter LEONORA.

Leonora. Is that collar done, Mary, or have you been as usual dawdling and snivelling all the morning? (*Seeing CHARLES.*) Mr. Ingraham! (*Aside.*) And I in this horridly unbecoming dress!

Charles. Good-morning, Miss Murray! What favorable wind wafted you to this out-of-the-way town?

Leonora. Oh! pa and Augustus were crazy for the shooting and fishing, so mamma and I concluded to rusticate for a few weeks. But who would have imagined we should meet you here?

Charles. The love of sport was my magnet, too. Do you purpose remaining here long?

Leonora. I cannot tell. It all depends upon the abundance of game and fish, I suppose.

Enter MRS. MURRAY and AUGUSTUS.

Mrs. Murray. Why, Mr. Ingraham! Well, of all the delightful surprises! How do you do?

Charles. Good-morning, Mrs. Murray!

Augustus. I say, you Moll, why didn't you catch me some flies for bait, as I told you to?

Mary. I told you, Augustus, that I could not do anything so cruel.

Leonora. (Sneeringly.) How very tender-hearted!

Mrs. Murray. You will go at once, Mary Reynolds, and catch flies for Augustus.

Mary. (Earnestly.) Indeed, Aunt Ellen, I cannot.

Mrs. Murray. Go up stairs at once. (*Aside, angrily to MARY.*) How dare you call me Aunt Ellen? [*Exit MARY.*]

Augustus. I'll go, too, and make her catch flies, or I'll plague her half to death.

[*Exit, whistling.*]

Mrs. Murray. That girl is the torment of my life. You would not suppose, Mr. Ingraham,

to see the airs she puts on, that she is entirely dependent upon us for the bread she eats.

Charles. You surprise me! When I left for Europe, Mr. Reynolds was a man of great wealth, and there was a bachelor uncle who was supposed to have chosen Miss Mary for his heiress.

Leonora. But Mr. Reynolds failed and died, and Uncle Rolf left a will, dated twenty years ago, leaving all his money to mamma.

Charles. Poor girl!

Mrs. Murray. Yes, poor enough now. (*Walks toward the window and looks out.*)

Leonora. Pride will have a fall.

Mrs. Murray. Well, I declare if there ain't Mary Reynolds going out to walk without even asking for permission.

Charles. (*Looking at his watch.*) You will excuse me, ladies; I—I have an engagement at this hour. I will give myself the pleasure of an early call again. Good-morning!

[*Exit CHARLES, hastily.*]

Leonora. What could have started him off in that abrupt way?

Mrs. Murray. (*Still looking from window.*) Leonora, he has joined Mary.

Leonora. (*Running to window.*) Joined Mary! Mamma, send Augustus to bring Mary home. I won't have such sly ways.

Mrs. Murray. It is too much. I'll send Augustus. [*Exit MRS. MURRAY.*]

Leonora. (*Looking out.*) They are going towards the pond. I'm going by the other road, and must meet them. [*Exit LEONORA.*]

Enter JENNIE.

Jennie. I'm just tired out. I wonder if all folks will require as much waiting upon as this party. It is trot, trot, trot, up stairs and down stairs, here, there, and everywhere, from morning till night. I don't get a chance to breathe.

Mrs. Murray. (*Behind the scenes.*) Mrs. Bouncer! Landlady! Mrs. Bouncer!

Enter CHARLES and MARY.

Jennie. Coming, ma'am, coming! Good-day, miss! Servant, sir! [*Exit JENNIE.*]

Charles. But, my dear Mary, surely it will be easier for you to be dependent upon a husband, who will love you, than upon the caprices of these insolent relatives.

Mary. But this is so sudden. Your pity for me has made you hasty.

Charles. Not so. When I met you three years ago, I found you so lovely, so gentle—

Mary. Oh! enough of flattery.

Charles. It is not flattery. To be brief, then, I have loved you for three years.

Mary. But why not speak when my position was so different?

Charles. Because, then, I was dependent upon the caprices of a rich aunt, who died whilst we were in Europe, leaving me her long-hoarded wealth.

Mary. Then you now are rich?

Charles. Yes, I am rich. Leave this life of humiliation and pain, my darling, and I will give you a home of luxury, where you shall reign supreme. Be my wife, Mary?

Mary. I—I scarcely know how to answer you.

Enter JENNIE.

Jennie. Oh, miss, the old lady is coming, and she is so mad! You'd better get out of the way, indeed, miss.

Mary. Yes, yes. Thank you, Mrs. Bouncer.

Charles. But my answer, Mary?

Mary. To-morrow. [*Exit MARY.*]

Charles. You seem to be a friend to that young lady, Mrs. Bouncer.

Jennie. Land, sir, who could help it? She's so sweet and good, and they do scold and worry the life almost out of her.

Charles. Will you give her a message from me?

Jennie. Indeed, I will sir.

Charles. Tell her I will call at ten o'clock to-morrow and see her. Have you another parlor where I can speak to her for five minutes?

Jennie. There's the up-stairs sitting-room, sir. That ain't quite so public as this.

Charles. Will you ask her to meet me there?

Jennie. I will, sir.

Charles. (*Giving JENNIE money.*) Thank you! [*Exit CHARLES.*]

Jennie. (*Examining money.*) Five dollars! Well, he's a liberal young man. But, dear me, I'd do that sweet, pretty young lady a good turn without any pay for it.

Enter MRS. MURRAY.

Mrs. Murray. Out of this house she goes! The idea of her daring to lock the door and refusing to let me in!

Jennie. (*Aside.*) The old lady ain't got over her mad fit yet. I guess I'll run before she sees me. [*Exit JENNIE.*]

Mrs. Murray. But this is the last of it. To-morrow morning she leaves, and we'll see if anybody else will take her for charity.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—INDEPENDENT.

SCENE.—*Same as SCENES I. and II. Curtain rises, discovering MRS. MURRAY sewing, and LEONORA knitting.*

Mrs. Murray. Well, if this room is more public, it is certainly cooler and pleasanter than those stifling little bedrooms.

Leonora. Mamma!

Mrs. Murray. Well, my dear?

Leonora. What makes Mary so queer to-day?

Mrs. Murray. How is she queer?

Leonora. You said you had turned her off and told her to find another home, and she is

just as composed and independent as if she had suddenly come into possession of a fortune.

Mrs. Murray. Perhaps she has some situation in prospect; governess, or companion, or something of that sort.

Leonora. Perhaps.

Enter JENNIE, holding a letter.

Jennie. Miss Reynolds here? No. (*Going out.*)

Mrs. Murray. What do you want of Miss Reynolds?

Jennie. Nothing, ma'am. Only a letter Bob got out of the office for her.

Mrs. Murray. A letter! Give it to me.

Jennie. Excuse me, ma'am, I must give it to the person it's directed to. That's one of our rules about letters; it prevents mistakes.

[*Exit JENNIE.*]

Leonora. Insolent! Why did you not insist upon having it, mamma?

Mrs. Murray. Well, you know, Leonora, I had really no right to insist. I wonder now who can be writing to Mary.

Enter MR. MURRAY, holding an open letter.

Mr. Murray. Here's a pretty mess!

Mrs. Murray. Why, John, what is the matter?

Leonora. You look thunderstruck.

Mr. Murray. I have reason. Your Uncle Rolf made another will, after all

Mrs. Murray. (*Screaming.*) Made another will!

Leonora. Oh, papa!

Mr. Murray. The lawyers found it amongst a mass of unimportant papers. It is dated two years ago, and leaves all the property to—guess who?

Mrs. Murray. Who?

Leonora. Mary?

Mr. Murray. Yes. Every dollar is left to Mary.

Mrs. Murray. (*Sobbing.*) Oh! what shall we do?

Mr. Murray. Well, I don't know that I care much.

Leonora. Not care, papa! Not care?

Mr. Murray. No, my dear. I'm very tired of playing fine gentleman, and time hangs very heavily upon my hands. I shall feel much more independent to resume my old business again, and earn what we spend.

Mrs. Murray. (*Sobbing loudly.*) Oh! oh! oh! To hear that man talk of being independent, when he has just lost a fortune!

Leonora. That was the letter with the news, mamma, that Mr. Bouncer got for Mary.

Mr. Murray. Yes, the lawyer wrote to her by the same mail as he wrote to me. Where is she?

Enter CHARLES.

Charles. Excuse me if I intrude.

Mr. Murray. No intrusion. We were just discussing a rather unpleasant piece of news.

Leonora. And, mamma is somewhat overcome.

Mrs. Murray. (*Still sobbing.*) Sit down, Mr. Ingraham. Leonora, my dear, ring for a glass of water.

Charles. (*Ringing the bell.*) Permit me!

Leonora. Thank you!

Enter JENNIE.

Jennie. Did you ring, ladies?

Leonora. Yes. A glass of water for mamma.

Jennie. Yes, ma'am. (*Aside to CHARLES.*) She says she will see you here, sir, in a few minutes. Mr. Augustus is in the sitting-room.

Charles. Very well. (*Sits down.*)

[*Exit JENNIE.*]

Mr. Murray. Well, we must pack up at once and go back to town. I shall have my hands full for one while.

Charles. I thought you intended to stay all summer.

Mr. Murray. I thought so, too, an hour ago, but business of importance calls me back to town.

Mrs. Murray. (*Aside.*) Now, he'll tell all and spoil Leonora's last chance. (*Aloud.*) Perhaps, John, you had better write to town first.

Enter MARY.

Charles. (*Advancing to meet her.*) Good-morning, Miss Mary!

Mary. (*Aside to CHARLES.*) One moment, dear friend, and then I will answer the question you asked me yesterday.

Charles. (*Aside to MARY.*) Do not keep me too long in suspense.

Leonora. (*Aside.*) What can they be whispering about?

Mary. Aunt Ellen, I received, this morning, a letter, informing me that I am heiress to Uncle Rolf's property, instead of yourself, as we have supposed.

Mrs. Murray. (*Crying again.*) Well, I know it.

Leonora. (*Bitterly.*) You have a fine chance to turn the tables.

Mary. But no desire to do so. When we return to town, Aunt Ellen, the property shall be equally divided between you and me.

Mr. Murray. What?

Charles. Dear, generous girl!

Mary. Half of it will make me independent for life, and I should feel a real regret in taking from you all that you have so long supposed your own.

Mrs. Murray. Mary—I—I—I'm just ashamed of myself. You are too forgiving, too generous.

Mary. And you, Leonora, will still retain the half you prefer of the box of jewelry our uncle left.

Leonora. Can you really forgive all our unkindness, Mary?

Mary. Fully and freely. Let it be forgotten.

Charles. (*Smiling.*) Have you nothing in your bounty to bestow upon me, Mary? Now that you are an independent heiress, have you no gift for me?

Mary. Only the trifle you asked for yesterday. Will you accept that? (*Holds out her hand.*)

Charles. (*Kissing her hand.*) Will I? You have made me the happiest man in Christendom!

Mr. Murray. Hurrah! We’ll have a wedding! If there is anything I do love, it is a wedding!

[*Curtain falls.*]

“WOMAN’S RECORD.”

BY MRS. LINCOLN PHELPS.

AT this period of agitation in respect to the true position of woman, we rejoice to find that the Messrs. Harper have lately issued a new edition of that excellent book, by MRS. SARAH J. HALE, entitled “Woman’s Record,” as an antidote to the pernicious doctrines of the women suffragists. We would recommend this volume. It should have a place in every public and private library.

In the new preface to this work is an able and convincing argument on the subject of the relations between the sexes, as founded upon natural laws, the Creator Himself having assigned to woman a different but not inferior position. This point established by God’s word, as well as by the different physical constitutions of the sexes, no believer in Divine revelation would argue farther.

But infidelity, which gave rise to the assumption that women should have an equal part with men in political elections and public affairs, spurning God’s word, ferments the strife, until outraged Christian woman feels the necessity of resisting claims contrary to God’s law, as written on her own heart as well as in His revealed Word.

Mrs. Hale, having fully asserted by her literary works her own intellectual equality with man, takes her place as woman, disclaiming the pretensions of the infidel “Women’s Rights” advocates, who first appeared under the leadership of the infamous Mary Wollstonecraft and Fanny Wright, and now follow some others with whose names we would not soil this page.

“Woman’s Record” bears its testimony as to the labors of many true women who have lived for the good of society. Lydia H. Sigourney, the sweet poetess of our country, while advocating the legitimate rights of her sex, revolted at the idea of woman’s suffrage. In her very last published work, entitled “Selections,” she quotes the following passage from Mrs. Lin-

coln Phelps’ “Christian Households,” thus indorsing the sentiments expressed:—

“In this period of innovation and revolution, injudicious efforts are making to break up the foundations of society, and to bring woman forward in unwonted places and situations. Her true friends should advocate her advancement in all knowledge and wisdom suitable to her character and station; should guard her rights of property and personal liberty, so far as may consist with the organization of society; man being the divinely constituted head of the family and the protector of woman.”

Of Emma Willard the Rev. Dr. Coit, in his funeral sermon, says: “Next to making women sensible and virtuous, her aim was to make them in the best sense womanly. Her aim, as an imitator of an apostolic instructor, was to make woman a queen at home, rather than one of the indiscriminate rabble, elbowing a passage amid bustle, and bribery, and slang, and slander, a common runner on the race-ground of outer life, for the stakes of gain, or place, or wild huzzas.” We have made these extracts from a solemn funeral discourse because they exemplify the sentiments and teachings of Mrs. Willard as respects the true position of woman. Furthermore, the Rev. Dr. Coit, following in this train of thought, remarks that an able female writer has plainly asserted that the present condition of women in respect to morals is bad; that “when showing themselves incompetent to perform their natural duties as mistresses or servants, they are beginning to clamor for a more extensive field of labor. They cannot rule their households, and therefore they would rule the nation!”

We do not join in any sweeping condemnation of our sex, the majority of whom are patiently bearing the burdens of life; but this censure does seem applicable to those who, leaving their domestic duties, wander about the country, to stir up the wives and mothers to discontent and rebellion against the laws, human and Divine.

If anger is not restrained, it is frequently more hurtful to us than the injury that provokes it.—*Seneca.*

EVERYTHING that is *new* and *uncommon* raises a pleasure in the imagination, because it fills the soul with an agreeable surprise, gratifies its curiosity, and gives it an idea of which it was not before possessed.—*Spectator.*

MAN’S love is but one of many feelings: in the scholar, it is subservient to his thirst for knowledge; in the patriot, it yields to the worship of country; glory halves the heart of the soldier; but with women the affections are omnipotent; they absorb all other thoughts, and make all other passions their slaves.—*Mitchell.*

THE OLD SECRETARY.

BY REINE.

CHAPTER I.

"O CHARLIE," said I, touching my husband's arm, "do bid for that old secretary!"

"Why, Nellie," said he, turning round, "what in the world do you want with that clumsy old affair?"

"Oh, I want it! Bid quick, Charles, or somebody else will get it!"

And, in obedience to my wishes, my ever-indulgent husband ceased talking with the gentleman whom he had followed into the auction-room to speak with on business, and began bidding away. The contest was not a very spirited one, no one but myself having, apparently, been very much struck with the quaint-looking piece of furniture, and in a few minutes it was knocked down to my husband, and he having finished the business which had drawn him thither, we left the room and pursued our way home.

"And now," said my liege-lord, when we were out on the street, "will you tell me, Nellie, what was the attraction in that ponderous old desk, that you insisted on possessing it?"

"Oh, I don't know! I was seized with a sudden desire for it, and you certainly got it cheaply enough."

"Cheap enough if we had any use for it, but, to my thinking, it is a perfect eyesore. However, if it pleases you, that is all I care for," and no more was said on the subject.

The next day the old desk was sent home, and I was occupied for some time in examining its various drawers, divisions, etc. I had always a passion for old things, and, surely, nothing could have been more enticing in that respect than was my old secretary, which looked as if it might have been handed down, from generation to generation, since the flood. It was of carved mahogany, grown black with age, and altogether had an aspect of great dignity and respectability. I was as much delighted with it as is a child with a new toy, and could have lingered over it for hours, but, alas! ours was a household where no lengthened sentimental reveries could be indulged in, "mamma" having too many claimants upon her time and fingers to spend the day over even so charming an old writing-desk.

That evening, when all the little ones were "snug in their beds," and Charles, with his slippers and dressing-gown, was luxuriating in the easy-chair, his eyes fell upon my recent acquisition. "Well, Nellie, so your desk has been brought home. How do you like it on close inspection?"

"Oh, it is charming, Charlie! Just see!" And I flew to open it and display all its conveniences. "Now, isn't it splendid?"

"Well, it seems to have drawers, and com-

partments, and pigeon-holes enough for a lawyer, but for you, who don't write half a dozen letters a year, it seems to me a rather less stupendous article would have done just as well."

"It is not a bit too large," I persisted. "Maybe, if you are very good, Charlie, I will let you keep some of your papers in it. You are always bringing me bundles of documents to put away. And see, I shall keep all my receipts here, it is made for that purpose; and I have no end of little things to put in the drawers; it is a perfect treasure! just what I have always wanted; and then," said I, becoming very sober all at once, "when I am dead, just think how Laura and Cora will prize it; and that reminds me, Charles, we are about to meet with a great loss."

My husband sprang upright, and looked quite alarmed.

"Oh, not my death! Speaking of the children I mean"—for my tone had not lost its solemn cadence, and Charles had prepared himself for something quite awful—"Miss Page is going to leave us."

"Oh, is that all?" said Charlie, with a look of relief. "You quite frightened me."

"All! I am sure I think it is enough. Miss Page has been with the children so long, I have gotten quite accustomed to her, and I *do* dislike changes."

"But what is Miss Page going to leave us for?"

"On her account, poor thing! I suppose I ought to feel very glad. She and her sister have had a little legacy left them, which will enable them to live without going out to teach, and they are going back to their old home somewhere up in New Hampshire, I believe. I am afraid I shall not find any one else who will be half so good and patient with the children."

"Nonsense! Miss Page is a prosy old maid, and you can find a dozen like her at an hour's notice."

"Yes, that is the way men always talk. They think they can find anything they want; but I *know*, for trouble enough I had getting one to suit me."

"I'll undertake to find you one by the time you are ready for her. There are women coming to the office all the time, wanting to teach, or do something."

"And do you think," said I, indignantly, "I want one of that sort to teach our children? No, indeed," continued I. "She must be a thorough lady—refined, intelligent, and cultivated to satisfy me."

Charlie laughed quietly. "Well, Nellie dear, don't get excited over it at this stage of the proceedings, and I have no doubt something will turn up. How long is it before Miss Page gives up her position?"

"At the end of the month—three weeks."

"Three weeks! Why, Nellie, you can examine all the candidates in town before then! I'll put an advertisement in the paper. Have you already stocked your desk with pens and ink? If so, I will put it in use directly."

Quite exultantly, I produced from their proper receptacles the required articles, lit the burner which was immediately over it, and in a few minutes Charles had written the following advertisement and submitted it to my inspection:—

"Wanted, a daily governess, from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. A lady of refinement and cultivation, and with the best of references, required. None other need apply."

"Will that do, or shall I say something about French and music?"

"No, no; unless it should be a French woman, I would not change the French teacher, and I can speak myself about the music to whoever applies."

"Very well, then, if it suits, I will add the address, and you can ring the bell for James to take it down to the office to-night, so that it may appear in the morning paper."

CHAPTER II.

"WELL," said my husband, the next evening, "did any one answer the advertisement to-day?"

"I should think so," replied I. "Such a day as I have had! I feel perfectly exhausted—idealless! Scarcely had you left this morning before the arrivals began; old, young, and middle-aged; good-looking, ordinary, and ugly; and I have spent the day catechizing and being catechized."

"And did you not find one to suit?"

"No, not one. I am in despair. Some knew too much, some not enough. There was not a single one among the number who at all approached my standard."

"Well, perhaps to-morrow you may have better success."

"Oh, dear!" said I, sighing, "have I to go through a repetition of to-day's scenes to-morrow? I am almost tempted to hope no one else will apply. It is very unpleasant to a person of susceptible feelings to have to turn them off; and some of them are so persistent, insisting they will suit me, when I know they will not."

The next morning, while I was sitting in the breakfast-room, looking over the paper before sitting down to work, James brought me a card. "Miss Wynne!" said I, looking at it; I do not know any such name. What sort of looking person is she, James?"

"She is a lady, ma'am," said he, very decidedly.

"Tell her I will see her in a moment."

When I entered the parlor, a slight figure, a

little above the medium height, in deep mourning, rose to meet me. "Mrs. Thorndyke, I presume?" I bowed acquiescence, and begged her to be seated. "I have called in answer to your advertisement of yesterday, for a daily governess. I started, I am afraid visibly, for a pained look passed over her face.

"I hope," said she, "I am not too late for the situation, should my qualifications suit you."

"Oh, no! I have not yet made an engagement."

I could not tell her my surprise was caused by her seeking such employment, so different was she from all my experience and preconceived ideas of daily governesses; she looked so unfit for battling with life, but rather like one who needed some strong arm to shield her from all rough contact with the world.

"In seeking this place, Mrs. Thorndyke, I must, in the first place, tell you frankly that I bring no references. Circumstances have suddenly thrown me upon my own resources, and I believe that I am perfectly competent to teach. I know," and a peculiar, sad expression shone in her eyes, "that I have the requisite patience."

I needed no assurance of that, for hers was a face on which was written peace—"the peace that the world cannot give nor take away"—yet it was the calm that succeeds the storm, and traces of the conflict were written in the peculiarly set expression of her lips, and the preternatural sadness of her eyes. I had never seen a face that interested me in the same degree. She was not beautiful, yet the soft, gazelle-like eyes would have redeemed far plainer features from homeliness; her hair was perfectly straight, glossy, and black; the mouth well shaped and not too small. I felt from the moment I saw her indescribably drawn toward her, as if I could have taken her to my heart and given her a place there; but I knew how my husband would laugh at my violent prepossession in favor of an entire stranger, my likes and dislikes being equally unreasonable, as he so frequently told me, so I did not dare follow my inclinations; and, as for "references," I should as soon have thought of requiring evidences of Queen Victoria's respectability as of this girl, on whose face nobility of soul and mind were so unmistakably impressed. As a matter of form, I asked some questions concerning her acquirements, etc., and in a little while the engagement was concluded.

"When shall I begin my duties?" asked she, as she rose to leave.

"Two weeks from Monday next; but, in the meanwhile, if you have time and inclination, perhaps you will call and make the acquaintance of Laura and Cora, your little pupils."

"Thank you," she replied, "I will do so with pleasure."

I did not, with characteristic impetuosity, rush, immediately upon my husband's return home, into a recital of my interview with Miss Wynne; for, to tell the truth, after she had left me, and I was removed from the magnetic influence of her magnificent eyes, I began to doubt the wisdom of my hasty proceeding. Charles, who had never been under such influence at all, would, I knew, criticize my hastiness somewhat unmercifully, so I waited for him to make the opening. He was in no hurry to afford me such an opportunity, however, or so it seemed to me in my impatient state of mind. The subject had apparently escaped his memory, or else he had lost all curiosity about it. I thought he would never finish the evening paper; but at last it was thrown aside, and I began to get nervous.

"Well, Nellie," he began, "how is the governess question progressing?"

"I have engaged a governess, Charles," said I, in as quiet a tone as I could command.

"What! the *rara avis* found already? Come, now, and tell me all about her."

"There is not a great deal to tell," said I. "She is named Miss Wynne, is quite young, very attractive looking, and, I think, I will like her very much."

"I suppose her references are unexceptionable?"

"Ahem!" said I, clearing my throat.

"Well?" said he, looking just as I knew he would, slightly triumphant and very quizzical.

"The fact is, Charles, I did not ask her for any references. She looked so perfectly lady-like, and altogether so far superior to all that tribe of yesterday, that I did not think it was at all necessary."

"So all that about the 'best of references' might just as well have been left out?"

"Wait until you have seen Miss Wynne, and then you will better understand why I did not ask for her credentials; but *do* let us talk about something else."

The next few weeks passed away, and Miss Wynne was installed in her position of governess. The children were charmed with her. Never had I had so little trouble in making them attend to their studies, never had I received so few complaints. Time rolled on, and each succeeding day proved more conclusively that in Miss Wynne I had secured a real treasure. I learned, after a time, that she had neither home nor relatives in the city, and could well imagine how distasteful the lonely life in a quiet boarding-house must be to one of her refined tastes and genial temperament. I would frequently persuade her to remain after school hours were over, and share my own and the children's lunch (Mr. Thorndyke rarely coming home until evening), after which she would sometimes sit an hour or two with her fancy work, which, I imagine, she also made contribute to her support, and we would have

long "talks" together about everything. I never changed my first opinion, and soon loved her almost as dearly as I should have loved a sister, had I been blessed with one. Miss Wynne was reserved only upon one subject—her past life. Never did the faintest allusion to the past escape her. Occasionally I would persuade her to dine with us, though rarely. She seemed especially anxious to avoid meeting strangers, making her deep mourning an excuse for such objections. My husband soon admired her almost as enthusiastically as I did, and we came at length to regard her as one of the family.

"What a quaint old desk this is, Mrs. Thorndyke!" she said to me, one afternoon, when we were sitting in the library.

"An heirloom—of past generations," I should have added, but just then a piercing scream was heard, and I rushed to see what was the matter. Master Charles, Junior, had fallen from the top to the bottom of the stairs, cutting his head and bruising himself generally, and it took an hour to patch him up, soothe him, and restore quiet, by which time Miss Wynne had gone home, and I thought no more of her question.

CHAPTER III.

ONE rainy day, about a year after Miss Wynne's introduction into our family circle, I thought I would carry into execution a long-cherished plan of thoroughly overhauling and rearranging my secretary, and was soon busily engaged in the work. I am not the most orderly person in the world, and there was a little of everything crowded into the drawers and divisions, so it was a work of time. Drawer after drawer was emptied of its contents, which were assorted, arranged, and restored to their places. At length, in pushing my hand very far back into one of the compartments, my fingers reached an aperture I had never before perceived. Pushing them in as far as possible, to my surprise and delight out sprang a secret drawer, whose very existence was hitherto unsuspected by me. So cleverly was it contrived, that I should never have discovered it but for this merest of accidents. I eagerly pulled it out to see if it had any treasures concealed in it. Visions of jewels—rare, old family jewels—gold—rushed through my mind. Indeed, nothing seemed too improbable; but examination revealed nothing but a single sheet of paper, written closely in a very peculiar hand. As there was nothing else, I, with rather a crestfallen air, began to peruse the paper, and soon became absorbed in its contents. It was dated only about eighteen months previously.

"DEAR ETHEL" (it began): "How can I begin? How find words to tell you of all my treachery? Yet I *must* do so. I can no longer

endure my weight of misery and remorse. You cannot imagine the agony these lines will cost me; but I can imagine with what horror you will learn that the serpent who has entered your Eden, and robbed it of all its brightness, is no other than the one to whom in her desolation you gave a sister's love and trust. Yes, Ethel, it was *I* who betrayed your meeting with your cousin, *I* having purposely spilled the ink that you might be compelled to change your dress, and so afford me an opportunity of learning what your note contained. *I* who persuaded Boyd Elliott you were secretly engaged to him, and only waited an opportunity to elope; and, by sympathy in the supposed betrayal of his trust, won your lover. *I* will not say his love; that I have not. If I had, perhaps I should not be strong enough to do that which I am doing. I shall leave this place, Ethel, and happiness will come to you again; but to me—what have I in the future? I am suffering strangely to-night”—

Here the manuscript was abruptly broken off. I sought in vain; there was no more, not another scrap of paper; and I sat down, bewildered and confused. What could it mean? I waited impatiently the dinner hour, and Charlie's return, that I might disclose my discovery to him. At last he came, and I could scarcely restrain myself until he had laid aside his hat and overcoat, but ran into the hall to meet him. "O Charles, such a discovery! Do make haste! I have found a secret drawer in the old desk, and I am so anxious for you to read it!" I exclaimed, with more rapidity than coherency.

"A secret drawer to be read! Well, I'll do my best."

"Now, Charles, that is the way you always laugh at me. But come, let me show it to you."

My husband took it all very calmly, and read the sheet of paper with perfect composure.

"Well," said I, impatiently, "what do you think!"

"Think! Why, that some sentimental school-girl has been trying her hand at a love story, and left a part of it in the drawer, where I suppose she put it to keep it out of sight."

"O Charles," exclaimed I, indignantly, "just look at the writing! That is no school-girl's hand; it is full of character!"

"Well, possibly it is a discarded scrap of some celebrated authoress; how do I know?"

"Charles," said I, solemnly, "I am convinced that old secretary has a story connected with it."

"And I am convinced that it has no more story belonging to it than has that poker; and if it had, we would never be any the wiser."

"That is true," said I, mournfully, "but it does not change my opinion in the least. But, at any rate, Charles, the secret drawer will be nice to keep anything very valuable in."

"Very nice, indeed," said he, "only we haven't a thing in the world that we want to hide away."

I was not to be dissuaded from my belief,

however, and put the paper carefully back, but could not put it from my mind. My thoughts would revert to it, and I wondered if it were only a leaf from fiction, or if possibly it might not be a leaf from life. Charlie's want of sympathy, however, effectually checked any desire I had to speak of it, and knowing that Miss Wynne was quite as practical in her views as was my husband, I did not mention my discovery to her, though once or twice tempted to do so.

CHAPTER IV.

A FEW weeks after my discovery of the secret drawer, I returned one afternoon to the library, where I had left Miss Wynne while I attended to some household duty, and found her looking intently at the old secretary.

"Did I understand you, Mrs. Thorndyke, to say this was an heirloom?"

"Oh, no! What put such an idea into your head? I bought it at an auction only a few days before you came to us. I remember now, the day Charlie cut his head on the stairway, your asking about it, and I began some reply, which was cut short by his outcries."

"I thought I could not be mistaken, Mrs. Thorndyke. That desk once belonged to a dear friend of mine, now dead."

I trembled all over with eagerness. "Miss Wynne," said I, "pardon my presumption; I have a reason for the question. Was your friend an authoress?"

"Oh, no! Why should you think so?"

I made no reply, but opened the desk and hastily opening the secret drawer, gave Miss Wynne the paper it contained. She had watched my movements with astonishment, and her surprise was evidently as great as mine had been, when the drawer sprang out as if by magic before her. She took it mechanically, her thoughts reverting again to the past. "It is Fannie's hand," she exclaimed, as she opened the paper, "and to me!"

"Ethel? I thought your name was Linda, Miss Wynne!"

"Ethelind," she said. "I was called Ethel at home." And she hurriedly returned to the paper in her hand. As she read, her face became so deathlike in its paleness, I thought her about to faint, but she did not. I pulled her down into a chair, but she did not heed me in the least.

"O Fanny! Fanny!" she exclaimed, mournfully, and letting her head drop upon the desk before her, she remained perfectly motionless. I did not dare disturb her, though my interest and sympathy were intense. At length she raised her head. "You wonder, dear Mrs. Thorndyke, at my emotion. Shall I tell you my story, that you may better understand of what importance is this paper to me?"

I eagerly assented, being a true daughter of Eve, so far as curiosity was concerned.

"The incidents of my life, Mrs. Thorndyke, are so strange, that they will seem much more like romance than reality, though the past few years have been very sad reality to me. My mother died when I was too young to know the loss I had sustained, the more so, as I was immediately adopted by my aunt—her only sister—who, during her life, supplied to me, as nearly as another could, the place of mother. She was childless, and both in her heart and her husband's I believe I filled the place of daughter, and my life until I was eighteen scarce knew a cloud. When I was about sixteen years old, Uncle Fielding's nephew and ward returned from Europe, where he had just completed his education at a German university. How can I describe to you Boyd Elliott? No words of mine can convey to you even a faint idea of his noble character and mind. In person, he was rather tall than otherwise, with one of those bright, winning faces that irresistibly attract all who come within the sphere of their influence. I do not know when I began to love him; at first, with a girlish admiration; afterward, with the deeper, maturer love of woman. That I should have loved him, was almost inevitable; but that he should have loved me, was a revelation of happiness as delightful as it was surprising. I cannot tell you how happy were the days that followed. Our engagement met the approval of my uncle and aunt, and we were to have been married the ensuing spring, when I should be nineteen and Boyd twenty-five years of age. True, it was nearly a year off, but we were too happy in the present to care to hasten the flight of time." Miss Wynne paused, and after an interval, resumed. "How little we know what a few months may bring forth! One morning—it was in July—we were all on the veranda, enjoying the breeze from the river, and the odor of the dew-laden, new-mown hay, which had not yet been removed from the freshly shaven lawn, when the letters were brought in. One was for my aunt. I noticed a sad expression creep over her face as she read. At its close, she turned to me.

"This letter announces the death of an old and very dear friend, and contains her dying request, that I will, for a time at least, receive her daughter, a girl of about your age, Ethel, as an inmate of my family. Do you think you will like to have her with you?"

"Oh, yes!" I assented, eagerly, my heart yearning toward the motherless girl. I questioned my aunt about her, but she had not seen her since she was a little girl, and I looked forward with girlish impatience to her arrival, planning everything I could think of to add to her comfort, and give her a home feeling among us. Not so Boyd. I rather think he disliked the idea of our pleasant *été-à-été* be-

ing interrupted, or thought I should have less time to devote to him, for I could never make him say he was glad she was coming.

"The day of her arrival came at length, and I could scarcely control my restlessness. As the hour drew near, I awaited impatiently the approach of the carriage, for which I watched from the time it started to meet the train until its return, and when the door was opened, I received the trembling girl with a warm embrace, and from that time forth we were sisters in all but name. Up to the time that Fanny Maynard dawned upon my vision, I had been a skeptic concerning perfect beauty outside of books or pictures, but she was the realization of my most beautiful ideal. I have never since seen any one who could compare with her. She was a true daughter of light, as gloriously beautiful as a poet's dream. You think me enthusiastic, Mrs. Thorndyke, but some time I will show you her miniature, and you can form that form a faint idea of her loveliness. Her hair was of the most exquisite golden hue, so seldom seen except in childhood; her eyes of that rare violet color, with the innocent, wondering look you sometimes see in babies; her complexion faultless, every feature beautiful, and the mouth perfectly bewitching. How any one could look upon her and not love her, was inconceivable to me; yet Boyd Elliott did not, at least at first. She seemed to him but a beautiful vision, or so I thought. I had expected to find her very sad, but she was not; hers was one of those joyous natures that nothing could depress long. Do not understand me that she did not feel her mother's death; her grief came as readily as her smiles, but grief was not ever present with her, as with some persons, after such a bereavement.

"Several months passed, and Fanny was quite domesticated with us, loved and loving, as if she were another daughter. Boyd Elliott left us about this time to visit his mother's relations, who lived at some distance. I fancied Fanny was not quite the same after he left; that she seemed less happy, less interested in our daily life. This was the first break. How little we suspected the gathering clouds! I have not mentioned the only dark spot on our otherwise bright domestic horizon. This was the occasional visits of a very dissipated cousin, a nephew of my aunt's. Poor Harry! With talents of a high order, and more than ordinary attractions of person, he had wasted his youth and his inheritance in dissipation. Of course these visits were very painful to us all. My uncle bore with them only for the sake of his wife, and I because he was my cousin, and because he seemed to cling to me as the only person besides our aunt who had a spark of affection for him. Between Boyd and himself there could be no congeniality, and, though Boyd always treated him with great courtesy, Harry seemed to dislike him particularly, as

the probable heir of Uncle Fielding's wealth. His was a morbid disposition at best, and he deemed himself ill-used of fate, forgetting that he alone was blamable for his loss of position and friends. He conceived the absurd idea that, but for Boyd, he himself might have been a favorite with my uncle. He paid us one or two visits during Boyd's absence, and his conduct on the last occasion had been such as to draw from my uncle a request that he would in future absent himself from his house. Such scenes as these, of course, were distressing to us all.

After an absence of a few months, Boyd returned, and was joyfully welcomed back to the family circle. The Christmas holidays were approaching, and we were looking forward to a merry time; but, alas! very different was the reality. One morning, about two weeks before Christmas, Uncle Fielding complained of feeling badly when he came down to breakfast, and retired soon after to his own room. We thought it only a temporary indisposition, and, even when a few days failed to bring relief, our alarm was not excited; but, as the case grew no better, the grave face of the physician led me to suspect that it might be a more serious illness than we supposed. Boyd, too, began to appear uneasy, but my aunt I do not think knew until the very last that her husband's life was in danger. Fanny and I had gone out quite late one morning for a little exercise, leaving Boyd and my aunt with Uncle Fielding. We were walking slowly along, both feeling sad and indisposed for conversation, when a little boy sprung out from under a hedge, and, putting a note in my hand, disappeared as suddenly as he came. I could not conceive the meaning of so strange a proceeding, and opened the paper to enlighten myself. I knew my face became ashen in its hue as I read, and I wondered Fanny did not notice my agitation.

"DEAR ETHEL' (the note ran): 'You *must* meet me at ten o'clock to-night in the Cedar Walk. I am in the greatest trouble. For God's sake, let no one know! Your miserable cousin, H. F.'

"I crumpled the note in my hand, and slipped it into my pocket, greatly embarrassed as to what explanation to make to Fanny.

"It is useless, Ethel, dear, to try to conceal your charities. Everyone knows you have adopted half the poor people in the parish," she said, in so natural a tone I could not believe it assumed to deceive.

"You are mistaken, Fanny," said I; but she playfully shook her head, and began to speak of something else.

"I was too miserable to care to stay out long, and was anxious to escape to my room and be alone for a few minutes, if possible. It was near our dinner hour, and I feared I would have no opportunity afterward; but I was un-

able to accomplish my purpose, Fanny going with me, as she sometimes did, instead of to her own apartment on the opposite side of the hall. When there, she seemed very restless, and I could not imagine what *was* the matter. At length, as I was brushing my hair, she took up a large bottle of ink standing near her, and nervously began pulling out and replacing the stopper.

"Take care, Fanny," exclaimed I, 'you will spill the ink!' But the caution came too late. A violent jerk threw the greater portion of the contents over my dress, a light gray Cashmere.

"O Ethel," she exclaimed, 'I am so sorry! What will you do? Take it off quickly, and I will soak the ink-stains out while you put on something else. The dinner-bell will ring in a moment.'

"I took it off, gave it to her, and went into my dressing-room, forgetting for the instant my anxiety about Harry and his note. I now know that in the short time I was absent Fanny must have read the note, and replaced it in my pocket after having possessed herself of its contents. That I should have been abstracted and miserable the remainder of the evening, you can readily believe. I would have given anything to have told my aunt or Boyd, but I did not dare disregard Harry's injunctions of secrecy. I spent the greater portion of the evening in my uncle's room, relieving Boyd a little, as he would pass the night there. He came up about half-past nine o'clock, and soon after I went down. I passed Fanny on the stairs.

"I do not feel very well, Ethel," she said, 'and am going to bed.'

"I kissed her good-night, and went on to the sitting-room, where I remained until nearly ten, feeling more wretched than I had ever before done. A little before the hour appointed by Harry, I took a shawl from the rack and threw it around me, and walked down the garden-path to the Cedar Walk. It was very cold, and that, with my agitation, made me tremble so that I could scarcely stand. As I approached, I saw the indistinct outline of a figure, which I knew to be my unhappy cousin.

"O Harry!" I exclaimed, 'what is it?'

"He placed his finger on his lip, and I drew nearer. 'O Ethel, I thought you would never come! I have been hiding about here for two or three days, trying to get an opportunity of seeing you, but you would not leave the house.'

"But what is your trouble, Harry?" said I, anxiously.

"Trouble enough," returned he, moodily. 'Ethel, I am a *suspected murderer*. Do not start so. God knows I am not that guilty, but I have no means of proving my innocence. I must leave the country, and you must furnish me the money.'

"O Harry! how can I? My small amount of pocket money would do you no good.'

"No, no," he said, half-angrily. "I must have several hundred dollars."

"Harry!" said I, aghast, "where can I obtain such a sum?"

"Sell some of your trinkets."

"I have none of any great value except my engagement ring, which I cannot part with."

"Ethel, my life depends upon it. They have dogged my footsteps even here; I am in hourly danger."

"Let me tell my aunt; she can help you."

"She cannot without her husband's knowledge, and he would be glad to have me hung and out of the way."

"Harry, you must not talk so."

"Ethel, swear you will not tell a soul of my being here. Hush! was not that something?" peering anxiously into the darkness.

"Oh, no! What would bring anyone out such a night as this? You are nervous."

"Ethel, I will be here to-morrow night, and you must have the money or its equivalent, if you have to steal it. My life is hanging in the balance. Don't forget." And he climbed over the fence at the back of the garden and disappeared.

"I returned to the house, chilled through and unutterably wretched. Fanny was still awake, for I saw the light under her door, and I slipped softly by, feeling as much like a criminal as my poor cousin. When in my room, I threw myself on my knees, and tried to pray for guidance; but even that failed to bring rest, and I passed a night of agony, trying to think of some plan by which I might assist Harry without parting with my ring, but it was the only thing of value I possessed."

"The next day dragged wearily away. Boyd did not seem at all like himself. I saw him watching me closely, and thought he was distressed at my harassed appearance. My aunt was too much absorbed in nursing to have thought for anything else, and Fanny alone seemed natural. I had now to decide what I should do, and finally concluded that I must give Harry my ring, on condition that I might inform Boyd of the whole transaction so soon as he should be safely out of the country—and so I acted."

"Harry's thanks and blessings fell as meaningless words upon my ear, and, glad when the painful interview was at last at an end, I returned to my room. I met Boyd near my door. He did not speak, even to say good-night, and his eyes, as for a moment they met mine, wore a sad, reproachful look I had never seen in them before. Stunned and dizzy, I seemed only half conscious, and, going into my room, began mechanically to undress. I went to my toilet table, and my eyes fell upon a note addressed to myself. It was from Boyd Elliott, I saw at a glance. I seized it, opened it, and read, for the words are indelibly branded upon my memory:—

"The scales have fallen from my eyes, Ethel, and you, whom I believed to be the embodiment of truth and purity, I now see as you are. I would only believe the evidence of my own eyes, Ethel. The girl who would meet clandestinely a man forbidden her guardian's house cannot be my wife. Circumstances compel me for the present to remain here; let us be as strangers. BOYD ELLIOTT."

"I sank down on the floor. How long I remained there I do not know. When I regained my consciousness, the fire had burned out, and the candles flickered in their sockets. I crept into bed, my fingers still grasping the paper. The next morning I was not able to rise, the exposure having given me a violent cold and sore throat. Uncle Fielding died two days afterward. I then tried hard to rouse myself from the stupor of despair in which I was sunk, knowing that my aunt was completely prostrated by the shock of her husband's death. She never rallied, though she lingered several months. I did not then have the clue to Boyd's conduct, which this letter furnishes me, and I sought no opportunity of clearing myself in his estimation. So many troubles coming at once, had left me in an apathetic state which I could not even make an effort to throw off. Days, weeks, passed by; my aunt still lingered, alive, scarcely more. Fanny and Boyd were, I presume, much together during this time; and you will perhaps hardly be able to credit me when I tell you that I heard of their engagement with scarcely an emotion. My aunt survived her husband but three months, and her death was the shock which roused me again to life and action. Uncle Fielding died in the belief that Boyd and myself were to be married in a few months, and after providing handsomely for my aunt during her lifetime, left the remainder of his estates to Boyd Elliott, with the exception of fifteen hundred dollars to myself for the purchase of a trousseau. At my aunt's death, everything reverted to Boyd, so I was left almost penniless. The bequest of Uncle Fielding, though ample for the designated purpose, would be totally inadequate for providing even the barest necessities of life, if placed at interest. Of course, remaining in Boyd's house under the circumstances was entirely out of the question, and as soon as the remains of my dear aunt were consigned to the grave, I prepared for leaving the home of my childhood forever. Fanny begged me to remain, urging her own lonely position should I leave her, but I think she must have agreed with me that it was impossible for me to do otherwise than I was doing. My aunt's old housekeeper would remain there for a time, and I supposed the marriage would take place as soon as possible. We took a tearful farewell. My grief being sincere, I cannot now judge how much of ~~her~~ was assumed. I came here hoping to obtain a situation as teacher, either in a private family or a school. You cannot imagine how shocked

I was, three short weeks after I left her in apparent health, to receive a letter from the old housekeeper announcing Fanny's sudden death. She was found dead when they went to seek her, after having failed to appear at the usual breakfast hour. A post-mortem examination revealed the cause of her death—some disease of the heart. A short time after, I received a second letter, saying that Mr. Elliott was going to sell the furniture, close the old house, and return to Europe, and that she herself would come to the city and open a lodging-house; a plan I heartily approved of, and I have lived with her ever since, I being her only boarder, the rooms being let to gentlemen. I had forgotten to tell you that this old secretary was one of the relics of Fanny Maynard's home, which she brought with her when she came to reside with us, it having been her mother's.

"And now, dear Mrs. Thorndyke, I have told you all my sad history, which, I fear, you have found wearisome." I assured her to the contrary; that even if the recital had not been interesting in itself, I should have found it so for her sake.

"You will write to Mr. Elliott now, Miss Wynne," I ventured to say.

"No," she replied. "I should not write, even had I his address, which I have not, but I shall wait, hopefully, trustfully, assured one day we will meet and all be explained."

It is not necessary to relate how I triumphed over Charles that night, and made him agree it was equal to a romance. Miss Wynne continued to teach my little girls, and seemed unchanged, except that a happier light in her eyes replaced the old hopelessness that formerly characterized them.

One morning, two or three months after I learned Miss Wynne's story, she did not appear at the usual hour, but a messenger brought me a note instead.

"DEAR MRS. THORNDYKE" (she wrote): "I am sure you will sympathize in my happiness when I tell you Mr. Elliott has returned, and our long estrangement is at an end. I will try to see you this afternoon. ETHEL WYNNE."

Miss Wynne kept her promise of coming that afternoon. I should scarcely have known her, so great a beautifier is happiness. Her eyes were radiant, and they were always lovely.

"Now come, dear Miss Wynne, tell me all about it," I said, kissing her, and taking off her cloak and hat.

"It is strange, Mrs. Thorndyke, that Harry, who was the cause of our misunderstanding, should have been the means of our reunion. Boyd tells me that one evening, about six weeks since, while he was in Florence with a party of friends, a note was brought to his hotel from my poor cousin Harry Frazier, begging him to come to see him, that he was dying amid strangers; and seeing his name among

the list of arrivals, an inexpressible longing for news from home had seized him, and he had taken the liberty of begging a visit. 'I went,' said Boyd, 'and found him in the last stages of consumption. He had come to Italy as a forlorn hope, but it was too late.' After a few questions, he asked Boyd for his wife.

"My wife!" exclaimed Boyd.

"Yes, Ethel. Is not Ethel your wife?"

"Boyd then told him what he had been induced to believe.

"O God!" exclaimed Harry. 'I thought I had brought misery enough upon my aunt and cousin without this. And you could believe, Boyd Elliott, that Ethel felt anything for me but pity for my sins! I cannot credit it.' He then told him the whole story; how his importunities had overcome my unwillingness, and how he had bound me to secrecy.

"O Ethel!" said Boyd, 'you would have forgiven me could you have known what I suffered when I learned how I had wronged you.'

"But I am too happy now to feel that I have anything to forgive, even to poor Fanny, who so wronged us both. Boyd remained with Harry until his death, and then came as rapidly home as was possible. He would have written, but did not know where a letter would find me."

"I suppose," said I, half-playfully, half-tearfully, "that I shall have to look for another governess now?"

"I suppose," said she, with a soft flushing of the cheeks that made her lovely.

Miss Wynne brought Mr. Elliott to see us, and he was, indeed, a noble looking man. They were married from our house about six weeks afterward, and very soon we are going, children and all, to see them in their own home on the banks of the Hudson.

Every time Charlie and I speak of the Elliotts, I always end by saying, "And they might never have known any of this happiness if I had not insisted upon having the old secretary."

MY QUEEN.

BY GEORGE F. CLIVE.

WHAT shall I say to describe her—

To tell you how shining, how fair,
Is the summer bloom of her beauty,
And the sun's gold beams in her hair?

Her face is as fair as the dawning—
Her smile lights up like the sun—
And her mouth—come Cupid, come Venus,
Bring words for its glory, I've none.

Her step is noble and stately,
And never was empress, I ween,
More proud to carry her sceptre
Than my beautiful darling, my queen.

And she has a crown and a kingdom,
She reigns in my heart supreme;
I crown her with love and with kisses,
And there's never so happy a queen.

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

LESSON XIX.

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING. (*Continued.*)

HAVING now described the general features and modes of proceeding in the delineation of lines, planes, and solids, including various regular and irregular figures, we have yet to consider the subject of solids with reference to their height. In parallel perspective, a large proportion of the lines of a picture are, in plan, at right angles with the plane of delineation, as was just now stated; and therefore the point of sight is the principal vanishing-point in such representations. In such cases, the proper way to obtain the perspective height of any object is, after having laid down the length of its elevation on the base-line of the picture, and connected the ends of that length by visual rays with the point of sight, to erect a perpendicular to the base-line at one end of that length; set off thereon the exact height, and from the point so obtained draw another visual ray to the point of sight; the space included between this visual ray and the one previously drawn from the bottom of the perpendicular will be the perspective height at any part of the picture. This has been already in part done (Fig. 11), and is in all cases the mode of obtaining heights of objects in parallel perspective.

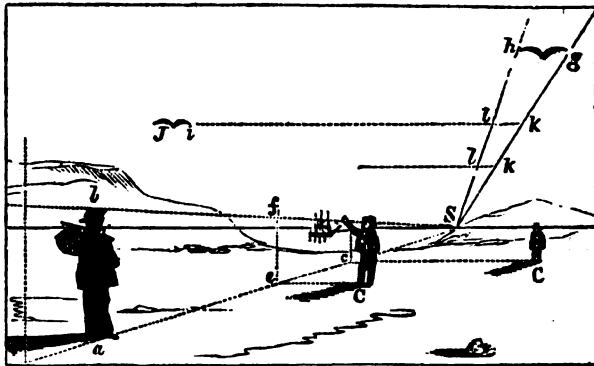
But in oblique perspective, very few, and frequently none, of the lines, in plan, lie at right angles with the plane of delineation. The point of sight and visual rays become therefore of less importance; but the vanish-

ing-points become the more useful auxiliaries for determining the heights of objects seen at any angle. When the perspective height of any one object in the picture has been found, that of any other object of same height, in whatever part of the picture its position may be, may be easily found in parallel perspective by means of visual rays to the point of sight. Thus, in Fig. 23,

having found the height $a b$ of a figure standing at the position a , required the representation of another figure of equal height at the position c . Draw the visual lines $S a$, $S b$. From the position C draw $C e$ parallel to the base-line, intersecting $S a$ at e . From e draw $e f$ perpendicular to $C e$, intersecting $S b$ at f . The height $e f$ thus obtained, transferred to a perpendicular on the position C , will be the perspective height of the figure at C . By this rule, the point of sight and perspective height in any one position being given, the perspective height for any other position may be readily found. Perspective widths may be found in a similar manner. In the same figure, 23, given the width of any object $g h$ (say a flying bird), required the respective widths of a similar object in the position i . Connect the extremities of the given width with the point of sight by visual lines $S g$, $S h$; draw a line from the position i parallel with the base-line, intersecting the visual rays at k and l ; the width $k l$, transferred to the given position, will be the width $i j$ of the object of that position.

But in oblique perspective the point of sight needs not in all cases to be found for the other purposes of the picture; and where it is wanting, the same problem may be solved in a somewhat similar manner, using the vanishing-points instead of the point of sight, and vanishing-lines instead of the horizontal lines $e e$. Thus, in Fig. 24, given the position and height of a lamp-post $a b$, required the perspective heights of similar lamp-posts at $c c$. Draw vanishing-lines from V' to a and b . From the position c a line to the other vanishing-point V'' will intersect $V' a$ at e . From the point e erect

Fig. 23.



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When the perspective height of any one object in the picture has been found, that of any other object of same height, in whatever part of the picture its position may be, may be easily found in parallel perspective by means of visual rays to the point of sight. Thus, in Fig. 23,

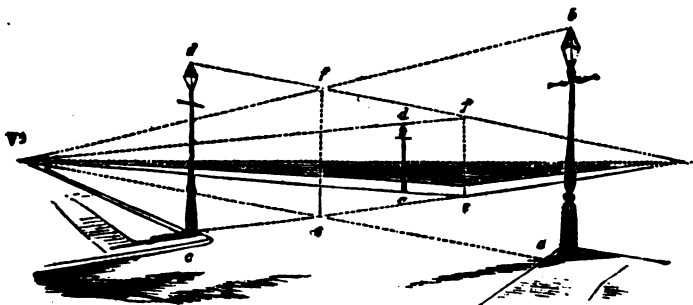
$e f$ perpendicular to the base-line, intersecting $V' b$ at f . Draw $V' f$ and the perpendicular $c d$ intersecting it at d ; $e d$ will be the perpendicular height of the object at the position c . By this rule, the vanishing-points and perspective height at any one position being given, the proper height for any other position may be found.

In parallel perspective, the distances of ob-

jects or points on a visual line are found, as in Fig. 11, by setting off their true distances on the base-line, and finding their corresponding distances on the visual line by diagonals to the distance-point. But as the distance-points are often at a considerable distance outside the limits of the picture, and sometimes even of the paper, which renders this mode of obtaining the intersections in such cases inconvenient, the following method, by which a distance-point for the details of any object is obtained *within*

A 1, A 2, etc.; and from the points 1 2 3, etc., thus obtained draw diagonals to the point D, which will intersect A B at corresponding points, etc.; from which intersections vertical lines will represent the corresponding sides of the windows. In this method, the line A 7 may, if more convenient, be drawn from the upper corner E of the side whose details are to be laid in, as shown at C, over the tower, and it may be made of any convenient length, provided it be made longer than A B; but in gen-

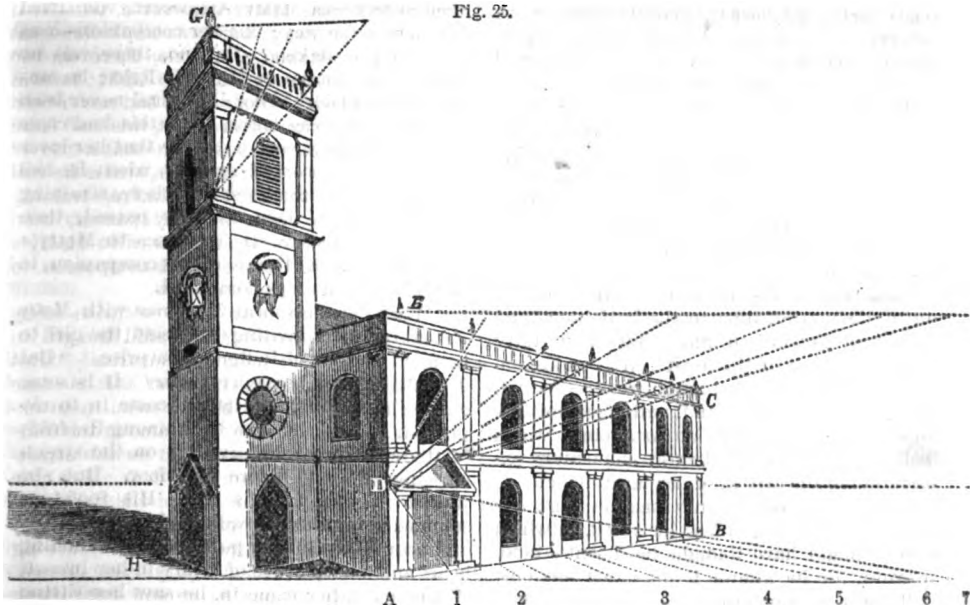
Fig. 24



the picture, is often practicable. To draw in oblique perspective the church A B G H, Fig. 25—required the perspective positions of the windows of the side A B. From the point A, parallel with the horizontal line, draw a line A 7, equal in length to the geometric length of

eral it will be most convenient to make it the exact length of the given line on the plan or elevation. The upper and lower points of the windows may now be marked on the line A E, whence lines drawn to the vanishing-point of that side of the church will give the perspective

Fig. 25.



A B in the plan or elevation. From the point 7 draw a diagonal through B, which will intersect the horizontal line at a point D within the picture, which is the distance-point required. Transfer from the plan or elevation to the line A 7 the distances of the sides of the windows

positions of corresponding points in the vertical lines denoting the sides of the windows. If the window-heads be arched, draw the elevation of the arch to the left of the line A E, and proceed, as directed in Figs. 13 and 14, to draw the perspective arch over each window.

THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

BY BELLE BUTLEDGE.

"You will be all ready, Hetty, for I shall call for you early, as the concert-room will be crowded, and there are no reserved seats to be had for love or money, and I want you to sit where you can see as well as hear Madame Parepa," said Horace Cavender, as he stood in the door of Hetty Wilder's home one evening after a call.

"Yes, I will be prompt, and not keep you waiting, for I have such a strong desire to hear Parepa that I shall think of nothing else till to-morrow evening has come," replied the young girl.

Then there were a few more words spoken in lower tones, and with Hetty's hand clasped closely in Horace Cavender's, after which the young man stepped without the door to wend his way homeward in a happy frame of mind, while the maiden stole softly up to her chamber to dream of her handsome lover.

The following day passed, evening arrived, and Hetty sat, ready equipped for the concert, awaiting the appearance of her escort. Seven o'clock came, half-past stole on, and he did not come, and Hetty began to grow impatient and wonder a little, saying to herself:—

"What can have happened to detain Horace? He was so very particular that I should be ready early, and here it is nearly time for the concert to commence. I shall have to lecture him a little when he does come. I'm afraid we sha'n't get a good seat, after all."

But the minutes glided by, and the handsome French clock on the mantel struck eight. The girl wondered still more at his non-appearance, and paced the floor nervously.

"Time for the concert to commence! What can have occurred? But he may have been detained. I will wait a little longer before I give him up."

The hands of the little clock moved steadily on to the quarter, then to the half hour, and then went forward to nine. But when Hetty heard the chime of the town bell as an accompaniment to the musical tones from the mantel, she gave up all hopes, and, with a sigh of disappointment, removed her wrappings, which had been kept on till then in momentary expectation of the arrival of her tardy lover.

"Well, I'm sure I can't imagine what has kept Horace away, unless he's sick, in which case I should have thought he'd sent a note, or word, for he knows I must feel anxious. It'll be a disappointment to him, too; he's talked so much about Parepa's coming. But it can't be helped now. The concert's half through by this time. Horace'll come or send to-morrow, of course, and I shall know the cause of his failure in calling for me. I hope he isn't real sick!" And, with this natural

wish, she left the sitting-room, to carry her hat and shawl to her own chamber.

Coming down again presently, Hetty took up her crochet-work and seated herself near the grate to await the return of her father from his office; for our little friend was the widowed lawyer's only child, and the light of his home as well as the darling of his fond parental heart. Thus an hour went by, and then, hearing the sound of many footsteps on the sidewalk, Hetty suddenly turned off the gas, and, pulling aside the drapery curtain, ensconced herself in the window-seat, to note, with girlish curiosity, the passers-by returning from the concert.

"It's too bad! There's Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd, and the Baileys, and Kate Noyes, and Allan Wilcox, and the Moore girls, and everybody else, been to the concert!" she said, as with her face near the window, and the full curtain shielding her figure, she looked out into the street, noting the passers-by as they came under the light of the street lamp.

As Hetty gazed, more came up the street past the house, nearly all of whom she knew, for the denizens of Brookfield were familiar to her sight, till at last, as her gaze fell on two familiar forms walking slowly by on the sidewalk, she suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise and pain, her cheek grew pale, and her heart almost refused to beat.

One of the pair on whom her gaze was fastened surely was Matty Ainsworth, who lived just across the way; but her companion—was not Hetty mistaken? But, no, there was no chance for mistake in that full light; he was Horace Cavender! Poor Hetty had never been guilty of watching before; but this had come so sudden—and it was so strange that her lover should be the escort of another, when he had invited her—no wonder she sat there, straining her eyes after them as they passed, then crossed the street on the flagstones to Matty's door, after which Horace left his companion, to retrace his own steps homeward.

"What does this mean? Horace with Matty Ainsworth, after inviting me!" said the girl to herself in a tone of indignant surprise. "But it can't be that he invited her! It is some chance happening, and he will come in to explain it." And she drew back among the folds of the curtain as she saw him on the street-crossing directly before her door. But she waited in vain for his ring. His footsteps sounded along the sidewalk, he had passed by, and poor Hetty left her position with an aching heart and a deep sense of injury in her breast. When her father came in, he saw her sitting by the fire apparently absorbed in her crochet-tine.

"Well, daughter, how did you like the concert?" was his first query.

"I did not attend," was her reply.

"Not attend! Why, I thought young Cav-

ender had invited you, or I would have taken you myself, busy though I am with several cases on the docket."

"He did, but failed to call for me," returned the girl, striving to keep down her mortification, and suppressing the knowledge that she had seen him pass with another.

"Oh, well, some good reason, of course! Sick, perhaps; or suddenly called out of town. You'll hear in the morning. I'm sorry you lost the concert, though, for all our people have been counting on the coming of this great singer; but there'll be other chances some time when we go up to the city."

"It's of no consequence," returned Hetty, uttering the fib with a very composed tone. "Now, what shall I sing for you, father?" And she went to the piano for her usual good-night tune. And, after duly playing and singing her father's choice, and leaving him with her customary good-night kiss, she went up stairs to cry herself to sleep, as many another, unused to disappointments, and young as she, has done.

The morrow came, but no note or call from Horace Cavender. Several days went by, and still no explanation of his failure in attention on the evening of Parepa's concert. And when a week had passed, and he neither called nor wrote, Hetty's decision was made.

"It's ungentlemanly and impolite, and I'll cut him dead!"

And so when they next met, which was at the door of the church both attended, the second Sabbath afterwards, Hetty Wilder coolly ignored Mr. Cavender's acquaintance, a fact which brought a conscious look of embarrassment to that young gentleman's face, but in no way helped to lessen the distance now established between them.

A few days after that, Hetty received a very pressing invitation from an aunt in New York, urging a visit, to which desire her father gave his consent, and shortly she left home for the winter.

"Do look, Matty! Who can that fine-looking gentleman be with Hetty Wilder? Some beau she has brought home from New York, perhaps. I should really like to know!" exclaimed Fanny Senter, to her intimate friend, Matty Ainsworth, as the two stood behind a fancy-table at a fair, holden in the town-hall of Brookfield, one evening late in March.

The young lady addressed turned her eyes in the direction indicated, and their gaze rested upon our friend Hetty, who had recently returned from her winter's visit, and was now leaning on the arm of a tall, handsome gentleman, considerably her senior, and conversing affably and familiarly as they mingled with the crowd, the observed of many others besides our two young vendors of worsted-work and knick-knacks at the fancy-table.

"I'm sure he's no one I ever saw before," replied Miss Matty, after a good gaze. "As you say, he must be somebody come on to visit her, for she's been home over a fortnight, and he didn't come *with* her. If we were on calling terms now, we should have known something about her affairs, but we'll find out before long. Do see, Fan! How very attentive! He has her shawl on his arm, and is actually fanning her! Well, I'm glad she's managed to secure somebody at last, aren't you?" But there was a bit of malice in her tones that quite contradicted the assertion Matty made.

"Yes, and how pleased she looks! Gazing up into his face as though there were no others in the hall! I'd have stayed at home if I were so much in love; though, I suppose, she wants to show off her conquest to Brookfield folks," retorted Miss Fanny Senter, in tones by no means amiable, sorry though I am to record it.

"Well, if ever she *does* get an admirer, it'll have to be while away, for she never can succeed in this town while you and I are about, Fan," said Miss Matty, still in that tone of malice and envy.

"That's true. I don't believe, to this day, she suspects *why* she lost *Horace Cavender*," returned her companion. "And she *did* like him, every one knows. By the way, I wonder where Horace is to-night? Isn't he coming, Mat?"

"He said he would," was the reply.

"Oh, yes, there he comes now, just inside the door! And there are Ned Crofts and the Darricott boys with him! Ned's going to have the post-office, you know. I wish Horace would come up here!"

Miss Fanny's wish met with its fulfilment, for young Cavender approached the table behind which the two young ladies were stationed, and commenced a lively badinage with them; and, presently, Miss Senter called his attention to the former subject of their remarks.

"I suppose you know Hetty Wilder has an admirer from New York with her to-night? There they are!" indicating their direction. "An *engagement*, of course. He's very devoted."

Cavender started and gazed at the couple plainly seen among the crowd. A decided flush came to his face; he bit his lip, and seemed annoyed, to say the least, at sight of Miss Wilder conversing affably and familiarly with the distinguished-looking stranger.

"No, I know nothing of her affairs," he said, quite shortly.

"And don't *want* to, either," added Matty, with a little giggle.

"It seems that she hasn't forgotten how to flirt yet, and she chooses a conspicuous position for the display of her talents," said Miss Fanny.

After a little, Horace Cavender moved away,

excusing himself from the two ladies by saying he had volunteered to assist Ned Crofts in arranging the letters awaiting delivery in the mail; and he crossed the hall to the post-office, but that flush still lingered on his cheek.

"I'll say they're engaged, anyhow, Mat, for Horace Cavender shall never go back to her," said Fanny Senter. "She'd be artful enough to try and get him again; but then, of course, he don't care for her a bit now," she added, soothingly, observing the darkening look on her companion's brow, for the sight of young Cavender's embarrassment had not failed to annoy her.

Miss Matty did not reply immediately, her attention being called off by some one pricing the wares displayed on the table, while Miss Fanny was also similarly occupied.

All this time the two young ladies had been talking, they had not observed a strange gentleman who, apparently knowing no one about him, had taken a seat in a little corner, screened by a couple of dwarf spruce-trees set up for greenery, close by the end of their table, and from his retired nook was observing the display of youth, beauty, and fashion in the moving panorama that continually shifted through the hall. Nor could this stranger help overhearing every word the two vendors of wares at the fancy-table in such close proximity had uttered. And, as they continued, though out of all rule of apparent delicacy, he did not seem to think it necessary to avoid becoming a further listener by changing his seat, so remained in their neighborhood. During a little lull in their trade, Fanny Senter again took up the thread of her former remarks.

"I don't suppose you and I need care if this stranger is fine-looking, Matty; for, really, I think Horace Cavender is the handsomest of the two, and we know he's talented. We got him away from Het Wilder; and, if 'twas worth our while, and we could get at the ear of this man, we'd do the same thing for her again. But as long as she keeps aloof from our Brookfield beaus, or we can keep them aloof from her, I suppose we might as well let her rest."

"I don't know about that, Fan. If Horace Cavender should slight me in the least, I should feel provoked enough to do anything. He did look sorry when he saw Het with this handsome stranger, and I might as well own that I felt jealous of my hold over him. You know all my affairs, Fanny, and I needn't keep back my real feelings from you," and Miss Matty looked very vexed and unhappy.

"Oh! don't you worry about that, Matty," said her friend, soothingly. "Let me alone for keeping Horace true to you. He hears nothing but your praises from me whenever we are alone; and I declare I'll affirm Hetty Wilder's on the very point of marriage, if I thought he'd be jealous of this stranger, and try to

make friends with her again. You see I'm the best friend you have, dear Matty, and don't expect a particle of reward for my services," she added, laughing.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you! We had a letter from Uncle Dick to-day, and he's arrived in New York, and will be home right away now!" exclaimed Miss Matty, eagerly. "How queer that I should have forgotten to tell you, when I meant to the very first thing to-night! I suppose seeing Het Wilder put it out of my mind."

Fanny Senter looked conscious and much pleased at her companion's news. "Doctor Ainsworth really coming here at last?" she said, after a little.

"Yes. I suppose he'll be here by to-morrow or next day, at least; and one of the first places I shall take him to will be to see you; and who knows whom I may have for my future aunt in payment for her interest in my affairs? For you know my letters have been full of you, Fan, and I know Uncle Dick's dying to see my intimate friend I've told him so much about."

"Oh, dear me, Matty! Just as if the learned and travelled Doctor Ainsworth would fancy, or even notice, poor little me!" said the girl, deprecatingly. "Of course, he's met elegant ladies in Europe, and I'm only a retiring, humble village girl. But I've done all that a devoted friend could do between you and Horace Cavender. I want you to be happy, even if I never do find a congenial mate. You know I think more of your happiness than I do of my own, Matty, dear," and Miss Fanny very artfully threw a quivering note of sadness into the tones of her voice.

"Nonsense, Fan!" replied Matty. "I'll manage Uncle Dick. Haven't I promised him to you? If you helped me to Horace, 'tisn't likely I shall forget my share of the contract. You'll see what a good diplomatist I can be. What do you suppose I've been praising you for in all my letters to Uncle Dick, except to get him curious to see you? And don't I know that he always used to dislike showy, fashionable women, and was always a fussy old bachelor (not so very old, though; only thirty-three, and that gentleman with Het Wilder's much as that, I know!)- But, look! There they come this way. Let's speak to Hetty, and pretend to be very glad to see her, and she'll give us an introduction to him."

But, much to our two young ladies' discomfiture, Miss Wilder and her companion did not pause in their vicinity, but walked past, and shortly afterwards left the hall.

"They just came to be observed. If I couldn't have stayed longer, I wouldn't have come," said Fanny, looking after them as they disappeared in the crowd near the door.

"Well, I, for one, am glad she's left," said Matty Ainsworth, truthfully, turning her now

undivided attention to the sale of the articles before her.

Presently the stranger in his nook among the greenery near by glided away, became lost in the crowd, and soon emerged from the crowded hall and crossed the street to the hotel, where he had taken a room on the arrival of the late afternoon train in Brookfield. Once within his room, the gentleman set down his gold-headed cane; removed his hat, gloves, and overcoat; and then seated himself before the comfortable fire, to indulge in a soliloquy, the substance of which was like the following:—

"So this is my niece Matty, whom I left, three years ago, a pure-minded, innocent girl; but find now changed into a plotting, unprincipled woman, unscrupulous of ways and means to gain her own purposes!" And a deep shadow settled on his handsome face, for Matty had always been an especial favorite with her young uncle, and he was greatly disappointed at the insight into her nature he had that evening gained. "And this, too, is her intimate friend, 'the noble, high-souled Fanny,' 'the kindred spirit,' whom she has so often written of in her letters, and, as I chanced to overhear, the lady to whom Matty has pledged her uncle! Well, my dear girls, I'm sorry to disappoint you or break a match, but I fear you will be obliged to excuse me from falling into the baited trap. It seems quite providential that I concluded to come to the hotel to-night, instead of going to brother John's, otherwise I had not strolled alone into the hall; and, pretty effectually disguised by this heavy beard and the changes these years of travel have effected, failed to be recognized by the people I used to know here, and so got into that quiet corner, where I couldn't help overhearing the girls' gossip. Elwell, too, he came in for his share of notice, though I think Matty and her friend would be slightly surprised if they knew he was already married, instead of being the *flancé* of this young lady friend of his and his wife's. I've half a mind not to tell niece Matty of her error, and yet I shall use my own knowledge of the whole affair I learned to-night to the best advantage, for the highest interest of all concerned. Matty Ainsworth must be taught a lesson, even if she loses her lover, whom, it appears, she has gained unscrupulously. I wonder if this young Cavender does love Miss Wilder. If so, and these artful witches have used their sorcery and incantations to beguile him away from her, I must set the whole matter right again. It's quite like one of the stories I've often read—intrigue, treachery, and misunderstanding—when suddenly some bold knight appears, and cuts the Gordian knot, and makes all straight again. I could laugh at it, if it wasn't for this sad revelation I've had of Matty's character—Matty whom I loved so." And again the cloud rested on

Doctor Dick Ainsworth's fine, expressive countenance.

For some time the doctor sat in thought; but, by and by, he was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Philip Elwell, the friend who had accompanied him from New York, having business in this section of the country, and the same gentleman who, as Miss Wilder's escort to the hall that evening, had attracted so good a share of two young ladies' gossip, besides the notice of half Brookfield.

"Well, doctor, here yet? Thought you would go out to find your folks?" he said, as he entered.

"No, Elwell, I concluded not to go over to brother John's till morning," answered the doctor, quite sure that his friend had not observed him at the hall, and deeming it unnecessary to inform him of the fact. "Did you find Miss Wilder in, and have a pleasant call?" he asked.

"Yes. The judge, unfortunately, is out of town, but I found Miss Hetty with her hat on, just going to a sort of fair or festival; so I stepped over to the hall with her, stayed a half-hour or so, and then accompanied her home again. There's the girl to choose for a partner, doctor! Why don't you come out of your bachelorhood, and see if she wouldn't have pity on you? My wife thinks there's never such another young lady as Miss Wilder, and charged me not to pass through Brookfield without calling on her with lots of messages."

"You seem to be quite an admirer of the young lady yourself," said Ainsworth.

"Fact, doctor. I told Carrie that, if I hadn't already got appropriated, it might be dangerous for my peace to be calling on Miss Hetty. Shouldn't wonder if these good Brookfieldites thought I was some gallant from the city," was the laughing reply. "But you, doctor, you're in the matrimonial market, you know, and why not go in and try your chance at winning? Miss Hetty isn't engaged, Carrie says, though she had plenty of attention last winter. Seems not to be carried away with admiration, like most young girls. Come now, doctor, do let your friends have a chance of seeing you a Benedict. I've paved the way all I dared to, told all about you, and been praising you all the evening to Miss Hetty."

Mr. Elwell said this laughingly, as he settled himself in a lounging-chair in his friend's room, which adjoined his own, and lit the cigar the doctor offered. And the reply was in the same tone of good-humor, although a vein of seriousness underlay the words of both, for Mr. Elwell really shared his wife's admiration for the lovely Hetty, and would fain have seen his most valued friend the winner of such a prize, while Doctor Dick Ainsworth was too truly pleased with the appearance of her he had watched in company with his friend that

evening to deny the truth of his recommendation. But, knowing what Mr. Elwell did not—a former love-passage between young Cavender and Miss Hetty, as revealed by the conversation between his niece and her friend—he inly determined to sift the matter, and, if the pair who had been separated still retained an affection for each other, he would do his best to bring them together again. Which resolution proved Doctor Dick Ainsworth possessor of a noble heart and benevolent disposition, traits in which Miss Matty had shown herself sadly wanting.

On the following day, Mr. Philip Elwell left Brookfield, and Doctor Richard Ainsworth very quietly walked over to his brother's house and gave the family a pleasant surprise by his appearance among them. Indeed, it seemed as if Matty, who was really greatly attached to her handsome and cultivated relative, could hardly find words sufficient to express her delight at his return; and, but for the unfortunate revelation he had obtained of her disposition, he would have felt a warmer glow of affection towards her. As it was, however, he concealed his feelings, greeted his niece kindly and cordially, and resolved to set about the task of effecting a cure by eradicating those seeds of evil which had thus early taken root in her nature, and threatened to obscure all lovely womanly traits of character.

It cannot be supposed that Doctor Dick was long at home without meeting the intimate friend of his niece. As Matty had promised, one of their earliest calls was upon Fanny, and that young lady, fully apprised already of Doctor Ainsworth's tastes, was in readiness to play her *rôle* by which she trusted to carry his heart captive.

"I am so glad to meet you, Doctor Ainsworth!" she cried, in an affectation of girlish delight, and seemingly very artless in her manner. "And I do hope you won't quite hate me, for dear Matty's sake, because I am her friend, you know, though I don't dare imagine you'll like me for *myself*, for I'm not a bit accomplished, or literary, or even handsome, like the ladies you must have met abroad."

Doctor Dick could not forbear biting his lips to keep back a smile at the gushing young lady's enthusiasm, but he managed to assure her of his friendliest intentions towards all Matty's friends, and herself in particular. And, after a call of polite length, and warmest invitations to come often, departed with his niece for Mr. Senter's house.

"How do you like her, Uncle Dick? Isn't she a *splendid* girl?" asked Matty, enthusiastically, as soon as they had proceeded beyond hearing distance from the door. ("Splendid" was a great word with Matty.)

"Miss Fanny is doubtless very nice and amiable, but I will reserve stronger adjectives

until I become more intimately acquainted with your friend, Matty," replied Doctor Dick, evasively.

"Well, I want you to love her as much as I do, for she's the very best and dearest girl in Brookfield," said Matty, earnestly.

The doctor did not think it needful to inform his niece that he was already cognizant of her wish to promote his good-will to her friend, yet he could not but wonder at the glamour which that artful young lady had managed to throw over the mental gaze of Matty, for he saw Miss Fanny Senter as she was—artful, unscrupulous, and designing—and did not doubt but that it was through her influence Matty had so deteriorated from the character she had promised to develop. So he replied, pleasantly enough, but gravely:—

"You haven't seen much of human nature yet, Matty; and, perhaps, before you're many years older, you'll see good traits in *other* young ladies of Brookfield."

"What do you mean, Uncle Dick?" she asked, with a little tone of surprise. "I'm sure I like *all* my friends, and can see their good qualities; only Fanny and I have been so intimate ever since her father moved here, and I like her a great deal better than any of the other girls."

"Even *Hetty Wilder*?" suggested Doctor Ainsworth, with a little emphasis.

"Why, what do you know about Hetty Wilder, Uncle Dick?" asked the girl, starting, and looking conscious. "What makes you speak of *her*? Who's been *telling* you?" But here she paused, realizing that she could not well explain the position she had assumed without other cause than her own selfish enmity towards Hetty.

"Been telling me? Why, nobody, I assure you, has come to me with any stories of the young lady. All I know I have heard from your own lips, Matty; and I am glad to hear that little Hetty, whom I remember as a pretty and good girl, has grown up into such a lovely and pleasing young lady, as not only to absorb the attention of the most desirable beaux in town, but to bring fine-looking strangers from New York after her."

Doctor Dick's reply was so grave and assured, while not the least flicker of a smile played about his lips, that Matty fell into a maze of thought, trying to recall any time when she had mentioned the girl she surely would have most avoided speaking of to her uncle. And yet, how else could he have known affairs? So she only said:—

"I don't remember of mentioning Hetty Wilder to you, Uncle Dick," and walked on, more bewildered than when she had left her friend Fanny. And Doctor Dick only smiled, and answered:—

"Oh, yes! It'll come to you some time, Matty!" Then turned to other subjects of

conversation, for this was hardly the time or place to enter upon his plan of reforming his niece, although he was fully determined to make use of the earliest opportunity.

A few weeks went by, which were well improved by Doctor Ainsworth in reviving his old acquaintances in Brookfield. Among the first to extend the hand of welcome was old Esquire Wilder, whom he met in the street a day or two after his return, and who cordially urged an evening visit as soon as his time would allow. Therefore, it was not long before Doctor Dick found himself seated in Esquire Wilder's parlor, conversing with the affable old gentleman, and renewing his former acquaintance with Hetty, who, like Matty, had grown from a school-girl to a young lady since his absence. In the course of conversation, Doctor Ainsworth brought in the name of young Cavender, and from the momentary embarrassment of Hetty he drew his own conclusions. Afterwards, in an interview with that young gentleman—who occupied the position of teller in the Bank of Brookfield, of which Mr. John Ainsworth was president—the doctor, in an apparently careless manner, managed to introduce the name of Miss Hetty Wilder, at which sound Mr. Horace Cavender grew very red and agitated, thereby giving strongest proof that to the young lady in question he was not so indifferent as one would have supposed by the manner of his treatment of her.

And so, armed with the facts he most desired to know, viz., the mutual interest of the pair in each other, Doctor Ainsworth revolved in his mind the best means to bring them together again; a very unselfish deed in him, to be sure, when he confessed to himself that, among all the young ladies of his acquaintance, Miss Hetty Wilder stood pre-eminent for genuine loveliness of character.

The desired opportunity at length occurred. His niece Matty—who, since leaving school, had managed her father's household in reality, her mother being somewhat of an invalid, and naturally of an indolent temperament—signified her desire to give a grand party for Uncle Dick, which desire, of course, was seconded by the indulgent father, and preparations immediately commenced by Matty.

Uncle Dick was pressed into service to write notes of invitation, and his handsome, legible penmanship appeared on some threescore sheets of faultless note-paper, and threescore of as faultless envelopes. But from the list, comprising the beauty and *élite* of Brookfield, there was one name missing, which was uppermost in the doctor's mind.

"How is this, Matty?" he asked. "You have forgotten *one* of your nearest neighbors—*Miss Wilder!*"

Matty strove to appear unconcerned, as she answered:—

"No, not forgotten. We don't visit now, Uncle Dick."

"What! Offended with each other? It's a pity, Matty, such a lovely girl as Miss Hetty is. Now, I remember, I hav'n't seen her here since I came home. What's the matter, Matty? For I'm truly sorry that your old friendship is broken. You know you always used to be together before I went away. I hope Miss Fanny Senter's coming has not crowded old friends out of your heart?" He said this inquiringly, and gazed fully into his niece's face.

Matty colored, and did not reply at first. Then she said, with the air of one determined to make her own cause good:—

"To tell the truth, Uncle Dick, Hetty Wilder isn't very popular in Brookfield, and I don't like her."

"Why, Matty?"

But the girl could return no answer to this plain question.

"Did Miss Wilder ever do you any harm, Matty?"

"Not that I'm aware of," she answered, truthfully.

"Did *you* ever do *her* any harm?" he queried, this time impressively.

Matty started; her color grew deeper, and she hesitated. What could she reply? She stood silent, convicted, but unwilling to make any acknowledgment of a truth that, perhaps for the first time, had come home to her. Besides, something in her uncle's manner and tone caused her to stand abashed before him. Now was Doctor Ainsworth's time.

"Matty," he began, in a grave tone, "I'm going to talk to you very plainly. You are my niece; and not only your welfare in life, but your mind, and disposition, and temper, have always been my study. I left you, three years ago, happy, sunny-hearted, and frank; but I'm afraid I find you somewhat changed. The woman don't quite fulfil the promise of the girl. I'm sorry to say it, but it's true; and I think I have discovered *some* of the influences that have brought it about. Do you recollect the night of the fair—the evening before I came home here?"

Matty, very red and surprised, and awed by her uncle's sober face and severe words, did not reply.

"Of course, you do," he went on. "For you remember that Hetty Wilder was there in company with a stranger gentleman, whom neither you nor your friend Fanny Senter knew, though Miss Fanny avowed her willingness to declare these two 'engaged,' for the purpose of injuring her in the estimation of Horace Cavender, and securing his attentions to you, with the hope of a like favor some day for herself. You look astonished to think I know all this. But I couldn't very well help it, Matty, when I—who had come home in the late afternoon train, and strolled into the hall

—sat so near you that I couldn't possibly avoid overhearing every word you uttered. There, don't cry, Matty, the whole matter's out! I told you, you remember, the other day, that nobody had said anything to me but yourself about Miss Hetty Wilder. I forgot Miss Fanny Senter, though. I'm sorry for you, Matty," went on the doctor; "but I can't pity you till I know that you're not to blame; or, if you are, have set this matter right again, by explaining to Horace Cavender that you know, from your Uncle Richard, that Hetty Wilder is *not* engaged to the gentleman who was her escort that evening, for said gentleman is already a married man, who, with his wife, happens to be Hetty's intimate friend, and no more. Will you do this, Matty?"

"I will," was the girl's answer.

But Doctor Ainsworth was going to the root of the matter.

"Matty, is there anything more that you ought to explain to Hetty? Did you or your friend Fanny have anything to do with parting Horace Cavender and Hetty Wilder? You will remember what inferences I might have made from your conversation that night; and, besides, I have heard from several of Cavender's friends, within a day or two, that he was almost the same as engaged to Hetty, till, suddenly, he broke with her just before she went away on her winter's visit. Do you know anything about the cause of their coolness, Matty?"

"Don't ask me, Uncle Richard. It was Fanny Senter who planned it. That is, she knew I liked Horace, and, but for Hetty—oh, I can't tell you! But she first put it into my head," sobbed the girl, very miserable and unhappy.

"I don't want you to tell me, Matty. It isn't my affair at all; only, if I can be the instrument of reconciling two who are really attached to each other, and bringing back my niece to her old self, it is all I ask. Do you know, Matty, it's no light thing to ruin the happiness of others? Better at once attack a person's life, like a common highwayman, than secretly injure their good name, or blight their faith in those they have loved. I don't know what this precious Miss Fanny Senter, to prove her disinterested (?) friendship for you, has done to undermine the peace of poor Hetty and Cavender; but I do know that it is your first duty, Matty, to bring them together again, and explain affairs to them as far as possible. You won't die of a broken heart, I know, Matty; for the love or attentions of any man, gained in this way, would never satisfy you any length of time, and you would be continually jealous and fearful lest he should prove untrue to you. Pardon my seeming severity, Matty! I only mean your best good, and you will live to acknowledge it yet."

"I see it now," sobbed Matty—poor girl! who, with all her faults, now saw her conduct

in its true light. "I have acted meanly and contemptibly, just because I liked Horace; he was here so much, I couldn't help that, Uncle Dick," and she sobbed afresh. "But I will say that I never should have thought of trying to come between him and Hetty, if Fanny hadn't said she would do it for me. You see, she wrote a letter to Horace, anonymously—it was last fall—and had it mailed in New York, where Hetty goes every winter; and in it she said Hetty was engaged to a gentleman there, and had made her boasts that she was only flirting with him, which wasn't true in the least, but it gained our purpose. And so Horace came directly to me, and took me out to concerts and lectures; and Fanny sometimes went with us, and always professed to be my greatest friend."

"For purposes of her own, as you know very well, my poor Matty," interrupted her uncle.

"Well, I see that you are penitent for your share in this transaction; and, now, nothing remains but to bring Hetty and Horace together and set matters right between them."

"I can arrange a meeting. It can be here at the party, if Hetty will come, and I'll go over and ask her myself. But, O Uncle Dick! how can I explain everything, and show up myself so base and wicked? It didn't appear so to me then, indeed it didn't, uncle," said the girl, in utter humiliation.

"I can well believe that, Matty," said her uncle, kindly; but adding, gravely: "Is repentance sincere, my dear, without reparation, if it lies in our power? And you ought to be thankful that it does lie in yours."

"I know it. But they would both hate and despise me ever afterwards, and I couldn't bear that, Uncle Richard," she sobbed.

"I think not, Matty. On the contrary, I am assured that you would gain two valued friends in the place of her you will lose, unless Miss Fanny comes over to your way of thinking, which, I am inclined to hope, she may. Now, my advice is that you go to Fanny, have a talk with her, and tell her you mean to do right and amend wrong, let the consequences be what they will; and then either see or write to Horace and Hetty, for I desire to spare your feelings as much as possible, my dear niece," said her uncle, persuasively.

Matty rose to her feet, with the light of decision in her face.

"You are right, Uncle Richard. I will see Fanny Senter, and she shall not hinder me from doing my plain duty. Perhaps she may be brought to see things as I do, and will join with me. At any rate, I shall write a letter to Horace Cavender, and go over to see Hetty Wilder myself. They can't blame me for bringing back their happiness, and I hope they will forgive me for what I have robbed them of. Now, if you'll please write a note of invitation to Hetty, I'll be much obliged. I

should think you would be ashamed of me, and not treat me so kindly, Uncle Richard," she added, as he bent down and kissed her.

"No, not ashamed now, but proud of your courage and resolve to be a woman in future," said the doctor, affectionately, as he drew her to him ere she left the room. He called her back a moment, however, to add the caution: "I think it's best, Matty, to spare your friend Fanny's feelings as much as possible, so please don't use my name in this affair. You can say that you have come to this decision from convictions of duty, and she'll always feel better than to know I overheard her that night."

"Thank you, Uncle Richard!" replied Matty, as she left him.

It was a hard task Matty Ainsworth had set herself, but she did not shrink from it. Fanny Senter, as may be imagined, was very angry at the idea of exposure, and bitterly opposed Matty's resolve to undo the mischief the two had wrought. But, when Matty generously promised that her name should be withheld as author of the anonymous letter written to Cavender, she grew calmer, and finally admitted that her friend was right in the matter, although it was very humiliating, and at length avowed herself willing to take her own share of blame in the confession.

So Matty went home, to pen the explanatory letter to Horace Cavender, and then to visit and hold a long interview with Hetty Wilder.

And that evening, for the first time since the preceding autumn, a young gentleman, very agitated, but very earnest, rang at Esquire Wilder's door, and asked for his daughter.

"I don't know as you can ever overlook it in me, Hetty," he urged, after some preliminary conversation. "If I was half-mad with jealousy and anger at the contents of that letter I received the very day of Parepa's concert, it was no excuse for my ungentlemanly conduct in not coming to you, as I had promised, and even telling you all about it. But I didn't exactly know what I was about; and when, that evening, I met Matty Ainsworth and her party going into the hall, I was just in the mood to do a foolish thing by accepting their invitation to join them. And since then—well, you know that I have never sought opportunity for explanation, but you don't know that I've been very unhappy. Matty Ainsworth's repentance isn't any more sincere than mine. I wonder if you ever can forgive me, Hetty?"

What Hetty's answer was may be inferred from the fact that, upon the evening of Matty Ainsworth's party, she appeared, to the great surprise of all present, on excellent terms with Horace Cavender, as well as her hostess.

Fanny Senter was also most kindly greeted, a forgiving act which taught that young lady a lesson that influenced her whole after-life; while Doctor Dick, the real agent in the hap-

piness of the reunited lovers, viewed the scene with secret satisfaction.

It was the usual nine days' wonder in Brookfield, when the engagement of Hetty Wilder and Horace Cavender was announced, and friendship restored between parties who had been so distant; but, as all concerned discreetly kept their own counsel as to how affairs had been brought about, none were ever the wiser. And, when Cavender and Hetty were married, it came about very naturally that Matty Ainsworth should be bridesmaid.

All now are finally settled in the enjoyment of happiness, after the manner of characters in fairy tales and old romances, and none more happily than Matty Ainsworth, who never regretted her repentance, which reunited the pair estranged by her own and Fanny Senter's wicked deed—the sending of the anonymous letter.

SONNET—TO SUNSET.

BY C. E. L. HOLMES.

FROM Orient to Occident once more
The sun has whirled his blazing chariot rims;
And now his coursers bathe their wearied limbs
In that aerial jasper sea, which pours
Its baptism of golden spray sheer o'er
The crimsoned bastions of that high sea-wall,
Upon the foreheads of the hills to fall.
Day passes outward through the jewelled doors;
And star-eyed twilight—timorous dusky maid!—
Steals in, with backward glance and dainty tread,
Of e'en her own sweet, shadowy self afraid;
Now half revealed—now wholly lost to sight,
She dances coyly through the fading light,
To rest in the enamored arms of night.

SONNET—TO SUNRISE.

BY C. E. L. HOLMES.

THE curtains of night's murky tent are torn—
Day's heralds, stealing through the welcome rent,
Are streaming up the startled Orient,
And painting heaven upon the brow of morn.
Aurora hath the popped Sampson shorn—
And back, amid the caverns of the hills,
His phantom crew of drowsy sentinels
Are flying from Diana's hounds and horns.
Full-orbed, along the coronated peaks
The amorous day-god for young Hebe seeks;
Fresh pride sits on Dame Nature's rotund cheeks—
The while her bosom quick'n'ing with new birth,
Fulfills once more the promise made at first,
When lusty day espoused the fair young heart.

RELIGION finds the love of happiness and the principles of duty separated in us; and its mission—its masterpiece—is to reunite them.—
Vinet.

WE must learn to comprehend the essence of art from admiration of excellence, rather than from detection of error.—*Fred. Schlegel.*

PONDROUS PAPERS—NO. 7.

THE country grew more and more hilly, and the woods so real, that it hid all far-off views; but the brooks was the crownin' delite. Folks back home have no idea how they would rejoice at the site of a brook if they had to go fifty miles to find one. Once in a great while we come to a little house along this mountain road, and sometimes the house had a row of bottles in the window, and a man peerin' wistfully at us in hopes that some of the party was dry, and would at least take a glass of loger.

"We ain't more 'n three miles from the Big Trees now," shouted Mr. Gay, from the front team.

I said I didn't remember much about the folks in that team, but I had ought to except Mr. Gay. He had been to the Big Trees before, and was all the time shoutin' out some-thing or rather about the towns we went through, or the mountains we see.

Now I begun to watch through ev'ry little openin' for a glimpse of the Big Trees. At last Mr. Gay stretched himself up and shouted out as usual :—

"I should say it won't be more 'n five minits before we see the two Guardsmen, by which I mean the two gigantic trees that guard the entrance to the hotel grounds. They are three hundred feet high, and sixty-five and sixty-nine feet in circumference, respectfully."

I opened my eyes very wide to get a good look at them, and I must say I was disappointed; they didn't look so big as I expected, and I told John I meant to come down some day and measure them. In a minit I see some-thing that did satisfy me though, as Mr. Gay cried out, and waved his hand :—

"Section of big tree lying on its side; it speaks for itself."

Oh, I should think it did! How monstrous it looked! There was some ladies and gentlemen standin' long side of it, and their heads didn't come up to its knees—that is, they wouldn't if it had been a giant the highth of its diameter, for thirty feet would be a tall giant, 'cordin' to my way of thinkin'.

"Dancin' hall on top of big tree stump!" again cried Mr. Gay, and I looked to see a sort of summer-house on top of the stump. The tree had been sawed off about eight or ten feet from the ground. There was some steps or kind of ladder leadin' up onto it, but it didn't look so very big till I went and explored it the next day.

After goin' by these, we drove round a circular fence up to the hotel. The landlord come out, and was very much pleased to see us. He took us up to a chamber where was a very long, wide hall, with bedrooms on each side of it. He said we could have our choice of rooms, as he hadn't many visitors yet, the season havin' jest opened.

Next mornin' I was up early, so I thought it would be a good chance to go down and measure them trees before the rest was up. But when I come out onto the piazza, there was Miss Spencer, and says she :—

"Where are you going, Mrs. Pondrous?"

"Janey's determin' to go down and put her arms round them two Guardsmen 'fore anybody's up to see her," laughed John.

"O 'shaw! John, I've broke my ball of yarn off from my knittin' work, and you're goin' to hold one end while I onwind and go round the tree; then I can measure the yarn. Miss Spencer can come with us if she wants to."

So we went down together, and, I declare, if the tree didn't come jest as near sixty-five feet as could be, for I measured the yarn with my nose. It looked a good deal bigger, too, when I begun to walk around it. Then we went along till we come to the steps that led into the summer-house on the stump. We went up the steps, and, O, what a big round room there was!

"Isn't it *wonderful*?" said Miss Spencer, a beautiful, reverent look comin' into her eyes. "Only think of the great changes that have come over the world since this begun to grow!" Then she stood still before a sort of window in the lattice work, for the sun was jest barely showin' a bit of its risin' glory in the east; and presently she begun to sing, in a sweet, strong voice :—

"Be Thou, O God, exalted high,
And as thy glory fills the sky—"

She hadn't sung half a line before another voice joined hers, firmer and stronger, and jest as full of music. She did not stir, or turn her eyes, but the color come hot to her cheeks, and I am afraid she did not finish the verse in as good a spirit as she commenced it, for it was Mr. Delester halting on the steps, and his voice that joined hers.

She looked a little defiant as he came in with his pleasant "Good-morning." I think he knew her thoughts, for, after speakin' to her once, he begun to talk with John and me. Soon others of our party come in, and some of them begun to count the rings of the stump to see how old it was, for I hope you understand that the top of the stump formed the floor of the summer-house. One man said :—

"I tell you it's no use your countin' them rings, for trees here in Calaforny grow more 'n one ring a year. If they don't, they must be awful thick rings, for I have got some trees front of my house that measure three feet round, and they are only twelve years old. Trees here grow three times as fast as they do in colder places. Now, why shouldn't they have three rings a year, I'd like to know? Talk about one ring a year, nonsense!"

"But it ain't so warm here where the Big Trees grow as it is down in that part of the State where you come from," said another gen-

tleman. "They have snow here in the winter, I think, and it's pretty cold now for June. What do you say to that?"

"Well, I d' know how 'tis here, but I'm sure my theory is correct for my part of the country, any way." When others joined in, and there was quite a discussion about trees, which was at last interrupted by the breakfast bell.

After breakfast we went out to take our first look at the most famous trees in the grove. The tavern-keeper—no, the landlord—said he would send a guide with us, but Mr. Gay said: "No, indeed; there is no need of that, for I've been here before, and am imminently acquainted with the—ah—precise locality of all the—trees." So he strutted on before us, full of importance, shoutin' out descriptions of things.

"Miners' Cabin, eighty feet in circumference and thirty-three feet in diameter! Ladies, you had better go into it; you would like to have it to tell of, how you had been inside of one of these—ah—primeval and gigantic giants of the forest. This room, you will perceive, was made by fire burnin' out the middle of the tree, leavin' it hollow."

"I've heard there was an Uncle Tom's Cabin," said Miss Spencer.

"There used to be, but I believe its roots sundered from the earth, and—ah—its ponderous proportions fell, with a noise like thunder."

"Do you mean that the wind blowed it down?"

"Well, yes, madam, I suppose the wind was the—the—ah—primary cause; and its bein' hollow, like this, might have been a secondary cause."

"I don't think it looks eighty feet round it," lisped Miss Skinner. "Have you measured it, Mr. Gay?"

"No, but that is the circumference put down proportioned, that it does not look that extensive in the guide-books; though it is so tall, so well sive in its measurement. Now come this way, and I will point out to you the 'Mother and Son,' which are three hundred and fifteen and three hundred and twelve feet high respectfully, and each of 'em ninety-three feet in circumference."

"Less take holt of hands, and make a circle round this one first," said Mrs. Richome. "I think eight of us can reach round it."

"Now, John," says I, "you jest take holt of that end of the row, and I will this end; then, when we git round the tree, our hands'll come together."

So we marched forward to surround the "Cabin." John disappeared round the tree, and, after waitin' a minit, I called out to him to come along and take holt of my hand. He peeked out from the other side of the tree, and stretched out his hand.

"Why don't you come here, Janey?"

"Oh! we're all stretched out far as we can

be now, but I'm afraid you're standin' close together that side."

"No, we ain't," they answered, laughin' like children. Then we all laughed till we shook ourselves and bumpt our noses against the tree. I begun to expect some joke, and asked Mr. Delesther to see if they were standin' fair. He said I was too suspicious, though he thought by skilful engineering they might be made to spread themselves a foot or two more. Then Mrs. Richome left her place, and come round to see how much we lacked of claspin' the tree. She was surprised, and says she:—

"Well, I declare 'tis a big tree after all, though I could not believe it was eighty feet at first."

All the big trees had names, though I can't remember every one. But I know Mr. Gay said the original "Big Tree" was ninety-six feet in circumference, and the "Three Graces" were pretty near as big each of them. Then there was "General Washington," "General Winfield Scott," "The Pride of the Forest," and plenty more that I can't think of. "The Horseback Ride" was caved in when we was there, but we was told that there had been a hollow tree fallen, and that a man could ride into it on horseback to the distance of eighty feet.

"How can folks tell how tall these trees are, Mr. Gay?" asked Miss Skinner. "They can't climb up and measure them, I'm sure."

"Well, you see the—the—ah—altitude is approximated, and, in fact, correctly arrived at, by—the—ah—you know the diametrical parolelegram, vertical triangle, and—and hypotenuse, don't you?"

"Oh, no! I am such an ignorant little thing," said Miss Carrie.

"But they measure the highth of the highest and most lofty mountains, as well as the distance to the farthest terrestrial star in the firmament, by the same process of induction."

"Oh!" said Carrie, "that's the way, is it?"

Mr. Delesther smiled, and bit his lips; and I said those big words of Mr. Gay's over and over again to myself, so as to remember them. Perhaps I have mixed them up a little, but I don't think I have much; for he was always tryin' to git in big words, and hesitatin' in his speech while he was tryin' to think of one high-soundin' enough. Sometimes he couldn't think of any, and it was so evident that he had tried to, that his common words sounded quite tame. I remember, after we had been all through the grove, and were thinkin' of goin' back to the hotel, Mr. Gay said:—

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, perhaps we had better adjourn and return to a place near the big tree pavilion, where there is a rope suspended from two large trees, upon which the ladies can—can—ah—swing."

Miss Spencer whispered to me afterwards that she was so disappointed in that speech.

"I expected him at least to say, 'Where the ladies can oscilate gently to and fro like the vibrations of a gigantic pendulum.'"

I got a nice piece of big tree bark for my pin-cushion; but the hotel folks said we mustn't cut any out of the standin' trees, and I shouldn't think anybody would want to, it seemed such a pity to look at the poor white skeleton stripped of its bark to carry to New York for a show. It was taken off in sections, and folks in New York couldn't hardly believe it come off from one tree alone. I didn't see any bark more 'n eighteen inches thick, though they said it grew much thicker than that on some trees.

Miss Spencer came out one day with a basket. "I am goin' to get some burs to make frames of. Don't you want some, Mrs. Poudrous?"

"I'd be proper glad to go with you, but, dear me, suz! I shouldn't know how to make nothin' of 'em after I got 'em."

"I can tell you how to use them when I come out to visit you."

"So you can, and I guess I'll have some, though I'm 'fraild it will look awful fussy in an old woman tryin' to learn."

"I think I will go out and make a selection, too," said Carrie. "Just for a memento of our visit here."

"May I carry your basket and assist you if I can, Miss Spencer?" asked Mr. Delesther.

"No, thank you! My basket is light, and I am strong. Carrie may like your assistance, however."

"Shall I help you, Miss Carrie?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Delesther! I should admire to have you, I'm sure."

He took her basket, and we started for the woods, Carrie's soft voice cooing all the way.

"Oh! you're gatherin' the wrong kind of burs," said Miss Spencer, after we had been pickin' a spell. "See, these are the kind we use for bur work."

"Sakes alive! I didn't know but these was good; they're the most plenty. Maybe Carrie is pickin' the wrong ones, too," says I, lookin' out where she and Mr. Delesther was.

"When she comes this way, I'll tell her. But here are some beauties down in this gulch; I must have them."

"Don't git down there. Maybe you'll hurt yourself, deary."

She only just laughed at that, and let herself carefully down. The next instant she gave one little scream, and stood still with starin' eyes, holdin' her dress back with both hands. I peeked over, and there was a snake's head reared up almost clost to her foot. Its forked tongue was out, and, oh, how dreadful it looked!

"Mercy sakes alive!" says I. "Give me your hands, and I'll pull you out quick."

"No, I can't. The stone my foot is on barely holds the body now; so, if I move, it can move,

and might strike me before I could get out. Do you know whether it's poisonous? What shall I do? Find me a stick, please."

Before I could stir, Mr. Delesther leaped down beside her, and beat the poor snake's head to pieces. Oh, what a free breath we all drew then! But Miss Spencer would have her burs, and Mr. Delesther would help her gather them. Then he took possession of her basket, and would go on helpin' her (for Carrie had run away at the first mention of snake), and bimeby they got to talkin' about mosses. So then he climbed a tree, and broke off some branches covered with light green moss, not long, swinging moss like that at Soquel. Here it grew like a wreath clost around the branches, so that we couldn't see a bit of the wood on pieces four feet long. It was the kind to make picture frames of, Miss Spencer said. Finally we went back to the house, and found the rest of our party talkin' about startin' for Yo Semite.

JANE PONDROUS.

TO WILL.

BY KAT ESS.

THE story is old, but I loved you, dear Will,

In the days that forever are gone,
With a love that was pure as the seraphims have
In their home lying east of the dawn.

But you found one you deemed far less humble than I,

And you chose her your life-mate to be—
Oh, could I but know all your heart-void was filled!
It would bring a sweet rest unto me.

I'm no longer the shy, bonny girl as of yore,

When the future I dreamed was so bright,
For silver is mixed with my yellow-brown hair,
And my eyes have a shadowy light.

Ah! well, perhaps it were better far so,
For 'tis sinful earth-idols to make,
And what matters it now that the Upas her drips
Has mixed with the draughts I must take.

But to-night, as I sit in my low rocking-chair,

Looking dreamily out o'er the lea,
A tangible something seems floating this way,
And a presence I feel and can see.

Oh, "just for to-night!" let me lean on your breast

My head, that with grief is bowed low!
For I can but believe that this phantom is real,
In the light streaming in o'er the snow.

Ah! there, now the years have gone silently back,

And I'm standing in youth's sunny ray,
At the garden-gate, waiting you kiss me "once
more,"

In your boyish, yet impassionate, way.

How the tears of deep happiness come to my eyes!

And my heart's keeping still in its bliss,
For even a pulse-throb might summon the years
That had in them no haven like this.

But, alas! darling Will, there's a sound in my ears,

Like the tones of some far distant bell;
And there falls on my form such a desolate chill,
That the weird wind seems chanting, "Farewell."

Ah! the moon-rays no longer shine over the sill,

And the dawn's creeping up cold and gray—

I shudder and faint at my weakness and sin,

And tremblingly kneel me to pray.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

HANDKERCHIEF SATCHET.

THIS satchet consists of two squares, ten inches each way, one of canvas, the other of blue silk. The canvas is worked in small

INFANT'S CAP IN CROCHET.

THIS cap is intended for a child of twelve months to two years of age; it is crocheted in white and pink or blue elder wool, and a hook,

Fig. 1.

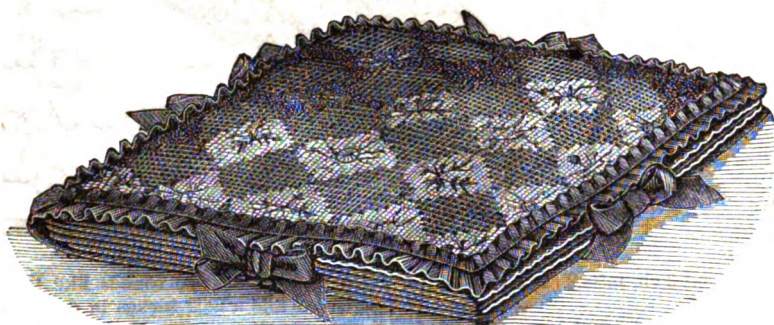
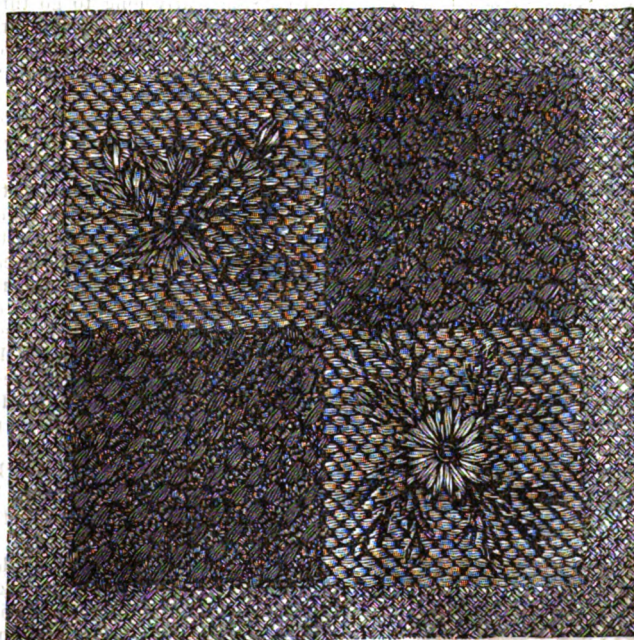


Fig. 2.—Detail of Handkerchief Satchet.



squares of white wool and blue silk. The white square is worked in tent stitch, over two threads each way, and on this ground flowers are embroidered in *point russe* with different colored silks. The blue squares are worked in Smyrna stitch, over four threads each way. Both canvas and silk are lined with scented wadding and white quilted silk. It is trimmed all round with a ruche of blue satin ribbon, and tied together with satin bows.

No. 8. The hat is round in shape, and is worked in a very simple pattern, which is given in a large size in Fig. 2. When the foundation is finished, it is ornamented with bands of color, which are laced through the holes as illustrated in the pattern. Cut a round in paper measuring nine and a half inches in diameter, and you crochet by this round a piece for the head. Commence with a chain of 12 stitches in white wool, turn, 8 long in the 9th ch, 3 ch, miss 3 ch,

Fig. 1.

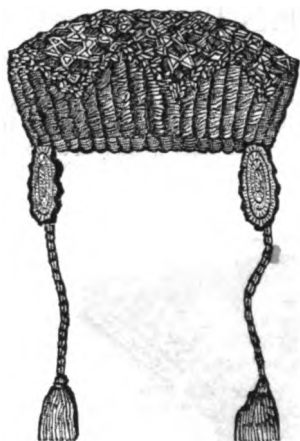
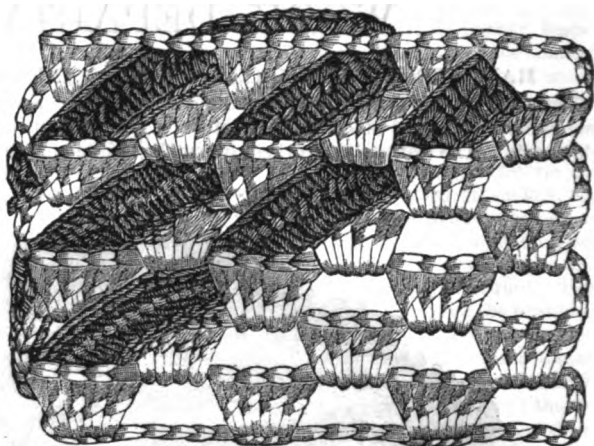


Fig. 2.

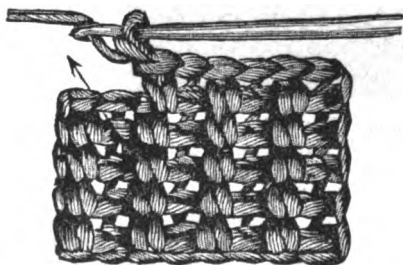


3 long in the next 3 ch, miss 3 ch, 3 long in the next, turn.

2d row. 1 single on the first long stitch, 6 ch, 1 long in the 3d, 2d, and 1st of the 6 ch; * 3 ch, 4 long in the next space of last row; repeat from * once more, then repeat again, working on the 6th of the 9th ch in commencing the last row; turn.

3d. 1 single on the first long, 6 ch, 1 long on the 2d and 1st of the 6 ch, * 3 ch, 4 long in the next space; repeat from * to the end of the row, where work 4 long on the last long stitch, then repeat this row until you have worked to the middle of your paper, which should make the work about 7 rows deep, then 3 more rows with no increasings, then decrease every row by turning after the long stitches in the last space on the next row, work 2 single on the first 2 long stitches, then in the next space 4 long, decrease until you have only 3 sets of long in the row. You next work a row of dc all round the edge of the piece worked, taking care to keep the shape well. When this round is finished work upon it a round of 1 dc on the first dc, * 1 ch, miss 1 dc, 1 dc on the next; repeat from *. The engraving Fig. 3 gives the

Fig. 3.



position of the stitches in this round. 1 dc just by the dc of last row and under the ch, * 1 ch, 1 dc just by the side of the next dc; repeat

from *, work 8 more rounds like the 2d, or a piece one and a half inches in depth, and you fasten off. You next work the bands of colored wool, and lace them through the work; make a ch sufficiently long to go through three or four rows of holes without a break, and on it work a row of long crochet, working it close and firm, then lace it through the holes in a slanting direction, and fasten it off neatly; work the rest in the same manner. When this is finished you work a Vandyked border in looped crochet with white wool, make a chain of 7 stitches, take up the 6th stitch, wind the wool three times round the tip of the first finger of the left hand, and over the hook, then finish the stitch as a double crochet; repeat this stitch to the end of the row, making 7 loops, turn, work 1 ch and 2 dc in the first stitch, so increasing a stitch, then 1 dc on each to the end of the row; repeat these two rows until you have 10 loops in the row, then decrease until you have 7 only; this forms one Vandyke. Work enough to go round the hat, then join neatly the first and last rows together with a row of dc. Work on the scalloped side of this border with blue wool the following edge: 1 dc in the first stitch, * 3 ch, miss 1 stitch, 1 dc in the next; repeat from * and fasten off. Sew this border to the hat, sewing the two plain edges together, and on this edge work a row of dc with blue wool. The rosettes may be worked in plain double crochet with white wool, or in looped crochet; in either case commence by a chain of 5, and unite, and increase gradually until the size required; edge them with a round of blue wool worked in the same manner as on the border. When you work the last stitch in the round make a chain long enough for strings to tie the hat, and add a tassel of the two wools mixed; then line the hat with flannel and silk.

KNITTING BASKET.

This basket may be made any size required. The foundation is card-board, and it is covered with puffings of blue satin separated by stripes

BASKET OF CRYSTAL BEADS WITH CRYSTAL CUP.

This pretty basket consists of flowers, leaves, and grapes of fine crystal beads, strung on



of black velvet; it is edged on both sides with a blue satin ruche. The handle is thin whale-bone covered with a ruche, and terminating

silver wire; the glass cup inside is of blue crystal, and contrasts prettily with the white basket. The shape of the basket is made of

Fig. 1.



with a black velvet bow. The inside is cased so as to contain knitting-needles, and a bag of blue silk is added for the wools or cottons. The bag is drawn at the top with a silk cord.

thick wire from Fig. 2; this wire is covered first with soft white cotton, and then with crystal beads. Our pattern measures twenty inches round the top; the bottom measures

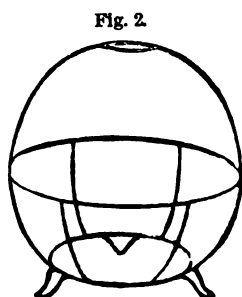


Fig. 2.

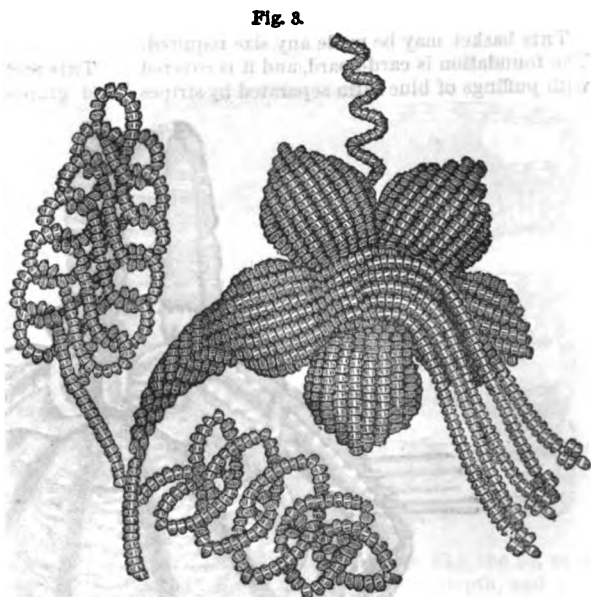


Fig. 3.

twelve inches round; the whole basket, including the handle, is nine and two-fifths inches high. On both sides of the basket the beginning of the handle is covered by a bunch of grapes and leaves, as seen in Fig. 4. The berries of the grapes are worked separately, and

lying above each other, not quite as far as the edge; and then cover it in the same manner the long way. The cross rows must be somewhat raised in the middle of the leaf, so as to have a curved shape. The middle of the flower is covered also by two cross rows of beads, lying

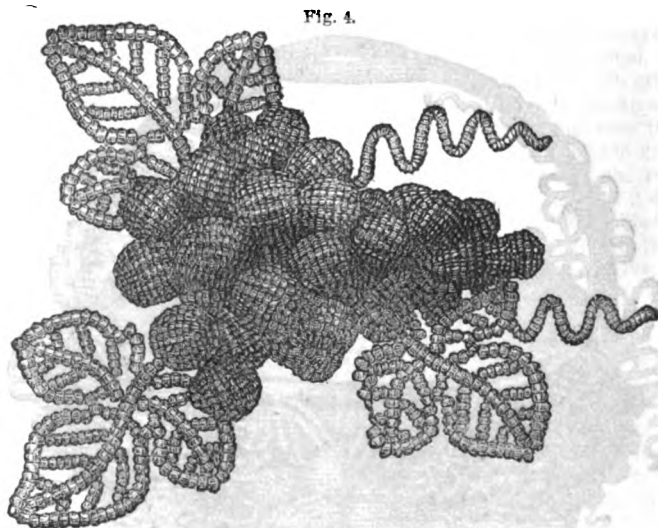


Fig. 4.

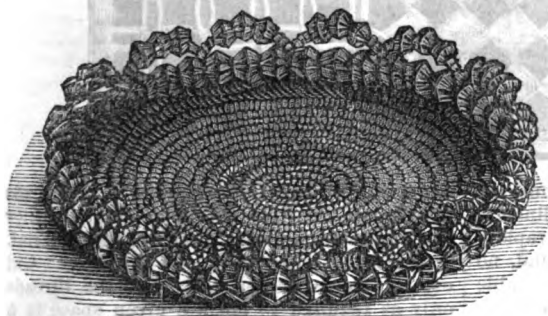
joined on to one another with cotton; the centre is formed of one alabaster bead, which is covered with crystal beads. The leaves and tendrils are to be worked from Fig. 3. Between the two bunches of grapes, the basket is ornamented with a large 5-petalled flower. Cut the foundation shape of this flower in strong gummed linen; cover each leaf on the top, the cross-way, with double rows of beads,

one over the other. The stamens are made of five rows of beads from illustration. The other leaves are also worked from illustration. The tendrils, as well as the remaining small leaves, which occupy the free space between the grapes and flowers, are easily worked from Fig. 4. A blue crystal cup completes this very pretty model.

BEAD MAT.

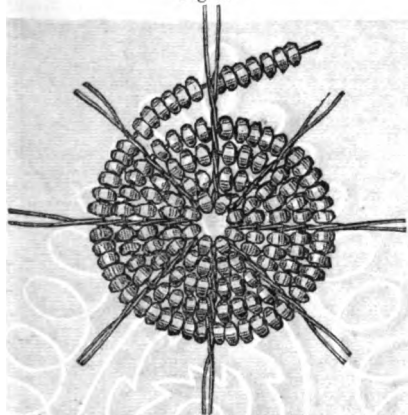
THIS round mat or tray for glasses, bottles, or little ornaments, is four inches in diameter, and is made entirely of crystal beads strung on silver wire. Fig. 2 shows the size of the beads, and the process of arrangement. Begin by threading a number of crystal beads on a silver wire about three yards in length; draw up the first eight beads into a loop, and place

Fig. 1.



eight wires, five inches long, in between the beads, doubling them over the loop, and twisting the two ends together close to it. Then wind the long wire threaded with beads round

Fig. 2.



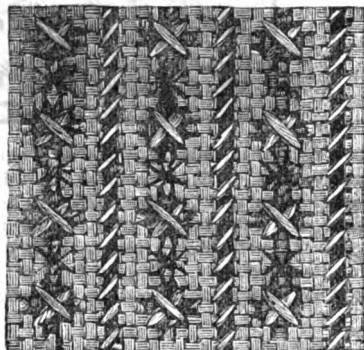
the loop, passing it between the open ends of the double wire, and leaving two beads between them, twist the ends together again, and repeat this process, leaving a greater number of beads between the wires in each successive row, till the mat has reached the required size; the ends of the wires should be tightly twisted together, and fastened down underneath the mat. Now proceed with the raised rim. Make a ring of large cut crystal beads round the mat, observing that the number of beads must be divisible by three. Take another wire and fasten it between two of these large beads, * thread three small crystal beads, three large cut beads, three small beads, pass the wire round the wire of the edge, missing three of

the beads of the last row; repeat from * all round, cut off the wire and fasten in the end, and turn the scallops upwards to form a rim.

FANCY STITCHES (PANAMA CANVAS).

FIG. 1 is a stitch suitable for slippers, sat-chets, etc. The groundwork is brown Panama canvas, and on this lines of scarlet silk braid are run at regular intervals; one line is crossed

Fig. 1.



with yellow filoselle, and the alternate line with double cross-stitches of black and yellow filoselle. Any effective contrasts can be used for this simple design with advantage.

Fig. 2.

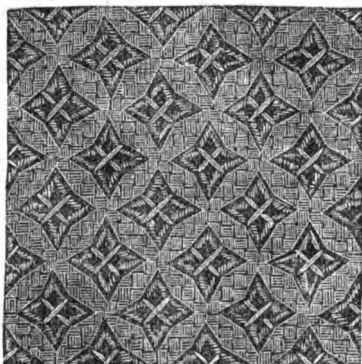
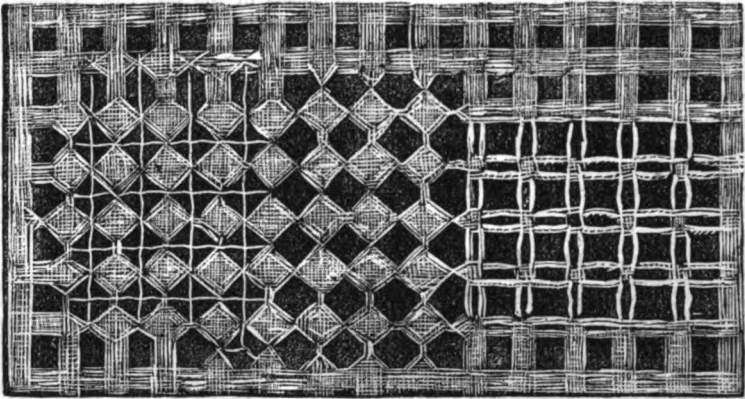


Fig. 2 is composed of lozenge-shaped patterns. The outline of each is traced with green silk, and the star in the centre is a double cross-stitch of violet wool and amber filoselle. The groundwork is Panama canvas.

DRAWIN-LNEN WORK, OR SPANISH STITCH.

Materials.—Cotton, No. 24, and a fine sewing needle.

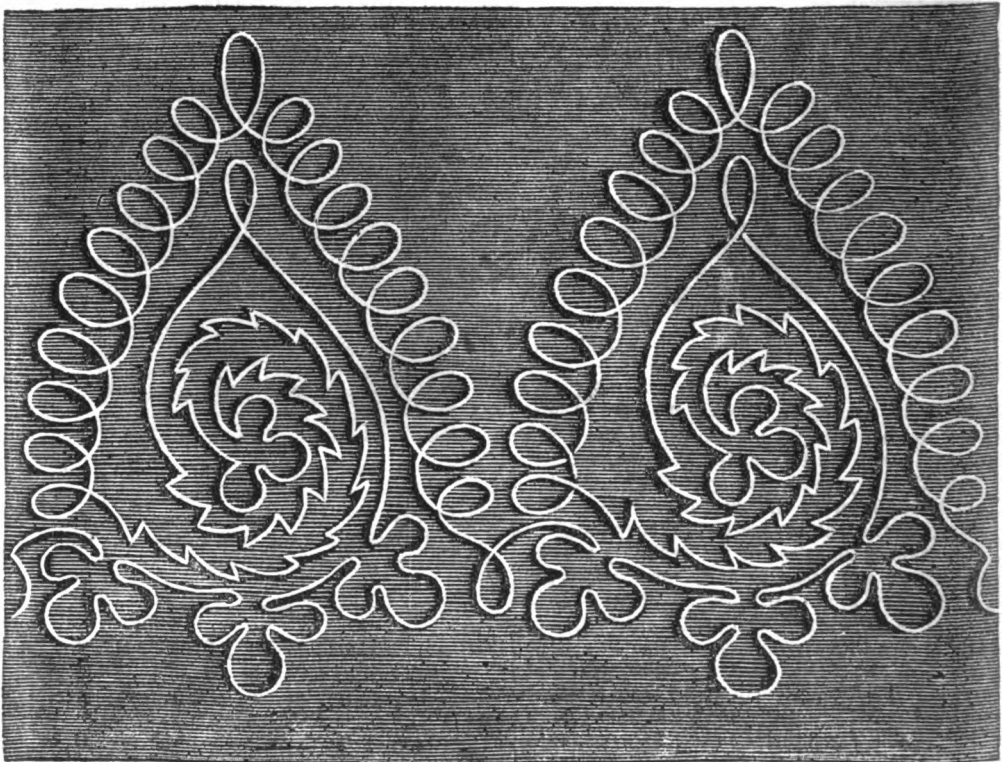
THIS is admirable work to be used for insertions; for borders, for pillow-cases, and sheets;



and for the chemisette, piece of a chemise, or night-dress. It is economical, for old linen is better than new for the work. It is rapidly done, and requires no effort of the mind, no numbering of stitches, and is further valuable for its durability. The method of working will be better understood by reference to the

engraving rather than description. The threads are drawn out from old linen, ten, eight, or twelve, according to the fineness of the material. A variety of patterns can be produced. Cut out the shape needed, and draw the threads only as required to finish a given space in a given time.

BRAIDING PATTERN FOR WHITE PIQUE.



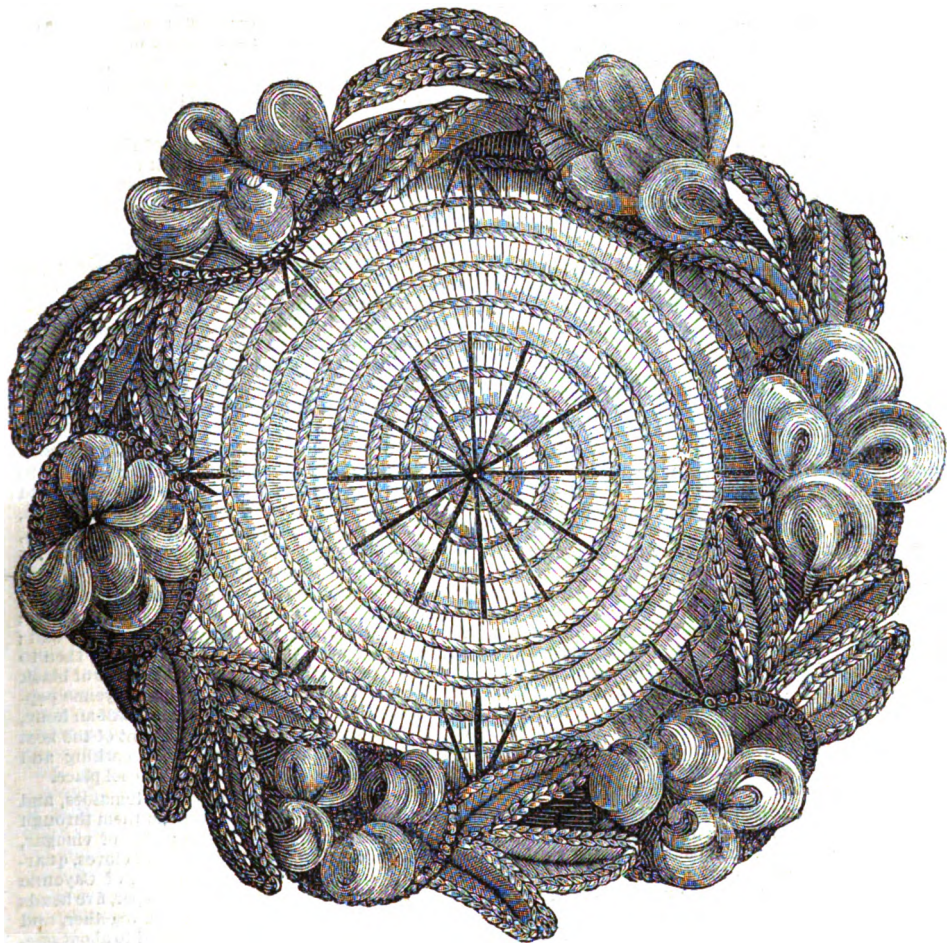
LAMP MAT.

Materials.—Round cord, wool in three shades of green, rose-color, and white; black spangled wool; wire.

THE centre of this mat is worked in double crochet over cord with three shades of green, commencing with the darkest shade. The mat is then ornamented with sprays of sweet peas

both are arranged on wire. The flowers, when completed, are disposed in groups of six or eight.

For the crochet leaves make a foundation chain of 11 st; go back over it, working 1 treble first on one side and then on the other of the foundation chain. This forms the middle part of the leaf. Edge these stitches with one round



with crochet leaves between; the sweet peas are worked with white and pink wool.

Fasten four threads crosswise on a card-board mesh, then pass the wool over these threads so as to form a circle of six rounds; now take a piece of similar wool divided in two, and pass it slanting across the six wool circles which are held down by the above-mentioned stitches; the latter are then cut away and the petals taken off the mesh. Two petals are required for each flower, one quite flat, slightly turned back towards the bottom, the other folded heart-shaped; the latter is placed in front and

of double with spangled wool; a piece of wire is placed down the veining of the leaf to make it firmer.

KNITTED FRINGE.

CAST on 9 stitches. *1st. row.* Slip 1, 2 plain, over, knit 2 together, 1 plain, knit 2 together, 1 plain. Every row the same. When the length is completed cast off five stitches and unravel the rest.

These directions are for fringe in which the loops are formed by unravelling.

Receipts, &c.

SUMMER BEVERAGES.

Ginger Beer.—Boil the following ingredients together for two hours: Two gallons and a half of water, one pound of loaf-sugar, two ounces of ginger, and half an ounce of hops. When boiled, place the liquor in a pan, and when nearly cold add to it about two ounces of yeast. Let it ferment for two days, and then bottle it and cork it well.

Ginger Pop.—Take three-quarters of a pound of white sugar, one ounce of cream of tartar, the juice and rind of a lemon, one ounce of bruised ginger, put the whole into a pan, and pour over it four quarts of boiling water; let it stand till lukewarm, and then add a tablespoonful of yeast. When it has ceased boiling, bottle it off in small soda-water bottles or jars. It will be fit for use in twenty-four hours. Another receipt is a very refreshing and wholesome beverage, if either heated from the weather or feverish from indisposition:—

Imperial.—Put into a jug that will contain three pints half an ounce of cream of tartar, the juice of a lemon, and the rind pared very thin; pour boiling water over these, and add sugar to taste. When cold, it is fit for use.

Lemons furnish two important products for the formation of beverages; an acid juice, and an aromatic stomachic oil, contained in the rind. Lemon-juice is a slightly turbid, very sour liquid, having a pleasant flavor when diluted. It contains a considerable quantity of gummy muclage, which causes it to become mouldy on exposure to the air. It is capable of furnishing a large number of acidulated drinks, which are exceedingly useful in allaying thirst, and are most valuable for their anti-scorbutic properties. In making any kind of lemonade, the proportions given need not be adhered to, but the quantities ordered may be increased or lessened to suit the taste. For a quart of lemonade, take six lemons and a quarter of a pound of sugar; rub off part of the yellow rind of the lemons on to the sugar, squeeze the juice on to the latter, and pour on the water boiling hot; mix the whole, and run through a flannel jelly-bag. Lemons are not always to be procured, especially on a journey, and we have therefore much pleasure in drawing attention to the following useful directions for making portable lemonade:—

Portable Lemonade.—Rasp with a quarter of a pound of sugar the rind of a fine juicy lemon; reduce the sugar to powder, and pour on it the strained juice of the fruit; press the mixture into a jar, and when wanted for use, dissolve a tablespoonful of it in a glass of water; it will keep a considerable time. If too sweet for the taste of the drinker, a very small portion of citric acid may be added when it is taken.

Mock Lemonade.—A cheap substitute for lemonade may be made as follows: A quarter of an ounce of tartaric acid, six ounces of sugar, about four or five drops of essence of lemon dropped on the sugar, two pints of boiling water. This, allowed to stand till cold, makes a wholesome, cooling summer beverage, economical in its cost, but the flavor is not equal to that prepared from lemon-juice.

Orange Lemonade.—Take three oranges, one large lemon, and two or three ounces of sugar; rub off some of the peel on to the sugar, squeeze on the juice, and pour on two pints of boiling water; mix the whole and strain.

PRESERVING, ETC.

To Preserve Sugar Pears.—Take three pounds of best sugar and a pound and a half of water, boil to a thick syrup. Take four pounds of ripe pears; pare, core, and put them into the boiling syrup, and cook until done. Then take them out, cool, and put into jars for use.

To Preserve Plums.—Take four pounds of sugar, two of water, five of ripe plums; prick them with a fork, and pour the boiling syrup over them, and boil until done; cool and put away in jars for use.

To Preserve Peaches.—Take good, large, ripe peaches, pare and stone; six pounds of sugar, three pounds of water; boil to a thick syrup, then add eight pounds of peaches. Boil until done, then cook, flavor with essence of lemon, and put away into jars for use.

Damson Sauce.—Twelve pounds of ripe damsons, four of vinegar, three of sugar; boil until the damsons are soft, take them out and mash them, and then put them back into the syrup, and boil half an hour.

To Preserve Tomatoes.—Take good ripe tomatoes, scald and skin them, take out the seeds carefully, so as not to break your tomatoes. Now boil them in ginger water until they are soft, take them out, drain them, and weigh them; and to every pound of fruit add one pound of white loaf or pulverized sugar and half a pint of the ginger water they were boiled in, add some strips of fresh ginger; boil carefully over a slow fire until clear, take them off, cool, and put away in jars for use.

To Pickle Peaches.—Take any quantity of good ripe peaches, wipe them clean, lay them one day in good brine, take them out, and pour sufficient cold vinegar over them; add a few spoonfuls of allspice, let them stand a month, take them out, scald them, and pour good cold spiced vinegar over them; let them stand one day, and they are fit for use.

Tomato Catsup.—Take ripe tomatoes, and scald them just sufficient to allow you to take off the skin; then let them stand for a day, covered with salt; strain them thoroughly to remove the seeds; then to every two quarts, three ounces of cloves, two of black pepper, two nutmegs, and a very little Cayenne pepper, with a little salt; boil the liquor for half an hour, and then let it cool and settle; add a pint of the best cider vinegar, after which bottle it, corking and sealing it tightly. Keep it always in a cool place.

Another Way.—Take one bushel of tomatoes, and boil them until they are soft; squeeze them through a fine wire sieve, and add half a gallon of vinegar, one pint and a half of salt, two ounces of cloves, quarter of a pound of allspice, two ounces of Cayenne pepper, three teaspoonfuls of black pepper, five heads of garlic skinned and separated; mix together, and boil about three hours, or until reduced to about one-half; then bottle, without straining.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Lemon Cakes.—Mix ten ounces of flour, five ounces of butter, and five ounces of sugar. Beat in the yolk of an egg; flavor with one small teaspoonful of essence of lemon, or a little sherry. Divide into cakes, and bake them.

Cup Puddings.—One egg, and its weight in brown sugar, butter, and flour. Melt the butter, and mix it well with the sugar and flour; add the egg in the same way, and a little lemon-juice and rind chopped fine; then put one teaspoonful of baking powder. Butter five cups, and bake ten minutes in a quick oven. Serve with custard or melted butter.

Devonshire Cake.—One pound of flour, one pound of currants, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, half the peel of a lemon, half a pound of citron; whisk all together with eight eggs; add a little brandy; bake in a slow oven two hours and a half.

Angel Pudding.—Two ounces of flour, same quantity of butter and sugar, with a little lemon-peel. Boll this in one gill of milk; when cold, add the yolks of two eggs, and the white of one. Half an hour will bake.

A Baked Apple Pudding.—Boll six apples well; take out the cores, put in half a pint of milk thickened with three eggs, a little lemon-peel, and sugar to the taste; put puff paste round the dish, bake the pudding in a slow oven, grate sugar over it, and serve it hot.

Another.—Take the pulp of two large roasted apples, the peel and juice of one lemon, the yolks of six eggs, two Savoy biscuits grated, quarter of a pound of butter melted, and sugar to taste. Beat the ingredients together, put a puff paste round the dish, and bake half an hour.

Biscuits.—Dissolve a quarter of a pound of butter in half a pint of warm milk, and with four pounds of fine flour, a few caraways, and half a pound of sugar makes a stiff but smooth paste; and, to render the biscuits short and light, add half a drachm of carbonate of soda in powder. Roll out very thin; stamp the biscuits, pricking them with a fork, and bake in tins, in a quick oven.

Doughnuts.—One pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of moist sugar, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, one tablespoonful of good yeast, quarter of a pint of milk. Make the flour, yeast, and milk into dough, and after adding the spice and other ingredients, set it in a warm place for an hour or two to rise. When the dough has risen sufficiently, roll it out and cut it into squares, which must be fried in boiling lard in a clean pan until they are of a nice brown color.

"Rod Grod." A Danish Receipt.—It is made of fruit juice, arrowroot, and cream; as all who partake of it report favorably of its merits, and as it is simple in composition, we quote the receipt: "Take three pounds and a half of currant juice, three pints of water, a good quantity of sugar, and a flavoring of almonds or cinnamon one ounce or an ounce and a half. Boll this mixture; when it begins to boil, add a pound and a quarter of ground rice, or one pound of sago. Boll for a quarter of an hour, stirring very often; pour out into moulds and leave to cool. Turn out and eat with cream and sugar. The juice of any other acid fruit would do as well."

Plain Cakes.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, a quarter of a pound of dripping, a quarter of a pound of currants, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one egg, and nearly half a pint of milk. The powder to be mixed with the flour and the milk when going into the oven.

A Plain Cake for Children.—One pound and a half of flour, seven ounces of brown sugar, four ounces of dripping, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a pound of currants, or one ounce of caraway seeds, half a pint of warm milk.

Oat Cake.—Take a handful of oatmeal, and mix with it the smallest quantity of water, just sufficient to form it into a hard paste. Roll it out thin, and bake on an iron bakestone over the fire. After it is baked, place it close before the fire for a few minutes to harden. The thinner it is, and the less water used in mixing it, the better. You must mix again for every cake.

THE TOILET.

We offer a few suggestions on the way to obtain a good complexion, a subject of much interest to the ladies of the present day, if one may judge from the numerous inquiries on the subject, to say nothing of the numerous advertisements in all the newspapers and magazines especially devoted to the interests of our sex.

No one who goes much into society can fail to notice how very common the use of paints, powders, and cosmetics has become of late years. This fashion we owe, with many others, to the ladies of France. Few French women have good complexions at least what American people consider as such—a clear skin, with a bright, healthy bloom on it; and in order to have a fair complexion, the use of powders, dyes, paints, and cosmetics has become a necessity to the women of fashion in Paris.

It is perfectly right that every woman should try to make the best of herself, and the wish to improve her appearance to a certain extent is only laudable, but the right means should be used, and not the wrong ones. It is not at all difficult to obtain a good complexion if the right means are taken to insure it. The first requisite is perfect health, without which all endeavors will fail to be successful. The complexion is the barometer of health, and when the skin is sallow or dry, the eyes heavy and without brightness, and the countenance has a worn look, we may feel sure there is something wrong in the health, and that must be first set right. The next essential to obtaining a clear and blooming complexion is early rising, which is absolutely necessary. Our great grandmothers who lived in the country used to rise very early and go down the meadows and dip their faces in May dew, which they thought the best thing for the skin; and no doubt they found the custom beneficial, for it obliged them to rise early, and to breathe the fresh morning air. Seven or half-past is the latest hour at which any one should rise who wishes to have a clear and blooming complexion. Avoid crowded assemblies, late hours, and much exhausting excitement.

Nothing helps more to insure a good complexion than the use of a cold bath every morning. No one who is not in the habit of taking one can imagine how greatly it conduces to the health and to the freshness of the complexion.

A large spongeful of water should be squeezed all over the body for about two minutes, when rough towels (Turkish are the best) should be used until the friction causes a warm glow to be felt. The softest water should be used for the face (rain water filtered is much the best), and soap should always be applied once a day.

If the skin is at all dry or cracked by the weather, a little fresh cold cream applied at night will soften it and restore the elasticity. Plenty of fresh air and exercise must be taken; an hour, at the very least, every day, and more, if possible, should be devoted to walking or riding.

Early rising, a daily cold bath, a simple diet, and plenty of fresh air and exercise will do more to insure a clear and blooming complexion than all the cosmetics ever invented; and we can assure our readers that the desired end will be attained if they will take the trouble to follow the rules given.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Good Receipt for Curing Hams.—To a common-sized ham, put one pound of bay salt, two ounces of saltpetre, one ounce of black pepper; beat all well together, and rub the ham well with it. Let it lay four days, turning it every day; then put half a pound of common sugar on it, turning it in the brine

every day for a month, then hang it up to dry. Hams cured by this receipt are of excellent flavor.

House Flies.—House flies may be effectually destroyed by taking half a spoonful of powdered black pepper on a teaspoonful of brown sugar and one teaspoonful of cream; mix them well together, and place the mixture in a room where the flies are troublesome.

Goffering Irons.—Make a common iron very hot, and, placing it on a stand, put the goffering or fluting irons under it to heat, as putting them into the fire for this purpose spoils the points. For beginners, it is better to pin the frill to be fluted at each end to the ironing cloth; but practised hands do not require this. Holding the goffering irons in the right hand, with the thumb downwards, take hold of the frill between them, pushing the points up to the head of the frill, and keeping the muslin in place with the two first fingers of the left hand close to the irons; give them a half turn upwards to the right, holding them in position a moment to set the flute; then take them out, insert them a little further on, and proceed as before. If the frill be wide, three fingers of the left hand will be required to keep it in its place. The muslin must be ironed damp, and if found too dry, must be moistened again with a sponge. When the fluting is done, a common iron must be used to smooth out the tape or band at the head of the frill.

Preventing Mosquito Bites.—If a bough of elder (in bloom if possible) be hung from the bed, the mosquitoes will settle upon it in preference to the hands or face.

Or: One part glycerine to two of rose-water, applied to the face and hands the last thing at night, will be found effectual.

Insects in Cages.—Put a piece of linen once or twice doubled over the top and to hang down the sides of the cages every night; you will find it full of the insects in the morning. If repeated every night, the insects will soon be got rid of. The linen must be washed in hot water every day to kill the insects.

Salad Dressing (Excellent).—One teaspoonful of mixed mustard, one of pounded sugar, two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, four of milk, two of vinegar, Cayenne and salt to taste. Put the mixed mustard into a salad-bowl with the sugar, and add the oil drop by drop, carefully stirring and mixing all these ingredients well together. Proceed in this manner with the milk and vinegar, which must be added very gradually, or the sauce will curdle. Put in the seasoning, when the mixture will be ready for use. If this dressing is properly made, it will have a soft, creamy appearance, and will be found very delicious with crab, or cold fried fish (the latter cut into dice), as well as with salads. In mixing salad dressings, the ingredients cannot be added too gradually, or stirred too much.

CONTRIBUTED.

We shall be glad to have domestic receipts of any kind from our fair friends, provided they are not merely copied from books, but the result of their own personal experience.

Newington Cakes.—Take half a pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, two eggs, one grated lemon, and make into cakes. They are delicious.

Irish Cake.—Take one pound of sifted sugar, one pound of butter beat to a cream, one pound and a quarter of flour, one pound of currants, three eggs—beat the whites to a froth—a quarter of a pound of almonds beat or cut up small, a glass of brandy, and a nutmeg or a lemon. Beat the cake an hour, or till

very light; leave out the currants and almonds until you send it to the oven.

To Make a Hen's Nest.—Get fine eggs, make a hole at one end, and empty the shells; fill them with blanc-mange; when stiff and cold, take off the shells. Pare the yellow rind from six lemons, boil them in water till tender, then cut them in thin strips to resemble straw, and preserve them with sugar. Fill a small deep dish half full of nice jelly; when it is set, put the strips of lemon on in form of a nest, and lay the eggs in it.

The blanc-mange is made as follows: Break one ounce of isinglass into very small pieces, wash it well, and pour on a pint of boiling water. Next morning add a quart of milk, boil it till the isinglass is dissolved, strain it, put in two ounces of sweet almonds, pounded; sweeten it, and put it in the eggs. Mrs. M. M. W.

Washington Cake.—One pound and three-quarters of flour, a pound and a half of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one pint of milk, one nutmeg, one pound and a half of fruit, six eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, one glassful of wine.

Lemon Cake.—Three cups of loaf-sugar, one of butter, the yolks of five eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, four cups of flour, the juice and grated peel of one lemon.

Seymour Cake.—Three cups of sugar, one of butter, six eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, three cups of corn starch, half a teaspoonful of soda, one of cream of tartar; flavor to taste.

Shrewsbury Pudding.—Ten eggs, two quarts of milk, fourteen tablespoonfuls of flour; mix the flour with the eggs and milk.

Floating Island.—The whites of four eggs, beat them light; four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; stir gently with the eggs, ornament with jelly. To be eaten with cream.

Boston Brown Bread.—Four cups of corn meal, two of rye meal, one of molasses, one of vinegar, one teaspoonful of soda; mix with cold water. Steam three hours.

Rusk.—One pint of lukewarm milk, half a cup of butter, one of yeast, flour enough to make a stiff batter; set it to rise. When light, add two beaten eggs, one cup and a half of sugar; flour to make a stiff dough. When light, make into small cakes.

Biscuits.—Three quarts of flour, one cup of butter or lard, one quart of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, one of salt.

Sweet Pickled Peaches.—Three pounds of sugar, seven pounds of fruit, one pint of vinegar; when on the boil, put in the fruit, whole cloves, and ground cinnamon; put in a small bag, cook twenty minutes.

The above receipts I have used in my family for years with entire success. Mrs. G. B.

Dewberry Vinegar, for Colds.—Take any quantity of dewberries, put them in a large earthen jar, and bruise them with the hand. Then add equal quantity of good white vinegar, let it stand one night, next day run all through a flannel bag. Then put the juice into a brass pan, adding one pound of sugar to the pound of juice; boil slowly for twenty minutes, strain if necessary, and bottle when cool. Cork up tightly next day, and dip the corked necks of the bottles in melted beeswax. This will keep for years, and forms a delightful summer beverage mixed with water, and for colds use it undiluted. Mrs. B.

MR. GODEY: I would like if you could find me a good receipt for keeping string beans fresh during winter, also how to grow asparagus for greens.

JENNIE.

Can any one tell?

Editors' Table.

THE relation of handwriting to character is a subject much discussed; but most people are contented to believe that there is no ascertainable connection, and that the writing-master and the accidents of school life have more to do with our calligraphy than any cause more recondite. But this explanation is contradicted by experience; one who knows intimately all the members of a family will generally be able to trace the resemblance between the handwriting of father and son, mother and daughter. A French writer has examined the subject with great minuteness, and has reached the conclusion that this manual habit is oftener inherited than any other physical peculiarity.

But another noteworthy thing about handwriting is this, that it is almost impossible for any one successfully to disguise his own through any document of considerable length. "The simple expedients of altering the usual slope and size of the writing," says an expert, "may be maintained without difficulty, but it becomes very trying to attend to details at the same time. I have never met with a writer who could do so, and sustain a consistent and complete disguise, throughout a piece of writing of moderate length." The importance of this fact is palpable. In many cases, where forgery of a deed or will was alleged, letters in the handwriting of the supposed forger, together with the document in question, have been submitted to a professional expert, whose decision has never failed to commend itself to the judgment of the jury, and to be sustained by the remaining evidence.

There are now in London two of these experts, whose names appear frequently in law reports. One of them has just decided a question of the greatest literary interest. Our readers have heard of the famous "Letters of Junius," attributed to so many eminent men, and denied by them all—the puzzle and admiration of the last century. Macaulay, in his famous essay on Warren Hastings, decided in favor of Sir Philip Francis; but there was still much doubt and many dissentients. An English gentleman, who had proved his professional skill, employed Mr. Chabot, one of the experts, to solve the mystery. The original manuscript of "Junius," together with a letter-book of Francis, were submitted to him; and, after a long and careful examination, he decided that the handwriting of the letter-book and the handwriting of "Junius" were one and the same. His reasons are embodied in a report of one hundred and ninety-seven pages, from which is condensed an article in the *Quarterly Review*, reprinted in the *Living Age*, No. 1410, a marvellous exhibition of critical observation and acumen to which we refer our readers.

The importance of his method lies in its cumulative force. One resemblance, or even half a dozen, may be accidental, but not so twenty or thirty. Mr. Chabot has discovered no less than twenty-eight points in which the two specimens of handwriting submitted to him are exactly alike, many of them tricks of the pen quite unusual; and the mathematical probability against a mere coincidence is so immense as of itself to settle the question. A glance at the lithographed words will be more conclusive than anything we can say; but, to give an instance

of Mr. Chabot's method, we take the following date from "Junius":—

"London. 20th. October. 1768."

In this way he always begins a letter, and so exactly does Francis; that is, they have these nine points in common:—

1. Placing the note of place and time at the top of the letter.
2. Writing the whole in one line.
3. Writing the name of place.
4. Placing the *day* before the *month*.
- 5, 6, 7, 8. Placing full stops after the *place*, the *day*, the *month*, and the *year*.
9. Writing the month at full length.

Any one of these habits is common enough; but their combination is so rare that Mr. Chabot says he has never seen it except in the two MSS.

These, it is true, are rather accidents of penmanship than handwriting proper; but lithography would be necessary to give our readers a vivid idea of the proof founded upon the latter, and our example will show the impossibility—the word is not too strong—of disguising through any long composition the natural handwriting. It is one of Nature's safeguards against the perpetration of fraud.

HINTS ON LANGUAGE.—NO. 3.

EUPHEMISMS AND VULGARISMS.

THERE is hardly any reproach which a writer or speaker dreads more than that of vulgarity; and, accordingly, it is the epithet which critics who desire not so much to reform as to wound, are the fondest of flinging at the objects of their aversion. Some years ago, a celebrated English reviewer, in criticizing, with contemptuous severity, a work edited by a political opponent, took occasion to stigmatize the expression *mutual friend* as a "low vulgarity." Now, there is no doubt that this use of the word *mutual*, which properly means *reciprocal*, is incorrect; but all incorrect modes of speech are not vulgar. There are many colloquial expressions, used by the best writers and speakers, which do not accord with the strict laws of etymology or grammar, but which it would be highly unjust to term underbred. When we speak of a friend as being in "delicate health," what purist would object to the expression? Yet it is, in fact, quite as incorrect as the other; for *delicate* means, properly, as Worcester defines it, "nice, dainty, fine, polite, or soft." The truth is, that our own really *delicate* regard for our friend makes us unwilling to say, in blunt phrase, that he is *sickly*. The expression that we use is not a vulgarity, but a polite euphemism. In the same way people prefer to use the word *mutual* incorrectly, rather than employ a more correct but less agreeable expression. Any lady, we suspect, however well versed in the niceties of the English idiom, would much rather be described, in the correspondence of the members of her social circle, as their *mutual friend*, than as their "common friend." So good a writer as Dickens, indeed, has made the phrase, "Our Mutual Friend," the title of a novel, and we fancy the expression will maintain its ground in spite of the critics.

There are many other words, besides *mutual* and *delicate*, which are frequently used in a slightly in-

correct manner, by way of euphemism, or, in other words, through a desire to soften the expression, or to avoid using terms which awaken unpleasant associations. Thus *obnoxious*, as Mr. Grant White points out, properly means *liable*; whence, in common parlance, a derivative sense of "liable to censure" is attached to it, and we speak of an *obnoxious* person, instead of saying, more harshly, an *offensive* person.

In the same way we have *persuasion* instead of *sect*, *avocation* instead of *employment*, *party* instead of *person*, all used a little out of their proper etymological meaning, as being, in the apprehension of those who use them, somewhat more agreeable than the words they displace. It is hardly fair to attribute the use of such terms either to ignorance or to vulgarity. It often proceeds from a sentiment which is of the very essence of good-breeding—the desire to spare the feelings of others.

There are, however, genuine vulgarisms, which have their origin in a disregard of the proper distinctions of language, and which cannot be too carefully avoided. The fact that they are sometimes used, from habit or carelessness, by refined and well-educated persons, does not alter their character. One of these is the use of the word *raise* in the sense of *bring up*, in speaking of human beings. It is a common error in some parts of our country, and has even crept into books of some pretensions. Abraham Lincoln, we are told, was born in Kentucky, but raised in Illinois. *Reared*, or *brought up*, is the expression intended. If we are asked why *raised* should not be used in this sense, we can only say that it is for the same reason which prevents us speaking of a man's food as his fodder, or of his skin as his hide. It is both a misuse of language and a degradation of the object to which it is applied.

Expressions derived from the language of the shop are thought by some critics to have, for that reason, a taint of vulgarity. But the real objection to most of them is not their origin (a matter little regarded by the laws of language), but the fact that they are both incorrect and unnecessary, to which may be added that they sometimes partake of the quality of slang. We are conscious of this element, for example, when we read, or hear, that a public man is *well-posted* on some topic of the day. Every one will admit that *well-informed* would be at once in better taste and more expressive. So when we are told that, in a shipwreck, after most of the crew had perished, the *balance* were taken off by the life-boat. We cannot understand why this absurd use of an inappropriate mercantile term should be allowed to supersede such good English words as *rest* and *remainder*.

In conclusion, it may be said that mere inaccuracy in the use of language is in itself no proof either of ignorance or of vulgarity; and when it does not result from these causes, no severity of criticism will avail against it. But when an error offends both the laws of language and the rules of good taste, there should be little difficulty in eradicating it.

OUR DUMB DEPENDENTS.

CAN it be possible that the treatment of the lower animals, those invaluable and faithful friends of the human race, is far worse in this country than in Europe? This was affirmed at a late meeting of the "Woman's Branch of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," by the Hon. George T. Angel, the President of the Boston Society. We should be glad to be able to think that there was some mistake in this assertion, but Mr. Angel, who has devoted much time and observation to the subject, both here and in Europe, ought to know the

truth, and he is right in declaring it as plainly as possible. He finds the cause partly in the newness of our Society and our eager pursuit of wealth, but chiefly in the fact that humane societies are but just commenced here, while they have been at work in Europe for nearly half a century. There are now between one and two hundred such societies in the principal cities and towns of Europe, and the number is rapidly increasing. In England the chief society has had the Queen as its patroness, and Miss Burdett Coutts at the head of its Ladies' Committee. It has a yearly income of \$50,000, and enforces the law by obtaining from one to two thousand convictions in Great Britain every year. It publishes a monthly paper, and distributes this and other publications, having the same object, by the hundred thousand. It forms branch societies, calls conventions of teachers, gets the clergy all over the Kingdom to preach upon the subject, gives prizes to the pupils in the public schools who write the best essays on kindness to animals, and in every way endeavors to enlist the feelings of all classes in its humane work. It is now taking special pains in improving the system of cattle transportation, an object, we may add, which is still more important in this country, where the helpless animals are conveyed over so much greater distances.

If there is any public duty for which women are peculiarly fitted, and to which they seem called by nature to devote themselves more earnestly than to any other, except it be the teaching of the young, it is surely to be found in the work of these societies. The impulse of kindness towards the weak and helpless, which often exhibits itself in the love of pets, has doubtless been implanted in the hearts of women, like the love of children, for a special purpose; and this purpose we may believe to be that of impelling her to come between the hasty and thoughtless master and his dumb dependents, as the protectress of those who are unable to protect themselves. Indeed, it may be said that women are especially responsible and especially concerned in this matter. They are responsible, because they have the training of children, and it is well known that cruelty to animals commences in childhood, and must be eradicated then, by the mother's teachings, if at all. And they are especially concerned, because it is certain that the cruel boy will grow up to be a hard-hearted man; harsh to his family, and a torment to all about him.

Thus we find that the influence of these humane societies is far wider than might appear at first sight. As their objects become better known, they cannot fail to attract the sympathies of all good men and women. The improvement of society is based on the cultivation of mutual good-will and kindness among its members, and it is impossible that such feelings should exist in the hearts of any persons who view the sufferings of the brute creation with indifference.

JUNE ROSES.

WHAT fragrant breaths fill all the room,
From yonder mass of dainty bloom!
And yet I sigh, oppressed with gloom;
For one who loved these roses red,
Beneath the sod lies cold and dead.

She faded, just one year ago,
Amid the summer's pomp and glow;
And, oh, with what unuttered woe
We stood around that bed of death,
And watched her last faint, flickering breath!

Sweet, odorless sighs from blossoms fair
Came floating through the still night air—
Ah! did they, too, our sorrow share,
And mourn for her who died so young,
Around whose life such promise clung?

We placed June roses on her breast,
Low in the grave with her to rest,
And envied them a fate so blest.
Oh! was't for joy they flushed so bright
Within those fingers still and white?

A year has passed; above her head
Storm-fiends have rushed with restless tread,
And shrieks that filled our hearts with dread;
Pierce rains of tears the skies have wept,
But still serenely she has slept.

Once more the roses are in bloom,
Yet shall we therefore yield to gloom?
Have they not risen from the tomb?
And, as their beauty greets our eyes,
Does Faith not point beyond the skies?

MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

LORD BROUGHAM AND HIS GRANDMOTHER:—

"To my maternal grandmother, Doctor Robertson's sister, I owe all my success in life. From my earliest infancy till I left college, with the exception of the time we passed at Brougham with my tutor, Mr. Mitchell, I was her companion. Remarkable for beauty, but far more for a masculine intellect and clear understanding, she instilled into me from my cradle the strongest desire for information, and the first principles of that persevering energy in the pursuit of every kind of knowledge, which, more than any natural talents I may possess, has enabled me to stick to, and to accomplish, how far successfully it is not for me to say, every task I ever undertook."

THE PRINCESS LUPERANO.—Does the imagination or creative faculty decline with advancing years? Those who hold that it does will have to admit of many remarkable exceptions. Among them not the least notable is the Princess Luperano, of Naples. This noble lady, we are told, is now eighty-two years of age, and has just made her first appearance as a dramatic authoress with entire success. Her work is a comedy in five acts, entitled "Il Denaro," or "Money." It has had "a great run" at Naples, where the educated classes are excellent judges of this department of literature.

THE WIFE'S PROPERTY RIGHT.—Governor Jewell, of Connecticut, has, in a recent message, repeated the suggestion that he made two years ago, "That the laws should be so amended as to make the rights of the wife to her property in all respects equal to those of the husband in his, and the same interest to be secured to either survivor in the property of the other." This is simple justice. Property is accumulated as much by saving as by earning; and, as a general rule, while the husband earns, it is the wife who saves.

WORKINGWOMEN.—The need of training-schools for young women is sufficiently shown by the fact that there are now no less than thirty thousand women and girls in the city of New York alone, being one in thirty of the whole population, who are supporting themselves, and, in many cases, their families also, by daily toil in various trades and occupations.

THE MOTHERS OF FRANCE.—Extract from a speech of Father Hyacinthe:—

"Now, no hands but a woman's are capable of this *agricultura Dei*, this husbandry of God. No hands but hers are pure enough and gentle enough to handle this new-born, tender body, that might be chilled and blighted by one imprudent touch. No hands but hers are potent enough to waken within it that organ of the heart which, as science tells us, is the first to be born, the last to die—*primum saliens et ultimum moriens*—and in which, nevertheless, the very faculty of love lies so often extinguished or corrupted in the germ. Yea, the hands of the Christian woman, by the marriage benediction and the grace of motherhood, are hallowed, that they may worthily

touch the body of the little child, that feeble and yet glorious body, since it is the shrine of a soul.

"Home! Mother! Where are they to-day for the people of our great cities? Ah! I have laid my finger on two gaping, hideous wounds of modern society—the bad condition of the dwellings of the working classes, and the withdrawal of the mother from her home. These are two of the principles most active, and yet most commonly overlooked, at the root of the evils of society. Here, in the disorganization of the family, in the demoralization of the people, we see the gathering of those black specks which go climbing up the sky, and cover it with clouds, to burst, by and by, in a tremendous storm.

"Do you call this, then, a home? Is it not rather a den—this dank, dark, fetid cellar, from which its tenants are absent all day, and into which, at night-fall, they come huddling back in a loathsome herd? Is it the abode of the living, or the sepulchre of the dead—this close, stifling garret, in which, in order to stretch himself upon his Procrustes' bed (I am citing a fact that has lately come to my knowledge in Paris), the weary laborer is obliged to open the dormer-window at night, and put his feet out on the roof? I put the question, Are such as these fit dwellings for free citizens of France and Belgium, for men redeemed by the blood of Christ?

"If the mother were but there, her look and smile might irradiate that darkness, and transform that ugliness to beauty, and make a feast of joy in the midst of all this wretchedness. But manufacture—tyrannous manufacture—has dried up the fountain of her breast, and dragged her, feeble and staggering, into the great workshop, noisy with the din of labor and the din of blasphemy, where she can no longer hear the cries of the child that has been carried away from her, and left in the careless hands of some mercenary stranger, from which it shall come back to her dead or blighted."

A COMMON MISTAKE.—Very many people of good education are prone to make blunders in the conjugation of two frequent verbs—to *sit*, and to *lie*. The following anecdote, from the Harpers' new publication, "Bench and Bar," may serve as an example:—

"Judge R—, who presided in the county court of a certain county in the State of New York, was fond of indulging himself occasionally in a joke at the expense of Counsellor B—, a practising attorney in the same court, with whom he was intimate. On a certain occasion, when pleading a cause at the bar, Mr. B— observed that he would conclude his remarks on the following day, unless the court would consent to *set* late enough for him to finish them that evening.

"*'Sit, sir,'* said the judge, '*not set; hens set.'*"

"*'I stand corrected, sir,'* said the counsellor, bowing.

"Not long after, while giving an opinion, the judge remarked that under such and such circumstances, an action would not *lay*.

"*'Lie, may it please your honor,'* said the counsellor, '*not lay; hens lay.'*"

A debate once took place among the members of a court of another State as to how long they should *set* to dispose of the business before them. Three weeks were at last determined on.

"*'Why, in the name of sense,'* said a member of the bar, '*don't they set for four weeks, like other geese.'*"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Hugh Campbell"—"Who Ate Humble Pie?"—"The Nut-Brown Maiden"—"Thoughts"—"Getting Welghed"—"A Year's Difference"—"Song—Unforgotten"—"Receipts of M. M. W."—"Her Supplication"—"The Angel Unawares"—"Up to the Blue"—"The Mourners"—"To Mary in Heaven" and "There's Love and Light About Us."

The following are declined: "The Angel's Visit"—"The Little Wanderer"—"Suala Clayburne"—"Little Lily" and "Little Birdie."

Rizpah.—You sent no stamp. Write over your right name what your ideas are about the MS., before we read it.

F. M. A.—You did not send your name or a stamp for reply. Have not read the MS. Send also your full name.

"Minnie's Grave," or some other person's grave by Mollie. No letter, no stamp. Have not read it. What are we to do with it?

"Which Shall It Be?"—No letter, no stamps. Story not read.

Health Department.

BY DR. CHARLES P. UHLE.

POISONS AND THEIR ANTIDOTES.

Muriatic Acid (Spirits of Salt).—Mix an ounce of calcined magnesia with a quart of water, and give a wineglassful every five minutes. Soap, chalk, or whitening scraped off the wall, mixed with water, milk, oil, white of eggs, or demulcents of any kind, may be given till magnesia can be obtained. Vomiting to be afterwards excited by tickling the throat with a feather or the finger.

Sulphuric Acid (Oil of Vitriol).—The antidotes to this poison are calcined magnesia or the carbonate of magnesia, finely powdered, and mixed with milk or water as above. These should be administered immediately. In the absence of these, give soapsuds, water of wood ashes, milk, sweet oil, gruel, or any mild diluent that first comes at hand, and do not lose a moment in waiting for the most appropriate chemical remedy. External parts, burnt with the acid, should be washed with soap and water.

Nitric Acid (Aqua Fortis).—The antidotes are the same as for sulphuric acid.

Prussic Acid, or substances containing it, as *Oil of Bitter Almonds*, *Cherry-Laurel Water*, *Wild Cherries*, etc.—A stream of cold water, as cold as can be obtained, should be poured from a picher on the head and spine, and also dashed upon the face and chest. The only antidote known that can be conveniently resorted to is ammonia, which should be administered as soon as possible. If *hartshorn* is not at hand, give ten or twelve grains of the salts out of a common smelling-bottle, and apply it at the same time to the nostrils.

Oxalic Acid.—Give an emetic, and favor copious vomiting by plenty of warm water, and then proceed as in poisoning from muriatic or sulphuric acid.

Aconite.—If vomiting has not been occasioned by the poison, it should be excited at once by some active emetic, and favored as much as possible by tepid drinks or gruel. A cup of very strong coffee, or vinegar diluted with water, may then be given with advantage. If there be insensibility, friction and warm mustard pastes or blisters should be resorted to.

Potash.—Give vinegar diluted with water, lemon-juice, milk, oil, mucilaginous drinks, and induce free vomiting.

Ammonia.—Give the same remedies as in poisoning by potash.

Belladonna.—Stomach-pump, or an active emetic as soon as possible.

Hellebore.—Same as for belladonna.

Calomel.—Give whites of eggs, milk, sweet, sperm, or castor oil, flour beaten up with water, gruel, etc., until a stomach-pump can be obtained.

Cantharides (Spanish Fly).—An emetic, followed by mucilaginous drinks.

Copperas.—Same as for calomel.

Verdigris.—Same as for calomel.

Arsenic.—An emetic immediately, and vomiting to be promoted by draughts of demulcent drinks, as milk, gruel, flour and water, broths, etc. There is no antidote to be relied upon as a specific against this poison. Olive oil is extolled by some as acting

to envelop the particles of arsenic, and preventing its absorption. It may be given when convenient at hand.

Sugar of Lead.—Give Epsom salts dissolved in water, and incite free vomiting.

Corrosive Sublimite (Bedbug Poison).—The antidotes for this poison are the same as for calomel.

Opium, Laudanum, Morphine, etc.—Give an emetic of mustard and alum, promote copious emesis, and follow with draughts of very strong coffee or diluted vinegar. Also dash cold water upon the face, and prevent the patient from sleeping by walking him around, pricking with pin, etc.

Lime or Lime Water.—Give vinegar, lemon-juice, or any vegetable acid, and follow with demulcent drinks.

Phosphorus (from matches, etc.).—Give large draughts of water, milk, or gruel, so as to envelop the phosphorus, and exclude it from the air contained in the alimentary canal. Then give magnesia or chalk to neutralize the poison. Oily or fatty substances should not be used. Burns occasioned by this substance should be washed by some alkaline solution, as soda, and afterwards poulticed.

Nitrate of Silver (from hair dyes, etc.).—The antidote to this poison is *common table salt*. Dissolve a tablespoonful of this in a bowl of water, and let the patient drink of it every few minutes. Mucilaginous drinks should then be administered, followed by a dose of castor oil.

Strychnine.—Give freely of whites of eggs, sweet oil, etc., and produce vomiting as soon as possible. There is no real antidote known.

Pieces of Glass or Powdered Metal.—Give large quantities of crumbs of bread to envelop the particles, and then an emetic of mustard.

Iodine.—In case of an overdose of any of the preparations of this substance being taken, the first object is to evacuate the stomach, promoting the vomiting by large draughts of demulcent liquids, especially those containing *starch*, as common starch, or wheaten flour, sago, milk, arrowroot, etc. These to be followed by opiates.

Saltpetre.—As there is no chemical antidote for this salt known, it should be cleared from the stomach as speedily as possible, and the patient to drink freely of milk, gum-water, or other bland mucilaginous drinks.

Literary Notices.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

WHY DID HE NOT DIE? or, *The Child from the Eberbergang*. After the German of Ad. von Volckhausen. By Mrs. A. L. Wister, translator of "The Old Mam'selle's Secret," etc. Mrs. Wister is most happy in her selections from German literature for rendition into English. All that have been introduced to us through the medium of her pen have proved to be of the first order in literary merit, in morals, and in interest. The present volume is no exception to this rule.

BLANCHE GILROY. A Girls' Story. By Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, author of "The Morrisons," etc. Mrs. Hosmer is not a brilliant writer; still her stories possess a certain interest, and are sure to secure a numerous class of readers. The volume before us draws the characters and lives of two sisters, whose lives have been narrowed down and blighted in a loveless home.

THE YOUNG WIFE'S COUNSELLOR AND FRIEND. By Mrs. Mary Mason, author of "A

Wreath from the Woods of Carolina," etc. This book embraces the whole range of domestic duties. It treats of the kitchen, the laundry, the dairy, poultry, the care of children, and the sick-room; it gives a large variety of culinary receipts; and is intended to meet, in every way, the wants of inexperienced housekeepers. It is prepared by a lady of the South, where in some respects domestic arrangements differ from those at the North; but in most things it will be found a useful and practical guide for housekeepers in all sections.

From H. C. ROGERS & Co., Philadelphia:—

STRIFE. *A Romance of Germany and Italy.* By Mrs. E. D. Wallace, author of "A Woman's Experience in Europe," etc. A cleverly written romance, dating back to the recent Italian struggle for unity. Though exciting and even tragic in its details, it ends satisfactorily.

From EVANS, STODDART, & Co., Philadelphia:—

AN OLD-FASHIONED BOY. By Martha Farquharson, author of "Elsie Dinmore," etc. Quite a readable book for youths of both sexes has had an unfortunate title bestowed upon it. Remembering "The Old-Fashioned Girl" of Miss Alcott, the reader will expect something approximating that volume in both style and excellence; and, not meeting these expectations, will be liable to undervalue the work which is really quite interesting and profitable reading.

From J. P. SKELLY & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL CHOIR. From the German. Translated by Anna B. Cooke. A juvenile story of a religious character.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE COUNTESS OF MONTE-CHRISTO. A romance translated from the French; and, though belonging to the highly sensational class, and dealing with villains, intrigues, plots, and counterplots, yet one of exceptional merit, both as regards its literary and its moral character.

BASIL; or, *The Crossed Path.* A Story of Modern Life. By Wilkie Collins.

ARTHUR O'LEARY. A Novel. By Charles Lever.

SIMON. A Love Story. By George Sand.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

RALPH THE HEIR. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. We are always pleased to see an announcement of a new work by Trollope. When we take up one of his novels, we do not look for sensation. We know we shall not find improbable villains and impossible good people. We do not expect to read a calendar of crimes—of murders, and bigamies, and the like. We know we shall become acquainted with everyday people, and read of everyday occurrences. Even the faults of this author, who stands second to but few, if any, of his English contemporaries, consist principally in a pre-Raphaelite fidelity to nature—in a photographic minuteness in detailing characters and events, which sometimes wearies one.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY LORD BROUGHAM. Written by Himself. In three volumes. Vol. I. is a review of English history and English politics, as well as a collection of personal reminiscences and descriptions of noted characters. This book will be found of exceeding interest, aside from its value as the autobiography of one of England's most noted statesmen. This, the opening volume, carries us back nearly a century, Lord Brougham having been born in 1778. This portion of the autobiography closes in 1811.

LIGHT. By Jacob Abbott, author of "The Franconia Stories," etc. This admirable series of books, published under the general title of "Science for the Young," are all that can be desired to interest and instruct their youthful readers. The volume before us, possessing the fullest information on the subject of which it treats, presents this information in the attractive shape of a narrative. The book is profusely illustrated.

THE OGILVIES. A Novel. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. We know of no more pleasing or purer writer than Mrs. D. M. Muloch Craik. A complete edition of her works should be in every family, as their influence upon both mind and heart is most ennobling. "The Ogilvies" is a new edition of her first production, and though it does not possess the full degree of merit of her subsequent works, the difference is in degree rather than kind. It holds out excellent promises for the then young writer, which promises have all since been fulfilled.

BENCH AND BAR: *A Complete Digest of the Wit, Humor, Asperities, and Amenities of the Law.* By L. J. Bigelow, Counsellor-at-Law. With Portraits and Illustrations. A new edition of a genial and laughter-provoking book, well deserving a place in the library.

ANTEROS. A Novel. By the author of "Guy Livingstone," etc. We are no admirer of the works of this author, but there are many who give them hearty appreciation. To such we would say that the volume before us bears all the especial characteristics of the works which have preceded it.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

FRAGMENTS OF SCIENCE FOR UNSCIENTIFIC PEOPLE. *A Series of Detached Essays, Lectures, and Reviews.* By John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S., author of "Heat as a Mode of Motion," etc. These papers have been compiled with a desire to extend sympathy beyond the limits of the scientific public. They treat of "The Constitution of Nature," "Matter and Force," "Scientific Use of the Imagination," "Dust and Disease," and various other subjects of scientific interest.

BEECHCROFT. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," etc. A pleasant, semi-juvenile story, interesting alike to old and young.

GOOD FOR NOTHING. A Novel. By Whyte Melville, author of "Digby Grand," etc.

NIGEL BARTRAM'S IDEAL. By Florence Wilford, author of "A Maiden of Our Own Day," etc.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

COMMON SENSE IN THE HOUSEHOLD: *A Manual of Practical Housewifery.* By Marion Harland. We think we are speaking within bounds, and uninfluenced by any special partiality we may have for its author, when we declare this to be by far the best and most useful book of domestic science that has ever been issued. It is compiled by a practical housekeeper, who has attained her present proficiency in domestic arts by long years of experience and study; one who knows the trials and troubles of young and ignorant housekeepers, and who has in this volume tried to furnish them with all the requisite knowledge which can be obtained short of experience. The receipts are numerous and varied, plainly stated, and easily understood and followed by the novice.

WONDERS OF EUROPEAN ART. By Louis Viardot. Illustrated with eleven wood engravings. This volume treats of the Spanish and the German

schools of art, the schools of the low countries, and the French schools. Its illustrations are copies of noted paintings by the old masters.

THE BLOCKADE OF PHALSBURG; An Episode of the End of the Empire. Translated from the French of Erckmann-Chatrian. These writers, who combine their talents so singularly, are unequalled in their own peculiar field. Their romances are lively, spirited, and free from the blemishes which characterize French novels in general.

From DODD & MEAD, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

PAPERS FOR HOME READING. By Rev. John Hall, D. D., Pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. Pleasant stories and essays on domestic, moral, and religious subjects, well suited for reading in the family circle.

THE AMERICAN CARDINAL. A Novel. The author of this work has attempted, in the form of a romance, to deal with important social and religious questions, but the work is weakly written, trifling in style, false in statements, full of prejudices, and impotent in its conclusions; and all this we may say without committing ourselves to the side which it combats.

From G. W. CARLETON & Co., New York:—

MILLBANK; or, Roger Irving's Ward. A Novel. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. Mrs. Holmes is a pleasant, genial writer. Though she displays no surprising literary abilities, she does what is perhaps quite as useful. She engages the attention of a large class of people who would not perhaps appreciate higher efforts; and, while inculcating lessons of morality, draws them away from the perusal of a pernicious sensational literature.

From J. S. REDFIELD, New York:—

LITTLE BREECHES; A Pike County View of Special Providence. By John Hay. Illustrated by J. F. Engel. The illustrations of this pamphlet are its most marked feature. There are ten of these, spirited in design, and well executed.

From FRANCIS B. FELT & Co., New York:—

THE FIGHT AT DAME EUROPA'S SCHOOL. Showing How the German Boy Thrashed the French Boy, and How the English Boy Looked on. With thirty-eight illustrations by Thomas Nast. An amusing satirical description of recent events in Europe.

From SAMUEL R. WELLS, New York:—

THOUGHTS FOR THE YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG WOMEN OF AMERICA: or, A Few Practical Words of Advice to those Born in Poverty, and Destined to be Reared in Orphanage. A book of plain, practical wisdom, advanced in its ideas, and sound in its advice to those whom it is specially intended to profit.

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHER, New York:—

CLARIE'S LITTLE CHARGE. By the author of "Lonely Lily." A pretty and touching story of a little street girl reclaimed to goodness and truth by the care of a child younger than herself, given her by her kind mistress. We wish all children's books were as praiseworthy.

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through W. S. TURNER, Philadelphia:—

MARRIED FOR BOTH WORLDS. By Mrs. A. E. Porter, author of "Captain John," etc. A book of a religious character, showing how a sanctified

human love will outlive this world and burn brighter and purer in the next.

VERSATILITIES. By R. H. Newell. (Orpheus C. Kerr.) Mr. Newell's poems should be received into general favor. The more serious ones are full of real sentiment, while the "Satires and Burlesques" and "Iliteraria" bring back to our memory the times when Orpheus C. Kerr was the most popular humorist of the day.

A HAND-BOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Francis H. Underwood. Vol. I. This work is intended for the use of high schools, and as a companion and guide for private students, and for general readers. This volume is devoted to British authors, and numerous extracts are given from the works of the best English writers of all ages. These extracts are arranged in chronological order, and every care taken to make the book such a one as shall conduce to a proper appreciation of our literature.

From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston:—

LITTLE MEN. By Louisa M. Alcott. Our readers have not forgotten "Little Women," nor the warm-hearted, clever, ugly Joe. She is established in our affections, and Miss Alcott has done well to make her the presiding genius of her new volume. Joe and her husband keep a boys' school, into which, however, some girls are admitted; and the history of a few months' school life is told so pleasantly and brightly that the end comes too soon. Miss Alcott has such a gift for story-telling that she should never write anything but such books as "Little Men." She bids fair to become as decidedly the children's author as Miss Edgeworth was years ago. In our "Table" for next month we shall speak of this book at greater length.

From BELKNAP & BLISS, Hartford, Conn.:—

FIFTY YEARS IN THE MAGIC CIRCLE. By Signor Blitz. Everybody has heard of Signor Blita, and everybody will be interested in his autobiography. To read it is the next best thing to going to see him perform. He gives an account of his professional life, and his wonderful tricks and feats, interspersing in the narration laughable incidents and adventures as a magician, necromancer, and ventriloquist. The book is a large one, handsomely bound and illustrated, and full of fun from cover to cover.

From EDWARD PERRY, Charleston, S. C.:—

THERESA C. BROWN'S MODERN DOMESTIC COOKERY: Being a Collection of Receipts Suitable for all Classes of Housewives. Together with many valuable Household Hints. By Theresa C. Brown, of Anderson, S. C. This book contains many excellent receipts, and is designed especially for the use of Southern ladies whose altered circumstances make it necessary that they should give a personal superintendence to their domestic affairs, or, perhaps, have the whole charge of them.

REVIEWS, PAMPHLETS, ETC.

From THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY, New York:—

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. April, 1871.
THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. April, 1871.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. April, 1871.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW. April, 1871.

The Quarterlies are full of good reading. The interesting article on the handwriting of Junius, to which we refer in the "Editor's Table," from the

London, "Lord Broughton's Recollections" from the *Edinburgh*, and "Ingoldsby" from the *British*, will be especially liked. We congratulate the publishers on their choice of the last Magazine to take the place of the defunct *North British*. It seems to be thoroughly able and high-toned.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE. *May and June*, 1871. This admirable eclectic has become to us a necessity. There is as much really good reading matter in it as in a large magazine. It has the cream of the foreign monthlies and quarterlies, not only English but European. The Platt Deutsch story, "Seed Time and Harvest," by Fritz Reuter, is thoroughly interesting and clever.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

AUGUST, 1871.

EMBELLISHMENTS.—"The Defence," a steel plate, is made more interesting by a very entertaining story descriptive of it in the body of the book. A charming wood-cut illustrating a passage in the life of "Mary Jane's" courtship. With the usual colored fashion-plate and other matters pertaining to the ladies, the August number is presented to our patrons as one fully equal in all respects to any we have ever published.

RECEIPTS.—In our June, July, and August numbers the usual preserving receipts have been given of such fruits as are seasonable in those months. The canning of fresh fruits has become such an extensive business, and can be procured at such low rates, that few families undertake to put up their own fruits. Hence we have reduced the number of preserving receipts from former years.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Although this is really a lady's book, it is not the less worthy of the perusal of the general reader. Its illustrations are specimens of the highest type of art; and the reading matter contained in its fascinating pages is from the pens of writers of acknowledged merit and of high repute in the literary world. The last number is fully up to the high rank which Godey always takes.—*Reporter*, Skowhegan, Maine.

WATKINS GLEN, AND GLEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE.—Watkins, head of Seneca Lake, Schuyler Co., N. Y. This has become one of the great lions of American scenery. You might as well miss Niagara as the Glen. Hear what Bayard Taylor says:—

"In all my travels I have never met with scenery more beautiful and romantic than that embraced in this wonderful Glen; and the most wonderful thing of all is that so much magnificence and grandeur should be found in a region where there are no ranges of mountains."

OUR advice has always been, subscribe to your own paper before sending your money away for any published in large cities. Support your own press, and then such complaints as the following from the *Morning Sun Free Press*, Iowa, will not have to be made:—

"NOTICE THIS.—The patrons of the *Free Press* must pay up if they want a paper. I cannot keep up my office on promises any longer. I have now been publishing the *Press* for eighteen weeks, and it has cost me about \$100 a month to pay the expenses, say nothing of my own work. During that time I have collected about \$125. This will not do. I must meet my engagements, and to my patrons I look for the means. If you want the paper to live, you must pay me, or it will go under. I do not intend to ask you again."

AN INTERESTING LETTER:—

WEST CHESTER, PA.

DEAR GODEY: Your welcome Book is ever on our table. When the January number was opened, we exclaimed: "Where is Marion Harland?" (No disrespect was intended to L. S. Dorr.) We were so accustomed to greet our old friend first, we feared she had slipped away. However, we soon found her. "The Two Days of Housekeeping" should be read by every young lady throughout our country. I doubt very much if many of our "finished young ladies" would have managed half so well. My kind friend, where are the wives and mothers to come from for the second generation ahead of us? Young ladies now cannot assist in the kitchen; it spoils their hands. They cannot study; it causes a headache. To walk very far fatigues them. And so it is with every sensible occupation. Yet these same delicate creatures will drum for hours on a piano, and call it music; dance until the midnight hour or later; sleep away the precious morning hours; put their feet into boots entirely too small, with heels so narrow that great skill is required to navigate at all; and carry as much dry goods on their weak backs as would have made a fortune for a peddler a few years since.

Will mothers ever learn how precious are the first years of their daughters' lives in forming them for usefulness? If only the girls of to-day would not jump from babyhood to womanhood! Let them be girls; sleep, eat, grow, exercise, and study, as girls should. Keep them from late hours, heated rooms, and unreasonable dressing, until they are women in years; something might be expected from them in the way of usefulness. It is, instead, a sad picture we have to study: "Dwarfed life," in the truest sense.

There is another question which often comes to my mind. Who will take the place of L. A. Godey, when in the course of years he shall cease to deal out kindly Christian counsel from his editorial chair? What a faithful worker you have been! Woman's friend, helper, adviser! What our sex owes you is beyond calculation. I have been thinking to-day what bright stars would encircle your crown when you enter the Celestial City.

If only your example would induce some of our young men to awake to their duty, rub off the mental rust that has accumulated, improve the talent God has given them, and become genuine workers, what might they not accomplish? I cannot thank you as you deserve. I can only pray that yours may be a long, happy, and useful life.

Yours, truly,

T.

MUSIC RECEIVED.—We have received from the author the following splendid piece of music: "Going to Sleep: or, Darling, Kiss My Eyelids Down." Song and Chorus. Words by Florence Percy. Music by M. R. Sharp. Dedicated to Miss Abbie K. Stewart, Baltimore, Md.

"It is a welcome monthly guest in nearly every refined household in America."

GODEY.—Before us is GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, a book of which we have ever been fond, which, for good stories, poetry, and other literary matters, has few equals in the world. It is a welcome monthly guest in nearly every refined, intellectual household in America. It seems to have added to it each month new and attractive features, whilst its fashion and household departments maintain that superior excellence which has won for it such an enviable reputation. There is no magazine in the country we can more cordially recommend to the people.—*New Era*, Hopkinsville, Ky.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for August.—Contents: On the Rialto, brilliant fantasia by Oesten; Down by the Tide, reverie; In the Fields, pretty nocturne by Jungmann; Night on the Rippling River, song; Bonnie Doon, the splendid old Scotch song, at the request of a number of our subscribers; and Kathleen Aroon Waltz. Here are six beautiful pieces of music, all furnished for about the price of one. Elegantly printed. Full music size. Terms \$4 per annum. Single numbers, 40 cents. Last three numbers \$1. Address *only* J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

Back Numbers.—To reduce stock we will, for the present, mail to any address five back numbers on receipt of \$1, with fifteen cents in stamps for postage. Cheapest sheet music in the world.

New Sheet Music. Songs.—When you Bring your Bonnie Bride, very touching song, 35 cents. The Broken Lily, 25. Charity Child, 35. Phantom Bells at Sea, beautiful duet, 35. The Rapture Dwelling, new edition of this splendid cavatina, by Balfe, 50. Abide with Me, 20. *Fantaisies*, etc.: Musings at Twilight, by Fritz Spindler, 35. Rippling Waves, by Sydney Smith, 40. Wyoming March, by Mack, 25. Summer Mazourka, by Rhollo, beautifully illustrated, 40. Ringlet Waltz, very pretty, 30. Orders for any music published filled by return mail. Address Mr. Holloway, as above.

RATHER alarming to those who wear false hair:—

"The danger of wearing false hair is illustrated in a new and forcible way by the recent experience of a Massachusetts dame. Fancying that her natural charms required artificial enhancement, she innocently purchased one of those mysterious and tail-like appendages for a woman's head, known, we believe, by the technical name of 'switches.' It was a 'switch' equally beautiful and becoming, and for a brief space all was hair and happiness. But presently madam began to feel an unpleasant sensation about the throat every time she assumed the foreign locks—in point of fact, a choke. She would, in her own striking and piscatorial language, 'get as red as a boiled lobster, and gasp like a porpus,' dreadful symptoms, which disappeared as soon as the 'switch' was removed. What was this mystery no mortal could explain; so madam, being a true Boston woman, called a 'medium,' and the 'medium' called a spirit from the vasty deep. Then did this spirit unfold a long and excursive tale, which, condensed, was to the effect that 'she was the woman from whose head the hair had been cut, just after she was—hung!' and that a choke would always attend the wearing of that particular switch. Furthermore, this instructive spirit observed that all false hair retained more or less of the personality of its original owner, and that this was the cause of much insanity and many criminal idiosyncrasies in women—which is an explanation rather more startling than lucid."

EVERY one must have noticed of late how many ladies are allowed to stand in our street cars. Justice has at length overtaken them. When men were polite, they would make no acknowledgment of it. There is another reason, a man is afraid to offer his place to a woman for fear she might be one of the strong-minded sisters, and in such case he might meet with a very severe reproof.

GRAVEYARD LITERATURE:—

"You thankless graveyard, why don't you consider That one so rare you can't again forever Find on this globe, or millions of such others, For wisdom and virtue, as my loving mother."

"Dennis their brother died,
Margaret their sister died,
Bridget also died.
Erected by their Father,

T. DALY."

A MAN anxious to get his name in the newspapers—Rev. S. H. Tyng, jr.

THREE CHOICE AND BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS:—

No. 1. "BED-TIME." A mother with her sleeping babe in her arms, carrying it lovingly up to its nightly resting-place. An older child, itself almost a baby, is clambering up the stairs before her. This is the picture; and the artist has given it a tender interest that appeals to every mother's heart, and to the heart of every lover of children. In "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," the babe is borne to its heavenly rest; in this to its nightly slumber.

Apart from the subject of this beautiful engraving, it has rare excellence as a work of art, and is a great favorite among picture buyers.

No. 2. "THE ANGEL OF PEACE." This picture represents an angel bearing a lovely child, passing over a sleeping city. The soft light of a crescent moon and the firmament of stars rest upon the city and its peaceful inhabitants like a benediction. It is one of the tenderest and most beautiful creations of art, worthy to take its place on the walls of any parlor in the land.

No. 3. "THE WREATH OF IMMORTELLES." As a work of art, this exquisite picture is beyond criticism. It represents two children bearing a wreath of immortelles to place it upon the grave of their mother. The picture is full of sweet and tender interest, and will win its way to every heart. The original is one of the most charming pictures of the season.

We have arrangements with the publishers of these charming pictures that enable us to send them by mail to our subscribers at \$1 each; or two of them for \$1.75; or the three for \$2.25. Pictures like these cannot be bought of any print seller for less than \$5 each.

We recommend all of our readers who desire fine pictures to secure copies of these. Address A. A. GODEY, Philadelphia.

"STEPHEN GIRARD has an imitator in the late Robert Barnes, of Evansville, Indiana, who left \$500,000 to build and endow a college of that State, enjoining that no missionary of any sect whatsoever shall ever hold office in the institution, or even be allowed to visit the premises."

Even so. And if the bad examples continue between ministers and members of their congregations, their crusades against amusements, and the expulsion from church for singing hymns, the result will be that all future Girards and Barneses will make a provision against the clergy. Since writing the above, we have met with the following:—

"An Iowa church has expelled a deacon for attending a base ball match."

The proper reading of this is that a deacon must not attend any exhibition of bone and muscle.

A FAMILY, troubled by a neighbor in the same building borrowing things without leave in their absence, lately tried the experiment of leaving their kerosene can filled with water. The lady of the other part of the house, not long after, called in to inquire where they bought their kerosene, for hers wouldn't burn. She had wasted nearly a bunch of matches, but could not light her lamp!

THE ATLANTA AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION.—The first grand exposition of this association will open at Oglethorpe Park, Atlanta, Georgia, Oct. 16th, 1871, and continue for five days—16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th. A list of the splendid array of premiums to be awarded can be had on application to the secretary.

"AN editor out West says he is so short-sighted that he frequently rubs out with his nose what he writes with his pencil."

It is a pity that there are not more editors short-sighted.

"As a Lady's Book it is unsurpassed in America." So says the *Barnwell* (S. C.) *Sentinel*.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S OPINION OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL:—

"Without extraordinary talents, wanting the advantages of person and presence; possessing in no degree the suavity of Lyndhurst, nor the force of Brougham, nor the logic of St. Leonards, nor the readiness of Palmerston, nor the oratory of Peel, nor the silver voice of Melbourne, with each one of whom he contested for the highest honor within the queen's gift; lacking by nature the force, enthusiasm, brilliancy, and forecast, that made his contemporaries famous—he has succeeded, by simple industry, added to the advantages of family, in keeping his name familiar as a household word, for nearly half a century, in Europe and America. There was never a more drowsy speaker. His state-papers consist of the dreariest platitudes. He possesses learning without knowledge, argument without logic, politics without statesmanship, and power of debate without appreciation of the merits of the question discussed. England, the foster-mother of aristocracy, does not show, in her millennial annals, one such other notable example of the advantages of noble birth.

THE OFFICES HE HAS HELD.

"He was Home Secretary under Melbourne, and Minister of Foreign Affairs under Aberdeen; Lord President of the Council in 1854, and Colonial Secretary under Palmerston; leader of the Reform of 1832, and Ambassador to the Vienna Conference in 1834; measuring swords in debate with Grenville and Canning, Earl Gray and Sir Robert Peel, Huskisson, and O'Connell, Wellington and Lord Derby; the personal friend of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, Shelley and Coleridge, Tom Moore and Sir Humphrey Davy; and the literary author of lives, memoirs, essays, and tragedies innumerable. He has been fifty-eight years in Parliament, thirty-three years in place, and six years Prime Minister.

SNUBS HE HAS RECEIVED.

"When Daniel O'Connell, taunted by Lord John that he had caused a death's-head and cross-bones (in that day fatal warning in Ireland) to be chalked over a refractory tenant's door, replied: 'Death's-head and cross-bones? What can a son of Bedford know of these, when his best inheritance is *calfe-head and jawbones*?' The House was convulsed with laughter, not more by the drollery than the pertinence of the reply. 'What, then, is an aristocrat in disguise?' asked Disraeli, in answer to Lord John's taunt. 'It is a Whig in place—a man who owes his position to promises to the people which he has paid in performances to the lords,' and the noble accuser had not a word to say."

Two facts of interest to the fairer portion of the community have been established by medical statistics. The first is that since stays have been abandoned the annual mortality has diminished among women by eighteen per cent., and the second, that since the overloading of the head with chignons brain fevers have increased seventy-two and three-fourths per cent.

We inquired in our last number what had become of our old friend Murat and his family. By the following, one of them has turned up, but where is the old man? That's what we want to know:—

"Mme. de Mouchy, *née* Pauline Murat, is in great trouble in London, where she resides at the present time. She lived in Paris in a very extravagant style, and she has now been sued for debt by some of her creditors, who have followed her to London. Her husband, who separated from her some time ago, refuses to furnish her any money, and in the hurry of her departure from Paris, in September last, she left out of her valuables there. The other members of the Bonaparte family likewise refuse to help her."

What has become of the splendid pearl necklace the empress presented to her when she was married, worth some thousands of dollars? She was too nice a girl to have been married to such a thrice sodden ass as de Mouchy. He ill-treated her a few months after they were married.

GODEY is on our table, and is one of the finest publications in the way of a lady's magazine published. —*Patrol*, Chariton, Iowa.

HARPER & BROTHERS, of New York, are about to publish a series of books for little girls, by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." They will be handsomely printed and illustrated. We take the following from the preface:—

"I leave myself the widest range of selection, both as to subjects and authors; merely saying that the books will set forth the opinions of no clique—I belong to none; nor will they advocate any special theological creed—I believe only in Christianity. Indeed, there will be as little "preaching" in them as possible; for the wisest sermon is usually a silent one—example. But they will be, morally and artistically, the best books I can find, and will contain the experience of the best women of all countries, used for the benefit of the generation to come. As for me, I was once a girl myself, and I have a little girl of my own. I think both mothers and girls may trust me that I will do my best."

"THE ARRIVAL OF NILSSON AT WEST POINT.—The cadets are putting their heads together to get at some feasible plan by which they can induce her to sing for their edification. Jenny Lind, when here, went out in an open boat one beautiful night, and made the mounting ring with her sweet voice. The officers and cadets think they can get Nilsson to follow suit. But she won't."

No, that's what she won't. Jenny Lind and Miss Nilsson are very different. The former would do kind things, but, boys, if you want the latter to sing, make up a purse of \$1000 and hang it around that amiable creature Strakosch's neck.

A CHEAP WEDDING PRESENT.—Looks well and is fashionable. Get a blank bank book, write on the back of it: "Mary Susan Smith, in account with Suckasunny National Bank," and enter a credit to Miss M. of \$5000. This will look well, and is cheap. Forty cents will cover the whole expense; and let us add, it won't be worth that much to Mary Susan.

"HAD I children, my utmost endeavors would be to breed them musicians. Considering I have no ear nor yet thought of music, the performance seems odd; and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, as my aim would be to make them happy, I think it the most profitable method. It is a resource which will last their lives, unless they grow deaf; it depends on themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles, and of all fashionable pleasures, it is the cheapest." —*Horace Walpole*.

Poor Horace? He did not live in the days of Nilsson and Strakosch, or he would not have written: "Of all fashionable pleasures, it is the cheapest."

A MINISTER not long since preached from the text, "Be ye therefore steadfast;" but the printer made him expound from "Be ye there for breakfast."

BANKRUPT.—From Auction, a large lot of Ladies' Solid Gold, Hunting Case Watches, full jewelled, detached lever movements, \$24 each, usual price \$40. More expensive Ladies' Hunting Watches, and elegant Chains from Auction, at proportionate prices. Goods sent C. O. D., privilege to examine. F. J. NASH, removed to 712 Broadway, N. Y., May 1st. "Worthy the fullest confidence."—*Christian Advocate*, N. Y. "All that Mr. Nash says may be relied upon."—*Christian at Work*. "We have the utmost confidence in the above goods."—*Liberal Christian*. "Certainly cheap and the quality reliable."—*Christian Intelligence*.

A SPLENDID BANKRUPT.—The last titled bankrupt of England, Lord Courtenay, son of the Earl of Devon, owes, it is stated, £1,200,000 (\$6,000,000), and will not be able to pay ten shillings to the pound. During the last few years he is reported to have lived at the rate of over £100,000 per annum, and his indebtedness to his tailor alone is set down at £12,000.

GREAT GIRLS.—Nothing is more distinctive among women than the difference of relative age between them. Two women of the same number of years will be substantially of different epochs of life—the one faded in person, wearied in mind, fossilized in sympathy; the other fresh both in face and feeling, with sympathies as broad and keen as they were when she was in her first youth, and perhaps even more so; with a brain still a receptive, as temper still as easy to be amused, as ready to love, as quick to learn, as when she emerged from the school-room to the drawing-room. The one you suspect of understating her age by half a dozen years or more when she tells you she is not over forty; the other makes you wonder if she has not overstated hers by just so much when she laughingly confesses to the same age. The one is an old woman who seems as if she had never been young; the other "just a girl yet," who seems as if she would never grow old; and nothing is equal between them but the number of days each has lived.

This kind of woman, so fresh and active, so intellectually as well as emotionally alive, is never anything but a girl; never loses some of the sweetest characteristics of girlhood. You see her first as a young wife and mother, and you imagine she has left the school-room for about as many months as she has been married years. Her face has none of that untranslatable expression, that look of robbed bloom which experience gives; in her manner is none of the preoccupation so observable in most young mothers, whose attention never seems wholly given to the thing on hand, and whose hearts seem always full of a secret care or an unimpaired joy. Brisk and airy, braving all weathers, ready for any amusement, interested in the current questions of history or society, by some wonderful faculty of organizing seeming to have all her time to herself as if she had no house cares and no nursery duties, yet these somehow not neglected, she is the very ideal of a happy girl roving through life as through a daisy field, on whom sorrow has not yet laid its hand, and to whose lot has fallen no Dead Sea apple. And when one hears her name and style for the first time as a matron, and sees her with two or three sturdy little fellows hanging about her slender neck and calling her mamma, one feels as if nature had somehow made a mistake, and our slim and simple-mannered damsel had only made-believe to have taken up the serious burdens of life, and was nothing but a great girl after all.

Grown older she is still the great girl she was ten years ago, if her type of girlishness is a little changed, and her gaiety of manner a little less persistent. But even now, with a big boy at college, and a daughter whose presentation is not so far off, she is younger than her staid and melancholy sister, her junior by many years, who has gone in for the Immensities and the Worship of Sorrow, who thinks laughter the sign of a vacant mind, and that to be interesting and picturesque, a woman must be mournful, and have a defective digestion. Her sister looks as if all that makes life worth living for lay behind her, and only the grave beyond; she, the great girl, with her bright face and even temper, believes that her future will be as joyous as her present, as innocent as her past, as full of love, and as purely happy. She has known some sorrows truly, and she has gained experience such as comes only through the rending of the heart strings; but nothing that she has passed through has seared or soured her, and if it has taken off just the lighter edge of her girlishness, it has left the core as bright and cheery as ever. She is generally of the style called "elegant," and wonderfully young in mere physical ap-

pearance. Perhaps sharp eyes might spy out here and there a little silver thread among the soft brown hair; and when fatigued, or set in a cross light, lines not quite belonging to the teens might be traced about her eyes and mouth; but in favorable conditions, with her graceful figure advantageously draped, and her fair face flushed and animated, she looks just a great girl, no more, and she feels as she looks. It is well for her if her husband is a wise man, and more proud of her than jealous, for he must submit to see her admired by all the men who know her, according to their individual manner of expressing admiration; but as purity of nature and singleness of heart belong to her qualification for great girlishness, he has no cause for alarm, and she is as safe with Don Juan as with St. Anthony.

It is wrong to suppose that the amiable president of our society to prevent cruelty to animals wrote the following:—

"If I had a donkey as wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd wallop him? No, no, no!
I'd give him some corn, and cry, 'Gee! whoa!
Get up, Neddy!'"

If called upon to express the same idea, he would write as follows:—

"If I had an animal averse to speed,
Do you think I would whip him? No, indeed!
I'd give him some corn, and cry, 'Proceed!
Go on, Edward!'"

PARIS DURING THE SIEGE:—

"**RUE IN URBIS.**—A gentleman had put the first floor of one of his houses at the disposition of a refugee family. A fortnight afterwards his concierge came to tell him that since the arrival of the new lodgers a dreadful smell had pervaded the house, but that when he attempted to enter the apartment, with a view to discovering the cause of these exhalations, he had always been refused admittance. The landlord came the next day, and the first thing he heard, as he entered the door, was the crow of a cock perched upon the balcony of the first floor, which was responded to by the cackling of many hens. Somewhat astonished, he went up stairs. After a great deal of trouble, the newcomer, who would not recognise the right of the owner to come in, opened the door. Of the ante-chamber the countryman had made a farmyard. The feet sunk in a kind of mud composed of the dung and scrapings of the fowls, just covered by a layer of straw. The next room had been turned into a rabbit warren, and contained a large supply of provisions, in which garlic, onions, and cabbages were conspicuous—to the eye and to the nose. In the next—a bedroom—was a large fountain, made out of the bottom of a wine barrel, which served as a pond for several ducks. The proprietor was stupefied. He went from room to room, followed by the farmer, who gave one the idea of a successful agriculturist showing some visitor the treasures of his yard. 'And my drawing-room?' murmured the disgusted proprietor. 'Oh, that is were the monsieur is,' said the peasant, in a very elated and self-important tone. The door was opened, and the sight disclosed fairly crowned the edifice. In a corner, upon a bed of very filthy straw, lay a magnificent porker, gorged and grunting. 'But, you wretch! what do you mean by putting your monsieur, as you call him, in my drawing-room, when there is a spacious court where you could have kept him, and your fowls and ducks as well?' 'Well, you see, sir, if I had used the courtyard for the animals, where should I have sown my barley?'"

This may be justice, but we doubt it:—

"Four little boys and two little girls were charged, at the Aldershot Police Court the other day, with doing two shillings' worth of damage to Her Majesty's rifle butts in their search for spent bullets."

They were sentenced to two months imprisonment in jail. Two months imprisonment for two shillings worth of damages! While a brute who half murders his wife will perhaps be only imprisoned for ten days.

THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.—One of the Romances of the Peerage. As for some time past the world has heard little of the affair beyond a few indistinct rumors and floating on *dits*, we propose to give such a general outline of what are reported to be the facts as may enable our readers to comprehend the issues involved:—

"The plaintiff claims to be the eldest son of Sir James Francis Tichborne, the former possessor of the estates to which he asserts his title, and to be, in virtue of that relationship, entitled to succeed to the baronetcy and to the temporalities which have hitherto been enjoyed therewith. He says he is that eldest son of Sir James Francis, who was undoubtedly born at Paris on January 5, 1829, and who resided in the French capital till 1844, when he came over to this country to complete his education. In 1849 the son of the late baronet received his commission as Lieutenant in the 6th Dragoon Guards. It is not denied that he remained in that regiment until early in 1853, and then left England with the intention of travelling for some years in distant parts. Here the romance and mystery of the story begin. The plaintiff states that he went to South America, and after a few months of somewhat purposeless and desultory wandering upon that continent, found himself at Rio de Janeiro, in April, 1854. The Bella, a Liverpool ship, was then in port loading for New York, and in that ship he took his passage, being, as he believes, the only passenger on board. Four days after leaving Rio the Bella sprang a leak; and, though the crew did all they could in the way of baling and pumping, the vessel speedily went down. For three days and three nights the claimant and those who were in the same boat with him suffered privations with which those who remember their schoolboy reading of 'Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea,' will be sufficiently familiar; but on the fourth day they were fortunately picked up by a vessel bound for Australia, whence they landed at Melbourne about the end of July, 1854. The gold fever was then at its height, and ships by the dozen were lying in the harbor unable to start on their return voyage for want of hands to navigate them. One result of this state of affairs is said to have been that the heir to the baronetcy stayed for some time in Melbourne till by mere chance he met a colonist in extensive business as a stockkeeper. As this person happened to want a man who could ride well, he thought the ex-Lieutenant of Dragoons would exactly suit him, and the latter was so pleased at the prospect of residence at a sheep-farming station, where there was plenty of hunting and shooting, that he closed with the proposal off hand. He accepted the proffered employment, took a fictitious name (Thomas Castro), and went several hundred miles up the country, moving from station to station, and finally settling down at Wagga Wagga for four years, during which time, in January, 1865, he married, still retaining his assumed name, and never communicating with the friends he had left behind him. The late baronet having died in 1862, advertisements for the lost heir were inserted in different newspapers, and inquiries were made through 'Missing Friends Offices' in Australia, which are stated to have at length been successful in getting to the knowledge of the soi-disant Thomas Castro. In January, 1866, he wrote to the Lady Tichborne, informing her of his whereabouts, and asking her to remit money enough to enable him to return to England. The request was complied with. A draft for £400 was sent out, but before it reached its destination, its intended recipient had started for England with his wife and child, having been provided with the needful by the son of an old neighbor who had accidentally heard of their story. They left the Antipodes in September, travelled *via* Panama to New York, and thence to England, arriving at the Victoria Docks on Christmas Day, 1866.

"Of course, if this statement of facts will stand judicial tests, the claimant's case is made out, and the last Baronet of Tichborne will have his own again. The trustees appointed by the will of the late Sir James Francis Tichborne are, however, unsatisfied as to the identity of the applicant, and are said to be prepared to maintain that he is not a member of the Tichborne family at all. Every one must feel that these gentlemen are in a very difficult position, and that they are perfectly justified in insisting upon strict proof of a fact which involves the right to large estates in which they have no personal interest, but with which they will part at their peril. The plaintiff is said to have a formidable array of testimony to

prove that he is the real Simon Pure. As soon as he reached England he put himself in communication with the defendants and their advisers. Having seen them, he went to Paris, where Lady Tichborne was then residing. By her he was at once recognised as her first-born son, and with her he remained ten days. They parted on the most affectionate terms, and as the prosecution of his suit required his residence in England, her ladyship broke up her establishment at Paris, and came over here to reside with him. Since the pending litigation began, this lady has died, and the plaintiff will, therefore, lose the advantage of her personal appearance in court; but she is understood to have made a deposition which speaks most strongly in his favor, and which will be greatly relied upon by his counsel. A small army of witnesses—it is said, something like a couple of hundred—are to be called in order to establish or destroy the theory which the plaintiff sets up, and voluminous depositions, made in America and Australia before commissioners specially instructed to take evidence in the case, will be read, so that, if the truth is to be ascertained by dint of abundant materials upon which to form a decisive judgment, we may hope that the trial begun this week will accomplish that result. Everything that laborious research, careful inquiry, and lavish expense can do in the way of getting up the evidence has been done already, and we have only to glance at the names of the leading counsel who have been retained on each side to feel assured that the statements advanced will be tested by the utmost legal acumen, and marshalled with the greatest forensic skill."

THROWING SHOES FOR LUCK.—This is a very old custom. Ben Johnson alludes to it in "The Gypsies" (1640); and John Heywoode, in 1598, says: "For good lucke cast an old shooe after mee." The ancient Hebrews, in transferring property, used to throw a shoe thereon; and this custom is alluded to in Ruth, ch. 4, v. 7. "A man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbor; and this was a testimony of Israel" (of the transfer of a possession). When a lady is married, a transfer of property is made, and the parents by deputy cast an old shoe at the bride, to signify that they resign to the bridegroom all right and claim to their child. Some, however, think that the shower of shoes thrown after the bride and bridegroom represents an assault, and refers to the ancient notion that the bridegroom carried off the bride with force and violence.

CAN impudence go further than this? A pianoforte player putting on such airs! But what shall be said of the fools who permit it:—

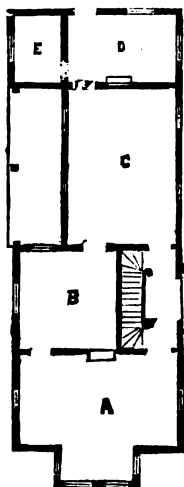
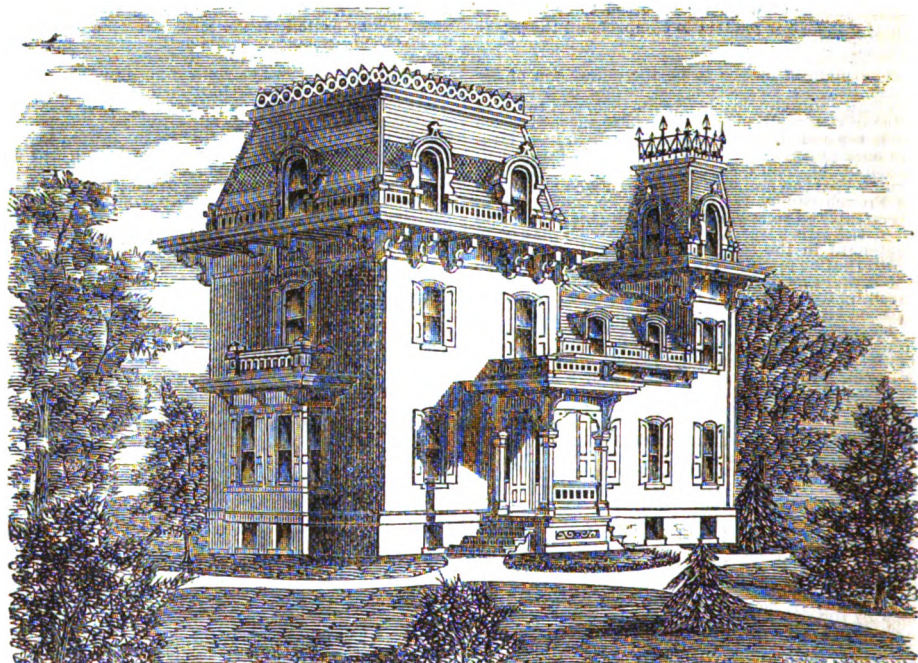
"Hungary is just now favored with a musical court at Pesth, sustained by the greatest living monarch of music—the noted Abbe Liszt. He holds a grand matinee every Sunday immediately after mass, which he conscientiously attends, and there receives the most beautiful ladies from the first families of the land, as well as artists of both sexes, singers and virtuosos. But the faithful must be punctual to the hour, or they receive a severe reproof that he does not hesitate to administer publicly. Louis the XIV. scarcely observed more etiquette at his famous court, and, like him, Liszt is surrounded by courtiers, who bow and smile with the view to securing attention from majesty. When the company is assembled, Liszt passes with stately gait through his *salons*, dispensing here a greeting and there a shake of the hand, with an occasional embrace, and rarely a kiss on the cheek. This last favor is accorded to those only who deign to kiss his hand. His caprices are sometimes tyrannical; but those who are permitted to listen to his matchless play feel amply repaid for all the whims of the great artist."

Instead of its being a music court at Pesth, we should say it was a musical pest at court. This last favor—"a kiss on the cheek"—is only granted to those who kiss his hand. The impudent variet! If some stalwart person, whose cheek he attempted to kiss, would favor him with a good kicking, what a power of good it might do him!

WHAT A BLESSING!—The latest London blessing is called the digitorium—a small dumb piano. It is said that by means of it pupils can learn to play on all instruments keyed like the piano without making a noise.

SUBURBAN OR RIVERSIDE RESIDENCE.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.



FIRST STORY.

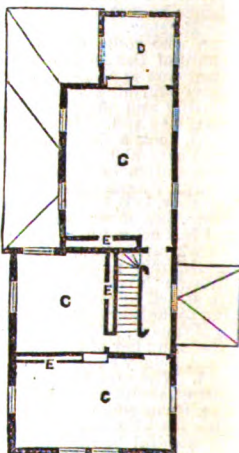
THE plan of the above residence was carefully prepared for economy and airy effect, and the same care has been taken to give it the appearance of being quite commodious. The cost of its erection will not exceed \$4000, with all the modern improvements, such as heater, water, etc. This plan is peculiarly adapted to a situation where the grounds rise rapidly behind the house or upon the slope of a hill.

We will furnish full drawings, specifications, bills of all the quantities of materials for the building, for two and a half per cent, upon the estimated cost. Blank forms of specifications and bills of quantities will be sent to the address of any person on remitting two dollars.

First Floor.—A parlor, 11 feet 9 inches by 19 feet 6 inches; B sitting-room, 12 feet 6 inches by 12 feet 9 inches; C dining-room, 20 feet 3 inches by 13 feet 3 inches; D kitchen, 8 feet 3 inches by 13 feet 3 inches; E pantry, 6 feet 3 inches by 8 feet 3 inches.

Second Floor.—C chambers, 11 feet 9 inches by 19 feet 6 inches; 12 feet 6 inches by 12 feet 9 inches; 20 feet 3 inches by 13 feet 3 inches; D bath-room, 8 feet 3 inches by 9 feet; E closets.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is on our table. In its particular field this magazine is peerless, and every lady of taste regards it as an indispensable guide in the preparation of her outfit for the season.—*Nat. Banner, Ligonier, Ind.*



SECOND STORY.

THE *Detroit Post* has received the following gem, which causes it to remark that there is undiscovered literary talent in the land:—

"January, 30, 1871: Dear sir: I wish to have some information from you. I have written a sketch of my life, and wish to have a book published and bound. I also wish to have my picture in the book. the sketch of my life is written up on one quire of commercial note such as this with about 20 and 60 receipts I wish to have the book bound in morocco cloth and part of them gilt edge. If you can do the work for me you will address ———. That the writer is a woman may be judged from the fact that this postscript follows: 'If you can not do the work

you will please inform me of some other place and the nearest place to me.'

An elderly lady once called upon one of our Philadelphia publishers with a page out of a Bible, and wanted to know what it would cost to have a Bible printed like that.

THE *Lansing (Iowa) Democrat* says:—

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—This ever welcome and really and decidedly the best lady's magazine in the world, is already on our table, and it fairly glitters with its sparkling contents. No well-regulated household is complete without it.

WINTER-FLOWERING PLANTS.

QUITS a number of our most desirable winter-blooming plants can be grown from seed, and we would remind all of our readers who are interested in the cultivation of flowers that now is the time to sow the seeds. With a little care and attention, a fine display may be secured to enliven the winter months, adding a charm and shedding a fragrance appreciated alike by young and old. To insure success it is requisite to have a light, sandy soil in which to sow the seeds, taking care to cover the seeds but slightly; in many instances, where the seeds are fine, sowing on the surface, and gently pressing the seeds into the soil. Place the pots or boxes in a light, airy place, screened from the sun. As soon as the plants have two leaves, and are large enough to handle, transplant into other boxes or pots, setting the plants about half an inch apart. Picking out or transplanting at this early stage of their growth is very essential, as the young plants are liable to damp off, thus destroying all your hopes. When the plants have attained a sufficient growth, they can be potted into three-inch pots, and shifted into larger ones as they may require it. The following are especially desirable for winter flowering: *Broussaisia Elata*, beautiful light blue flowers; *Cineraria Hybrida*, a beautiful plant, with flowers of different colors; *Lobelia Eritrus*, beautiful cerulean blue trailing plant, suitable for baskets; *Mignonette*, Parson's new white, a delightfully fragrant variety; *Mimulus Moschatus*, or Musk Plant, and *Linaria*, or Kenilworth Ivy, both desirable as basket plants; *Primula Sinensis*, or Chinese Primrose, a charming and profuse flowering plant, a general favorite for its free and long continued bloom. The beautiful new varieties, such as *Kermesina Splendens*, *Fimbriata Alba* and *Rosea*, are a great improvement over the older varieties. *Dreer's Premium Panstes* can also be sown now for blooming in the winter, and also a month later for spring flowering. We will close our list with the *Tropaeolum Lobbianum*, a miniature variety of the *Nasturtium*, which flowers profusely all winter. All the above varieties can be had by inclosing Two Dollars to the following address

HENRY A. DREER, *Seedsman and Florist*,
714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

DREADFUL notice from the Lord Chamberlain of England. What an important office for a man to hold! We wonder what his salary is:—

"The Lord Chamberlain has been commanded to give notice that the high square cut gowns, which have of late been occasionally worn by ladies attending her majesty's courts and drawing-rooms, cannot be considered as 'full dress,' or in future be admitted on these occasions."

FREIGHT ON LETTERS AND PREMIUM ON DRAFTS.—

Subscribers will please understand that when they send their letters by an express company they must pay the freight, and those who send drafts must pay the premium. We advise subscribers to remit a post-office order or a draft payable to the order of L. A. GODEY. The rates for postal money orders as established by law are as follows:—

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum, but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge will be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

NEVER find fault or fret at what can be helped.

VOL. LXXXIII.—13

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

ADDRESS "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

J. T. W.—Sent pattern May 27th.

Miss H. N. M.—Sent pattern June 17th.

Mrs. E. N.—Sent pattern 17th.

Miss A. H.—Sent pattern 17th.

G. H. G., Baltimore, Md.—We tried that experiment some years since, but the public did not seem to understand it.

Miss M. N.—We cannot write how Jean is pronounced. Inge-low is plain enough.

Ignorance.—1. He must offer it and ask you to take it; no thanks are necessary. 2. Accept it.

Mrs. George B.—Thank you for the receipts.

N. B. T.—1. We don't think it would be wrong. 2. It would not be right, however earnestly he may request it.

E. B., Delhi.—If you mean stains made by killing the insects, wash out with soap and water; we know of no other stains.

Oil Stains.—Removing oil stains by means of chloroform is a new French discovery. We have not tried it.

Carrie.—Black crape can be cleaned by being held in steam; this also renders it fresh, and of a good color.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor the Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

The publisher of the *LADY'S BOOK* has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order, is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the Fashion Editor does not know.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of fisherman's green silk pongee, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with bands of a darker shade of green silk, put on slanting, edged with duchesse lace, finished with a band to correspond on top. A row of silk buttons up the front of skirt. Basque waist in front, coming down deep in the back, forming an overskirt, trimmed to correspond with revers turned back of

green silk. White chip hat, trimmed with white ribbon and white and green flowers.

Fig. 2.—Promenade dress for a watering-place, of pink silk grenadine, made with one skirt, trimmed with plaited ruffles of white muslin; white muslin overskirt, trimmed with plaitings of muslin and pink silk rosettes. Pointed corsage, cut heart-shaped, and trimmed with muslin; elbow sleeves, trimmed with two ruffles. White French chip hat, trimmed with pink ribbon, white lace, pink roses, and gauze scarf in the back.

Fig. 3.—Dress of *écru*-colored silk, made with one skirt, trimmed with ruffle of the same, headed by two narrow bands; overskirt of white grenadine, edged with fringe, looped up in the sides and back with bands of *écru*-colored ribbon. White muslin waist, with cape of grenadine, trimmed to correspond with overskirt over it. Large sash bow in the back. Large hat of white chip, trimmed with *écru*-colored ribbon, white feathers, and veil of Donna Maria gauze.

Fig. 4.—Walking dress, made of two shades of lilac silk serge; the lower skirt is of the darker shade, trimmed with three plaitings; the upper one of the lighter, trimmed with one ruffle. Basque corsage, cut heart-shaped, with revers turned back; coat sleeves, trimmed with ruffle. Lilac crape hat, trimmed with lilac feathers and white lace.

Fig. 5.—Dress of delicate ashes-of-roses grenadine, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with one plaited ruffle, headed by a band of pink silk and a ruche of grenadine; overskirt with revers turned back of pink silk, and trimmed with ruffles of grenadine and bows of pink ribbon. Basque waist, cut open at the throat; large open sleeves, trimmed to correspond with skirt. Chip hat, the color of dress, trimmed with pink ribbon and roses.

Fig. 6.—Dress for little girl of four years old, made of blue silk, trimmed with narrow black fringe and braid. Basque waist, cut open at the throat, with a muslin waist to show from underneath. White chip hat, trimmed with white ribbon and feathers.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of tea-colored leno, made with one skirt, trimmed with a ruffle, headed by a band of black and tea-colored silk and bows. Short jacket, trimmed with black silk. White straw hat, turned up at one side, trimmed with black velvet and tea-colored feathers.

Dress for a child of six years, made of white *piqué*, with ruffle on skirt, headed by two rows of braid; jacket waist, with vest underneath, trimmed to correspond. Straw hat, trimmed with blue velvet and feather.

Fig. 2.—Dress of lilac grenadine, with a black figure in it, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a plaited ruffle, the upper one with black lace. Postilion waist, trimmed to correspond. White chip hat, trimmed with lilac flowers and black lace.

Fig. 3.—Robe dress of *écru*-buff linen, with a pattern in black stamped on both skirts and waist, with a deep linen fringe the color of the dress below. Basque waist; open sleeves. Leghorn hat, trimmed with buff feather and black velvet.

Fig. 4.—Underskirt of lilac silk, trimmed with two plaitings; overskirt and mantle of lilac grenadine, the latter trimmed with five narrow ruffles. Lilac crape bonnet, trimmed with lilac flowers and white lace.

Fig. 5.—Dress of black grenadine, made with two skirts; the under one trimmed in front with a deep plaiting, silk folds, and lace; the upper one long in

the back, and apron front, trimmed to correspond. Basque waist, cut surplice; coat sleeves.

Fig. 6.—The Spanish hat. Hat of white chip, feather and velvet bows of *bleu châte*, blue velvet leaves at the side, and ruches of black and white lace. Veil of white lace, spotted with black, trimmed with ruffles of black and white lace.

Fig. 7.—Hat of white chip, trimmed with black lace, black velvet, and blue feathers.

Fig. 8.—The Alphonsine hat. This hat is composed of black lace, and trimmed with one black and one salmon-colored ostrich feather. The bows are of salmon-colored and black *crêpe de Chine* ribbon. The veil of black lace, trimmed with black silk and salmon-colored fringe. The aigrette at the side is of cut jet.

Fig. 9.—White chip gypsy bonnet, trimmed with blue ribbon, feathers, and black lace.

Fig. 10.—Infant's dress waist, made with basques, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace and muslin embroidery.

Fig. 11.—Infant's waist, made of Nainsook muslin, with basques put on from the sides, and trimmed with embroidered edging and puffs of the same.

Figs. 12 and 13.—Collar and cuff. Three narrow bands of embroidered cambric, fastened at the edge, and sewn one above the other, ornament the chemisette in front in the form of a heart-shaped bodice. A similar band is arranged round the throat, and likewise trims at each side the front of the gulfure.

Fig. 14.—Infant's bib.

Fig. 15.—Baby's bib, made of muslin, quilted in the centre, and embroidered outside of it; the edge is trimmed with worked edging.

Fig. 16.—Gulfure d'art collar and sleeves. This is a straight stand-up collar, composed of double cambric, edged with lace, with two three-cornered points in front of gulfure d'art. The cuffs are a crosswise band of cambric, with squares of gulfure laid on, and edged with lace.

Fig. 17.—The Granville fichu. This is useful for wearing over either a high or half-high bodice. The foundation is net, edged with lace and with loops of velvet. In black Chantilly it is very effective.

Fig. 18.—Ladies' slipper, made of black kid, trimmed with colored bow, coming up on the instep.

Fig. 19.—Ladies' slipper, made of bronze kid, edged with narrow lace around the top, and bow on toe.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—White Garibaldi bodice, trimmed with blue satin. The material may be either muslin or Cashmere; the moveable collars, with square revers, likewise the cuffs, are of blue satin of two shades, the pipings being of the lighter shade.

Fig. 2.—Ladies' waterproof dress, scalloped around the bottom, and looped up over a skirt of the same. Jacket waist scalloped to correspond.

Fig. 3.—Coiffure composed of braids in the back, and brought across the front *crêpes* to form a coronet. Bow of *gros grain* ribbon on top of plaits in back.

Fig. 4.—Style of hairdressing for a girl of fifteen. The front hair is rolled back from the temples; the back hair is divided in half, plaited in two thick strands, and tied up with a colored *gros grain* bow, the ends of which are fringed.

Fig. 5.—Child's gored frock. This blue poplin frock is cut bodice and skirt in one. It is trimmed at the bottom with two plaited frills, one turned upwards, the other downwards, with a crosswise band between them. The bodice is cut square, and has a shoulder-strap edged round with plaiting. The short full sleeve is trimmed in the same manner; a narrow lace edging ornaments the neck and sleeves.

Fig. 6.—*Gros grain* apron. The centre of this apron is cut up to form a Vandyke; the corners are cut off. The trimmings consist of bands of black velvet, corded with white satin, and a row of white lace leaves in the centre of each band. Fringe terminates it.

Fig. 7.—Black Neapolitan gypsy bonnet, trimmed with blue feathers, and a small bird. Strings and ends in the back, of blue silk, bound with black.

Fig. 8.—High overall pinafore for a boy. The material is fine brown Holland, and the braiding is copied in either white or scarlet braid. A band is worn round the waist.

Fig. 9.—Fashionable sleeve.

Fig. 10.—Infant's cap, made of white muslin, embroidered and trimmed with pink satin ribbon.

Fig. 11.—Basque sash, trimmed with lace; this can be made of colored silk to be worn with a white dress, or of white muslin to wear with a colored silk.

Fig. 12.—Petticoat for a girl from twelve to fourteen. The material is white long cloth; the front breadths are gored, and the back ones drawn in at the waist, with a casing and drawing-string. The lower part is tucked.

Fig. 13.—Child's frock of white *piqué*. The skirt of this frock is turned up at the bottom with a broad hem, and trimmed with white braid and narrow lace edging. The body is trimmed with frills of *piqué* and lace edging; it is set in narrow plaits in front, and broader plaits behind. A braided waistband and *piqué* bows, trimmed with edging.

Fig. 14.—Jacket for a child of three years of age. This little jacket is made of white *piqué*, if desired for summer wear, or of white washing cloth for winter and autumn wear; it is embroidered with colored wool in chain-stitch and *point russe*. The pattern is so simple that it can easily be worked from the engraving.

Fig. 15.—Little girl's apron, made of light blue silk, trimmed with a ruffle, and one pocket; bows on shoulder of the bretelles.

Fig. 16.—Infant's cloak, of white *piqué*, made with a cape, both cloak and cape trimmed with a plain muslin ruffle, with embroidery above it.

Fig. 17.—Sleeve of gypsure d'art.

Fig. 18.—White muslin skirt for lady, the bottom finished with tucks and embroidery.

Fig. 19.—Low petticoat bodice, with tournure, for a girl from twelve to fourteen. This bodice may be made either of linen or long cloth. It fastens in front, and both the top and sleeves are trimmed with embroidered insertion and edging. The dress improver or bustle may be made either of starched muslin or of white horsehair.

Fig. 20.—Embroidery for shirt fronts.

Fig. 21.—Jacket sleeve.

Fig. 22.—Is an evening headdress, composed of bows and knots of crimson velvet, strings of pearl and white *blonde*. At the top is a white ostrich feather, starting from which a chain, formed of squares of velvet edged with narrow *blonde*, falls over the back portion, which is of white *tulle*.

Fig. 23.—High jacket bodice, made of colored silk, to wear over an under waist of white muslin.

Fig. 24.—*Piqué* dress for girl of six years, made square neck and short sleeves; tabs of the *piqué*, embroidered and edged with lace, forms the trimming.

conductive to comfort. If we ever do learn to dress without some sort of *jupon*, it must be by very gradual degrees. The last invention in that line is Messrs. Thomson's "Duplex Crinoline." It is a small, round, very light skirt, with a steel tournure attached to the upper portion at the back. This tournure throws out the dress, as required by the present mode, and the lower skirt prevents that close clinging of the skirt which is so ugly and uncomfortable, especially in the warm weather. For evening wear there is another model, the "Royal Train Evening Crinoline," arranged upon a new principle, by which all upward movement of the crinoline is prevented, and the skirt cannot bulge out in front, as is too often the case with ordinary crinolines. Both these models are decidedly comfortable and graceful, and do not show much under the drapery of modern dresses.

Neutral shades seem to be still preferred for walking costumes. They are extremely ladylike and quietly elegant. As many as five shades of one color are often employed on one dress. The best way to make up a plain silk dress is, taking the lightest shade for the skirt, to trim it with a flounce of the second shade, piped with the third; the tunic to be of this same third shade, with flutings of the fourth, and pipings of the fifth shade. But, of course, three only may be used; one for the skirt, another for the tunic and the jacket, and a third for the pipings.

With the open pagoda and other sleeves, we have returned to the full undersleeve of muslin or cambric. For morning wear, the cambric sleeve is made with a deep cuff of batiste *seru*, to match with the collar. Collars and cuffs of finest linen are used on most occasions in preference to those more fancifully trimmed. First there are collars of but one thickness, of sheer linen, bordered with a hem or band of linen stitched near the edge. For ladies with short necks, an admirable shape is turned down flatly all round, quite narrow behind, and sloped to broad points before. The shape most generally worn, however, has a standing band behind, and turned over points in front. When worn, the front points are not laid smoothly over the necktie beneath, but are made to stand almost erect, like the English collar worn by gentlemen. This takes away the primness, and may seem a small matter to relate, but on this the "style" of the collar depends. A novelty in linen sets is the "Favorita," a low-throated linen collar, with deep points, bordered with a percale band of scarlet, blue, mauve, or black, to match the dress with which it is worn. Shaded needlework, in thick, raised patterns, is the most durable ornament for linen sets. Revering in black patterns is lighter, and a prettier ornament for summer sets.

Quantities of Valenciennes lace are used on linen, and very little of this is the real handmade lace, but the imitation spoken of last month. A medallion of Valenciennes in a square tab trims the front of the newest lace-trimmed collars. Fancifully-shaped bows of Valenciennes insertion and lace are worn at the throat with black silk dresses.

A pretty necktie is made of sheer white lawn, folded around the neck, with a sailor knot in front, lined with pink or blue silk, and edged with Valenciennes. Mourning cravats, made in the same way, are of organdy or tarlatan, with bows of revering and black ribbon.

A novelty used for flowing undersleeves is embroidered *tulle* in bands and frills, a showy fabric, but not very durable. A ruffle of Swiss muslin, embroidered and edged with lace, gathered to a band, describes the flowing undersleeve most worn.

Swiss muslin blouses or bodices are very much worn this warm weather, with skirts of silk or colored

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

LADIES have so long been accustomed to wear crinolines, that they really seem unable to throw off the fashion, and we hope it may be long before they do, for crinoline, to a moderate degree, is certainly

muslins. They are made full or plaited, with a large Marie Antoinette collar of lace and *appliqué* embroidery, with flowing ruffles on the sleeves. Linen blouses, or habit-shirts, pleasant for morning and country wear, are made of fine white linen, or white with colored figure or stripe in it. They are not fastened to a belt, but are made long on the hips, and held snugly at the waist by drawing-strings. There are three box-plaits, an inch wide, down the centre and back. The collar is a standing band, with turned-over points in front: the sleeves are ample coat-shaped, slightly gathered into a square cuff of doubled linen.

Lovely white robes for summer mornings are seen ready made of organdy, made a demi-train and little English sacque that will fit almost any one. One style has a wide flounce around the skirt, hemmed, but covered with needlework, while on the front width are three flounces extending to the belt. For invalids are loose flowing robes of thicker fabric. The upper part is tucked to outline a yoke. Tucks and patent Valenciennes lace extend down the front and around the slightly trained skirt. Very simple morning robes for home wear are of the Gabrielle shape, made of Nainsook, with tucks and puffs down the front, and a little lace on the collar and sleeves.

An imported morning dress seen is of white *piqué*, pure white, not the hard blue-white one sees so much of, but a soft, clear white. This dress was made with a plain round skirt, bound with black velvet; and having a tunic composed of two upper skirts, each shorter than the one below, and finished with revers of black velvet, buttoned back with large mother-of-pearl buttons. The corsage has basques with revers to match, also buttoned back with similar buttons. At the back the jacket opens, showing a black velvet bow placed at the waist of the under bodice, also of *piqué*. Religious sleeves, with revers; undersleeves, tight-fitting, with black velvet cuffs buttoned on. The whole costume buttons down the front with large pearl buttons; the buttonholes are worked in black silk. As the whole of the velvet trimming, with the exception of the first skirt binding, can be removed at pleasure, this costume is not as extravagant as would appear at first sight.

The Bordelaise fichu is a novelty we must not forget to mention. It is made of cambric, and trimmed with very narrow *rouleaux* of colored silk, and a fringe of the same color. This fichu is buttoned down the front, and finished off in small basques in front; it is pointed behind, and has also a small basque. It is confined to the waist with a band. If made of cambric, it is sometimes plaited upon the bosom. The band is made of ribbon, and fastened behind, under a large bow formed of a number of drooping loops. This model looks pretty on summer dresses, and can be made of the same material as the dress if desired.

Swiss muslin flounces, in plaits all turned one way, appear in various ways on summer *toilettes*. In the broad ruffles they are used for freshening up last summer silks, two such flounces being placed around the trained skirt, and the evening *toilette* completed by a simple upper skirt of Swiss muslin, and a basque trimmed to match. This is a stylish plan for black silks as well as light ones. These Swiss flounces can be bought ready-made, in both wide and narrow plaitings, the narrow for trimming the neck and sleeves of dresses.

For the benefit of our readers who desire to make their own flounces, we would state that they are merely crosswise strips of Swiss muslin, hemmed on each edge, and laid in the kilt plaits, not sewed in tucks, but ironed flatly after being plaited and held down by a band of the Swiss a quarter of an inch

wide, stitched on with two rows of stitching an inch below the top. On broad flounces the hem on the lower edge is an inch wide, the upper edge very narrow.

Although we have before spoken of travelling costumes, this month so many are needed that a few more words will probably not be amiss. Taste and fashion combined have remodelled our travelling public into Quaker-like simplicity. Linen costumes are imperative. Handsome suits of fine foulard, pongee, and silk serge, are simply trimmed with plain bias bands, closely fitting sleeves, and basque waist, or Polonaise; over this a linen Polonaise is worn as a protection, closely buttoned, and trimmed simply with side plaitings, and a Gabrielle front, with three or four deep box-plaits at the back. This style of linen Polonaise can be looped up and worn over a corresponding linen skirt also. Cheap goods of cotton and wool should be particularly avoided for travelling purposes, as dampness shrinks and gives them a rough, common look, and the sun and air invariably fade them. Rather expend a little more upon a good article, such as the fine English mohair, pongee, and twilled foulards, soft in texture, and simply plain in colors, as greenish gray, and all the other shades of gray and brown. Overskirts to the dress, or the Polonaise skirt, must be very long and only looped up at the sides. The style of travelling dress to be preferred, when so many pieces make up one's *toilette*. Is the skirt and Polonaise closely fitting, easily adjusted, a quantity of narrow fluted ruffling to be provided for the neck and wrists, which last much longer than linen collars and cuffs, and the inevitable, impossible-to-do-without linen blouse, Polonaise, or duster, a neat little strap for the shawl and satchel, with an accommodating lock guaranteed to keep in order. All this makes an *ensemble* calculated to produce a perfect spirit of content in the heart of woman.

A novelty of the season is the Saratoga umbrella, with Alpine stick. The substantial handle is tipped with gilt, or finished with ivory, and when the parasol is closed, serves as a walking stick to assist the ramblers in country excursions.

Cretonne costumes are the novelty of the season; they were introduced last year at French watering places, and a few have been imported here this season. They are intended for country wear only, and are made of the chintz-figured cretonnes used for upholstering furniture; the grounds are black, brown, green, blue, buff, with large brilliant colored flowers and figures. They are made with a ruffled skirt and Polonaise, caught up by large bows of black velvet. These costumes certainly carry us back to the days of our grandmothers, and will, we fear, meet with but little favor for a season; but if fashion decrees, there will always be some to follow her mandate.

For morning dresses for the present season where white is not worn, we would particularly recommend printed muslin batiste and cambric; the latter are particularly pretty in light colors, with black or colored borders; *écru* costumes in two shades of the color are also very stylish. In making up these costumes, several shades of color are very effective; also striped and plain materials together, as a plain dress with a striped flounce or bands of the striped material. For a young girl of twelve years old, a pretty dress is composed of a skirt of maize-colored mohair, plaited all the way down in flat plaits; a tunic, edged round with a quilling, under which is a frilling of white cambric, worked in *broderte Anglaise*; and a tight-fitting jacket, with long basques, trimmed like the tunic. A sash of bright plaid ribbon is fastened, Scotch fashion, with a brooch upon the shoulder.

FASHION.

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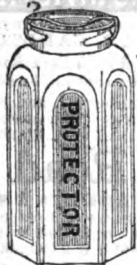
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For cleansing the Hair and giving it a beautiful gloss without greasing it. Exquisitely cool and refreshing.

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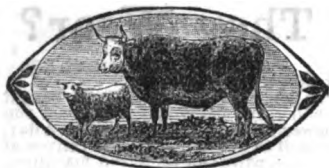
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Wanted—Agents \$75 to \$250 per month, everywhere, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid, and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only \$15. Fully licensed and warranted for five years. We will pay \$1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from \$75 to \$250 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., BOSTON, MASS.; PITTSBURG, Pa.; ST. LOUIS, Mo.; or CHICAGO, ILL.

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Warranted for five years, and the warranty indemnified by a capital of half a million of dollars.

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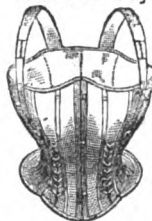
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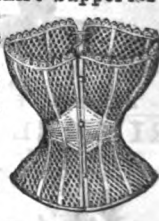
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Lady Agents
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PANAMA
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Is not excelled for Summer wear.
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THE BEST FAMILY PAPER PUBLISHED.
Great attention is paid to the AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT. Price \$2 50 in advance; \$3 if not paid in advance. Address

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Needles Stuck like Pins.

MANUFACTURED BY

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The advantages of this new Plan are as follows:—

1. The elegance and neatness of style.
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3. The impossibility of losing the needles or spoiling them by frequent handling; each one being so secured as to render it impossible to fall out until taken for use.

Price of 100 needles, 40 cents, and a 3 cent stamp to pay return postage.

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At less than half the price asked in the stores:—

"ASKING A BLESSING." Painted by Professor Jordan. Size 20½ by 15½. Price \$8.00.

"Ay; but wait, good wife, a minute;
I have first a word to say:
Do you know what day to-day is?
Mother, 'tis our wedding-day!"

"Just as now, we sat at supper
When the guests had gone away;
You sat that side, I sat this side,
Forty years ago to-day!"

"Then what plans we laid together;
What brave things I meant to do!
Could we dream to-day would find us
At this table—me and you?"

"Better so, no doubt—and yet I
Sometimes think—I cannot tell—
Had our boys—ah, yes! I know, dear;
Yes, He doeth all things well.

"Well, we've had our joys and sorrows;
Shared our smiles as well as tears;
And—the best of all—I've had your
Faithful love for forty years!"

"Poor we've been, but not forsaken;
Grief we've known, but never shame
"Father, for Thy endless mercies
Still we bless Thy Holy Name!"

"ISN'T SHE PRETTY?" Painted by the celebrated Lilly M. Spencer. Size 12½ by 16½. Price \$2.50.

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| Dresses, | from \$4 00 to \$40 00 |
| Slips, | 3 00 " 6 00 |
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| Suit for Little Boy, | 1 00 |
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| Grecian Curls, arranged on comb, | \$7 00 to 25 00 |
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\$133,000,000 NEW 5 PER CENTS.

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN COIN.

Interest quarterly, February, May, August, and November.

Bonds Free of all Taxes, Local or National.

The Treasury Department, having already received subscriptions to the amount of \$67,000,000 to the first two hundred millions of the New Loans authorized by the Act of Congress, of July 14, 1870, for refunding the Public Debt, bearing five per cent. per annum interest, now offers to popular subscription the remaining \$133,000,000 of this particular Loan, and is prepared to promptly deliver the Coupon Bonds or Registered Certificates in exchange dollar for dollar for any of the United States six per cent. Bonds or Registered Stocks, known as *Five-Twenties*, or for Gold Coin at the par value of the New Loan, and accrued interest from the first of May. When this amount, to which preference is given, is taken up, the remainder of the Five per Cents, \$300,000,000, embraced in the Act will be offered in connection with \$300,000,000 Four and one-half per Cents, and any part of \$700,000,000 of Four per Cents, the one running fifteen years and the other thirty years.

The following is a copy of the New Five per Cent. Bond, under and pursuant to the Act of Congress:—

FORM OF FIVE PER CENT. BOND.

INTEREST | FUNDED LOAN OF 1881 | 5 PER CENT.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
ARE INDEBTED TO THE BEARER IN THE SUM OF DOLLARS.

THIS BOND is issued in accordance with the provisions of an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to authorize the refunding of the National Debt," approved July 14, 1870, amended by an Act approved January 20, 1871, and is redeemable at the pleasure of the United States, after the first day of May, 1881, in Coin of the standard value of the United States on said July 14, 1870, with interest in such Coin, from the day of the date hereof, at the rate of FIVE PER CENTUM per annum, payable quarterly, on the 1st day of February, May, August, and November, in each year. The principal and interest are exempt from the payment of all Taxes or Duties of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form, by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

WASHINGTON,, 18....

Entered Recorded

Register of the Treasury.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000, \$5,000, \$10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The interest on the Registered Stock of this Loan, it is determined by the Treasury Department, will be paid directly by the United States Treasurer in his Gold Check for the Quarterly Interest, to the Post-Office address of every holder, free of trouble or expense, dispensing with attendance, by person or by proxy, at the Treasury, for the purpose of receipting for and drawing such interest.

The whole proceeds of the New Loan will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds, and in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20s are being reduced by purchases, averaging, for two years past, about \$10,000,000 per month.

The entire effect, therefore, of the New Loan, in connection with the existing Sinking Fund process of the Treasury, is to reduce both Principal and Interest of the Public Debt of the United States. The Loan creates no additional supply of Government Stocks, while the application of the surplus revenue is constantly lessening the Funded Stocks bearing six per cent. Gold Interest.

The policy of the Government since the close of the War in 1865, which left a debt upon the country of \$2,755,000,000, and an annual taxation of \$311,000,000, has been to reduce steadily both Debt and Taxes; to reduce the Principal of the Debt by actual payments,

and to lessen the annual burden of Interest, and thereby the burden of Taxation, not only through such payments, but by funding the debt at the cheapest rates of interest practicable from time to time, until it is now felt that the very cheapest rates are due to the high Credit, unblemished Public Faith, and vast and growing resources of the country. From \$2,755,000,000 the Principal of the Debt has been reduced to \$2,260,000,000—both sums exclusive of accrued interest—and from the heavy burden of \$151,832,000 per annum, the interest charge has been reduced to \$112,780,000 per annum; while the annual taxation, under the Internal Revenue system, which the necessities of the War and the Debt thereby created rendered necessary for at least a short series of years, has been reduced from \$311,000,000 in 1865-66 to about \$154,000,000 per year in 1870-71 (estimating for the highest possible collections in the current month, the last of the Fiscal year), or less than one-half the first named sum. And in the year 1871-72 a further reduction of \$23,000,000 will come in under the Act of July, 1870, so as to give only \$126,000,000 for the year, or about two-fifths the maximum of 1865-66.

By the successful refunding of the Public Debt at moderate rates of Interest, and by continued economies in the expenditures of the Government—which in two years, from March 4, 1869, to March 4, 1871, amounted to \$123,700,949, or an average saving per year of \$63,350,474—it is believed that nearly the entire system of Internal Taxes can be dispensed with in a few years, or so much of it as requires the machinery of District Assessors and Collectors.

The Secretary of the Treasury has just published the Monthly Schedule of the Public Debt to June 1, from which it appears that he has further reduced the total of Funded Gold-bearing debt since May 1 by the sum of \$8,000,000 by purchase of United States 5-20s for the Sinking Fund, and reduced the 5-20s by the further sum of \$3,217,400 by conversion into the New 5 Per Cents. The whole Funded Debt now stands, \$1,894,128,750, as against \$2,107,846,150 two years ago when the present Administration came into office. Adding to these sums the net Circulation of the Treasury (that is, in Greenbacks and Greenback Certificates, after deducting Gold and Currency on hand), the following is the comparison of Debt of all kinds, at present, and at the close of the war, and in 1869:—

| | July, 1865. | March, 1869. | June, 1871. |
|--------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| U. S. Stocks | \$2,150,784,112 | \$2,107,846,150 | \$1,894,128,750 |
| Circulation | 605,211,163 | 383,545,854 | 366,333,003 |

Total ... \$2,755,995,275 \$2,491,390,904 \$2,260,461,753

The following table affords a classification of the Funded Stock (in Gold) of the United States, as at present outstanding:—

| Date. | Coupon. | Registered. | Total. |
|---------------------|-----------------|---------------|-----------------|
| 5-20s, 1862 ... | \$382,958,500 | \$103,973,500 | \$486,932,000 |
| 5-20s, 1864 ... | 44,752,650 | 55,924,100 | 100,676,750 |
| 5-20s, 1865 ... | 123,660,150 | 53,562,100 | 177,222,250 |
| 5-20s, 1865 (n) ... | 179,369,500 | 70,851,450 | 250,220,950 |
| 5-20s, 1867 ... | 241,886,550 | 91,325,100 | 333,011,650 |
| 5-20s, 1868 ... | 28,009,350 | 11,603,000 | 39,612,350 |
| Total 5-20s | \$1,000,436,700 | \$387,229,250 | \$1,387,665,950 |
| Sixes, 1881 ... | 93,230,400 | 190,417,700 | 283,648,100 |
| Fives, 10-40s ... | 57,279,650 | 137,287,650 | 194,567,300 |
| Fives, 1874 ... | 13,955,000 | 6,045,000 | 20,000,000 |
| New Fives 1881 | 5,117,000 | 3,100,400 | 8,217,400 |

Total \$1,170,048,750 \$724,080,000 \$1,894,128,750

Total March 4, 1869 2,107,846,150

Reduction of funded debt \$213,717,400

Yearly gold interest charge, 1869, \$124,255,350

Present yearly charge 111,419,933

Reduction in interest charge \$12,835,357

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the Public Debt by refunding is as follows:—

| | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| By exchange of \$500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881 | \$5,000,000 |
| By exchange of \$300,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1886 | 4,500,000 |
| By exchange of \$700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901 .. | 14,000,000 |

Total saving per annum by refunding...\$23,500,000

C. C. NORVELL,
In charge of Advertising U. S. Loans.
TREASURY OFFICE, NEW YORK, June 3, 1871.

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1871.

Volume 83.

1871.

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TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

Is of its original, the Seltzer Spring of Germany. The Aperient, based on a correct analysis of the Seltzer Water, is even superior to the manufacture of Nature herself, because it contains all the active medicinal properties of the Spring, unalloyed by any of the inert and useless particles found in all mineral fountains. *The genuine article being secured*, you have the Seltzer Water of Europe, purified and perfected, and probably the best, the most genial cathartic and anti-bilious preparation on the face of the earth.



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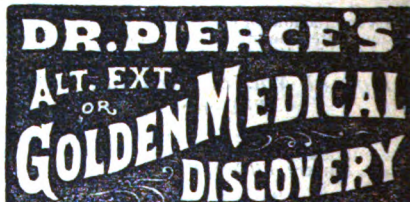


I do not wish to inform you, reader, that Dr. Wonderful, or any other man, has discovered a remedy that cures Consumption, when the lungs are half consumed, in short, will cure all diseases whether of mind, body, or estate, make men live forever, and leave death to play for want of work, and is designed to make our sublunary sphere a blissful Paradise, to which Heaven itself shall be but a side show. You have heard enough of that kind of humbuggery. But when I tell you that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will positively cure the worst cases of Catarrh in the Head, I only assert that which thousands can testify to. I will pay \$500 Reward for a case that I cannot cure. A pamphlet giving symptoms and other information sent free to any address. This remedy is

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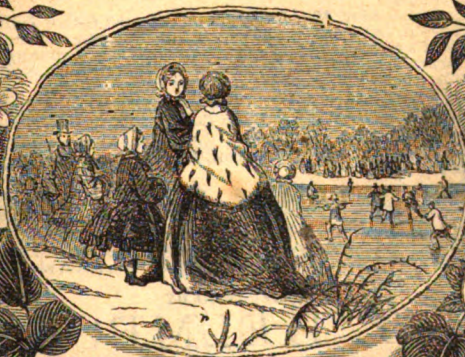
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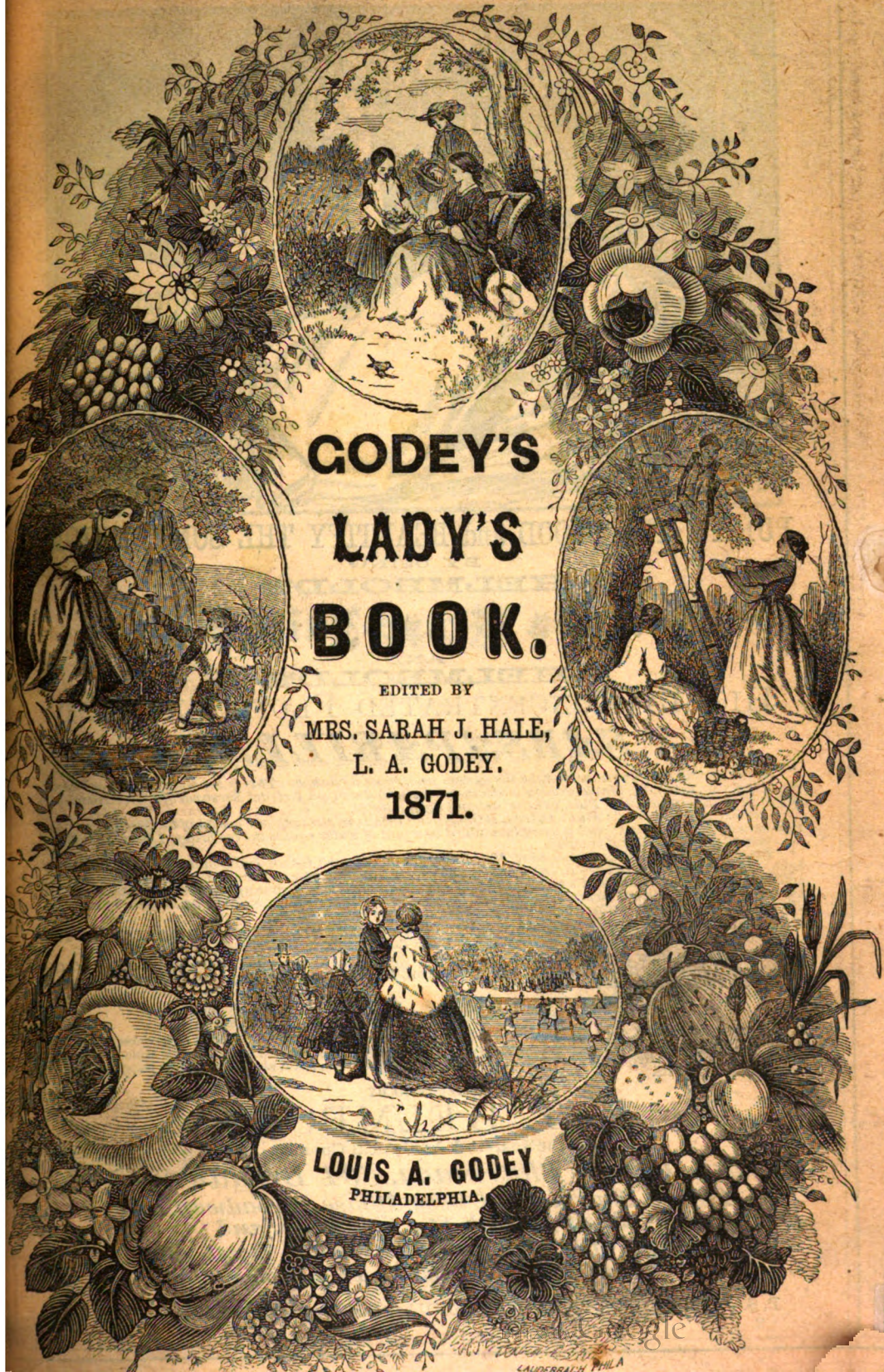


**CODEY'S
LADY'S
BOOK.**

EDITED BY
MRS. SARAH J. HALE,
L. A. GODEY.
1871.



LOUIS A. GODEY
PHILADELPHIA.





PURIFY THE BLOOD and BEAUTIFY THE COMPLEXION,
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Catawba Grape-Juice Pills

AND
HELMBOLD'S
HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT
SARSAPARILLA.

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Grape-Juice Pill is composed of Fluid Extract of Catawba Grape-Juice and Fluid Extract Rhubarb. Useful in all diseases requiring a cathartic remedy, and far superior to all other purgatives, such as Calomel, Magnesia, etc. Helmhold's Grape-Juice Pill is not a patented pill, put up as those ordinarily vended, the result of ten years' experimenting, and great care in preparation. Safe for and taken by children. No sea-sickness; no griping pains; but mild, pleasant, and safe in operation.

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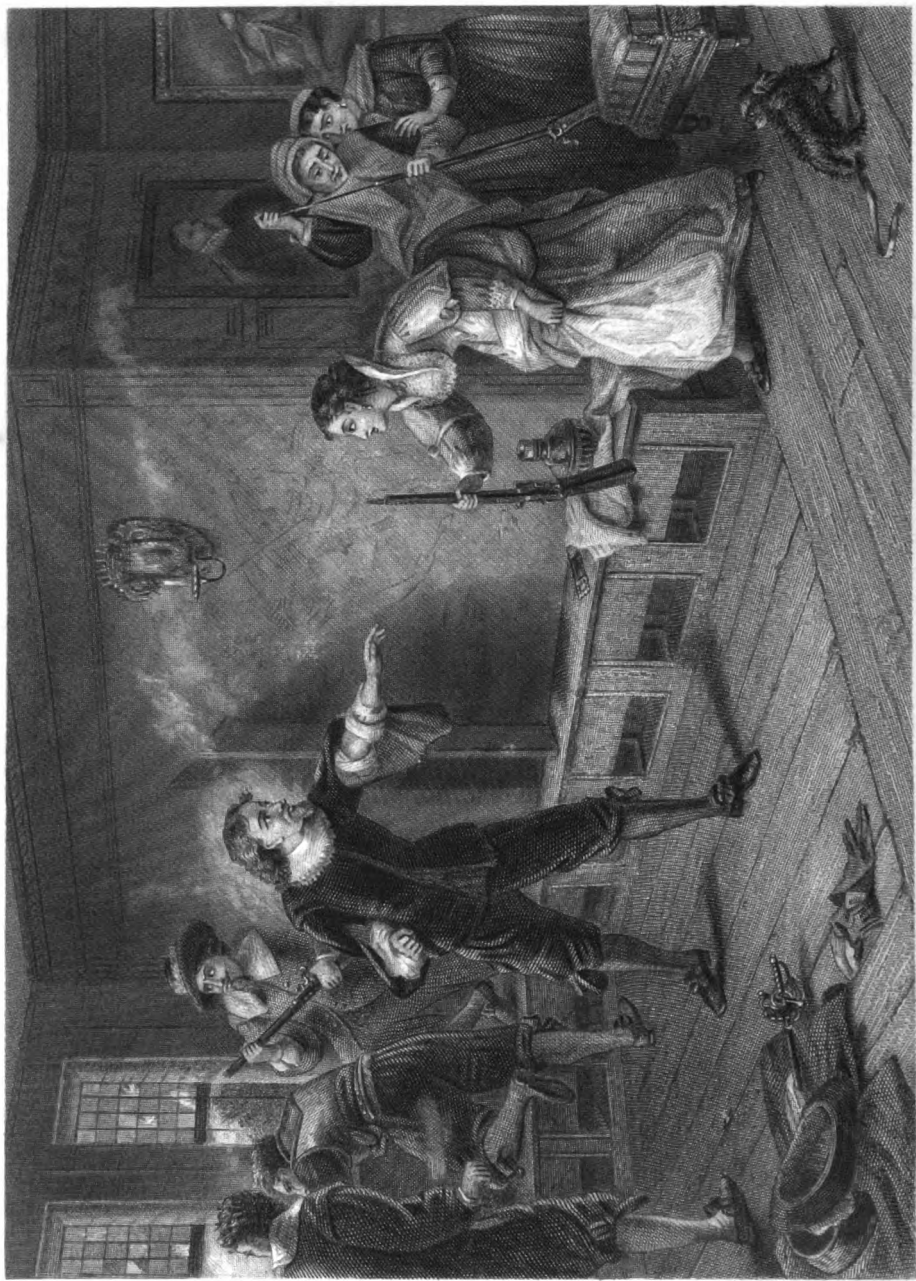
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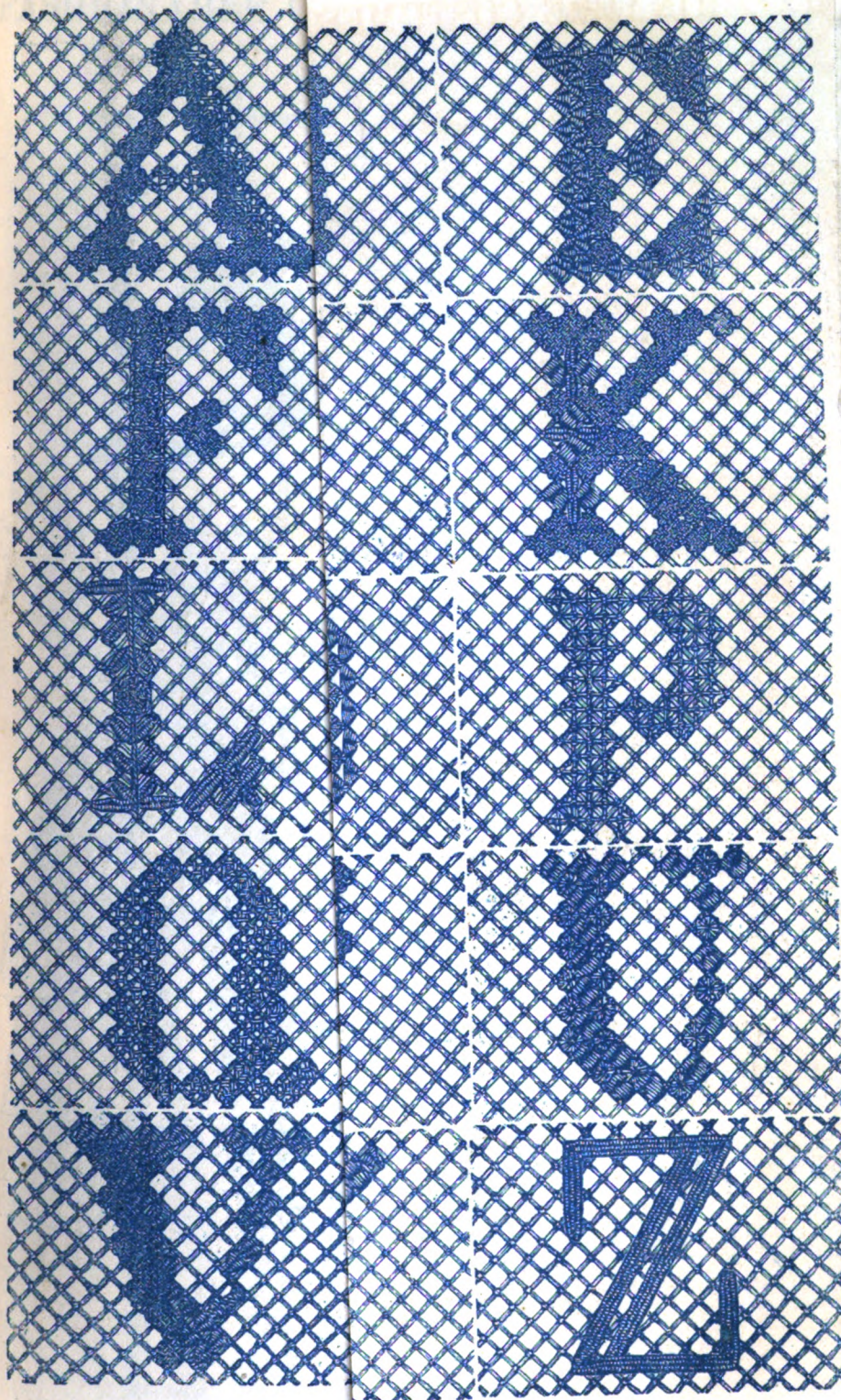




Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



Fig. 1.



THE FAIR REAPER.

Rappahannock Polka.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED

FOR THE

PIANO-FORTE,

BY

EDWIN LEMOSY.

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RAPPAHANNOCK POLKA.

The musical score for "RappaHannock Polka" is presented in six systems, each consisting of a piano (left) and treble (right) staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and chords. Dynamics are indicated by *mf* (mezzo-forte), *p* (piano), and *f* (forte). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots in the final measure of the sixth system.

System 1: Treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, and a quarter note G4. The piano staff features a series of chords, primarily triads and dyads, mostly on the lower register.

System 2: Treble staff starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, and a quarter note G4. The piano staff features a series of chords, primarily triads and dyads, mostly on the lower register.

System 3: Treble staff starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, and a quarter note G4. The piano staff features a series of chords, primarily triads and dyads, mostly on the lower register.

System 4: Treble staff starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, and a quarter note G4. The piano staff features a series of chords, primarily triads and dyads, mostly on the lower register.

System 5: Treble staff starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, and a quarter note G4. The piano staff features a series of chords, primarily triads and dyads, mostly on the lower register.

System 6: Treble staff starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, and a quarter note G4. The piano staff features a series of chords, primarily triads and dyads, mostly on the lower register.

HATS AND BONNETS.
(See Description. Fashion Department.)



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXXIII.—NO. 495.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1871.

NURSE BROWN'S STORY.

BY MARION HARLAND.

"I KNOW you feel real bad, dear, but when you've got so much left to be thankful for, isn't it a pity to grieve so for what's gone and can't come back?"

I turned my face on the pillow fretfully, and the tears that had been collecting under my eyelids overflowed upon my cheeks. They were not the first by many I had shed that day. The weather was wet and dark; my husband was away from home; and, for two whole days, I had seen no human faces except those of my servants and the nurse who had attended me through my six weeks' confinement to my room.

It had been six weeks to a day, on that wild March afternoon, since my baby came—the baby that never breathed, whom I never saw. It was laid under the snow before I awoke to consciousness after the fierce convulsions had spent their force. I was almost well now, able to walk across my chamber-floor, to sit up most of the day, and to see a few intimate friends; but not allowed to read or work, on account of my unsteady brain. And having nothing else to do, I moped sadly and perversely. Some women do not care for or want babies. I did. In imagination I had held mine in my arms a thousand times; dreamed a thousand times of his pretty tricks and winning wiles; saw him creeping, walking, talking, going to school, to college—a stately man, supporting his gray-haired mother with his strong arm. All this I had lost, you see, with the tiny baby that had not once opened his eyes upon my face. People talked lightly of my loss, even those who had children of their own, and this lack of sympathy with my sorrow made me sullen. It was nothing to anybody else that I suffered, not even to Charley, although my loss was his also. But then he had not had time to get acquainted with baby as I had during all those months of sewing, and waiting, and castle-building.

I was thinking of these and other sad things, lying upon the lounge, and seeming to watch the naked boughs of the cherry-tree outside the window as it wrestled with the wind, and bowed before the fitful sweep of the rain. The rain that was falling upon the wee mound where my hopes were buried—the short, low heap of earth I saw all the while, by day and by night, which nobody else remembered! How often within the last month had I said over to myself the simple words written to me by a friend whose sixth child had died before it was a month old:—

"The days drag by wearily over my *aching heart and empty arms.*"

That was just it! The empty arms, that told the whole story of the heartache that would not be comforted. The phrase was in my mind when my nurse broke the silence of the room by her timid remonstrance. She was a quiet and hitherto reticent woman, past middle age, and, to my notion, as commonplace a person as I had ever met. Charley had several times hinted his regret that I had not a younger and livelier attendant; but she was gentle, patient, and diligent, and I invariably assured him I had no cause of complaint. She was darning his stockings, I recollect, as she interrupted my musings; sitting bolt upright in a low chair, the back of which she did not touch—a prim little figure dressed in a snuff-colored merino, her usual afternoon attire, and which I detested. Her hair was gray, and combed away smoothly from her temples to the back of her head, where it was twisted into a queer little hard knot. She had the sallow complexion common to American women who have not gained flesh with advancing age. I had a foolish hankering in those days to have pleasant-looking people as well as inanimate objects about me. I called it a love of the beautiful. Maybe it was, but it was selfish for all that.

"So much to be thankful for!" I repeated. "That is what everybody tells me. It is very easy to preach to other people, but each heart knoweth its own bitterness."

"That's so," assented my companion, meekly. "Yet those who are worst off get no more than the best of us deserve. Many's the time I've justified the Lord's doings with that saying, when it seemed as if all His waves and His billows were a-going over me."

Her humility made me ashamed of my crossness; her allusion to her own griefs moved me to a faint degree of interest.

"Have you had much trouble, then, Mrs. Brown?" I asked, more respectfully.

"Trouble, dear! So much it's a miracle of the Lord's strengthening mercy that I am alive this hour."

"Did you ever lose a child?" I ventured, for her manner invited inquiry.

"One—a dear lamb, three years old—my first. He has been with the Good Shepherd thirty-five years come the fifteenth of May. He may be a man grown in heaven; he'll always be 'little Eben' to me. But that was what I call a *soft* sorrow—one that opens the heart, and lets the tears run easy and plenty of them. That isn't the sort that breaks the spirit, and fairly withers one up through and through."

"Withers one up!" The words struck me. They expressed what I had thought when I first saw her. She was not hard, although uninteresting. Nor was she coarse or homely. She looked withered; like a fruit that had once been plump and sweet, out of which the sap had been dried by frost or heat.

"I don't understand," said I. "It doesn't seem to me I could bear any more than has been laid upon me lately."

"Would you think me too free if I was to tell you a little bit of my story?" she resumed, after a pause. "It's been borne in upon my mind very hard all day. Perhaps it's meant for me to talk it out to you and to do you good. Such thoughts are generally sent a purpose. Nothing happens by chance to the Father's children. That's a blessed thing to know and to think on."

"I should like to hear your history. I always enjoy tales of real life," I said, patronizingly, yet sincerely enough.

Not that I supposed she had anything to narrate that could entertain me particularly, but I was not displeased at the prospect of hearkening to something that would cause me to forget for a while the wind crying in the chimney and at the keyholes, like a baby-spirit that had lost its way in the storm. It kept me thinking, against my will, of the gloomy superstition that condemns the souls of unbaptized infants to wander and wall forever in the outer darkness.

"It's thirty-nine years to-morrow since I was married the first time," she began, without further preface. "Maybe you never heard I had been married twice? My husband's name was Eben King, and I mind that Andrew Brown

was our first groomsmen. We had four, and four bridesmaids; and my father, for all he was a mechanic, gave us what was for people in our circumstances and in those times a real nice wedding. My dress was Swiss muslin, with white sash and shoes; and *he* wore a full suit of blue, except for his white waistcoat, and such a ruffled shirt-bosom as you don't see now-a-days. He was always gentlemanly-looking, and carried himself like a lord, and was altogether the handsomest man at the wedding. We had been keeping company four years. I couldn't understand then, no more 'n I can now, what first made him like me. I was never a pretty girl, although I was 'counted to have a genteel figure, and my teeth and hair were good, and I had an easy temper, besides being very handy with my needle. I had just learned the milliner's trade with Mrs. Bobbinet, who used to keep a millinery and fancy store on Broad Street above Cedar. The house is torn down now, but it was a neat place in its time. I saw some of my happiest days there, for Mrs. Bobbinet was not overstrict, although very particular about her girls' morals and modest behavior. I boarded at home with my father and step-mother, and Eben used to come to the shop for me every night, if he could get away from his business in time. Mrs. Bobbinet would ask him into the parlor, and talk to him while I put my things on. She said a great many good words for me to him, I guess, and she allowed to me once and again that she didn't think I could do better. We all attended the same church; she and my parents, and Eben and I. He and I 'joined' the same Sunday. He was very active in the Sabbath School, and sung in the choir. You wouldn't believe what a beautiful voice he had. I never hear 'Denmark' or 'Lenox' sung now that I don't find myself a-listening for him on the bass. All my friends were in favor of the match, and, as for me, why, he was just perfection in my eyes. He was a clerk in a dry-goods store when I first knew him, and, after a deal of planning and talking among us all, it was settled that we should set up a fancy haberdashery when we were married. We had no bridal *tower*, but the day after the wedding we took possession of our house. Such a cosy home it was! Back of the shop was a dining-parlor, where we ate, and sat, and saw the few friends who called to see us, and where I did all my fancy sewing. The kitchen was behind this—small, but convenient. I didn't need a larger, seeing I did all my own work, and there were just we two. Up-stairs was our bedroom over the shop, and a wee bit of a spare bedchamber. That was all. But, dear me! we shouldn't have known what to do with more room. And I may say, I shouldn't have known what to do with more happiness that first year, my heart was so full. I worked hard, to be sure, rising up early and lying down

late, but I ate the bread of cheerfulness instead of carefulness.

"By nine o'clock the housework was all done up, and luncheon set ready in the pantry against we should want it at twelve o'clock. I studied to get up all manner of nice little dishes to please Eben, who had a real gentleman's taste about these matters, and when noon came, however busy I might be, I always contrived to set the table in regular style; to have the cloth clean and the silver bright. He noticed everything, and it would have mortified me terribly to have him find fault with my housekeeping. He tended the store, and when there were more customers than he could wait on, he would call me in. I was naturally bashful, but I got to liking to be at the same counter with him—he had such elegant manners, and was so much respected. It made my heart puff with pride to notice how polite the ladies were to him, and what pretty language he always used to them. He was very popular, as you may suppose, and Mrs. Bobbinet had a way of naming me to her customers that threw as much work in my way as I could do—such as embroidery in silk and cotton, baby-clothes, collars, caps, and so on. I was chirpy as a cricket, sitting in that little back room, stitching away for dear life, with the door open between that and the store, and Eben never out of sight or hearing, from morning until night. We shut up at seven o'clock every day except Saturday, and had something hearty and nourishing for supper. Then I washed up the dishes, and got all ready for morning while Eben settled the day's accounts. I learned how to do it from looking on. I was never a quick scholar, but I caught an idea from him very easy—got it by heart, so to speak. After that, we went out for a walk in all weathers except the very worst. There's streets and squares I could show you in this town where I haven't dared to walk in more'n thirty years; they put me so in mind of old times. But they were like the green pastures beside the still waters in those days. We laughed and talked like two children let out from school while we strolled along, and when we did speak of business, 'twas always to say how nicely we were getting along, and how we'd live snug and equinomical for some years to come, until we could buy a store and house of our own. We didn't care to be rich. We only wanted to make a respectable living, and to lay up a hundred dollars or so every year in the Savings Bank.

"By and by we began to plan for the children we hoped were coming. I often hear ladies, with houses full of servants and as much money as they can spend, fret at the prospect of an increase of family, because it is such a trouble and expense. We didn't feel so, although my time was money, and Eben couldn't afford to hire help for me or for himself. I was happier

than ever when I was able to be down stairs again at my stitching and trimming, with my foot upon the rocker of my boy's cradle; so glad and proud of him, and that he was as like his father as two peas! A better tempered, sweeter baby never lived. He was next to no trouble at all. By the time he was six months old, he would roll about the floor, playing with his ball and rattle, for two or three hours at a time, without asking me to do more than speak to or smile at him once in a while. It was lucky he was so forward, for in just eighteen months my little Annie was born. I had two children when I was twenty-one. I had to fly around brisk enough then, you may be sure, to keep things going straight. I don't think my business took any harm from the babies, but I got weakly, what with nursing my girl, and being kept awake at night with little Ebby's teeth, and getting up by daybreak to sweep, and dust, and bake, so's to be able to dress both children and have breakfast over before customers began to call. Eben worried over my losing flesh, and not having any appetite, and when, at last, I had a dreadful faint spell in the middle of a hot August day, he *would* call in a doctor. They had a long talk in private about me, and the upshot was that I must drink port wine and take bark, and have in somebody to help me in the hardest part of my work, for the doctor would have it that I was killing myself fast.

"The Lord forgive me! but I've wished a million times I had gone clean off in that faint, and never come to in this world! I wanted to live then, for my husband and children's sake, and I took the medicines and tried hard to think it did me good, and to persuade Eben that I was getting stronger.

"One day my step-mother came to see me, with a letter in her hand. 'This is what I call a Providence, Becky,' says she. And she read to me how my great-aunt on my mother's side was dead. The letter was from my sister Lizzie, who had been adopted by her when my own mother died, and lived with her constant ever since. She was three years younger than me, and I was just twenty-two. I hadn't seen her since she was fourteen, for my aunt lived in Ohio, and we had no money to spend in travelling. She was dead now, and there was no will, though everybody thought there would be, and Lizzie had been raised to expect a good share of her property. The children and grandchildren came in for it all; and Lizzie had no home, without father sent for her, and nothing except her clothes, and such trifles as the heirs would let her bring away with her.

"'The very thing for you!' my step-mother says to me. 'There isn't so much as a spare bed in our house, and me and my girls do up the work, sewing and all. And, seeing she is your only own sister, it does seem a leading of Providence that you should take her right in

here, now you are poorly, and obliged to have somebody to lend a hand.'

"It wasn't very warm weather, and I was sitting by an open window, but I got deadly sick, all of a sudden.

"Mother," says I, 'it seems so close and shut-up-like here, I can hardly get my breath. Our rooms are very small, and there's very few of them. Now the children are here, we can hardly turn around without stepping on them. I am willing to help Lizzie all I can. I'll allow her half I earn to pay her board, and I know Mrs. Bobbinet will give her a place in her work-room, and maybe in her family, if I ask her. She wants another girl, for she told me so the other day. And,' says I—and very strange I thought it afterward that the words should have come to my tongue—'I feel as if it would kill me to have anybody else to live in the house with Eben and me.'

"With that I cried—'like a fool,' mother said. She scolded, and Eben coaxed and begged, and father, he reasoned in his sensible way; and between them all, I was overruled into writing Lizzie a letter asking her to make her home with us. It so happened (I don't know as I ought to use the word, but I hate to think the Lord ordered it) that Eben had business in Pittsburg—something about an old debt he had hopes of collecting—and I wrote to Lizzie to meet him there, and he would bring her on to us.

"I felt real bright and spry, for all I had been doing double work the five days he was away, the evening they got home. Mother had spent the afternoon with me and taken care of the children, so I had got up a nice supper for the travellers—ham and eggs, and coffee and shortcake—I had quite a name for my shortcake—and for dessert, a cracker-pudding with raisins in it, and wine sauce. Mother and father took supper with us, and we had a merry time. I couldn't keep my eyes off Lizzie the whole evening, she was so different from the rest of us. We were a sober, steady family, generally, who didn't set much store by finery and fashion. Mother was very *notional* about our behavior and the company we kept. I used to think she was too strict when I was a young girl, but I'd begun to understand her better lately. Lizzie was rigged out as I and my half-sisters never dreamed of fixing ourselves up. Her travelling dress was heavy and dusty, she complained, and she would change it before we sat down to the table, putting on in place of it a buff *challé*, with pink rose-buds on it. Her hair was thick and dark, almost black, braided behind and curled in front, and the curls were looped behind her ears with bows of pink ribbon. She was dark complected, a real *bunette*, with a lovely little pink flush under the skin, and her eyes were like two fire-flies, they shone and danced so; her teeth were very white—that ran in the fam-

ily—and she laughed a great deal, besides doing most of the talking.

"She's a regular little beauty," said mother, one side to me, as she was putting on her bonnet to go. 'Keep an eye on her, or she'll be apt to go wrong; she's so flighty and vain. I wouldn't let her be much in the store if I was you; it's too public. Give her housework and sewing to do, and let her amuse the children.'

"Before three days were gone, I found this was easier said than done. She 'hated housework; it hardened the hands, and soiled one's clothes.' She 'abominated sewing; it always gave her the blues and a pain in her side,' and she was 'so stupid about such matters, she was sure she would spoil the nice things sent to me to make.' She said all this in a laughing way, but 'twas plain she meant it. In the shop, she was wonderful quick and 'taking' with the customers—especially with the gentlemen, who wanted cravats, and gloves, and handkerchiefs. She didn't get along with the children at all. They were always cross, or got into mischief when I left them with her while I was in the kitchen or store.

"I don't see why you trouble yourself with this branch of the business," says Eben to me when Lizzie had been with us about a fortnight. 'You always preferred to sew, and the doctor says it is bad for your back to be so much upon your feet. Your sister does well enough in here; better than she does in the nursery department, if we are to judge from the noise in the back room. I suppose she has never been used to children, and has no knack at amusing them. I agreed to your having her here upon condition that she should be made useful, and I don't call it usefulness when she increases your cares by undertaking what she can't do well.'

"I saw he was vexed—I thought because I was looking badly that morning, and Eby was shouting and baby fretting. We always tried to keep the store quiet and pleasant for fear of annoying the customers, and for the same reason we had no cooking done in the middle of the day. I didn't remind him that it was none of my doings, bringing anybody else into the family. All he wanted, as I believed then, was to make things easy for me, and it wasn't in me to throw it in his teeth that Lizzie's coming hadn't done it, when he'd meant it for the best.

"I'd rather she'd be in the store," I said, speaking low, 'if you'd promise to watch her pretty sharp. She is so pretty and lively, and so ignorant of the ways and tricks of the world, that mother and I thought she'd better be kept in the background, out of the sight of the gay young men. I'd be loath to have her led astray in any way. We've always been poor,' says I, 'but we've been respectable, out and out.'

"Eben he laughed, and patted me on the head.

"While I am here, you needn't be afraid the gay young men will get a chance to make love to the sister you think so handsome," he says. "There's so many prettier girls behind counters, they won't bother her long when they see she's got a brother to take care of her."

"It *was* something pleasanter for me to have her out of the way of my work, though I can't say I had any the less to do. What with her washing and the extra cooking—for she'd been brought up delicate, and couldn't relish plain food—I hadn't any more time for sewing than before she came. Eben didn't understand this, and when I saw how contented he was in the notion that I was really better off, I didn't let on how matters really stood. I even took in more sewing than I had ought to have undertaken, to make him quite satisfied with his own arrangement. I had said to him before Lizzie came that she must not make his load any heavier.

"It wouldn't be fair," says I. "She shan't cost you a dollar. I'll pay all her expenses out of my own earnings, and yet put in as much into the common stock as I do now, for I shall have so much more time for fancy work than I get now, and that always pays well. I can't have a sister of mine dependent upon my husband."

"I kept my word, and when I found that, while she had more fine dresses than suited a girl in her station, she was bad enough off for underclothes, I stuck to my resolution, and sat up nights until twelve o'clock, sometimes later, to make up for the outlay I hadn't expected so soon.

"There's no need of that," says Eben, when I done this. "Nobody wants you to slave yourself to death. It's your own choice. I wash my hands of any share in it."

"And I couldn't tell him before Lizzie, or at any other time, how much need there was for me to stretch every nerve, and seize every moment, if I wouldn't have him go behindhand in his business. I *did* think myself ill-used in this sometimes, and cry when nobody saw me because he didn't understand that I was working more for him than for myself. I've learned since that many another woman has the same trial and is dumb about it.

"We allowed Lizzie wages for tending in the store when she'd been with us a month. I didn't see the economy in that, particularly as we had spent so much for her clothes, and I said so, but Eben insisted.

"It isn't just nor kind," he said, 'to employ such a smart girl for her victuals and clothes. She brings enough custom to the store to pay her a liberal salary, if I was to give her a commission upon her sales.'

"And when I held back still, he said: 'You women are always hard upon each other, but I thought better of you than to suppose you'd grind the face of your own kin and blood.'

"I gave up at that, and never even asked him how much he allowed her. It wasn't enough to clothe her, I was made to understand from her talk, or she didn't use it for that purpose, for she 'borrowed,' as she called it, of me every month, five, ten, sometimes as much as twenty dollars, and never paid it back, to say nothing of the ribbons, collars, and stuff for other garments she had out of the store, and which I always charged to myself. I wondered how she got rid of her money until I used to stumble over boxes of confectionery, and fruit, and all manner of knick-knacks in her room; and every few weeks she'd flash out in a new dress, or mantle, or something she'd had made out of the house unbeknownst to me. I dreaded to scold her. I was timid, and easy to put down, and she'd a high way with her, a habit of taking things for granted, that cowed me from the first. I was no match for her, and I knew it, although we'd never had a bit of a quarrel. She was nothing but a spoiled child, I'd say to myself, ruined for every-day life and hard work by the old aunt's foolish petting, and I had ought to have charity for her when her giddy talk and extravagant ways frightened me who had been brought up so different. Above all things, I wouldn't find fault with her to Eben. Blood is thicker than water. She was my sister, and I'd stand up for her. So long as I took care he wasn't the poorer for her fancies and follies, he had nothing to do with what she cost me. But 'twasn't till long afterward I discovered that he suspected I was stuffing a private purse of my own with what I made by extra work. The confinement in the store told upon Lizzie after a while. She had headaches and turns of low spirits, and began to droop about the house. I had made her go out every day, while I took her place at the counter, but she said 'lonely walks gave her the horrors.' Then I sent her out in the evenings instead of asking her to sit with the children half an hour or so while I got a breath of fresh air, and I told Eben he must go with her; take her to a lecture or a panorama, or something, now and then, to freshen her up. He said 'No' at first, and something about my needing exercise and recreation, but a very little reasoning brought him around. Every night they were off together, at last staying later and later, and I hardly noticing how long they were away, so busy was I with the work I did on the sly, for fear Eben should guess what a care and a cost my sister was.

"Ten months after she came, my Jamie was born. Mother was in every day to do the heavy work and dress the baby. She was very kind so far as words went, and I knew if she had a favorite among father's children it was me, but she tried me awfully by throwing slurs upon Eben—a thing she'd never done before. He ought to have got me a nurse, or, at

least, a woman to scour and cook. It was plain to be seen he hadn't the consideration for me he used to have; that he was getting selfish and careless; that I had too much on my mind to get well fast; and much more of that sort of talk I was too weak to answer, or tried to pass off as a joke. This was nothing, though, to the way she went on to Lizzie. She told her, up and down, that she was a useless, expensive piece of furniture, fit for nothing but to look at; a bother to decent people, and a snare to weak and wicked ones. Lizzie answered her back for a while, for she had a spirit of her own, though, to do her justice, she wasn't often cross or bad-tempered, but by and by she listened as mum as could be, and nobody could tell from her face whether she minded it or not. I was the first to find out what this meant. One day, when mother had washed and dressed the baby, and laid him down by me, and gone home to get her own house to rights, Lizzie, she spoke right out.

"I won't be hectored and bullied any longer!" says she. 'I've stood it as long as flesh and blood can. That woman's got no right to lecture me, and she sha'n't do it again. I made up my mind I'd let her have her say for a whole week, and that I wouldn't answer her; but there's no sign of her tiring herself out, and I must take care of myself. I shall speak to brother about it to-night.' (She always called Eben 'brother.') 'We'll see whether he will protect a motherless girl in his own house.'

"For the love of mercy, Lizzie," said I, 'don't open your mouth about this fuss to Eben! He's quick-tempered, and he's that fond of you he'd be ready to shut the door in mother's face the next time she comes.'

"I don't see where the harm would be if he did," says she, with a spiteful laugh. 'And excuse me for saying it, Becky, if you had the right feeling for your husband, you couldn't take her abuse of him as quietly as you do. My blood boils to hear her speak of him as she does, and so ought yours.'

"It does hurt me," I says, as calm as I could speak. 'But I know mother so well that I can make allowances for her. Her bark is worse than her bite. Something has crossed her lately, and she can't hide it. She has been too kind a friend to me, and too good a wife to father, for me to pick a quarrel with her at this late day. Hard words break no bones,' says I, a-trying to laugh. 'And if we have patience, we'll live through this pelting.'

"I think, sometimes," says she, looking right at me with her great, bright eyes, 'that you have no heart at all, you take life so easy. You're just like iced milk-and-water, and I'm spiced wine. It's as much as I can do to hold my tongue when I see you going round and round in the treadmill every day, thinking of nothing but how much work you can crowd in between midnight and midnight, and caring for

nobody except those whining babies. I often say to myself: "I'll give her my opinion of her, hot and hot, before this day is out. I always did hate these sanctified prudes."'

"I couldn't speak at once, I was so taken aback, and my heart got hotter and bigger until the aching fairly choked me.

"I am sorry I don't please you, Lizzie," I managed to say, presently. 'It isn't natural to me to show my feelings by words, but I try to serve and help them I love as well as I can.' And then, being weak and nervous-like, the tears would come, in spite of all I could do to keep them back.

"Oh!" says she, with a sneer, 'if you're going to cry, I have done talking. That's the style of all you meek, pious, yea-nay women!'

"At that minute we heard little Eby crying, down-stairs, 'Yizzie! Yizzie!' in the most pitiful voice you can think of.

"She did not stir from her chair. She was crimping a frill for herself with a case-knife, and she kept on with it as if she didn't hear the darling. He called again, 'Yizzie! Yizzie!' and cried as if his heart would break. It's thirty-five years ago, Mrs. Marley, but I am woke up sometimes now of nights by hearing him say it, and me a-lying there not able to move!'

The swallow face flushed. She dropped the needle, that had moved steadily up to this time, and raised her apron to her eyes.

"Don't go on!" I begged, little guessing what was to follow. "I cannot have you distress yourself in this way, Mrs. Brown, interested as I am in your story."

"It eases the load a little to talk about it to somebody who can feel for me," said the poor woman, simply, wiping her spectacles, and picking up her work. "I won't give way again. I've been a-thinking too much to-day. It's David, isn't it, who says, 'While I was musing, the fire burned?' And, somehow, the wind makes me feel kind of lonesome. After a little, says I, for I couldn't lie still and listen any longer, and I had a 'milk leg,' and wasn't able to rise:—

"Lizzie," says I, 'would you mind seeing what ails the child? He never cries that way without he's hurt.'

"Hurt!" says she, and her eyes snapped. She acted that day as if she was possessed. 'Not he! He's perishing for the want of a rousing whipping, and I'll make it my business to see his pa gives him one. He's the cross-set-grained, most contrary brat I ever beheld! And you're as big a baby as he is! Hold your noise there, will you?' for the child was coming up-stairs.

"She got up and flounced out of the room to stop him, leaving the door open. I could see the head of the stairs from my bed, and I had a fair glimpse of Eby's face, all wet with tears, just above the floor. He was holding up his

finger, which was streaming blood. We found afterward he had cut it badly with a piece of broken glass.

"Yizzie!" he sobbed again, as she reached him, and clutched her apron with his bloody hands to steady himself in climbing to the top step, which was higher than any of the rest, and awkward for children. She was always very nice with her pretty aprons, and she tried to jerk it away from him. He held fast, to save himself from falling; she lost her balance, and down the stairs they both pitched, head first.

"I screamed louder than either, and struggled and fought to get out of bed; but it was just as if I had been chained hand and foot. I could do nothing but lie there, and listen, and tremble, and pray—if you could call that praying which was just saying the same thing over and over again—'Father, have mercy upon them! Have mercy upon them!'

"There was a terrible commotion going on below. When they fell, it seems there were customers in the store; and, at the noise, they all rushed with Eben into the back entry, and saw the two lying in a heap at the bottom of the steps, the child undermost. I heard the talking, and the bustling back and forth, and the groaning as them that were hurt was lifted up and carried into the parlor. Then somebody said: 'Run for the doctor!' And Eben called out two or three times, like one distracted: 'My darling, my dear love, speak to me! Where are you hurt?' Next was the sound of the doctor's voice; I knew it in an instant.

"Shut that door!" was the first thing he said, and I understood it was to prevent me from knowing what was passing.

But I could judge something of what they did by what came up through the floor. I half raised myself on my elbow, and listened as for the sentence of my own doom; and, when the baby awoke and fretted, I put him to the breast, and leaned down again towards the floor. Once there was a sharp, awful scream from Lizzie, and Eben was trying to soothe her, and the doctor spoke louder and more positive-like, and she fell into hysterics, and there was worse confusion than ever. All this time I didn't hear a word nor a cry from my boy, strain my ears as I might, and I began to take comfort from this. Maybe he wasn't hurt, although the stairs were steep, and it had been a frightful crash when they struck the bottom. But children had such wonderful escapes; their bones were so soft, and their bodies light. It was strange he made no noise, but his father was there, and a word from him would have kept him quiet. Still I was repeating aloud: 'Have mercy upon them! Have mercy upon them!' at the end of half an hour (they said it wasn't longer, but it was more like half a year to me), when somebody came slowly up the stairs, and I saw it was mother, pale as the

dead, and so solemn my heart went down within me.

"They had sent for her to break the news to me that Lizzie had broken her arm, she said.

"And Eby?" says I.

"I won't deceive you, Becky," she says, and told me that he had fractured his skull and was dying.

"Tell Eben to fetch him up here," I says, so quiet she stared at me. But I really didn't feel just then. I wasn't stunned neither, I think, for I knew exactly what I was saying and what had happened. 'Don't let anybody else touch him. Lay him right here by me.'

"Mother made them do just as I ordered, although Eben was very unwilling to have it so, and the doctor would have hindered it if he could, for fear, he said, 'twould excite me too much. I was past being excited. I didn't shed a tear, though Eben was sobbing aloud as he brought up the boy—our *first-born*, Mrs. Marley—and put him where I showed him I wanted him to be.

"They had washed the tears off his face, but his eyelids were swelled from crying, and his sweet mouth was pouted with the distress and pain he thought nobody—not even his mamma—pitied him for. He lay close to me; his poor, bruised head upon my pillow, his cheek against mine, for an hour, breathing shorter and shorter, until he died."

TO KATIE.

BY EMMA NASE.

I KNOW a little sprite so fair;
Her eyes are dark, and soft her hair—
Her name is Katie;
She looks up at you in your face,
With glances arch and nameless grace—
They call her "Fairy."

She smiles upon you like a star,
And then the angels seem not far—
Her name is Katie;
She moves about with childish glee,
Yet on her brow a thought you see—
They call her "Fairy."

She moves about with childish grace,
While her large soul beams in her face—
Her name is Katie;
Where'er she goes, all turn to see
The light of love within her "ee"—
They call her "Fairy."

And when you meet her in the street,
You wonder at her little feet—
Her name is Katie;
And if you see her in the dance,
You know she's graceful at a glance—
They call her "Fairy."

And as she smiles from out her hood,
You say, "Her little heart is good"—
Her name is Katie;
And in this wicked world below,
You know *she's* pure as flake of snow—
They call her "Fairy."

SPOILED CHILDREN.

SURELY nothing in the world is so delightful as a sweet-natured, well-conducted child—nothing much more disagreeable than a spoilt one. Indeed, it seems to be a law of nature, general if not invariable, that in proportion to the delightfulness of a thing when at its best, is its unpleasantness when at its worst; and there is no question about the law obtaining in the matter of children. A charming child, however, is not necessarily a quiet one. On the contrary, quiet children are often quite as objectionable, and as much spoilt in their own way, if not so actively troublesome, as the turbulent; and a young creature who is too docile and too subdued for its years, is as painful as anything else unnatural. But there is turbulence and turbulence. There is the riot of high animal spirits, of intense vitality, of the physical need of constant motion, of the moral absence of reflection and of thought, belonging by nature to youth. And there is the turbulence springing from all these causes, with the want of discipline superadded.

Now this question of discipline is just the most difficult of all the details connected with the fit management of children. Discipline commonly means suppression as the negative side, and correction as the active; only in exceptionally enlightened families does it mean the teaching of self-control and obedience—or the surrender of an ignorant will to one more enlightened—by such appeals to the reason as a child can understand, and by such appeals to its affections as will touch its heart and conscience. For, let it be remembered, the affections of childhood are its conscience; the only one it knows; in which lie the germs of the future conscience of maturity—love and fear being the sole schoolmasters intelligible to the youthful soul. It is only experience that produces thought, judgment, reflection, and regard for the idea of abstract duty, out of which collectively we form our conscience. Until these things have come by time and the ripening of the years, there exist but the affections on which the teacher can work.

Two great mistakes are made in ordinary education: the one is to forget that in the child resides the future man, and that the whole of childhood is but a building up of and preparation for maturity; and the other is to forget that the child is not the man, and that faults and follies springing from thoughtlessness mainly, which would be reprehensible in maturity, are natural to and innocent in youth. With the one mistake we get the spoiling which comes by over-indulgence; with the other we have the mischief of over-harshness, and the suppression of the free instincts and impulses of youth. The one system turns out its creations self-indulgent, proud, cowardly, weak, or sensual, as the case may be; the other

makes them sly or defiant, of stunted mental growth, or of a perverted intellect, or with a moral twist somehow, and either subdued and melancholy for life, or rollicking and daredevil, according as their nature takes the given impress indelibly, or revolts against the coercion to which it has been subjected till it touches the opposite extreme of lawlessness. And always the harshly treated have bitter recollections of home and parentage that remain, the mournfullest background the human memory can have. The one system diligently nurtures weeds, the other as diligently nips off buds; the one is a soil too fat and rank, the other a sandy desert, poor and denuded, wherein very little beauty of any kind can grow. Midway between the two lies the only true system of rational education—that which is what its name emphatically implies, a leading forth of the mental and moral nature according to the best models and its own needs and directions, but neither pampering nor suppressing.

Our business, however, to-day, is with spoilt children, the section of the over-indulged and pampered—those who are in everybody's way, and who, being associated as equals in the home adult life, are consequently intrusive and inharmonious elements to all save the fond and foolish mother; those who have improper things given them to eat, who are indulged in unsuitable amusements, and who are further indulged in unsuitable hours. To the mother the fact of all this unsuitability is hidden. To her, poor soul! with her overwhelming instinct, the children can never be in the way; and she thinks those who find them nuisances not much removed from that half-human progenitor of ours of whom Darwin speaks. To her their incessant cravings are only natural exhibitions of childish appetites that ought to be indulged; their instant demands for attention are just as natural as their cravings, and they ought to be listened to before any one else, mainly because they are children and do not understand politeness, and they would probably cry if you tried to teach it to them. Their shrill voices are the sweetest melody to her; their very naughtiness is not displeasing, save for its ill effects among each other, and when the elders are tyrannical to the youngers. But if they can confine their naughtiness to the grown-up people, whom they cannot hurt, but only annoy, she is patient and merciful, and talks serenely about the need of showing forbearance to poor little ones who know no better. Well, this may be true, and we would not cast the smallest scorn on any amount of forbearance for any amount of wrong-doing; but suffering endured with fortitude is not necessarily a righteous infliction; and because a friend or guest has brought himself to such a point of moral heroism as to be able to bear a spoilt child's waywardness and importunities and general annoyingness with an equable counte-

nance, that does not excuse the parents for the folly of their training.

Nothing is much more painful than the presence of spoilt children, of whose unpleasant qualities only the mother is oblivious; or it may be the father, if he is what craniologists call philoprogenitive to an unusual extent: the spoilt children to whom she—let us understand that in this case the lesser includes the greater—devotes herself with zealous energy, and to whose pertinacities she attends with a devotion that is almost pathetic, because so sincere and so misplaced. Grant that it would be a cruelty to keep the little creatures still—for is not childhood the age of perpetual motion?—yet you don't want them to be climbing on the back of your chair, scampering over your sofa, riding on the arms of your couch, bolstering each other with your cushions, turning summersaults from the ottoman, tilting the occasional table, and handling every perishable article you possess. Yet this is what they do when mamma brings them with her a visiting, and you can scarcely be expected to enjoy her conversation on such occasions. She is absorbed in her progeny, and attending to their incessant interruptions, while you yourself can give only a divided attention to her, your mind being distracted for the fear of your property on the one hand, and for nervous irritation at the tumult about you on the other. Then it is a good thing for children to be affectionate, and even familiar, in contradistinction to that shyness which puts its finger into its mouth, hunches up its round, smooth shoulder, and sidles away with bent head and half-sulky, half-blind eyes, as if you were one of Grimm's Goblins, intent on its destruction. But you don't want a spoilt darling to dangle astride your knee, make free with your watch, your studs, your shirt front, your best gown, your doubtful tresses. You don't want the sharp eyes of youth to peer too clearly into the secrets of your make-up; still less to hear the shrill voice call out: "I say, what funny eyebrows you have! they are just like dolly's, only they are wet!" Or, "Oh my! what funny cheeks you have! they are all over flour!" Perhaps the cherub adds: "Mamma, Mr. Make-up has a lot of gold in his mouth!" Or, "Mamma, Mr. Would-be-young has such odd hair! it is all colors, and frizzed like Dolly's tow wig!" The sternly severe and simple may say at this: "And serve you right, my dear sir or madam; you are justly rebuked for your deceptions by the mouth of truth and innocence." May be so; but the question is, has the mouth of truth and innocence any right to rebuke you? was it consecrated to the task of bringing about your reformation by means of your public shame? Seems not to us. We do not uphold make-believes; but we do not countenance the means whereby you are discovered and brought to shame and confusion.

But, putting aside the discomfort caused to friends and guests, which to the mother indulgent weighs not a feather's weight against the pleasure assumed to be bestowed on the children spoilt (which is also a misapprehension of the true nature of things), the spoiling of children by over-indulgence is such an evil to themselves! only less pernicious than spoiling them by over-harshness. It makes them so utterly unfit for the after trials of life, so sure to come, if they have never learnt to control themselves, to subdue, to sacrifice of their own free will. Mind, we do not say that children should be *made* good by whips and hard words; but they should be led to the acceptance of disagreeable duties, reasoned with, heartened into the work of self-abnegation, coaxed, if you will, to learn by experience that the thing is not so bad when resolutely encountered, and that every one is happier who does the right, though unpleasant, rather than the wrong, though agreeable. Only we should be careful to use the creature according to its strength, and to conduct it tenderly through the paths, so steep and difficult, that lead upward; not starving it in the desert, nor yet smothering it in mingled flowers and weeds. "The child is father to the man," and as we train, so will the tree grow—as we prune, so will it bear. The spoiled child will never be the noble man; and though after circumstances may modify, they will never wholly change the direction of that early, first-laid foundation. In such case does it not behoove us to see that our foundations are nobly planned and firmly laid, and that what we are building up will be a brave and temperate, a daring and a constant, a pure and a self-sacrificing maturity?

OVER THE WAY.

BY L. A. C.

Brown and lifeless, gnarled and gray,
Stood the Poplar over the way:
Its dry scar boughs, in angles rude,
From bare, ungainly trunk protrude.
Men passed it by and gave no heed
To its inner life or its outer need.

Feeble and wrinkled, blind and gray,
Was the Widow over the way;
Loved ones and comforts all were flown,
The barren heart groped on alone.
The happy and wealthy gave no heed
To her inner life or outer need.

Broad spread the Poplar's leafy shade,
A robe of silvered green was laid
Over the boughs which, sunbeam twined,
Danced to the whistle of the wind.
A wonderful magic change we read:
The inner life clothes the outer need.

Boundless the Widow's riches now,
Fathomless joy on lip and brow;
She's just passed life's bounding reef,
One hand clasping a poplar leaf.
Oh inner life! thy full silent sway
Points us upward from over the way.

FLORENCE KNOWLTON'S FORTUNE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"NEVER mind, the mud will not hurt her; she's only a schoolmistress!"

The voice in which the words were uttered was sweet and soft, but it fell harshly on the ear of Florence Knowlton, as stepping hastily to one side to avoid the elegant carriage, with its dashing pair of grays, she caught a hasty view of the beautiful face of the speaker.

The gentleman drew in the horses, and with grave courtesy addressed Florence, greatly to the evident disgust of his fair companion.

"Pardon me, madam! I did not observe you in season to slacken pace. I hope my carelessness has not seriously inconvenienced you. Pardon me!"

Florence bowed slightly, but she made no audible reply, and the gentleman, pausing to take a second look of her sweet face, now flushed and averted, lifted the reins, and the equipage sped away.

A half smile, which had in it something of bitterness, curved the lip of Florence, as she passed down the road to her boarding-house.

"Only a schoolmistress!" She repeated the words to herself thoughtfully, wondering if it followed, as a matter of course, that because God had seen fit to place her in a situation where daily toil was necessary to procure bread, all feeling and sensibility must be crushed out.

No doubt it seemed so to Adelaide Rivers, the haughty heiress of Oakwood; she whose fair hands had never been lifted in sterner labor than the braiding of her own golden tresses; at whose lightest nod a train of servants hastened to her bidding; and an indulgent father poured forth treasures of untold wealth at her command. No, it was extremely unlikely that this petted child of fortune could see aught of brightness or beauty in the plodding life of a poor schoolmistress, confined for six weary hours, those delightful summer days, to a troop of noisy, disorderly children, pent within the square brick walls of the district school-house.

Florence forgave the proud lady of Oakwood for her scorn, when she remembered the discipline life brings, but which, as yet, had failed to purge the dross from Miss Rivers' character. Life's trials, thus far, had been spared her; she was undisciplined in the hard school of affliction; and Florence, who, young as she was, had passed far down into the valley of shadows, could look leniently on the faults of one destitute of experience.

She remembered also, that once, not very many years ago, she, too, had been haughty, and arrogant, perhaps, though never heartless or selfish; she, too, had been the child of

wealth, and nurtured at the very bosom of luxury. Tender parents, a magnificent home on the Hudson, unbounded wealth, troops of admiring friends, everything that goes to make up a destiny which the world calls fortunate, was hers; but there had come a change. No one is wholly responsible for his own misfortunes, and Mr. Knowlton, by a series of ill-advised investments, had lost everything but the sad inheritance of poverty. The blow prostrated him. He was laid on a sick-bed, from which he never arose; and a few weeks after his death, his delicate wife slept beside him in the village burying-ground.

Florence, an inexperienced, sensitive girl of nineteen, was left alone in the world to breast the battles of life, and out of her own toil to provide for her sole remaining relative—her brother Edward, a noble boy some five years her junior. The youth was nearly ready for college, and to procure the means for him to continue his studies, Florence had taken charge of the district school at Woodford. She had not entered upon this toilsome life unwillingly; she loved her brother, and had his interest at heart, and she shrank from no task, however laboring, that would promote his welfare.

On her way to her boarding place, the young teacher passed Oakwood, the palatial residence of Adelaide Rivers. A great gray stone house in the Elizabethan style of architecture, half hidden in the magnificent trees from whence the estate derived its name; a broad avenue leading to the hall door, bordered on either side by flowering groves of lilac, hawthorn, and prairie roses, a green park opening from the drawing-room windows, in the midst of which played a silvery fountain, whose dripping waters were like the music of an enchanted realm. To the eyes of the weary girl, the cool, shadowed grounds looked a very paradise, and it is little wonder if she suppressed a sigh as she passed on.

What more could we ask for than the great gifts which fortune had bestowed on Miss Rivers? And her life was soon to be crowned by a marriage with Graham Sturtevant, the world-celebrated lawyer at the Blue Ridge. Florence had heard a great deal of talk about this expected event among the gossips of Woodford. She had listened to the young man's praises until she had felt some curiosity to behold the object of so many virtues and graces—rich, handsome, talented, generous, noble, and high-minded above all others, so the story ran; and devoted as heart could desire to his high-born ladylove.

Well, Florence had seen him at last, and he did not disappoint the idea she had formed of him. A tall, distinguished-looking gentleman, of twenty-eight or thirty, mild, a clear, colorless face, very dark gray eyes, finely-cut features, and curling brown hair. They looked well together—Mr. Sturtevant and Miss Rivers

—she with her dark, Oriental style of beauty, and he with his handsome person, and the easy, disembarrassed air which so well became him.

And did Mr. Sturtevant cast out one thought after the quiet little schoolmistress, whose neat muslin dress the wheels of his carriage had so liberally spattered with mud? One glance into the vexed, dissatisfied face of Miss Rivers might have answered the question.

During the remainder of the ride, all her efforts to engage him in conversation signally failed. He was reserved and taciturn, hardly polite. As he assisted her to alight, he gave her a clue to his abstraction, and made her the life enemy of Florence Knowlton, by remarking:—

“Woodford is extremely fortunate in the choice of a teacher this summer.”

He studied her face closely as he spoke, as though to mark the effect of his words. The effect was quite marked enough; he could not have asked for anything more decisive. Miss Rivers blushed crimson, tore off the dainty glove with which she was toying, with an angry gesture, as she replied, coldly:—

“I dare say you are correct. Miss Knowlton, if her bold appearance does not greatly belie her, is a person well suited to the coarse station she occupies.”

Mr. Sturtevant's fine eyes kindled; he nearly committed himself by a sharp response, but he checked the words before they were uttered, bowed courteously, and drove away from the gate of Oakwood.

A new revelation of Adelaide's character had been made to him. He rode down the shady road with a thoughtful brow. For six months he had been the young beauty's most devoted cavalier, though no word of love had ever fallen from his lips, yet the world had long ago called them lovers, and his own family considered it a settled thing.

Riding slowly homeward through the mellow sunlight, Graham Sturtevant fell to thinking seriously, and before he reached the grand old mansion he called home, he had resolved on a course of action which, a week before, he would have denounced as Quixotic. How it finally eventuated, we shall see.

One fine summer day there was a picnic in the grove near Woodford, to which all the people for miles around were invited by the Committee of Arrangements—three worthy ladies, anxious for the good of their church, and well pleased with the prospect of paying their minister's salary out of other folks' pockets. There was a collation on the green, music, *tableaux*, speeches, toasts, etc.

Florence went over to the grounds with her pupils, and there was not a livelier girl present than the schoolmistress. Her simple white dress became her pure beauty; the crimson

scarf lent additional whiteness to her snowy neck; and the cheap straw hat, with its blue ribbons, contrasted well with the brown of her hair, which the sunbeams kissed into coils of tawny gold. Graham Sturtevant was there, and at his side, as usual, was Miss Rivers, resplendent in silks and laces, gorgeous as a tropical bird.

The day wore on—the speeches were over, dinner had been served, the company separated, each group or party enjoying themselves in their own way; some at the swing, some giving little *impromptu* concerts, and others strolling on the banks of Swift River, which skirted the grounds. Among the latter, was Florence. She had left the crowd, and wandering to the bank of the stream, had seated herself on a fallen tree which lay across a jutting point of ragged rocks overhanging the water. It was a picturesque but dangerous seat, for the banks, shaken by the constant dashing of the rain against their base, were treacherous in many places, and a slight jar might displace huge fragments of earth and stone.

A little further down the stream are Mr. Sturtevant and Miss Rivers; the gentleman gazing upward at the sweet face of the schoolmistress, the lady fretting the bosom of the stream to diamonds with a willow switch broken from the tree at her side.

“What a beautiful picture! Is it not?” queried Mr. Sturtevant, a little maliciously, of his companion, as he noticed the contemptuous glances she cast in the direction of Florence.

Adelaide's face darkened; she made no reply, but moved away up the shore, while Graham, drawing an inaudible whistle, strolled off to join the merry company at a little distance engaged in telling fortunes.

Adelaide hurried on to the side of the fair girl. Her step startled Florence from a reverie in which she was indulging; she sprang up quickly, and the shock broke off the fragile crust of earth where she stood, from the bank. She felt her foothold giving way; she realized the fate in store for her, and, with imploring eyes, she held out her hands mutely to Adelaide for succor. The lady might save her; full well she was assured of the power, but Adelaide's face grew cold, white, and stern as marble—woe unto her! The evil spirit triumphed over the good in her breast; she turned her back on the suppliant, and no eye, save that of Omnipotence, marked her black sin.

There was a hollow plunge; a faint, faint cry, drowned by the roar of the waters, and then all went on as before. A smile of fiendish satisfaction stole on the ghastly countenance of Oakwood's proud mistress; she muttered through her closely shut teeth: “It was not my deed. I am not to blame.”

Suddenly she stopped; her white hands clenched each other firmly; she grew absolutely

livid with the rush of passion; for, striking out from the shore with the desperate power of a strong arm, she beheld Graham Sturtevant. The current was swift; the mighty surging of the tide might have driven back one less determined, but it produced no visible effect in the progress of the bold swimmer. He reached the spot where Florence had gone down, and diving, came to the surface some rods below, with the girl in his arms. A few moments afterward, and he had borne her to the shore, where, declining all offers of assistance, he succeeded in restoring her to consciousness.

Greatly to the surprise of all Woodford, he insisted on carrying her to her boarding place in his chaise; and the next day, and the next, he called to inquire if she had sustained any injury by the accident.

The chill which Florence had experienced, joined to anxiety about her school, brought on a low nervous fever, that confined her to her bed for a fortnight, during which another teacher was provided; and when she was at last able to sit up, the physician positively forbade all exertion. Her very life, he said, depended on her keeping quiet and restful. But how could she be quiet when Edward's continuance at his studies hung solely upon her wages? She could not forbear a fit of weeping when she thought of the disappointment the poor boy would experience at renouncing the cherished project of his life.

Scarcely had she dried her eyes, and resolved to put her trust in an overruling Providence, when a letter was handed her. It proved to be from the president of the college where Edward was studying, and its contents filled the soul of the girl with deep gratitude. An unknown friend, so ran the note, had paid in full the expenses of her brother for the entire course of instruction; and a receipt for the same was inclosed. Florence closed her eyes in much thankfulness. God had not forsaken her.

The next morning the following paragraph appeared in the *Woodford Chronicle*, under the head of "Personal:—

"Our heartfelt sympathy is due our young and gifted fellow-townsmen, the well-known attorney Graham Sturtevant, in his misfortune. We learn that all the vast wealth which he has so long held in his possession is rightfully—by some legal defect, flaw, or quibble, of the nature of which we are ignorant—the property of another. Mr. Sturtevant will yield immediate possession to the fortunate individual, and devote himself more entirely to his profession, which, we doubt not, will afford him an ample income."

Of course, the news flew like wildfire, and by noon everybody in Woodford knew that Mr. Sturtevant was a poor man. The unfortunate fellow himself bore up bravely, though, and that evening he called at Oakwood to see the young mistress. The servant said she was not at home; but Sturtevant judged differently,

for, coming up the avenue, he had seen her face at an upper window. A quiet smile wreathed his face as he turned away. He was not very deeply disappointed, if appearances are reliable evidence.

The ensuing day he called again. This time Miss Rivers was in the garden, and was forced to see him; but her manner was cold and distant, and, when he asked her to ride with him once more, she declined—she had an engagement. He was not invited to call again, and shortly afterward Miss Rivers was seen in public with William Monmouth, a rival suitor, whose fortune, though very handsome, was inferior to the patrimony which had belonged to Graham Sturtevant.

Florence Knowlton convalesced very slowly, but those days of idleness were pleasant eras in her life. Mr. Sturtevant was a constant visitor. Sometimes his excuse was a new book, again a rare engraving, often a bouquet of flowers from the city greenhouse. And one day, when she was able to take a brief walk in the garden, he sat down beside her, and, with her hand in his, told her very simply and quietly that he loved her, and asked her to be his wife.

"You have doubtless heard, dear girl," he said, in conclusion, "of my loss of fortune? Do you love me well enough to breast with me the toilsome way that opens before me? A poor young lawyer, with his friends' backs turned toward him, and his fortune to hew out with his own labor? Answer me, Florence."

She lifted her soft eyes to his face. He read her soul there, and, drawing her to his breast, kissed her forehead.

"Will Florence go with me?" he asked, softly. And the whispered reply came:—

"She will go."

Three weeks subsequent there was an unostentatious wedding, one fair Sabbath morning, at the little church in Woodford. The bridegroom had so desired it, and there, in the presence of the assembled worshippers, the ceremony took place.

Miss Rivers sailed scornfully by the plainly-dressed bride, her costly brocade rustling regally as she went; and Mr. Sturtevant smiled a singularly meaning smile as he slipped the diamond wedding-ring on the finger of his bride. Florence started as she caught the glimmer of the brilliant, but the tender pressure of his hand reassured her.

A train of elegant carriages waited at the church-door, into the foremost of which the bridal pair entered, and the coachman took the road to Sturtevant Hall, followed by the other carriages, which contained the invited guests. Florence was flushed and troubled. She drew closer to the side of her husband, and questioned him, timidly:—

"Graham, whither are you taking me? This splendor seems to me little fitted for the wedding of a poor man."

He silenced her with a kiss; and, when the Hall was reached, he lifted her out, and, bearing her into the sumptuous drawing-room, seated her on a sofa, saying, tenderly and solemnly :—

"Welcome home, Florence, my wife!"

Smiling, wondering faces were all around her. Florence, mystified and perplexed, could only look up to her husband for an explanation.

"My friends and you, dear Florence, will, I trust, pardon a little *rusé* of mine, especially as it has had so happy a *dénouement*. I have always indulged a strong desire to be loved for myself alone, and not for the wealth which happened to be mine, and there was but one way to satisfy myself. It was necessary for me to lose my property. Everything that I valued—my heart and all its affections—passed out of my possession the first time I had the happiness of meeting the lady who is now my wife; and, if the good editor of the *Chronicle* saw fit to announce the fact in his columns, he is responsible, and my warmest gratitude is due him for the service he has rendered me."

The tidings got wind at once. Everybody knew that Mr. Sturtevant had not lost his property, and, in consequence, everybody was his "most obedient servant" forthwith.

Imagine, if you can, the discomfiture of Miss Rivers, imagine the more than nine days' wonder; but you can only faintly imagine the happiness that was Florence Sturtevant's with the man she had chosen for her husband. She knows, now, who befriended Edward, her brother, and the perfect trust she feels for him makes her life blessed.

UNREST.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

Mr life was like a peaceful streamlet, gilding
Through daisied meadow-slopes and valleys green;
A spirit slumbrous, calm, its current guiding,
Its waters sparkling in the sunlight sheen.

The hand of Fate stretched forth her potent fingers,
And stirred the peaceful waters of my soul;
No more the gentle, guiding spirit lingers;
Like a rough, restless sea the billows roll.

Down rocky mountain gorge and marshy dingle,
The weary, beaten waters seaward flow—
On, ever on, until their foam-wreaths mingle
With the dark ocean in its depths below.

Nor still they rest; the heaving, ceaseless motion
Of tidal heart-beats throbbing to each shore,
Throughout the length and breadth of the vast ocean,
And the wild winds rest never—nevermore.

Flow on, flow on, though weary, oh, life's waters!
Ye shall yet reach a shining shore, and blest—
A haven sure—a calm and peaceful harbor—
A stirless sea—the eternity of rest!

REASON is the glory of human nature, and one of the chief eminences whereby we are raised above the beasts in this lower world.

FLORA'S PRIESTESS.

BY LOUISE S. DORR.

ELKANAH KEMPTON was a man of few words, and what he said he generally meant. When, therefore, on being assured that the children of his brother John were orphaned and unprovided for, he asserted that it was nothing to him, people shook their heads and pitied the orphans.

Ward Hilliard did more; he went to see them. This gentleman was one of those unfortunate individuals born with the power of being uncomfortable for the woes of others. Hence, the world being full enough of woes, it was seldom that he was quite at ease. If he had been a millionaire, with the same softness of heart, it is pleasant to think of the distress he might have relieved. But Ward Hilliard would never be a millionaire; no, not if a tree *Hesperides* laden were to grow at his very door; for, while one hand plucked the golden fruit, the other would inevitably pass on the biggest apples to the needy and helpless without his gates.

Floriculture was this gentleman's vocation. He had a fine greenhouse; also a few acres of land, where flowers were grown for purchasers, and seeds to supply his numerous customers. He was a bachelor, about thirty-three years old, not fine-featured, but with truth and strength, and honest manliness stamped into his face, making it a goodly one to look upon. There was a little nest of a cottage connected with his greenhouse, where he and his gardener lived together.

While other people shook their heads, and pitied the Kempton children, Ward Hilliard, as I have said, went to see them. They were still living in the house where their mother had died, the time for which it was leased not having quite expired. The visitor was admitted by a pale, dark-haired girl, who might have been quite pretty if animated, but whose manner was sad and spiritless. She was about fourteen years old, though possessing a graceful dignity more befitting a woman than the mere child she was.

"Where is Rufe?" asked Mr. Hilliard, seating himself, and noting the general bareness of the room. He understood perfectly well how the furniture had disappeared piecemeal, in order to keep the wolf from the door.

"Rufe is not in, but I expect him soon. He has been out since morning."

"Seeking a situation, perhaps."

"Yes."

"I hope you'll not think me a prying old fellow, but I should like to know if it is true that your uncle refuses to help you in any way."

"It is true."

"Does the man pretend to have such a thing

about him as a soul?" asked the gentleman, waxing indignant.

"There was some trouble between him and my father years ago. I don't know how it began; but we have never expected any favors from Uncle Elkanah. It is true he has been asked to help us, but the solicitations did not come from Rufe nor me."

"I know something about that old quarrel. The disagreement had its origin, I think, in the conditions of your grandfather's will, by which the property was mostly given to Elkanah, the younger of the two sons. I believe your father accused his brother of having used undue influence for the procurement of such a will."

"I knew that father supposed himself to have been wronged by his brother, but I did not know in what way."

"Ah, well, my little girl, keep a stiff upper lip, as we men say. You are not going to be left unfriended, remember that. I shall come again soon. Tell Rufe not to lose his courage. Good-day!"

He had put a twenty-dollar bill in his vest pocket before entering the house, and several times while there, his fingers had closed upon the bank-note, with the intention of giving it to the girl, but her simple womanly dignity seemed to make it impossible to offer her charity.

"I must find some other way," he said to himself, as he walked down the street. "I think I'll call on Elkanah Kempton."

To resolve, with Ward Hilliard, was only a preliminary to action. Ten minutes later, he was making his bow to the rich man, across a desk of polished wood, in a private office of the Kempton counting-room. Mr. Kempton bowed also, and waited for his visitor to speak. A stern-looking man, thin-faced and thin-lipped, with iron-gray hair, and steel-gray eyes—such was Elkanah Kempton. Ward Hilliard was not easily abashed, but he found some difficulty in opening his subject to this man, who seemed to control his impatience of the interruption, while pausing courteously to learn its cause.

"I have just been calling on your brother's children," the florist began, after a momentary hesitation; "or, rather, on Miss Kempton, for Rufe was out seeking a situation to supply them with bread."

Mr. Kempton lifted his eyebrows and took up the pen which he had poised in the mouth of his inkstand. Plainly he foresaw a speedy termination of the interview.

"It is nothing to me who may call on the people you mention," he said, frigidly.

"I presume you have a heart, Mr. Kempton? Most people do. The only question is of how to reach it. These children!"

"I may have a heart. Whether I have or not is a mere personal matter. It is a fine day. We are very busy at present. Good-morning!"

There was nothing left for Ward Hilliard but to retire without giving voice to the eloquent appeals he had meant to make for the orphans.

"The brute!" he muttered, but there was something within him that gave the lie to this epithet. Though stern and implacable, Mr. Kempton was undoubtedly no brute, but a gentleman. "What is to be done now, I wonder?"

Ward Hilliard pondered this question tiding home in a street car, and afterward, while going the rounds among his flowers.

"What is to be done now?" he asked of the Pansies and Stocks, the Balsams and Snapdragons, the Daisies and Verbenas; but they were all too much engrossed with enjoying the air and the sunshine and their own loveliness to heed his question.

Then he sat down on a bench by a mottled Carnation, new and wonderful, and almost as dear to the heart of the florist as was *la povera Picciola* to the prisoner of Fenestrelle. But now Ward Hilliard thought not of this marvel among flowers, but only of how he could aid two young people who had no particular claim upon him, only by right of a common humanity, to make their way in a world where it really seemed as if no place had been made for them. At last he determined upon putting in operation a project which he had long thought of, but had delayed for want of means—the establishment of a seed warehouse down town.

"I shall have to begin on a small scale," he thought, "but in time the business may be enlarged. I shall take Rufe Kempton as a clerk, and his sister can keep house for us here at the cottage."

The plan worked well. Some of the bread which Ward Hilliard had always been casting upon the waters, began now to find its way back. A gentleman to whom he had long ago rendered a forgotten service, offered to advance the sum needed to place the business upon a favorable basis. Rufus Kempton, who had received a commercial education, displayed uncommon ability in his new position. The house prospered beyond the expectation of its founder.

Into the cottage, where hitherto Ward Hilliard and his gardener had lived alone, a tidy serving-maid was introduced, and the house was set in order for its young mistress. When Leona Kempton came thither, she thought the place another Eden. She made friends with the flowers, and being much among them, seemed to catch something of their fresh, bright beauty. Besides her duties as housekeeper, she insisted upon being allowed to cut and arrange the flowers for market. In this she displayed exquisite taste, and Hilliard's became quite famous for the artistic excellence of its floral combinations. In disposition, Leona was loving, generous, and true. Her brother was

her hero, and Ward Hilliard scarcely lower than the angels, in her estimation.

The alienation of their only relative, Elkanah Kempton, hurt her. She used to meet him sometimes when she went down town, and such an encounter always stirred her feelings strangely. She fancied that with all his wealth he was not altogether happy. Perhaps in his secret heart he regretted having wronged her father. She wished it was in her power to assure this stern, brooding, silent man that his brother forgave him before he died. But John Kempton's death was instantaneous, from heart disease, and no one could say what emotions had swayed his soul in his last moments.

Once she had a better opportunity of studying her uncle's face than in their rare street encounters. It was at the theatre, and he sat quite near her—a little farther front, and so much to the left that the side of his face was turned toward her. Though severe, it was not an altogether forbidding face. Now and then, as the features relaxed when a favorite actor won applause in some strong passage, it became almost pleasant, but its old expression was quickly restored. Leona felt a strong interest in watching this man; and, whenever a passage in the play pleased her own ear, she turned involuntarily to see how it was received by her implacable relative. That night her dreams were full of Uncle Elkanah.

The next day was rainy, and Leona had to stay within doors. She thought it would be a favorable opportunity to begin a pair of slippers which she desired to work for her guardian, as she called Ward Hilliard, but the pattern she wished to use was mislaid. In the search that followed, an old volume of Sophocles' plays, which she remembered as a favorite book with her father, was thrown down, and a folded paper dislodged from between its leaves. On opening it, Leona found it to be a letter written by her father to his brother Elkanah. We give a copy of the letter here:—

MY DEAR BROTHER: I have just returned from visiting our cousin, Olivia Stanwood, whom I found upon her deathbed. Elkanah, I have wronged you. I believed it was through your representations that my father was led to disinherit me. I know now, from Olivia's confession, that it was through her own. She hoped then to marry you; hence her desire to secure for you the whole property. I have forgiven her, but I cannot easily forgive myself for having considered you a party in so ungenerous a transaction. I was much disappointed at finding you absent from the city when I returned. I wanted to hear from your own lips that you forgive me, and that our long estrangement is at an end. I hope your heart will respond to mine in this, that there must be no further strife between us."

This letter was duly signed, and its date showed it to have been written on the very day of John Kempton's death. When Ward

Hilliard and Rufe returned from town that night, Leona showed them the letter.

"It is quite evident," she said, "that no copy of it was ever sent. I am sure you will think, as I do, that it should be immediately forwarded to Uncle Elkanah."

"Yes," assented the florist.

"Certainly," said Rufe Kempton.

Rufe was a tall, fine-looking fellow, now about nineteen years old. There was no sham about Leona's hero. He was good and true to the core.

"I will take it to Uncle Elkanah to-morrow, and explain how it was found," said Rufe.

Ward Hilliard pondered late into the night upon this discovery and its probable results. Undoubtedly there would be a reconciliation between Elkanah Kempton and his young relatives. They had been three years at the cottage, and had become a necessary part of its household. Now it would be deserted. This hypothesis was by no means an agreeable one. Our philanthropist almost wished that the letter had not been found.

Never since she came to the cottage had Leona passed so restless a day as that which followed. She could hardly wait until evening to hear how the letter had been received. Her heart grew very tender toward her uncle, whose spirit had perhaps been embittered during all these years by the knowledge that his brother accused him of a grave misdemeanor, not to say crime. She thought of him, desolate and unloved, making no complaint, but hardening daily, and tried to imagine with what relief he would learn that justice had been done him at last. Then there was something wofully touching in the thought that the grave had shut out one of the brothers from taking part in the coming reconciliation. It was only another instance of the unutterable sadness lying in the words, "It might have been."

The long day ended at length, and Rufe came. He was alone, Mr. Hilliard having been detained down town. Leona had been watching, and met her brother at the gate.

"What does he say?" she questioned, eagerly.

"Nothing that you will like to hear."

"Tell me."

"He read the letter, taking a long while for it, and then he asked me cuttingly what I supposed to be the money value of our great discovery."

"O Rufe!" in a tone of keen disappointment.

"And you—what did you say?"

"I told him, and truly, that I had not thought of money in connection with it. The letter had been found, and it belonged to him. So I had brought it, and I wished him a very good-morning. You see, Leona, he has hardened his heart against us. He is my father's brother, and I own I hoped this letter from the dead might soften him; but, since it has not,

we can only leave him alone. If we were rich, as he is, we might say, 'Let us be friends.' As it is, we shall do quite as well without him as he without us, I dare say."

"Yes," assented Leona, choking down a sob. "He has no one to love, while we have each other and our guardian."

When Ward Hilliard heard the story, he pronounced Uncle Elkanah a crusty old fellow, but was glad in his heart that the cottage was not to be deserted.

Not long afterward the city was astir with the news of a great failure. Elkanah Kempton was a bankrupt. At first it appeared probable that the creditors would sustain heavy losses, but in the end all claims against the house were satisfied. The stern man was as implacable to himself as to others. "Let the last dollar go; I will accept no favors," and in this resolution he was immovable. There remained to him only one small dwelling-house of his vast possessions. Thither he withdrew when the affairs of the great house of Kempton were finally wound up, and there, on the second day of his retirement, he was visited by Rufe and Leona.

"My dear uncle, I am truly sorry for this," said Rufe. "Here is my sister, Leona Kempton. She has been very unhappy about your misfortunes, and insisted upon coming to see you to-day."

"I hope you enjoyed the spectacle," returned the uncle. "Or perhaps you have promised yourselves to heap coals of fire upon my head by offering to share your crust with me."

"Why will you not believe that we are truly desirous of being your friends?"

"To what end?"

"That the unnatural estrangement between us, who are of kindred blood, may cease."

"Is that all?" drily.

"No, not all. We desire it chiefly that you may be restored to your better self through the influence of affection."

"That sounds well. Did you learn it out of a book?"

"Leona, I think we had better go," said Rufe. "Since our purpose in coming is willfully misunderstood, we cannot hope to give any pleasure by staying."

"May we not come again, Uncle Elkanah?" entreated Leona. "You might like us in time, if you should see us more. We have not learned yet how to adapt ourselves to your ways, but we should try to do so, if you would be friends with us."

"If I wish you to come again, I will let you know," said Mr. Kempton, rising and bowing frigidly.

"What a strange man!" said Leona, when they were in the street. "And the strangest of all is, that in spite of his crustiness, I cannot help liking him."

"That is probably because you are too soft-

hearted to have any but tender feelings for a relative," replied Rufe, good-humoredly. "For my own part, I am sorry for the misfortunes of our uncle, and would gladly do him good if he would let me, but I don't feel any particular fondness for him at present."

"O Rufe, he has been soured by distrust, and later by misfortune, but I hope he may yet be won to like us!"

"You are a good little thing, Ona. Here is a car for you. *Bon voyage*, as the French say."

They parted then; Rufe to go to his place of business, Leona to return home. On reaching the cottage, she remembered that there were flowers to be cut for a wedding party, and that she would barely have time to arrange them before they would be called for. So she began robbing greenhouse and flower-bed of their choicest treasures—rare, pale blossoms, where-with brides love to be surrounded. When she had gathered as many as she wished to use, she proceeded to group them, studying effects with artistic nicety, and producing such effects as only an artist can. She was thus employed when Ward Hilliard came in, and a young man whom she did not know.

"This gentleman has come for the flowers," said the florist. "They are nearly ready, I see."

"Yes," replied Leona, blushing, for she had become conscious of a pair of smiling eyes fixed admiringly upon her.

Ward Hilliard was aware of the blush and its cause. For some reason it disquieted him, and the veins in his broad, honest forehead began working themselves into knots.

The young man was Athol Holburn. He was fastidious, elegant, aristocratic. Moreover, he was an ardent admirer of beauty in women. The flowers were for his sister's wedding, and he inwardly blessed his stars that he had consented to come for them, as the servants were all too busy to be spared. He also decided within himself that a fellow ought really to cultivate a taste for flowers, and that he might find it convenient to patronize Hilliard's quite extensively.

"How beautiful!" he said, fingering a floral pyramid, but looking at Leona.

"I am glad if you are pleased with it," she returned, simply.

"Is not that the last of the bouquets?" asked Hilliard, a little impatiently.

"Yes, but I want another camellia for this."

"I will send Martha to bring you one."

"Martha! I thought you would not trust her among your flowers! You know, she always contrives to make havoc of the choicest."

"I had forgotten. I will bring it myself," going away in the direction of the greenhouse as he spoke. Athol Holburn toyed idly with a bunch of mossy buds.

"Do you admire flowers?" asked Leona.

"Not when Flora's priestess is by," he returned, pointing the compliment by a gallant bow.

Leona blushed again, and, attempting to clip a flower-stem, cut her finger instead. A drop or two of blood trickled from the wound.

"Let me bind it up," said the gentleman, plucking a leaf from a white rose.

"A bit of plaster will be better, I believe; and, fortunately, I have a piece in my pocket-book."

"It is not half so poetical."

"No, but more practical. Here comes the *camellia*. I will make you wait but a minute longer now."

"I don't believe they have ordered half flowers enough," said Holburn, desirous of prolonging the interview.

"Unless you intend that the bridal party shall waste in flowers, I think you are amply supplied," Hilliard interposed.

"No," laughed Holburn, "we don't propose going in quite so deep as that. I shall feel like a victim decked for sacrifice carrying all these home."

With that, and a bow and a smile, he went out, Hilliard accompanying him to his carriage, and both flower-laden.

"A charming girl, that priestess of Flora. Your daughter, I suppose?" said Holburn, while they were stowing away the floral wares.

"No—my ward."

"Oh, your ward! Very delightful, I should say. What a bore these weddings are! I'm glad we don't have one in the family every week. Good-day!"

Ward Hilliard looked after the carriage as it rolled away, and wished it were taking his aristocratic customer to—some blissful spot from which he would not soon return to fill Leona's head with compliments and vanity. Why had this man come here? Why had Mrs. Holburn proposed sending for the flowers, instead of having them delivered by the florist? Why is black black, or white white? Why does anything happen that does happen in this chanceful world? Some such questions as these occupied the mind of the florist while he "thinned out" a bed of annuals where the seeds had come too thickly.

The truth is, our philanthropist loved his young housekeeper, and this perfumed dandy, with his soft speeches, and his softer smiles, had made him jealous. He had dreaded the coming of a rival like this—young, debonaire, fascinating—and Athol Holburn had come. He compared himself with the younger man, and the heart within him seemed to die out in flickering gasps. At length he recollected having promised to visit a needy family in the city, and re-entered the house to tell Leona where he was going.

"You give yourself no rest," she said, when

he had told her. "You are wearing yourself out with continual care for others."

"Better to wear out than to rust out," he replied, concisely.

"Yes, I know; and I should be the last to wish to hinder you in your good work; I who owe so much to your generosity. I hope you may have your reward."

Should he ask for it then? the reward in comparison with which a lifetime of self-sacrifice would seem trivial? He grasped her hand. He held it close in his, and looked down into her brown eyes. There was no shrinking from his gaze; no maidenly coyness. She might have looked thus trustfully into the eyes of her mother. He dropped her hand abruptly, and turned away.

"My little girl," he said, "Heaven has its own system of debit and credit, and we cannot always tell on which side the balance may lie; or, no, that is a false statement; the balance must always be against us. Let us do our best, and still we have no claim upon God for rewards."

Having thus spoken, he left the room abruptly. Leona wondered a little at his strange manner, and then fell into a reverie in which the events of the day passed in review before her. In this reverie Athol Holburn bore a prominent part. Nor is this surprising. Except her guardian and her brother, the girl had no intimate friends, and few acquaintances. These last were all common sort of people—middle-aged men, and their wives and daughters. But she had dreamed of a coming hero. All girls do. If lovers could be thought into existence, as *Minerva* was by *Jupiter*, what young maiden would be without one? I do not say that Athol Holburn was at once claimed by Leona as the hero of her imagination, but she had a vague, dreamy, delightful suspicion that the one might stand for the other.

It was no great surprise to her, therefore, that a day or two afterward this gentleman came again for flowers. Then he must needs make his choice of all that the garden afforded, which necessarily consumed considerable time, though Leona did not think of that. Mr. Holburn could make himself a very entertaining companion when he chose, and he by no means chose that Flora's priestess—the name of Mr. Hilliard's ward was still unknown to him—should find him dull on that particular morning. Perhaps it is not fair to say that he exerted himself to charm this young girl. Certain conditions, it is well known, put in exercise certain faculties of the mind. It was as natural for this gentleman to be a brisk, lively, witty, and thoroughly pleasing companion to pretty young ladies, as it is for a bird to sing.

"Mr. Holburn has been here for more flowers to-day," Leona told her guardian when he returned from town at night.

"If he comes again, tell him I do not grow

my flowers for him," said Ward Hilliard, wrathfully.

"Am I really to tell him that?" asked Leona, coloring.

"No, let him come if he likes. It is nothing to me, confound him!"

"I'm afraid you are not well; you talk so strangely."

"Something has vexed me. Don't mind what I say."

"You are not vexed with me?"

"Yes—no—I don't know. Go away!"

Leona put down her work, rose, and looked doubtfully at Mr. Hilliard.

"Shall I go?"

"Yes."

She left the room then, perplexed and unhappy. She tried to think what her offence could be, but could recall no misdemeanor on her own part. A moment afterward she heard her guardian striding after her along the gravelled walk.

"Leona," he said, "did I give you the impression that I am angry with you? I am not, indeed. Something had happened to put me out of temper. No matter what. I believe I am growing nervous. Forgive me for being such a savage." He was gone again before Leona could speak a word in reply.

"I wonder what it is that has disturbed him so?" she thought. "Probably some new instance of meanness, or selfishness, or perhaps ingratitude. I know he often meets with such, but I never saw him affected like this before."

Rufe was coming now, and she went down to the gate to meet him. With a playful impulse, she put her hand upon the latch, demanding guerdon for his admission.

"I will tell you news. Will you let me in for that?" asked Rufe.

"I will hear it first. Then I can judge of its worth."

"No, no. You mean to get my news for nothing. I will accept no such terms of barter."

"Come in, then. I will shame your want of faith by trusting you. Now, let me hear your wonderful news."

"Uncle Elkanah has entered our store as a clerk."

"Is this really true?"

"It is really true. Mr. Hilliard heard yesterday that Kempton was looking for a situation, and offered him the place."

"It is such a change for Uncle Elkanah. How does he bear it?"

"You would not guess that he feels the change. He has indomitable spirit. He is not broken, nor even bent, by his misfortunes. I am beginning to admire him."

The new clerk was always at his post. He was prompt, reliable, and, except upon business topics, silent. For his nephew he showed neither regard nor aversion, but Rufe fancied that his uncle watched him furtively. Once,

at the end of an unusually busy day, these two were left alone in the store. Both completed what they had to do at about the same time, and they went out together.

"Good-evening, Kempton!" said a gentleman who was passing. "There has been a fire down on your street this afternoon. I have just come from there."

"Well, what else?" asked Kempton, grimly.

"Several houses were burned."

"And, among the rest, mine?"

"Yes, I am sorry to say that yours was one of the number."

The gentleman bowed and passed on. Mr. Kempton, who had borne his greater losses so indomitably, seemed nearly paralyzed by this one. His lips grew white, and his limbs trembled.

"Come home with me, uncle," said Rufe.

"No, I won't hear a word of objection, and you need not shake your head. It is too late to go hunting up lodgings to-night, and Mr. Hilliard and Leona will both be glad to see you."

There was no resisting Rufe, and they went together. Mr. Kempton had recovered his usual firmness of bearing by the time they reached the cottage. He responded to Leona's affectionate greeting in quiet terms, begged Hilliard's pardon for his intrusion, receiving in return a hearty assurance of welcome, and withdrew to a corner, where he sat erect and silent. By and by Leona stole to his side, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"I don't like to see you brooding here in this melancholy way. Tell me what I can do to make you happier."

"Nothing."

"Don't say that, because I wish so much to do you good."

"Why? I am a bankrupt, almost a beggar."

"Why? Why, indeed, but because I love you?"

He bent down and kissed her then, shedding tears as he did so.

"I am pretty well hardened in cynicism; but, if there is such a thing as genuine affection, I think this must be it," he said.

"I am glad you are convinced at last," said Leona, laughing and crying at once. "You forgive father now, do you not, dear uncle?"

"I hope so, but I am not sure of myself yet. I have fostered bitter, resentful feelings so long that I fear I cannot get rid of them all in a minute. Yet I was not always so ill-natured. I loved my brother John years ago, and it gave me real pain to know that father's will had given to me alone the property that should have been divided between his two sons. I wanted to repair what was so much amiss, and was considering how I could do so best, when John came in, and upbraided me violently for having deceived father by fraudulent representations in order to get the whole property

for myself. We were both hot-tempered, and the quarrel separated us. I thought if John was so ready to believe me capable of using fraud to advance my selfish interests, the less intercourse between us the better. After that I began to view life through a false medium. I persuaded myself that the sole tie capable of uniting man to man is that of interest. I believed none but weak minds can be swayed by affection. In proof of this, I cited to myself the splendid parts of Bacon, whom Macaulay calls 'the prince of philosophers,' and Pope, 'the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind,' who was content to assist in ruining his friend Essex in order to retain the favor of Elizabeth, and who exercised his privileges as keeper of the great seals only to enrich himself by bribery and corruption. Other illustrious examples of the same kind were not wanting. Napoleon divorced Josephine for considerations of interest. Every day we see men of talent crouch and cringe to the rich for similar considerations. You see, I am an unpromising subject. If you can redeem me from cynicism, it will be a triumph of some magnitude."

"We have, at least, one example of an All-powerful Mind enduring, and suffering, and, at last, dying for *love*," said Leona, gently.

"You mean the Redeemer of the world. Yes, dear," assented her uncle, lapsing into silent thought again, but the old, severe look had departed from his face.

"Mr. Kempton," said Ward Hilliard, presently, "I wish that you would come and live here at the cottage with Rufe and Leona. I am going away in a few days."

"Going away! Where?" cried both the young people, in strong surprise.

"To Europe on business. I do not know when I shall return. Not for a year probably. I shall be very glad, Mr. Kempton, if you will assume my place of guardian in the meantime. Will you?"

"If you really desire it."

"I do. Your wards, I think, will not give you much trouble. They have been very dear"—Without finishing his sentence, he rose abruptly and left the room.

This plan for leaving home Ward Hilliard had formed within the last three hours. He had come from town quite early, and, while training his vines behind a leaf-garbed trellis, had seen Leona and Athol Holburn come down the walk. He had witnessed their parting at the gate. It was lingering and tender, like that of lovers. This, he thought, was likely to go on for weeks, months—he could not tell how long—and every day he was losing his power of self-control. He was no coward, but in love, as in war, discretion is the better part of valor. He would go away, and come back when he had gained the power of facing his destiny like a man.

Athol Holburn was now a daily visitor at the

cottage, though the old transparent pretext of coming to buy flowers was still kept up. Leona felt her love for the blossoms she watched and tended, augmented by this pleasant subterfuge. She no longer doubted that she had found her ideal hero—king—lover. With unquestioning faith, she accepted Athol as such, though no word of love had been spoken between them. What need of words, indeed, when look and gesture were so eloquent? Life seemed very fair to her—a summer idyl, a lyric ecstasy. And so the days went on.

Even the near prospect of her guardian's departure, much as she valued him, scarcely interrupted her happiness. She did not suspect the hidden cause of his going. Undoubtedly he would find pleasure and profit in the trip. She wished both for him in abundance, but even while wishing it, there was an undercurrent of Athol's sayings, sweet, or quaint, or witty, running through her mind.

If she could have guessed that he whom her heart so exalted, was only amusing himself, her king would have been uncrowned, perhaps. But how was she, in her artlessness, to have a suspicion of this? Nor had such a thought occurred to Ward Hilliard, who, charitable in thought as in deed, was no more likely to accuse any respectable gentleman of trifling with a thing so precious as Leona's love, than Tom Pinch was to accuse Pecksniff of a want of generosity.

But Elkanah Kempton was sharper-sighted. For two or three days after coming to the cottage, he was indisposed, and unable to attend to his duties at the store. He thus had an opportunity of seeing Holburn and Leona together. He noticed that the girl's face shone almost with a transfiguring brightness when the young gentleman came in. Mr. Kempton had known the Holburns in the days of his prosperity. He was aware of their pride and fastidiousness. He tried to recall some old gossip that he had heard relating to this young man, but it had not interested him particularly at the time, so it had slipped out of his memory, leaving only a vague distrust of the person it concerned. He now searched Athol Holburn's face for some lineament expressive of a strong manly character, but found indications only of selfishness and insincerity.

"Leona, come here," he said, when the young man was gone. Mr. Kempton was lying upon a sofa. His niece brought a hassock and sat down, facing him.

"Is Athol Holburn your lover?" asked the uncle.

"I suppose so," replied Leona, coloring.

"Has he asked you to marry him?"

"No, we have only been acquainted a short time."

"Do you know that the Holburns are very rich, and proud, and exclusive?"

"I know that they are a wealthy family,

but I have not thought much about them—only Athol."

"What do you think of him?"

"I think he is splendid."

"What does splendid mean?"

"In this case, it means—everything that is good."

"Ah, well, I hope you may never have cause to change your opinion."

"Now, uncle, you are not to look at Athol, if you please, through your old false, cynical medium, that distorts people's faces, and gives a twist to their characters."

"I will try to judge him fairly, but if he should prove to be unworthy, do you think you could bear to lose him?"

Leona looked intently in her uncle's face, her color fading, her irides expanding.

"I shall try to bear whatever trials God may think necessary for me," she said, at length, with gentle dignity.

"You are a good, brave girl," returned her uncle, laying a hand upon her flossy hair. And as he did so, I think an unspoken benediction may have been recorded by the angel who takes note of our voiceless aspirations.

The following morning, a man in a sailor's garb came to the cottage and asked for Mr. Kempton. That gentleman was still quite unwell, but he went down town with the sailor, and did not return until evening, though Rufe averred that his uncle had not been seen at the store during the day. He seemed a good deal tired out on returning, going directly to his room. Rufe went up an hour or two afterward to see if he wanted anything, and found him busily engaged with a handful of commercial-looking papers.

"Is this the sort of tonic you take when you are worn out and ill?" asked Rufe, with feigned severity. "I shall report you to Leona, and she will insist upon Doctor Goodall, if you are going to be so unreasonable."

"I am nearly done now, and—the tonic has done me good."

"I believe it has. You look ten years younger than you did yesterday. Don't you want some supper? Tea and toast, I believe, are waiting for you."

"No, I want nothing, thank you!"

So, with a kindly "Good-night," Rufe left his uncle, wondering a little at his employment, and at the evident benefit he had derived from it.

"Hasn't Hilliard come in yet?" he asked, on going down.

"No; he is always busy now with his tiresome preparations. I have hardly seen him since he told us he was going away."

"Has your constant customer—Holburn—been after his bouquet to-day?"

"Yes, he was here a few minutes this morning. He said he was just starting for New York, and should be absent several days."

"He must have changed his mind, then. I saw him riding with Miss Parker this afternoon. She is a magnificent-looking girl. You must take care, little sister, not to lose your heart to this man. They say down town that he makes love to every pretty girl he meets."

"Who say so?"

"I heard Morton and Talbot talking about him to-day. They called him the prince of good fellows, but wofully inconstant in love affairs. You don't care much, do you, Ona?"

"I don't care at all for the gossip of idle people," was the spirited answer.

I'm afraid she did care, nevertheless. She would gladly have rejected the idle tale, but something in her inner consciousness proclaimed it to be truth. Hitherto, or, at least, until the late conversation with her uncle, she had drifted idly with the current. Perceiving her lover to be winning, polished, tender, she had not thought to doubt his possession of all noble and manly qualities. Macaulay mentions among the considerations to which Charles the First pre-eminently owes his popularity with the present generation, "his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard." I wonder how many men of the present time are beloved for reasons no more weighty?

Though fond and inexperienced, Leona was not wanting in native sense. The hero of her imagination was no butterfly lover, flitting from flower to flower, and finding equal delight in all. Perhaps she had made a mistake. Perhaps Athol Holburn was not he. She set herself to work to rub off the gilding from some of his well-remembered sayings, and discovered that the sentiments lying beneath were neither noble nor heroic. She recollected that he had always sneered at her guardian's philanthropy, though so covertly that she could not take offence. This consideration brought the two men before her mind, and she began drawing a comparison between them. Greatly to her surprise, she made the discovery that Ward Hilliard represented her ideal hero much more nearly than Athol Holburn.

Rufe had gone to his room meanwhile, and she sat alone, waiting and thinking. By and by her guardian came in. Leona took a sudden resolution.

"He has always counselled me wisely when I needed counsel," she thought. "I will tell him what they say of Athol, and ask him what I ought to do."

The florist listened to her recital, inwardly praying to be made wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove. It is at such conjunctures that character tells. A weak man thus placed would inevitably have lost his self-control. A selfish one would have endeavored to advance his own interest by injuring his rival. Ward Hilliard did neither. He only said:—

"I have never doubted Holburn's honesty,

Leona. At least, we will not condemn him upon hearsay."

"No, that would be most unfair."

"Are you very unhappy about it?"

"I was a little while ago. It is not pleasant to think that one may have been acting very foolishly."

"I will take measures to find out the truth about this man. Do you rely upon me?"

"Yes, wholly."

The following was to be Ward Hilliard's last day at home, so that he had little time left for the investigation he had taken upon himself. His thoughts were full of the subject when he arose. He ate a hasty breakfast and went down town. The first acquaintance whom he met was one of those gossiping individuals to whom the free circulation of news is second in importance only to that of air.

"That was a sad accident out on the Chesney road. You have heard of it, I suppose?" said the gentleman.

"What accident? I have heard of none," replied Hilliard.

"Not heard! Oh, dear me, yes, a fearful accident! Holburn was driving out that way with Miss Parker. Nan Vesey—whose head, they do say, had been a little unsettled by Holburn's desertion of her for the lady he was riding with—followed them with a dashing turnout. Nan tried to drive by, and the carriages collided. She was thrown out and instantly killed. Holburn's horse ran away. Miss Parker was considerably bruised by jumping out to escape being wrecked with the carriage. Holburn came off unhurt, though his doing so was almost a miracle. Mrs. Vesey, they say, is almost crazy about Nan, and no wonder. A terrible affair, was it not?"

"Terrible, indeed!" Hilliard assented.

He felt the tragedy sorely. His heart was heavy for the dead girl and for her bereaved mother. Should he go home to Leona with this tale, and counsel her to forget a lover whose former faithlessness had resulted so sadly? But, after all, that part of the story might not be reliable. It was only a rumor, and rumor, ever since the days of Virgil—and I cannot tell how long before—has been famous for perversion of truth. Ward Hilliard knew this perfectly well. Consequently he was not yet prepared to condemn his rival. It was unnecessary to presuppose an unsettled brain on the part of a dashing woman to account for the accident, and he had said to Leona: "We will not condemn him upon hearsay."

"I will learn the truth from Athol Holburn himself," he resolved at length. Having thus determined, he did not wait to ponder and resolve, but went at once to the stately residence of the Holburns. On the steps he met a woman who was just going away, a woman with disordered dress and a wild, haggard face. It was Mrs. Vesey. At first the young man

refused to see his visitor, but Hilliard persisted, and was at length shown in.

"What do you want? Have you, too, come to upbraid me?" Holburn asked, unsteadily.

He was very pale, and had the look of one whose mind is ill at ease.

"I have come to ask you a few questions," said his visitor. "Is it true that you were once the lover of that woman who was killed yesterday, and that now Miss Parker holds that claim upon you?"

"What is that to you?"

"I will tell you what it is to me."

"No, don't; I will take it all for granted. You mean to accuse me of having amused myself by playing the lover to Flora's pretty priestess. I will tell you the truth. I was Nan Vesey's lover. Poor Nan! And I am now engaged to marry Miss Parker."

"That is all I wished to know. Good-morning!"

"Stay one moment. You despise me, I suppose, and I have deserved it. I did not mean to act basely nevertheless, but time hung heavily on my hands. Miss Parker was absent on account of the illness of a relative, and it was too early for the watering-places. The beauty and artlessness of your ward attracted me, and I thought there could be no harm in passing away a little time in getting acquainted with her. If it will be any satisfaction for you to know that in playing with the flames I got scorched myself, you may take that comfort home, for I love the pretty priestess."

"I hope you do not mean to break your faith with Miss Parker."

"I do not. The alliance is every way suitable, and I shall adhere to my engagement. Please convey my profound regrets to your ward for the fate that divides us. I suppose I had better not see her again."

"I should think not, indeed," replied Hilliard, bowing, and thus ended the interview.

With a strong effort he had controlled his honest indignation. If he had stayed another minute, Athol Holburn would have found himself compelled to listen to some unpleasant truths, but he was glad he had restrained himself. Perhaps the young man was already sufficiently punished. If not, let him rest in the hands of that Power who dispenses retribution righteously. But Leona—how would she bear it? The strong man grew cowardly through fear at the thought of telling her. He felt at that moment that he would gladly have purchased honest sincerity in her lover, by any sacrifice, however great, on his own part. He found her alone in the parlor, on reaching home.

"My little girl," he said, sitting down beside her, "you must give up all thoughts of Athol Holburn. I am sorry, I cannot say how sorry, that he ever came here."

"You have something to tell me. What is it?" Leona inquired, faintly.

"He is to marry Miss Parker. They were engaged all the while that he was coming here."

"How did you learn this?"

"From himself."

Then he told her of the yesterday's accident, and of the visit from which he had just returned.

"I am glad to know this," Leona said, simply, when he had done.

"And you will not be *very* unhappy about it, will you?"

"I hope not."

"O Leona, if you could only have loved me instead of him!"

"*You!*" she exclaimed, in strong surprise.

"No, don't look at me so! I am not quite insane. I do not expect to gain your love—do not ask for it even. We will speak of this no more."

He left the room as he spoke, his head drooping, his gait unsteady. Leona left alone, pondered upon what he had said. Her eyes were open at last, though, in the sudden accession of light, she saw but blindly.

Meanwhile Athol Holburn, with scrupulous elegance bedight, went to make his betrothed a morning call. Greatly to his surprise, Miss Parker refused to see him.

"I'm afraid she was more severely injured yesterday than we thought. Is that why I cannot see her?" he inquired, anxiously.

"It is not for that. I was to tell you that Mrs. Vesey has been here this morning, and that Miss Parker will excuse you from calling again."

Suitable in every way as this alliance was, it was not to be consummated. The young man's sins of inconstancy were finding him out. His heart was not greatly hurt by this cool rejection, but his pride was; and, after all, pride was his most vulnerable part. He ground his teeth together, and wished himself dead, as weak men are liable to do when their lives run awry. On his way home he met an acquaintance, who stopped for a moment's chat.

"By the by, Holburn, Kempton is picking up wonderfully. Have you heard about it?" said the gentleman.

"No. I thought that fire on Marlowe Street had made an end of him."

"It did seem so. But a day or two after the fire two of his ships, which had been reported lost, came in, laden with valuable cargoes; and this morning a member of a Southern firm has been hunting him up to pay off a debt of fifty thousand dollars, contracted before the war. The debt was supposed to be a dead loss, of course. Kempton will be quite a rich man again now. Eventful changes life brings to some of us, does it not?"

"Faith!" thought Holburn, as he went on again, "that pretty priestess is Kempton's

niece, and they appear to be on the best of terms. I've a great mind to go and see her. I believe I will."

He went accordingly. Leona stood up, erect and haughty, to receive her visitor.

"You did not expect me, I suppose? Have—have you seen your guardian within an hour or two?"

"I have, and I certainly did *not* expect you."

"I come to tell you that my engagement with Miss Parker is at an end. It was she that broke it off, and I am not at all sorry, since it leaves me at liberty to tell you what I have often wished to say, but dared not, knowing that I was not free. Little priestess, I love you, love you. Why do you look at me so angrily? Ward Hilliard has been saying things to prejudice you against me, I suppose, but it is all because he wants you himself. I have known all the while that he was properly jealous of me, and that his suddenly-planned European journey is only an outgoing of his love for you. But you'll not mind a silly old rough like him."

"Please to remember that you are speaking of my benefactor and friend."

"Yes, of course. We need not quarrel about him—that is, unless you prefer him to me as a lover."

"And, if I do, what then?"

"Why, then, I shall consider that you show very bad taste."

"I dare say I shall outlive such a judgment, severe as it may be."

"This is a new mood for you, and a very charming one; but I have always considered that the most delightful part, even of a delightfully piquant quarrel, is the making up. Are we not coming to that soon?"

"No, never."

The young man bit his lip and frowned.

"Then, perhaps, I had better bid you good-morning?"

"I think it the very best thing for you to do."

"You will repent of having treated me so by to-morrow, and my relenting heart will prove the truth of what Moore's angel told the Peri, 'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in.' *Au revoir!*"

"I beg that you will not persecute me, either to-morrow or at any future time, by renewing your visits here. Good-by!"

"Just as you please. Good-by, if you will have it so!"

Leona listened until the clatter of his horse's hoofs, as he rode away, was no longer audible. Then she went out to the garden, where Ward Hilliard had just finished some parting instructions to his gardener.

"Will you tell me truly why you are going away to-morrow?" she asked, intently examining a lily-cup while waiting for his answer.

"It is because it hurts me to stay here; I love you so, Leona."

"Do not go then."

He did not—or, at least, not for several weeks, and then he did not go alone.

Since his return a new firm has been formed, that of Hilliard, Kempton, & Co. Rufe is the Co. I am happy to state that at present the affairs of the house are in a most prosperous condition.

Ward Hilliard's heart does not contract as his means increase. The circle of his charities is widened year by year. Nor is he the only philanthropist in the firm. His schemes of active benevolence receive a hearty support from both his partners, and Leona is always ready with her efficient woman's aid. Surely, their final record will be, "They have done what they could." May it also be that of each one of us!

ROSE LEAVES, NO. 4.

BY JOHN S. REID.

CAN man return again to earth,
Whose soul has passed the Jordan's tide—
That turbid stream whose waves divide
The living from the world of death?
Or, if the future's all a dream,
No home is found beyond the grave,
No power survives the soul to save,
But all is lost in death's dark stream.

And yet 'tis said by aged men,
When evening's shades enrobe the hill,
The beauteous maid of Ashentill
Revisits oft her native glen;
Like wreath of mist, she comes alone
To mourn for friends to mem'ry dear,
And weep, if angels can, a tear
For those she loved—the lost and gone.

Of when the shades of evening fall,
And Luna's beam illumines the grove,
I sit and dream of those I love,
And blend the past as one in all;
I picture worlds beyond the skies,
Who those who loved on earth shall share:
Of homes, where sorrows never wear
An angry gloom, or strifes arise.

And then I watch from morning's hour,
By Donnie's weird and warlock hill,
To meet the maid of Ashentill
Alone within her moonlit bower;
For I have seen, when skies were clear,
Her shadow on the castle's wall:
Have heard her step within the hall,
And seen her form forever dear.

But when I see her wreath of mist,
And try to touch her skirts of gold,
She gently gathers fold on fold
And veils her soft and snowy breast;
Then, like the fleecy cloud of morn,
She floats away on gliding wing,
Light as the gossamer of spring,
By balmy winds and zephyrs borne.

And thus I dream, through course of years,
There is a world beyond the skies,
A home to which the spirit flies
When free from this lone vale of tears;
And as fond memory loves to trace
The friends of youth, though passed away,
I picture scenes of brighter day
Than those we hold in youth's embrace.

A YEAR'S DIFFERENCE.

BY NELLY MARSHALL M'AFEE.

It is a summer evening—
The sun is setting low,
And through the misty cornlands
The fragrant zephyrs blow;
Bend and sway the verdant willows
To their shadows in the stream;
And the hours are floating—flying—
And the day is drifting—dying—
Like sweet music in a dream.

The birds, with tender chirpings,
Seek each their downy nests;
While clouds, like royal ensigns,
Display their golden crests;
The busy bee no longer sips
Rich honey from the rose,
But the illy's pallor chiding,
And the butterfly deriding,
To his dripping hive he goes.

The sheep's low, plaintive bleating;
The cow-bell, tinkling clear,
Upon the evening breeze are borne
Into my listening ear;
The grasshoppers 'mid the clover,
And the locust in its bed,
And cicadae in the grasses,
Chirp to every one that passes
That the summer day is dead.

There's a gleam upon the hill-tops;
On the lowlands there's a shade;
There's a mist upon the river,
Winding like a silver braid
Through the green and grassy meadows
And the leafy, vine-draped wold;
And the silence here and there
Tells that peace is everywhere,
Uncounted and untold.

In vain I woo the vision
Of hope to come again,
To soothe my saddened spirit,
To exorcise my pain.
Through the dark and dreary night-time,
Through the garish glare of day,
To my wild and fierce despairing,
These mad memories keep declaring
That my dream has passed away.

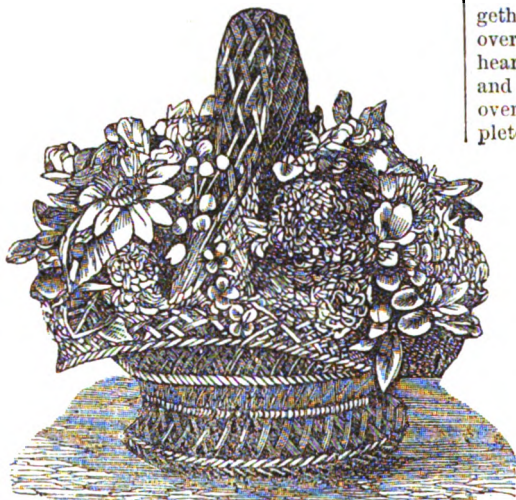
My dream! my peerless vision!
Once held so passing dear,
And now my tears are falling
Above its phantom bier.
Where, where have flown the power
And passion of my soul,
That I should thus through slow hours creeping
Resign me to this bitter weeping,
Defying pride's control?

One year has made this difference,
One year that seemed so brief,
Has brought me boundless sorrow,
And brought me boundless grief;
And whatever glittering triumphs
In the future there may be,
They'll not ease my heart from breaking,
Nor bring back the love forsaking,
With our lost love-dream to me.

To endeavor to work upon the vulgar with fine sense is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.—*Pope.*

SHELL FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL groups of artificial flowers may be made very simply with shells of a common kind. Some are made simply of white shells, buff, or pink-tinted shells, of the common kind, so abundant on many of our coasts, and which resemble somewhat the nails of the fingers. These shells can also be purchased in any quantity at the stores where articles for fancy work are sold. Other shells are painted entirely, or in stripes.



BASKET OF SHELL FLOWERS.

Most of the shell flowers are made by means of a cement in the first place. Melt to a moderate consistency a quantity of gum-tragacanth and a little alum; mix this into a thick paste with plaster of Paris and a small piece of sugar of lead. Make a ball of this, the shape of an orange—that is, a flattened round—and about half or a third the size of an orange. Let this nearly dry. Then take a stiff, strong wire, long enough for a flower-stem; wind it round with a strip of green tissue paper, half an inch wide. Thrust it into the ball of cement, upon which the flower is to be constructed. Place the wire, with the cement at the top, in a tumbler or vase, long enough to hold it comfortably; first taking a stout card, larger than the mouth of the bottle or vase, with a hole cut in it, just of a size to admit the wire stem easily, and placing it over the tumbler; this keeps the work steady. Set in the shells according to the flower to be represented, and let it remain untouched till the flower is quite dry. Then take a few short leaves, with the stalks cut off and wires removed, and gum them to the back of the flower, so that they may project all round partially. When a sufficient number of flowers are made, take a pretty wicker basket, line it with green tissue paper, and fill it with

the cement. When this is nearly dry, stick the flowers in, and place sufficient leaves about them. The basket should be so well filled as entirely to conceal the cement. Do not move it until the cement is quite dry. The leaves used are the ordinary muslin ones, such as are employed for bonnets. Fig. 1 shows the lump of cement attached to wire ready for the shell-work.

To Make a Rose.—Dip the shells (Fig. 2) into a strong mixture of powdered carmine and liquid gum. Let them dry. They ought to be of one uniform deep crimson. Put three together in the centre of the cement, folded one over another as closely as possible, to form the heart. Place a row round these, also closely, and so on, row after row, each shell slightly overlapping the other, till the cement is completely filled, and the flower finished. The shells are placed lengthwise, on end, as shown in Fig. 3. Add some leaves all round the flower, which are to be fixed on at the under part of the cement, covering it at the bottom completely. Fig. 4 is a small representation of the rose. The shells that form the rose are about half an inch long. To make a rosebud, choose shells at least half as large again; fold them over the same way in the centre, and close the succeeding shells closely round them; also, instead of placing the shells in the cement upright, as shown in Fig. 3, arrange them lengthwise, as shown in Fig. 2, and put a large rosebud calyx on the stalk after the cement is quite dry. The centre of cement for a rosebud is very much smaller than for a rose, not being quite a quarter of the size.

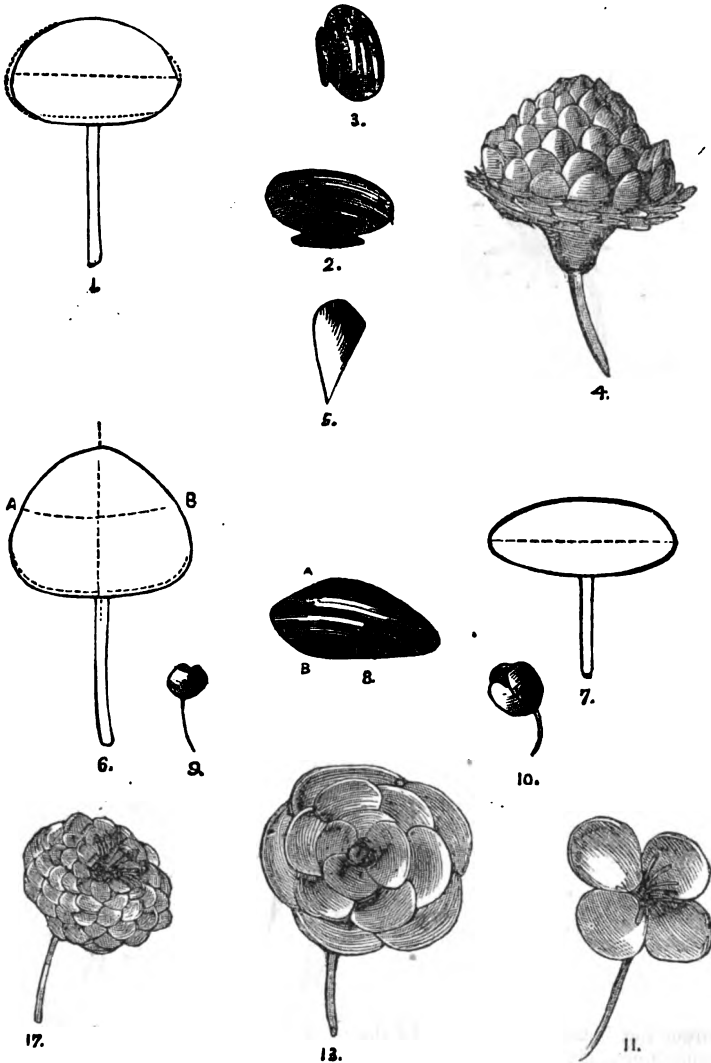
For a *China Aster* the white transparent shells are cut in pieces, like Fig. 5, the centre being as small as possible, the largest half as large again as the diagram. In the centre they are arranged as close as possible. They are all upright, and towards the edge inclining to radiate outwards slightly. When the cement is quite dry, charge a small camel-hair brush with carmine and gum, and lightly variegate the flower here and there.

For a *Ranunculus*, shape the ball of cement like Fig. 6. Take the same kind of shell as for the rose, but rather smaller. Paint them well with a bright yellow. Set them into the cement as the rose was set, only very much closer together, each one wrapping over the other, as close as it is possible to make them, as far as the dotted line from A to B, in Fig. 6, or even lower down. Set in the rest gradually, more and more open, the last two rows radiating outwards a little. Dip a brush in carmine, and lightly mark the tips of the shells, to give them an irregular, jagged appearance.

The *Passion-flower* is set upon a cement foundation, resembling Fig. 7, only larger. A small piece of fine wire covered with green

silk, such as is used for the making of paper and wax flowers, is placed in the centre, twisted. The stamens are made of the fine ends of porcupine quills dyed blue, and set in two rows, thirty-six in the outer row and twenty-four in the inner one. The shells (Fig. 8) of transparent white form the flower. They are laid on in two rows of seven each, placed

these fixed to a larger wire, and cover that with paper. Add lily of the valley leaves; nine make a spray. There is a small shell of the same kind, lined with a deep pink, which makes well into flowers. For the construction of these, make a perfectly flat piece of cement, the size of a two-cent piece; attach the shells in flat-looking rows, like pink May, after fixing in



alternately. The passion-flower looks pretty laid over some large camellia leaves, which may be cemented underneath it, in the manner already described.

Lilies of the Valley are made with very small, white, finger-nail shaped shells. Make a little ball of cement, the size of a small pea (see Fig. 9), and attach it to fine wire. Place round it three small shells (see Fig. 10); make a row of

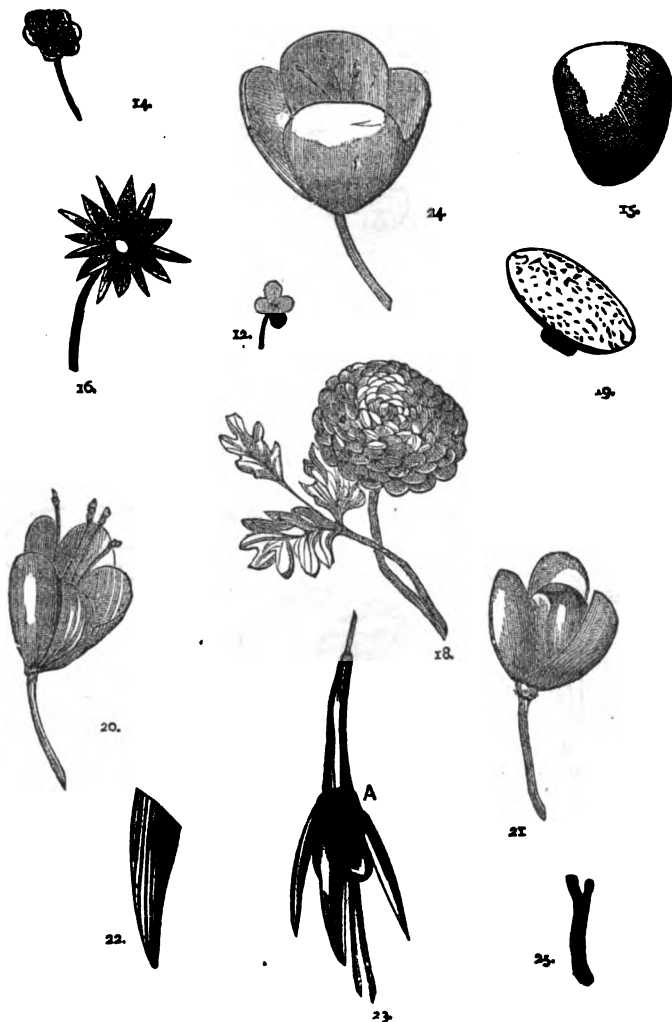
the centre a green heart, such as is sold for paper or wax flower making.

White May Blossoms (Fig. 12).—Make a flat piece of cement like a button, and attach it to a wire. In the centre place a May-heart, such as is sold for paper or wax flowers. Place round it four white and transparent shells. Make four or five of these, and mount again on a larger stem. Make another group of the

same kind. Mix some powder-blue, cobalt, or French ultramarine with gum-water, and mark the edges with it, streaking the inside a little. Vary the marking as much as possible. Tip two shells out of the four, and leave the others; or tip three, and leave one. Let the coloring, in this case, be careless.

Fig. 13 represents another kind of flower.

Laburnum.—Take a pair of small shells, smaller than those used for the passion-flower, like Fig. 8, white. Paint them bright yellow. Insert a little piece of the cement between the pair of shells. Close them over it. Attach a wire. Make about eight of them, and then form them into a spray with leaves upon a stronger wire.



Make a larger flat button of cement. In the centre arrange four flat white shells, and others round them. Make a round ball of cement, like a bead, and place it in the centre. Tip and streak the shells with blue.

Pink Rosebuds.—Beautiful imitations of flowers may be made with the pink nail-like shells. Place them endwise, in the manner shown by Fig. 3, and arrange them to resemble a rose as closely as possible. No artificial coloring is needed. Roses may also be made this way, with a very charming effect.

Pink May.—Take the little shells lined with deep pink, the same as those used for Fig. 13. Make a small flat button of cement. Place a May-heart in the centre (a "heart," as it is technically termed, means stamen and pistils). Set round it six of the small shells (see Fig. 14). Make a group of four or six.

Geraniums.—Make a cement foundation the size of a large pea. Put in it a large green heart, as before described. Round this are four shells, arranged like Fig. 11, either shells the shape of Fig. 8, filed flat across the top, or

shells so formed. Paint the upper half of each deeply and abruptly with carmine; or two may be painted thus, and two streaked—some have all four only streaked (see Fig. 15).

Forget-me-nots.—A small pea should be made of cement. Attach it to wire. Paint some of the small shells, such as were used for pink May, a deep blue. Put four on the pea. In the centre, put a little ball of cement and color it yellow. Make a round group of about six (see Fig. 12).

Make a large pea of cement and place it on wire. Cut white shell into two sets of spikes, place six small ones round the pea, and nine larger under these. Color the centre of the cement pale yellow (see Fig. 16).

A Camellia.—Take shells like Fig. 8, and other shells of the same kind, one or two sizes larger. File them all off from A to B. Make a cement foundation in shape between Fig. 1 and Fig. 7, and of a large size. Take a few much smaller shells, stick them in the centre close together, points upward and upright, to make a centre. Round these arrange the filed shells in rows, the smallest first, and curled backwards like a camellia petal. The shells used for this should be thick, white, and not too transparent. Some of the camellias can be streaked with carmine; irregular shell flowers may also be made, like Fig. 11, without a heart in the centre, but with another shell of the same kind fixed on the top of the centre to the cement, or with a little bit more cement (see Fig. 17).

A Dahlia.—Make a cement foundation, in shape between Fig. 6 and Fig. 1. Put a green heart of four little pieces, like Fig. 25, in the centre. Arrange in rows, row and row, shells the way up of Fig. 3. They may be gradually larger towards the edge. When finished, mix vermilion and gum and a little carmine mixed to a deep color, inclining most to vermilion. Speckle every shell well, to variegate it completely, and most so at the edges.

Snowdrops.—Take a few thick white shells, with raised dotted backs, like Fig. 19. Make a large pea of cement on wire. Fix in the centre an azalea head. Round this place five of the shells, overlying one another a little, and half open, like a snowdrop. The part of the shell where the shells meet when in pairs is towards the edge. Fig. 20 shows the flower.

Crocuses.—Take the same kind of shells as those used for the snowdrops (Fig. 19), and paint them bright yellow, and make them up in the same way. Or make a large pea cement; use no heart. Close three shells together first in the centre, and place three half-open shells round them, in the way shown in Fig. 21.

In making the snowdrop, crocus, and geranium, it is the best plan to procure some very large rose calyxes. Cut off the projecting leaves. Fix each calyx to a stem, and then fill the calyx with the cement. Proceed afterwards with the flower as directed already. Flowers

that show the join between the cement and stem white, when quite dry may be painted with powder-color, mixed with thick gum, at that part.

Fuchsia.—To make a fuchsia, put a pea of cement on a stem, place in the centre a fuchsia heart. Round this close four small white shells, like Fig. 10, the heart hanging down in the centre. Then make the slender part of the fuchsia, marked A in Fig. 23, of the cement. Cut four pieces of shell the shape of Fig. 22. Color them deep carmine. Fix them round in the way shown in Fig. 22, and then color A in Fig. 23 also red.

China Aster.—There is a very pretty looking transparent white shell, rather oval. Make a cement foundation like Fig. 1, only larger. Set it with this shell, extremely close in the centre, and gradually more open.

Periwinkle.—Take some of the shells like Fig. 3, of a good size. Stain them a deep blue inside with powder-blue and carmine. Fix six of them on a pea of cement. Make a little pea of cement, place it in the centre, and paint it white. The shells to form this flower are fixed by the edges, like Fig. 3 (see Fig. 24).

A Yellow Rose is made like a pink one, of the pale yellow shells of the kind shown in Fig. 2, not colored, but naturally tinted.

A pretty flower, much like the periwinkle, may be made of nine shells placed on in the same way as the periwinkle, white, and tipped with blue at the edges; the ball in the centre one tipped with white, tinged with green.

The object in filling the basket with cement is to have a material to hold the flowers, strong enough to keep them in place—for they are rather heavy—and also to prevent the basket from easily tipping over. The shells are very brittle, and great care is needed not to damage them when made; but, with proper security from injury, they will last more than one generation. Place the basket on a crimson, velvet-covered stand.

The closer the shells are set together, and the more shells are used to compose such flowers as the dahlia, rose, and anemone, the better the flower looks. If any of the color is removed from the painted shells in making them up, when the cement has become quite dry and hard, take a brush charged with the right color, and touch up all the damaged places. In the basket (see page 244) will be observed on the left a passion-flower, lilies of the valley, May, and some other flowers; on the right, a dahlia, a small ranunculus, and part of a rose. In the centre of this basket, which is engraved from a photograph taken from shell flowers, is a damask rose; on the reverse side are a yellow rose, a large ranunculus, and China aster, crocuses, and snowdrops, and the basket is complete with rosebuds, cineraria, geranium, a camellia, fuchsias—in short, all the flowers here described with buds and leaves.

"PRÆSTARE FIDEM MORTI."

BY L. K. K. BECKER.

It was in the picturesque town of Elgin, Illinois, that a jeweller sat in his little back shop, one afternoon, late in the autumn of the year. He held in his hand a lady's watch, one of those made in the new National Watch Factory, at this place; and from the beauty and perfection of its works, and by reason of some complimentary notion of somebody for something, all of its kind had been christened "The Lady Elgin." A case of beautiful design had been ordered for this one, the works had been fitted and regulated, and the watch was now complete, and warranted to "keep perfect time," and awaited the person who had bought it. The jeweller turned it over in his hand, and his face evinced great satisfaction, as his glance rested upon the fine chasing of the case, the handsome monogram in brilliants on one side, and upon the other a scroll, upon which was engraved, in tiny yet clear and perfect letters, "Præstare fidem morti"—Faithful till death. He laid it down in the velvet-lined case, but the watch didn't fit at all; small as it was, it was yet too large for its bed. He turned it over and over, but it actually seemed to him to be getting larger every time he tried it, until, finally, he put it down, declaring "the thing was bewitched." He rested his head on his hand, and seemed to be lost in thought. Although his eyes still rested on the watch, his gaze was an absent one, yet he saw that it seemed to expand; there was no mistake about it. The jeweller began to think his wits must be going, or that some of the fog from outside must have got into his brain; but he glanced up at the clock, and saw that the hand pointed to five minutes to four, and he heard the outer door of the shop open, and distinguished the voices speaking there, and, besides, he heard the musical voice of the watch singing its song all the while, so, of course, he could not be asleep. But by this time his attention was fastened, without any more wandering, by a remarkable little figure, right before him, who, if it ever had been lost, recovered itself almost instantly by two or three quick movements, as though shaking itself out, after having been tucked into undue space, for presentable appearance.

"There!" said the little figure, "it is a comfort to be able to turn around once more, although I don't mind being shut up when duty requires it, I am sure, but just now I have some very important business on hand, Mr. Jeweller, and I hope you are at leisure to listen."

"Oh! quite at your service, my dear," said the jeweller.

"Never mind the dear," said the little figure, again. "I know that is a way you have of speaking to us small people, but we don't like

it, and I take this opportunity to protest against it for all the rest, as well as myself."

"No offence, I hope?" said the jeweller, bowing.

"Do you know who I am?"

He shook his head.

"I thought as much before you uttered a word, so I may as well introduce myself at once. I am the 'Lady Elgin.'"

"Ah, indeed!" said the jeweller, bowing again, like the polite gentleman he was.

"Happy to make your acquaintance."

"I have come to ask you in reference to my destination, for it is of the greatest importance into whose hands I fall."

"I believe," said the jeweller, "you are destined to surprise Mrs. Orton on her birthday, which occurs to-morrow, and afterward to become her companion."

"I thought as much," said the little figure, "but I am very apprehensive that she will not suit me. You see, I understand what the most of ladies are, practically. Their appreciation is delightful, their sympathies unbounded, and their devotion to ideas far better than to actual facts. They are forgetful, and careless, and so irregular; one day energetic and busy, and the next idle and listless. Now, unless I can have suitable and regular attention, I shall soon 'run down,' and prove faithless to every trust to which I have been pledged, and shall disgrace all those to whom I am most indebted. One failure would so distress me that I should never make up the lost time. When I remember the numbers of my kindred that have been forgotten and neglected for days together, by those who were bound by every consideration of duty to bestow their care, can I expect a better fate? It has ceased to be a witticism, and has become a grave charge, because so often true, that a lady's watch is correct but twice a day."

"That must be hard to bear," said the jeweller, shaking his head sympathetically, and smiling, as he could not help doing all the time, to hear the little figure go on so steadily and, as he thought, impressively too, just as though it had been to that manner born.

"What I wish," said the little figure, once more, "is that you should urge upon Mrs. Orton, when once I have been confided to her care, that she should address herself to my slight requirements once every day, as near the same hour as practicable; upon her attention to this duty depends my fidelity and success. Make but these conditions sure, and 'Præstare fidem morti' will not have been engraved in vain—at least, in my case."

"My lady, you may depend upon my urging your claims," said the jeweller.

"Thank you! I was sure of it, and I need not detain you longer," and in the moment of forgetfulness that followed, when the voice ceased, the little figure vanished, and the jew-

eller became conscious only of the shining monogram on a "Lady Elgin" watch just under his hand, and an open velvet-lined case before him. He drew his hand once or twice across his brow and eyes, as though some dimness of vision troubled him, and glanced up at the clock; the hand pointed exactly to four.

This seemed to restore him—to his work, at least—for he reached quickly for another case, saying, as he did so: "Ah! I had the wrong number."

That very evening the watch was called for, and the following day Mrs. Orton was made the happy recipient of this pleasing testimonial from her husband. The motto, "*Præstare fidem mortî*" had been a favorite one with Mrs. Orton's father while living, and was still with her mother, who resided with them, no less than with Mrs. Orton herself. Indeed, it was the single inscription, beside the name, upon the plain white marble shaft that marked the resting-place of husband and father. Mr. Orton had deemed this a suitable occasion to adopt the motto for his own, no less than to gratify both mother and daughter. Mrs. Benson was a noble woman. Although failing years, and feeble health, and many sorrows had broken the body, the soul had its supremacy still, and the will controlled the complaints of suffering so that none were heard. Edward Orton was a generous husband, a loving father, and trusty friend. He desired also to be a son to Mrs. Benson, more especially as she had lost her only son—that is, everybody supposed she had lost him, since nothing had been heard of him in many years. Everybody, however, did not include Mrs. Benson. She believed that "her boy would come back," and no day passed that she failed to notice the arrival of the railroad trains, almost invariably saying, after waiting for half an hour after each one that came in from the East (for she never thought that he could come from any other direction), "George did not come on that train," and then she went on with her occupation from which she had broken off. So, when Mr. Orton presented the "Lady Elgin" to his wife, with the favorite motto upon it, he hoped that Mrs. Benson would accept it as a sign that he wished himself to be considered in all respects as one of her family, or more particularly to take the place of her lost son. This was his way of saying it to both mother and daughter, for he was not a man who wasted the strength of his affection in many words. A smile, a glance of the kind eyes, a touch of the hand, but oftener some thoughtful remembrance or favor, these revealed the true nature of the man far more than any words could have done that he could have spoken. And Mrs. Benson understood him, and she did accept his signal, as she accepted him—that is, as far as she could do so, for, smiling through eyes that he had never seen dimmed with tears before, she said, as

she examined the gift: "When George comes back, Edward, I shall be proud to have him know you; and, if he is what I expect him to be, he will be glad to own you for a brother." As for Mrs. Orton, she said to herself: "I will never annoy Edward again by my careless habits, if I can change them," for this good lady was conscious that dinner was not served promptly every day at the appointed hour, that law and order did not rule her house as they ought, and that it was by no fault but her own. A lack of promptness and accuracy—these deficiencies of women generally—are all the more intolerable to persons of correct business habits, because they seem so easily amended. Mr. Orton did not always conceal his annoyance, it is true, but he endured it without grumbling, and hardly hoped for change, because he knew how strong a master habit is, and how it rules us all. So he adapted himself as well as he was able to his circumstances, was thankful for an interesting wife and beautiful children, and went on his way.

Now, whether the jeweller had been asleep, and had a vision of the figure of the "Lady Elgin," or not, he had fulfilled the promise recorded, and had enjoined upon Mr. Orton the necessity of habitual daily attention to the slight requirements of the little "time-keeper," and he in his turn had sought to impress it upon his wife, who, smiling and sparkling almost as briskly as the jewel of her watch, had promised; and, as deficient as she had ever been in keeping appointments, she so charged her mind with this one, that not once during the whole year did she fall in keeping it. There is nothing truer than that one good resolution begets another; and having once set herself about the matter of improvement, and being a woman with strong points of character, owing to the fact that she had her husband and her mother to assist her, Mrs. Orton really became a reliable individual. And, as she progressed, so did those about her, who were younger and more imitative. The kitchen clock not only was regulated by the "Lady Elgin," but half the neighboring clocks went by the same time. And the maid-of-all-work followed the example of her mistress, and went by "clock-work," too, so that Monday did not run into Saturday with its work. The result of all this was more comfort, more quiet, and more leisure. Gradually the leisure crept into other families, and reading became possible and often enjoyable. Books and magazines increased, and were exchanged by the neighbors among themselves whenever they met, the topics of these were discussed, plans of work examined, new ideas suggested, and more than one partnership owed itself and its success to this unorganized but really working club, that might never have existed but for Mrs. Orton's "Lady Elgin." Even the children, who are, after all, only echoes of their elders, learned that every tardy-

ness calls for a penance, that a broken promise becomes a note protested, and that it is a paying business to be "always on time."

Mary Viele was an old school friend of Mrs. Orton, although some two or three years younger. Her father, an Eastern man of stern nature and unyielding will, was rich enough to gratify every request his daughter made, and, as to education, he had given her the best that money could buy in our country. She was not a handsome girl, but she was fine. Her complexion was fresh and healthy, her eyes were hazel, and her hair brown; she wore it smoothly and comfortably, without disfiguring the fine shape of her head, and it was all her own by right of growth. She walked with ease and grace. She dressed handsomely, not showily, and her jewelry consisted of few pieces, and those were not "cheap." Add to this that she spoke distinctly, wrote clearly, sung passably, and sketched cleverly, and that her age was twenty-four, and it is as good a description as can be given in few words. Her home was not a happy one—*au contraire*, at times almost insupportable—and, instead of being a place to turn to, seemed rather a place to fly from. It was the old story of conflicting wills in regard to marriage. A marriage planned by the shrewd parent and an eligible party, but to whom or to which the young lady daughter refused to even listen. Anger and bitterness resulted; and Mary Viele, with all her luxurious surroundings, came, in time, to envy the freedom of a household servant. Gladly would she have taken up almost any work, if she had known how or where to seek it. But her education, liberal as it had been so far as books were concerned, yet left her helpless in her first desire for independence. So for many weary months she had endured the open displeasure of her father, and the reproaches of her married sisters; and, embittered by a sense of the injustice done her, and sick of the useless life she was leading, she was glad to escape the weariness for a time by a journey, and scarcely for any other reason than that it would prolong her absence from home did she determine to pay Mrs. Orton an oft-requested visit. The friendship of these two women had been kept up principally through correspondence, they having met but once since Mrs. Orton's marriage, and their positions in life were so different, that the most to be expected from such a visit was a kind of a ceremonious meeting somewhere "half way," with a good deal of effort on either side—at least, Mrs. Orton thought so, and was utterly surprised to find that her friend was interested in "work" the most of anything, and was the most entertained by it, and incredibly ignorant of it by any actual experience. Having lost her mother at an early age, she had spent many years in school; and, when she returned to her father's house, work,

for any of its inmates except the servants, was a thing ignored. The visit, which was to have been but a few days, was prolonged into weeks, and still Mary Viele remained, and daily she became more painfully conscious of the worthlessness of any life that knows no labor. And where should hers begin, and how should she find it? were the questions that she could not answer, day after day. But there came a time for the answer to them. It was one day when Mr. Orton took her over to the watch factory, and showed her the exquisite machinery, that finest expression of thought in the world; but what impressed her most was the appearance of the young women there at work. Operatives they were called, but she only saw intelligent young persons, like herself, she thought, only more enviable, since they were useful and independent. She felt that she had found her work, and, with a new and enthusiastic purpose, she immediately prepared herself for the branch of employment she sought, that of engraving plates, applied herself assiduously, was received as an artisan, and in a comparatively short time experienced the luxury of supporting herself by her own hands. Her position as a "factory girl" did not humble, but truly exalted her, and, in her happier existence, those who had known her before saw, in her, exemplified the "dignity of labor."

The "Lady Elgin" had been Mrs. Orton's companion for more than a year, when one night a burglar slipped it quietly from the pocket where it hung, to his own, and no regrets, or telegraphed descriptions, restored it. One thing, however, is worthy of notice: the habit of punctuality in the family and among the neighbors remained, and this not only was consolation, but actual help to them to come "up to time."

Nearly a year after this loss of Mrs. Orton's, a stranger was standing by the counter of a jeweller's shop, in San Francisco. He was bronzed by sun and wind, but yet he was fair. Whatever he was waiting for, he lounged with an easy grace of manner, not acquired, but natural, and seemed only occupied by his own thought. One by one the several persons left the shop, until no one remained but the jeweller, his clerk, and the stranger who seemed known to the former. The last one upon whom the door had closed was a woman who had left a watch for some repair, and the clerk was examining it. "Here is another of those Elgin watches, such as we were speaking of the other day," said the clerk, passing it along to the jeweller, who took it, saying: "They are making as good a watch at Elgin as anywhere in the world now, and at lower prices, but somehow some people seem to think an American watch good for nothing."

The stranger looked up with some slight appearance of interest, as the jeweller, addressing himself to him, said: "I suppose it makes little

difference to you where a watch is made, you are such a cosmopolitan."

"Well, time does change, I find, going from one post to another, but I like a reliable time-keeper, nevertheless," the stranger replied, "and I take pride enough in my country yet, to like to know what progress she is making."

"Well, there's rather a nice specimen; take a look at it, sentiment and all," the jeweller said, handing it over to him.

He did so, and turning it over, read: "Præstare fidem mortì." For an instant he was lost, but he had not betrayed his confusion, even by the flush that overspread his face, as he said: "I knew a man once who came from Elgin," and handing the watch back, after a little further examination, he added, "that is a neat design, and the motto a very familiar one, for it is associated with my early Latin."

The jeweller took the watch, and pointed out its peculiarities as compared with those of foreign make and finish. The stranger listened, and even joined in the conversation, but he hastened to complete his business, and hurried away, walking far more rapidly than his wont, for a host of memories were crowding upon him, and would not be shaken off. Even in his dreams that night they hauntingly followed him, and in the morning he had determined his course. Before the day was over, he took passage in the first steamer for New York. And he sailed out of the Golden Gate toward a home from which he had heard no word for fifteen years; a home from which he had stolen away and left no sign. When once he had fairly started, the vessel seemed to creep, the days to drag along, some oppressive dread filled him with fears, lest he should be too late to serve those that he felt as never before he must have caused to suffer deeply. Then to think but for the trifling incident of the watch, he should have exiled himself perhaps forever! The instant that his glance fell upon that Latin motto, a vision rose before him of an invalid father, patient and hopeful through every baffled effort of his life, teaching him his duties and his Latin grammar in the same winning voice that he repeated ballads to his sister Clara. When he flagged in his declensions, or stopped short of his task, how often had he heard, "*Patientia et perseverencia vincet omnia*, my son," and sometimes he added, "*Nic noc inglorious ducit gloriam*," but the sentiment he more often quoted, as if worthy to be a rule of action, was the one already given, *Præstare fidem mortì*. Had the slow wearing years kept him to greet a truant, faithless son? And his proud mother, who bent only to the storms as they swept over her, but was never overwhelmed by them so that she could not rise above them at last, to what hardship might not his absence have subjected her, and the fair young sister, playmate of his childhood? Ah, would they receive and welcome him

back? With thoughts like these he wore each day away, and at last the briny road lay all behind him. He had sailed away a boy, with high hopes, knowing no fears; he returned a man, with many fears and a little hope.

The sun was low one evening when this brown and bearded stranger stepped from the cars at Elgin. It was no longer the scattered village it had been when last he saw it, but a thriving, growing young city, with its numerous factories and smiling homes that filled the slope from the river to Monument Hill, that, like a crown, with its gleaming stones in the setting sun, looked serenely upon all that lay below it. Sending his effects to a hotel, the stranger crossed the river, and strolled along the streets. Almost everything was changed, but most of all, the place he had once called home; the saplings he remembered in front of the house now stood sturdy and wide-armed trees before the door of a substantial brick residence, and the old garden was the site of another home. He turned away, going where fancy led, until dusk, and then sought his hotel, trusting to stronger heart to ask, or some chance word to reveal, what he feared to know. During the evening he did learn that the "Bensons no longer had a home in the place." "The old lady," his informant said, "died several years ago, and the old gentleman married again; recently he had died too, and where the rest of the family had gone, he didn't know." This was the blow he had feared. How it sounded to hear his father and mother called "old," and both were dead, perhaps they would not have cared to claim him, so faithless, if they were living. It was enough; he would not seek his sister, lest she, too, should be dead to him. He would take up his wanderings again to-morrow, and so he sought repose, but there was none for him. Accusing spirits, in the shape of haunting thoughts, vexed him until dawn, and even then his rest was troubled. The first words that met his ear, after seating himself at breakfast the following morning, were these:—

"Speaking about the Bensons last night, I had forgotten there was another family by that name that used to live here, and the old lady lives here still with a daughter. Strange I didn't think of it. Now I come to notice, you do resemble Mrs. Orton; perhaps she may be a relative."

"Perhaps," said the stranger; "I don't know. There were Bensons about here once that were slightly related. There was one, a young fellow, not more than fifteen years of age, that went away and never came back."

"Yes, that's the family I mean now; and they say there has never been a day since he went away that his mother hasn't looked for him back, and even now, she thinks he will come before long, but other folks about here thinks he's dead."

Once more Hope flung out her banner. And the stranger never looked back after he left the hotel, to see the eyes that followed him, and had learned his secret. Rumor flew on wings, but it did not reach Mrs. Orton's door before he did.

Mary Viele sat looking down the pleasant path after breakfast, and saw the stranger approaching. She had become so accustomed to hear Mrs. Benson's remark each day, that "George was not on the train," that, truth to tell, her eyes were unconsciously on the watch for him almost as much as his mother's were, and she believed just as certainly that he would come. She gave the stranger, therefore, as he came toward the house, a scrutinizing look, and with a bright face she hurried to Mrs. Orton, and said:—

"Go to the door and meet your brother, for I think he has come."

"My brother! What do you mean?" But Mrs. Benson had also seen the approaching stranger, and before he had made an inquiry, she was at the door, and reaching out her hand, she said, very calmly: "How do you do, George? We are very glad you have come; we have been expecting you." And George Benson uttered but one word—"Mother!"—and folded her to a heart too full for words. There were long stories that followed, of wandering adventure, of hardship, and toil, and freaks of fortune and disappointment, and loss on one part, and suffering on the other, and bereavement, and weariness, and watching, and waiting on the other, from the very day of absence.

"Your father said you would return, George," said his mother, "and he believed it to the very last. Do you remember a sentiment in Latin he often repeated, about being 'faithful till death?'"

"Yes," said George, "but for that motto on a lady's watch that I saw in San Francisco a few weeks ago, and the trifling fact that it was an 'Elgin watch,' which called my attention to it, I hardly think I should have been here to-day," and he related the incident already given.

"Why, Clara, that must be your lost watch," said Mrs. Benson to her daughter. "There could hardly be another just like that." Then followed descriptions, and comparison of notes in regard to it, until it really seemed that the missing "Lady Elgin" had been heard from. Certain it is that rapid communication was commenced with the San Francisco jeweller, who was an acquaintance of George Benson's, and with whom he had some business relations, and in a few weeks the watch was restored to the happy family, and, need it be said, that a new value attached to it, since it had performed a missionary work, and had been the instrument in restoring a long lost son and brother?

"I don't understand it yet," said Mrs. Orton

to her friend one day, "how you knew George when you saw him the first time."

"You have only to look at yourself, a little expanded and browned, my dear, and bearded," said the young lady, laughing, "to see your brother."

And this was true. The wide forehead, and changing gray eyes, were alike in each; the large features and shapely figures were similar, and so, too, were their gestures and attitudes. The womanly graces of the sister were well matched by the simple manners and manly presence of the brother; at least, Mary Viele thought so, and had she spoken her thought to Mrs. Benson or to Mrs. Orton, neither would have disputed her.

For a few days after her son's return, Mrs. Benson seemed to have gained in strength, but it was only a transient gain at the expense of loss afterward. But in her face now shone perfect rest; her burden had rolled away, and nothing earthly remained in the illuminated countenance but peace. From the day that George Benson found his mother, he scarcely left her, so late did he appreciate the reparation that he owed her. The shock of joy, however, had been too great for her; it had been the last strain that parted the strands of the silver cord, slowly, but surely; and so softly she slipped away from them all,

"They thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died."

The same gleaming shaft for the mother, as well as the father, now records, "*Præstare fidem mortî.*"

* * * * *

And that which remains, need it be told? The story of the sleeping princess in the guarded castle, where the fairy prince, after much peril, and dangerous encounter, succeeds in entering, and where he awakes and releases the imprisoned beauty, is but the same sweet old story, dear alike to all; for love in every maiden's heart is a sleeping beauty, until Love, the master, awakens it, and sets it free.

George Benson and Mary Viele found it so.

"And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went,
To that new world, which is the old;
Across the hills, and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rein,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world she followed him."

"*Præstare fidem mortî*"—Faithful till death.

If a man be endued with a generous mind, this is the best kind of nobility.—*Plato.*

THE GOLDEN RULE OF LOVE.—I am of opinion that in matter of sentiment there is but one rule, that of rendering the object of your affections happy; all others are invented by vanity.—*De Stael.*

JULIET'S VICTORY.

A PARTY of travellers sat at breakfast, on a clear, cool Sunday morning, in the queerest, quaintest, grayest of Canadian cities. The windows of the hotel looked down upon a steep, paved street, where curious, foreign-looking costumes, the Sunday dress of the French-Canadians, were beginning to pass back and forth, and to attract the attention of the young girl who sat at the head of the pleasant breakfast-table. She rose and seated herself in a deep window-seat, that she might obtain a better view of the scene.

"Oh, auntie, come and look at this curious white cap; it is so pretty! I wish there was a pretty face under it, instead of that dried-up, 'withered apple,' old woman's countenance!" she exclaimed. "There! it has passed."

"Do let me finish my breakfast, Juliet, child!" said a somewhat querulous voice from the breakfast-table. "And you have put no sugar in my coffee. How can you forget such things?"

Juliet went back to the table with a laughing apology for her forgetfulness, leaned over her fair invalid aunt to drop the lumps of sugar in her cup, saw that the Scotch marmalade was within her reach, arranged the pretty breakfast shawl over her shoulders, and then was back again at the window in a moment. Presently she turned her bright face again towards the table, and exclaimed, eagerly:—

"Grey, come here! Here is a pretty girl at last. Quick! or you will miss her."

A young man, who had been idly balancing his teaspoon on the edge of his cup for ten minutes, now let it fall with a suddenness that made the invalid start violently, and strayed towards the window. The pretty girl had not passed. She was pausing to speak to an acquaintance, and to kiss two little children who clung to her hands.

"Oh! isn't she pretty? How becoming that quaint white cap is to her, and how long her plaited hair is! I shall wear just that dress at the next masquerade I go to—white cap, and short dress, and thick-soled shoes, and all. Grey, do you suppose that is the dress Evangeline wore?"

"Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and her ear-rings."

quoted Grey, laughing.

"It is something like it, I suppose, though that young person takes liberties with the Acadian costume."

"Yes, she is pretty, but those very red cheeks give me the impression that she spends her winters skating against the wind. It's a pretty group, on the whole—that matronly-looking woman, the fresh young girl, and the little children, all dressed in blue, and scarlet,

and white, with the gray stones of the houses and streets for a background, and the deep blue sky overhead."

Grey stood leaning against the window, and talking to his cousin, while group after group passed below them, a long panorama of Canadian life.

Unconsciously, they themselves formed a striking picture. The young girl, with her sweet, frank, rosy face, her clear hazel eyes, and dark, abundant hair; and the young man, whose tall figure leaned with graceful ease against the window, and whose Saxon blue eyes were oftener bent upon his companion's face than on the scene below. He was a little languid in his grace, a little haughty in his ease, perhaps a little too studiously careless in the arrangement of his waving brown hair, his auburn moustache, and his gray travelling suit, but on the whole he was a handsome, manly, and thoroughly gentlemanly fellow. His cousin—in her dark silk dress and bright scarlet shawl—gave color and vividness to the picture, which was closed in by the gray window-frame, and stood in bold relief (to the occupants of the room) against the blue Canadian sky.

The lady and gentleman still seated by the table exchanged glances of intelligence as they watched the pretty scene. To marry their only son, Grey, to their pretty niece and ward, Juliet Ripley, was the darling scheme of Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, and it seemed about to succeed.

For the last two years Mrs. Barrett—that wise woman—had insisted that the young people should see as little of each other as possible; so Grey had been despatched to Europe to study and travel, while Juliet received the last educational polish at a "finishing school" in New York.

Consequently when Grey met his parents and cousin in New York, and started with them on a summer's tour in Canada, Juliet's beauty, grace, and sweetness possessed all the charm which novelty could add to their captivating powers, and he immediately concluded to fall in love with his charming little cousin.

Juliet herself was a merry, matter-of-fact young person, and thought it excellent fun to flirt with her cousin, whom she had loved dearly all her life, but with whom she did not yet fancy herself "in love." She certainly enjoyed the little game they were playing, without troubling herself very much about its termination, and this morning she found it more than usually pleasant. She actually blushed and dropped her eyes, as Grey whispered some lover-like nonsense to her, while they still occupied the window-seat, and watched the passers-by.

"Where are these people going, I wonder?" she said, aloud, as she caught the silent and respectful waiter looking at her, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"They are going to the cathedral, ma'am," ventured the waiter, as no one else spoke. "There's going to be grand doings there, I hears. One of them air nuns is going to take the veil to-day."

"To take the veil! Oh, how delightful!" cried Juliet, starting up and clapping her hands. "Oh, auntie, Uncle John, dear, please let's go! I want to see it. Grey, don't you want to go?"

"I want to go wherever you go, Jule," said Grey, laughing.

"Oh! but don't you want to see a nun take the veil? I am so glad we heard of it," cried Juliet.

"I have seen the thing in Madrid. I wish you had seen that, for it will only be a second-rate affair here, I am afraid," said Grey, yawning slightly.

"Oh, bother!" said Juliet, in spite of the "polish" Madame Caramel had given her. "You are a regular Sir Charles Coldstream. You have seen everything, and there's 'nothing in all.' But Uncle John, and aunt, and I haven't 'done the Continent,' so we are going to the cathedral, and you are going with us."

Juliet, as usual, carried her point, and in half an hour the party stood—it was impossible to find a seat—in the cathedral adjoining the old gray Convent of the Sacre Cœur.

It was a beautiful old building, with lofty arches, sombre-stained glass windows, and dark pictures of saints and martyrs hanging over the altars, where already stood the priests in their gorgeous vestments, amidst the glitter of a thousand candles. Soon the ceremony began. Veiled nuns trooped in from the side-doors, the novice was led to the altar in her dress of glistening white silk, and as she knelt, covered with a veil of lace, chant after chant went up from the nuns and the choir. Incense and music rolled together to the gray roof and filled the long aisles. Suddenly there came a pause in the music—silence—then a low sigh of melody, a note so soft as to be almost inaudible. Was it a feminine voice, or only the "vox humana" stop of the great organ? For a moment it was impossible to tell. Then the sound rose, higher, clearer. A woman's voice, inexpressibly sweet and mournful, poured out a penitential psalm, while the heads of the worshippers bowed lower and lower, and the organ throbbed a faint, tremulous accompaniment.

Juliet, leaning on Grey's arm, felt him start and turn quickly in the direction from whence the sound came. In front of the high organ-loft hung a baffling scarlet curtain, and behind that curtain was the singer. It was in vain to look, but still he kept his eyes fastened on the curtain, while the music went on—that wild, passionate strain of penitence, grief, and woe; that entreaty for mercy and forgiveness.

Juliet shuddered at the intensity of remorse and anguish expressed in the singer's tones.

"Oh! what has that woman done that she sings in that way?" she thought, and she listened with suspended breath to each note, till the voice sank again into silence, and the organ throbbed on its faint, sad tones, like a child that, wearied out with bitter weeping, falls asleep, and sobs on in its dreams.

Silence again in the dim old church, while the censers swing back and forth, and the nuns gather round the kneeling novice. A little sob breaks the stillness, and Grey looked down at his cousin. Juliet's head is bent, and it is she who is sobbing and trembling as she clasps his arm.

"You little goose," whispers Grey, smiling, "look up! You are missing part of the scene."

But before Juliet has swept the tears from her lashes, the white, glistening dress is covered with a black garment like a pall, the misty lace veil is exchanged for one of black serge, and the new nun mingles with her sisters, and is lost to view. Then the choir breaks forth again into music—a pealing, joyous anthem—and high above every voice, and above the organ's thunder, soars the same voice that had sung the penitential psalm. The same, yet how different. Triumphant, clear, and heavenly sweet rose the notes that have before been every one a sob. She sings as the angels might sing in their rejoicing over a repentant sinner. And, as the other voices cease, and hers alone sweeps on in its full tide of marvellous melody, some invisible hand draws back the baffling curtain, holds it for a moment, and lets it fall again. But in that moment Grey has seen her. A slender girl's figure, clothed in purest white; a fair face, calm and pure as an angel's, with bands of dead gold hair falling loosely round it.

Look up and smile, little Juliet, as you pass through the crowd, and go out into the dazzling sunlight and the free air; try all the pretty arts you may, and you will not win back the "light of love" into your cousin's eyes. Grey is absent, silent, and grave. Your "regent's reign" is over, pretty Juliet, and the "hearts true queen" has come.

"Well, Jule, what did you think of it all? Was it as grand as you expected?" asked Mr. Barrett, as they walked home together.

"Oh, yes, it was grand, but it frightened me so! Uncle John, wasn't that voice exquisite? I couldn't listen to it without crying. Who is she, I wonder? How can we find out?"

Just the questions that Grey was asking himself at the moment, as he strode along, and forgot to give Juliet his arm to aid her up the steep street.

"Aunt Emma, wasn't that singing exquisite?" repeated Juliet, turning round with clasped

hands, and facing Mrs. Barrett in her ecstasy of admiration.

"Yes, child, but it frightened me, too, and I was so sorry for that poor, unhappy girl," she added, plaintively.

"Oh! she isn't so much to be pitied," said Grey, carelessly. "She isn't young, mother. I should say she was as old as you, and twice as fat. She is a wealthy old maid, I dare say, and she will go into that convent and have as peaceful a time for the rest of her days as any other fat old lady."

His mother looked at him with wide open eyes, while Juliet laughingly scolded him for taking all the romance out of the affair.

"I couldn't see the poor thing's face," said Mrs. Barrett, still solemnly. "I hope it may be as you say, Grey. But I am tired to death with this morning's scene, and I wish I had not gone," sighed Mrs. Barrett, who was determined to take a low-spirited view of things.

Juliet hastened to console her with promises of a long rest and a cup of tea of her own making, and to reproach herself for having induced Mrs. Barrett to undertake the expedition, and Grey turned back to insist upon her taking his arm as well as his father's. So they reached the hotel; and in the bustle consequent upon the effort to render the nervous invalid quiet—a bustle which Juliet knew by experience was extremely soothing to Mrs. Barrett's irritated nerves—the events of the morning seemed forgotten.

In a day or two the party left the quaint Canadian town, and sought amusement in other places, and the impression the scene in the cathedral had made on their minds seemed almost effaced by new scenes as vivid and striking. They ceased to talk of it, except when some magnificent music would make Juliet sigh to hear once more the glorious voice she had listened to then.

To *three* of the party, the beautiful singer was only "that lovely voice we heard in Canada at the — cathedral." But to the fourth—to Grey Barrett, what was she? An exquisite dream of beauty and melody, which rendered reality unendurable; a heavenly vision that had passed and was seen no more.

His inquiries about her had not elicited a spark of information beyond the fact that she was either a novice or a pupil in the *Sacre Cœur*. No one knew her name, no one seemed ever to have seen her but himself. The persons he questioned looked stupidly astonished when he spoke of the remarkable beauty of her voice.

"Yes, she sings well," they would say. "She has been singing in the cathedral for six months. We have often heard her. But there are always fine voices among the sisters. We never know who they are. Some are pupils, and go away; some are novices, and take the black veil. Then, after a while—when they

die—we don't hear their voices any more, and we think, 'perhaps it was Sister Angelique, the nun who died last week, who used to sing so sweetly,' but we never know."

"Are there no pupils going from the town to the convent who know the nuns, and can tell us about them?" asked Grey.

"Oh, yes, there are day pupils at the convent, but they do not see the novices or the boarding pupils. Their teachers are those who are professed nuns. They hear from their teachers the name of a nun who has died, but that is all we know." And that was all that Grey could learn.

When his mother wearied of Canada, which she did in a week after they left, Grey let the rest of the party go home without him, and came back to the old cathedral town, thereby grieving his mother, and astonishing Juliet in the extreme. He haunted the cathedral at every service, but the *one* voice in the world for him was heard there no more. Sometimes in a loud pealing anthem he would fancy he caught the well-remembered clear tones, but it was *only* a fancy, only the ghost of her voice, only an echo in his heart. The next instant the voice he thought hers would ring false or harsh in his ear, and the transient hope would vanish.

After six weeks of this idling he suddenly left the town, returned home and presented himself, pale and listless, before his mother's tearful eyes. She was glad to see him, his father scolded him, and little Juliet preserved a somewhat piqued and scornful dignity in his presence. He was wonderfully indifferent to it all; would not flirt with Juliet or any one else, and settled down finally to a rather languid course of law reading, which satisfied his conscience and left him plenty of leisure for foolish dreaming.

"Oh, swallow, swallow, flying, flying south!" quoted Juliet, watching a little cloud of birds wheeling and deploying in the sky above her head.

She was standing by the parlor window, in rather a discontented mood, and Grey, hearing her talking to herself, came to see what it was about.

"Swallows, Jule! They are wild geese," he said, laughing.

"I don't care," said Juliet, pouting. "They are flying south, at any rate. Auntie, let's all go to New Orleans next week. You haven't seen Alice for two years."

Mrs. Barrett eagerly caught at the idea. Mr. Barrett gave his consent and his purse, though he could not accompany the party, and Grey's was the only opposing voice.

"I will go with you, mother, but I must come back immediately. I have another place for the autumn," he said, calmly.

"My dear boy, your sister will be hurt if you

don't stay as long as we do. Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Barrett.

"To Canada," said Grey, without hesitation, although Juliet's bright, merry eyes were on him.

"To Canada!" repeated his mother. "What for? What business have you there?"

"No business. I am going for—for pleasure," said Grey.

"It's very remarkable. I can't understand you at all, Grey. I am sure I didn't teach you all this mystery and nonsense. I tried to bring you up in the way you should go, but"—

"Train up a child—and away he goes," laughed Juliet. "Never mind him, auntie. He is going on a 'wild goose chase.' I know all about it."

"I will bring you a pair of skates from Montreal, Julie. You remember what beautiful ones we saw there," said Grey, trying to be cool and careless under his cousin's gaze. Her eyes were provokingly keen to-day. They were such beautiful eyes, too. "A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair."

"Yes, do! Send them to New Orleans. They will be so useful there!" said Juliet, with her gay, ringing laugh, and her eyes repeated over and over their saucy, triumphant, "I know all about it."

"Confound the girl! I wonder how much she *does* know?" thought Grey, and he seized the first opportunity to cross-question her about the affair.

"Julie, *what* do you know about my proposed trip to Canada?" he asked, when his mother had left the room.

Juliet turned her eyes full upon him, and said, with a more solemn intonation:—

"I see a hand you cannot see,
That beckons me away;
I hear a voice you cannot hear,
That says I must not stay."

There was no mistaking the deliberate accent she laid upon the third line. Juliet was in the secret.

"How on earth did you know anything about it?" he asked, in utter astonishment.

"I saw something had happened that day at the cathedral," answered Juliet. "Then I overheard—please forgive me, Grey, I couldn't help it—your questions about her of the landlord that evening, and I have just *guessed* the rest. I didn't really know it was anything—serious—till now."

Grey did not speak. He was sitting with his arms folded on the table before him, watching Juliet's bright changing face. A queer little change had come over that face now. The eyes that had been so mercilessly gay a moment before, met his with a half terrified gaze, then they sank beneath his glance; the rosy cheek paled, and the red lips set themselves with sudden closeness. When she raised her eyes again, they were full of tears, and her

voice quivered a little as she put out her hand across the table and laid it on her cousin's arm, and said, in a low tone:—

"Dear old Grey, why haven't you trusted me? Is it *that* that has made you grow so pale and so quiet, and made you ride so much by yourself, and—and—stop being a dandy?" (She couldn't help being saucy, though her eyes were full of tears.) "Is it as bad as that? Tell me about it? You know we never had secrets from each other when we were little children."

So the end of Grey's "cross-questioning" was, that he spent an hour or more in pouring the story of his love and his vain search for the lovely unknown, into the ears of his cousin. She was a model confidant. She sympathized and cheered, asked just the right questions, said just the right things, was eagerly interested (oh, *how* eagerly, Grey did not guess!), and never wearied of the subject.

That was one of many long talks the cousins held about the beautiful "St. Cecilia," as Juliet called her. They were constantly together, constantly engaged in deeply confidential talk, and Mrs. Barrett's hopes of calling Juliet "daughter" grew and flourished. *She* was not in the secret.

When they went to New Orleans—where Juliet, after one appearance in public, became a most wonderful belle—Grey not only went with them, but condescended to remain a fortnight, to please his sister Alice, Mrs. Howard, and to witness Juliet's triumphs. The little Northern beauty, with her clear laugh and arch eyes, her pretty, irresistible nonsense, and her sound, good sense, her winning ways, and her kind, true heart, had created a furore of admiration in the city, and already half a dozen young Southerners were wild with jealousy every time she spoke to "that cool, calm, blue-eyed cousin of hers, Grey Barrett."

The last evening of Grey's fortnight arrived, and it chanced that on this evening was given one of the most brilliant parties of the season. In vain Grey pleaded for a quiet evening at home. Mrs. Howard insisted upon their going—every one of the household—to the party.

"It is Eleanor Hardy's 'coming out' ball, and I am determined you all, mother included, shall be there. Mrs. Hardy entertains better than any one in New Orleans, except old Madame Viennet."

Alice had her wicked will. They all went, and Grey, who wanted one more confidential chat with Juliet—how very pleasant these talks with his pretty cousin had grown! and how very widely they wandered sometimes from the subject which had once been so all-engrossing!—persuaded her that it would be much pleasanter to walk home beneath the great white Southern moon, than to be shut up in the carriage; so Juliet, with a fearful disregard of "appearances," promised to be ready

to go home at half-past twelve—not an instant later—and to walk with Grey.

At half-past eleven Grey was drawn by some designing rival into an apartment at a distance from the crowd—a room, full of easy chairs and lounges, where the ghosts of cigars floated about, and the glory of the vintages of fifty years flamed in crystal bubbles. But even Havanas and Tokays could not make him forget his engagement with Juliet, and at half-past twelve, to the second, he stood waiting near the door of the ladies' dressing-room. It opened presently, and Juliet came out. He had left her an hour ago, smiling and radiant, looking prettier in her floating tulle and scarlet fuchsias than any other girl in the room. He had not seen how, five minutes ago, she came into the deserted dressing-room, and leaning against the bureau, buried her face in her hands and stood motionless, except that her bosom heaved with quick, convulsive sobs. The large mirror faithfully reflected the slender figure and airy, pretty dress of the young girl, and as she raised her head, it repeated with frightful correctness the deadly white face, the close-set pallid lips, and the troubled eyes of her whose gayety seemed gone forever. She mechanically sought for and found the white lace shawl she had worn in the carriage, and holding it in her hand, stood waiting for the sound of Grey's step. What a whirlwind of contending emotions and impulses raged in the girl's heart during those short moments of suspense!

"Shall I tell him?" she thought. "Oh! *can* I tell him? If I go out quietly and quickly, and walk home with him in the sweet still moonlight, he will never know. Aunt and Alice know nothing about it. To-morrow he will go away, and when we meet again, I am sure he will have ceased to think about her—and he will love me. I know it! I know it! Oh! how can I tell him? Yet I must. I cannot be so wicked."

Thought ended in sobs again, but still she listened for Grey's step, and when it came, she grew composed and strong again. Strong in her victory over temptation; strong in her unselfish love for him. Pale still, and with a strange glitter in her eyes, she stepped into the passage and laid her hand on his arm.

"Ready, Julie?" he said, cheerfully. "It's dreadfully rude to give Mrs. Hardy the slip in this way, but good little Alice promises to apologize for us. Come—why—Juliet, what is it? You are so pale!"

"Am I? Never mind. Come back with me. I have found her! She is here!" said Juliet.

"Who?" exclaimed Grey, in bewilderment.

"Who!" echoed Juliet, with a sudden laugh. "St. Cecilia, of course. She is in the music-room. She has been singing. I would have known her voice alone, but, besides that, I

heard some one say that she had been at the *Sacre Cœur* in ——— for two years. She is very beautiful. Her name is Eulalie Raymond."

This information Juliet conveyed in half-whispers, as she hurried Grey along the brilliantly lighted corridor, and finally paused at the open door of a large music-room. Here a group of persons were gathered round a lady who sat at the piano, carelessly touching the keys with one hand, and speaking occasionally in a low, soft tone, and with a faint, sweet smile. Such a fair, lovely, pensive face! Heavy braids of dead gold hair swept away from the white brow, with its pencilled lines of dark-brown eyebrows; lashes still darker shaded soft, melancholy eyes of deep gray, and almost rested on the girl's colorless cheek. The pallor of her face was only relieved by the crimson which stained the faintly smiling lips, and not a trace of color appeared in her dress; it was white crape, and milk-white pearls wreathed her fair neck and arms.

Grey had only time to recognize with a beating heart the St. Cecilia of the old Canadian cathedral, when some one spoke to her, evidently asking her to sing again. She complied at once. Grey never knew what she was singing. It was some varying, fitful melody, low and sad at first, then rising into a flood of triumphant sweetness that filled the room, and swept out into the flower-scented moonlit air. Then it ceased, and Eulalie's white hands were dropped listlessly in her lap. No color came to her cheek, and the thanks and compliments of the listeners only elicited the same fleeting smile, as she inclined her head gracefully in return. Then looking round upon the gradually increasing crowd, she rose from the piano, and taking the arm of a gentleman, moved away out of the room.

Grey's eyes followed her. He saw her enter an adjoining parlor and seat herself beside a lady who looked like some noble countess of the old *régime*, so handsome, so stately, and so graceful—in spite of her sixty years—was the silver-haired, dark-eyed old lady, in her black lace and diamonds.

"That is Madame Viennet, her grand-aunt," whispered Juliet. "Go to Alice and she will introduce you to both. She is very intimate with Madame Viennet. Go and be introduced to St. Cecilia. I have a friend here who will take care of me. Mr. Wentworth, won't you help me in a search for my truant aunt?"

She turned with a bright smile to one of her adorers, who was only "too happy, too highly honored," and who contrived, very adroitly, as he thought, to change the proposed search for Mrs. Barrett into a promenade down the long suite of apartments, and finally into a *tête-à-tête* in a deep window seat. Mr. Wentworth was a great talker—"a chatter box," Juliet had irreverently called him—but to-night she was

very well pleased to sit still and listen to the "wishy-washy everlasting flood," while she watched the scene transpiring near her. Madame Viennet, Eulalie, and Grey sat very near Juliet's window; so near that she could hear the low, soft tones of Miss Raymond's voice; could see the violet-gray eyes raised with pleased interest to Mr. Barrett's face, and could watch the faint smile deepen till a little dimple stole into each fair cheek of the lovely blonde.

Madame Viennet sat by, well pleased, and listened to the conversation between the young people. Grey talked well and brilliantly, and Madame Viennet loved brilliancy. The young man's soul was looking out at his eyes, and the clever, kind-hearted woman of the world sat and studied it, as one does an open book.

"It is very strange," she thought; "he hasn't known her half an hour, yet he is in love with '*ma mignonne*.' In love! Bah! what a trifling phrase! He loves her, and Eulalie—*eh bien*. It is all going right at last, I believe. I have never heard her talk so much or so well. She does not trouble herself generally to raise her eyes, but plays with her fan, and breathes out little languid sentences, and looks as if she did not know that every one is calling her beautiful as an angel, and cold as snow. These beaming blue eyes have melted the snow. Yes, it will do. He is rich, handsome—a good *parti* in every respect. It is fortunate, for I should not like Eulalie, with all her fortune, to marry a man without money. Such marriages are never happy, I think. But this will do."

It was nearly sunrise when the last guests left Mrs. Hardy's door. Grey had handed Madame Viennet and Eulalie to their carriage, had heard with delight the elder lady's expressed intention of calling to see his mother and Juliet, and with one last glance at the heavenly face of Eulalie, had walked home in a sort of blissful dream.

Little Juliet had sobbed herself to sleep long ago. Poor child! She had heroically resisted the temptation to deceive Grey, and, woman like, she was half regretting now that she had not yielded.

Grey did not go home the next day. He was supposed to have yielded to Alice's and Juliet's entreaties; and Mrs. Barrett became more sanguine than ever about the success of her favorite plan. Alas! her eyes were opened only too soon.

Madame Viennet and Miss Raymond called that very afternoon, and Grey was in the drawing-room when they entered. Mrs. Barrett needed only to see the sparkle in his deep blue eyes, and the animation with which he sprang from his listless attitude and advanced to bow over Madame's graciously extended little hand. She was startled when she saw

that in two minutes he was completely engrossed with the younger visitor, who, however, was too well bred a young person to allow herself to be monopolized. She talked, in her soft, languid tones, to every one else more than to Grey, but Mrs. Barrett fancied that every word, and glance, and movement, were meant to captivate the young man. Even when Eulalie sat in absolute silence and repose, she imagined that the attitude was a studied one, assumed for "effect;" and, to her dismay, Grey *was* fascinated, chained hand and foot; and never, apparently, was there a more willing slave.

When the visit was over, and Grey had gone out to the carriage with the visitors, Mrs. Barrett turned to her daughter and Juliet with a face of solemn resignation.

"He has gone out without his hat!" she said, plaintively. "Oh, that girl! Alice, what shall I do?" Juliet slipped out of the room at this juncture, and Mrs. Barrett sank down in her chair, half crying. "Alice, don't you see? Don't you care?" she cried.

"I saw last night," said Mrs. Howard, quietly. "I do care, of course, for I would have liked Grey to marry Juliet, but this is not so bad, mother. She is beautiful, the heiress to an immense fortune, devotedly pious!"

Mrs. Barrett interrupted her with a face of horror. "My dear! how can you say that?"

"Yes, she is a devotee—a saint—is always at church kneeling on the stone floor!"

Mrs. Barrett started up with a joyful exclamation. "Then she will never marry one of a different faith?"

Mrs. Howard shook her head. "She will, mother. Such marriages occur daily here."

"Then it's all over for me," said Mrs. Barrett, in calm despair, and she added presently, with a shade of vexation in her tone: "And I don't believe Juliet cares a straw. Did you hear her laugh as she went away just now? You may depend she doesn't care?"

"Indeed, I hope she doesn't," said Alice, earnestly.

Juliet's conduct in the next three weeks convinced Mrs. Barrett that she "did not care." She eagerly sought Eulalie's society, and seemed "as completely fascinated as Grey himself."

Poor little Juliet! She was trying to penetrate the baffling calm, the languid quiet of her beautiful rival, and to study her heart. She wanted to know if Eulalie loved Grey Barrett, who was pouring the whole wealth of his heart at her feet. He loved her blindly, passionately, and she saw his adoration, and her face still wore its mask of quiet—

"So coldly sweet, so deadly fair."

Juliet wondered if she *could* love. She was tormented with alternate hope that Eulalie would never return Grey's affection, and with self-reproaches for her wickedness in wishing

to see his high hopes blasted. But all this trouble she kept hid in her heart. She was to Grey the same sweet, affectionate sympathiser and wise little counsellor she had ever been. To every one in the house she appeared the same gay, laughing, useful, charming little fairy she had always been. But the effort to be "the same" was telling on her, surely, though slowly. When no one was looking at her, she fell into listless, dreaming attitudes; the song died on her lips, and the color faded out of her cheeks.

At last Juliet's doubt was solved. Late one evening she stopped at Madame Viennet's, intending to wait there till Grey called for her, as he had promised. The servant told her that Miss Raymond was in the conservatory, and Juliet was sufficiently at home already to walk through the parlors and open the conservatory door. Grey was already there, with Eulalie. They stood near the door, but were so absorbed in each other that Juliet's light step had been unheard.

The last rays of the setting sun came quivering through the green leaves of a luxuriant vine, and fell with tremulous glory on the golden hair and fair face of Eulalie. Her eyes were cast down, her cheeks flushed with a glow Juliet had never seen there before, and her little hands nervously busied themselves in tearing leaf from leaf a cluster of scarlet roses. Grey was speaking in a low, earnest tone. Juliet could not hear what he said. She saw him take Eulalie's unresisting hand, and hold it in his. She saw the flush deepen to crimson on her cheek, and the soft eyes lift themselves to his with a look of unutterable, undying love. Eulalie's mask had fallen. Juliet turned and passed with swift, noiseless steps from the house. It was all over now.

The next morning, Mrs. Howard, coming into Juliet's room five minutes before breakfast, found her still in bed. She opened her eyes with a languid look, but laughed as she said:—

"Alice, I am so lazy! I feel as if I couldn't lift my little finger. Make me get up, please."

But Alice looked at the scarlet cheeks and heavy eyes, and positively forbade her getting up at all. This was the beginning of a sort of nervous fever, which lasted for three weeks, and kept Juliet in a languid, drowsy state, which she declared was rather pleasant than otherwise. She was never very sick, and when Grey would come to her door and ask her "when she meant to be well again," she would answer, gayly, "to-morrow," and would hold long, merry talks with him, which Alice could not find it in her heart to forbid. When, however, the doctor came in after one of these talks, and found Juliet more languid and nervous than usual, he forbade them entirely, and so it happened that Juliet was not aware of

some things which took place during her illness.

She could not trust herself to ask questions about Eulalie and Grey, and she could only imagine that the scene she had witnessed in the conservatory was but the prelude to others more tender. Unselfish Juliet thanked God for Grey's happiness. "It did not matter about her own," she thought, with a weary little sigh, as she turned her burning cheek on the pillow, and closed her languid eyes.

Eulalie came to see her one day, and Juliet eagerly scanned her face for the signs of a happy love. The mask was on again. Eulalie was full of gentle tenderness for her, and looked at her with soft, pitying eyes, but her face was as calm and unmoved as ever. When she rose to leave, and bade Juliet farewell, the young girl, by some sudden impulse, put her arms around Eulalie, and drew her down with a whispered "Kiss me, please, dear!" But Eulalie's soft hand alone touched Juliet's brow, and she was gone.

"I wonder why she is so cold to me?" thought Juliet. "Oh, if she knew what I have done for her, if she guessed that she owes Grey's love to *me*, I think she would love me a little, or perhaps she might hate me for it! But she will never know."

Neither would Juliet ever know the passion of grief and unrest that beat in the heart of that fair, calm woman. She could not see her in the solitude of her chamber, lying with her long, fair hair loosened round her, her little hands clenched despairingly, and her slight figure quivering with sobs.

"Shall I never be at peace? Is there no happiness for me on earth? O God, have mercy! Have I not suffered enough to atone for my sin?" moaned the white lips of beautiful Eulalie Raymond.

But the tempest passed by at last, and she rose from her couch calm and tranquil as ever. But the melancholy of her soft eyes had deepened, the pallor of her face had grown more startling. Grey Barrett saw this as he entered Madame Viennet's parlor at night, and found Eulalie alone in the large, brilliant room. Her paleness was intensified by the dress of black serge she had chosen to wear to-night, and she turned at his entrance and stood cold and silent as he advanced towards her.

"Why, Eulalie," he cried, anxiously, "what is the matter? My darling, you are not well!"

"Yes, I am. Do not touch me, please," she said, in a strange, low tone. "I have something to tell you. Will you sit there, opposite me, and let me talk to you?"

"Yes, of course, I will, my sweet girl, since you wish it. What new whim have you now?" said Grey, laughing, and looking at her with a world of love in his happy, blue eyes.

She glanced up at him once, and then her eyes fell, and she sat with her hands folded

quietly in her lap, and her gaze fixed upon the fire that sparkled on the hearth—a little handful of flame only, for it was still mild weather.

"I want to tell you, Grey," she began, steadily, "something about myself. You complain that I will not promise to be your wife, although I have told you I loved you. You will thank me for withholding that promise when I have told you *this*. You have heard, haven't you, from my aunt that I lived with my grandfather until I was fifteen years old, and that he died suddenly, leaving me to her care?"

Grey nodded, and she went on, in the same tone:—

"I think you do not know—oh! you never can know—what a cruel, terrible old man he was. He used to shut us—that was my brother Felix and me—in a garret, where we were frightened by the darkness and the noises. We lived in a lonely, dark, old house, and we were only children, little Felix and I. He was younger than I, and I loved him so dearly. But my grandfather hated us. He would strike us with his crutch—he was lame sometimes, and sat in a chair in the little damp garden where we played—and, if we laughed, he beat us. Felix was a merry boy, and he could not help laughing sometimes, you know. At last my grandfather fell sick, and then it was more terrible than ever. He made me stay in his room, where the curtains made such gloomy shadows, and I was always so afraid, till he went to sleep at night. Then I was obliged to steal out softly into the long, dark passage, and creep to bed alone, for old Madelon, our servant, was too tired to stay up for me. Sometimes Felix would wait for me in the passage, but he would fall asleep; and, when I woke him, he could not help stumbling, and that would wake grandfather. Oh! it made my heart stand still when I would hear him call out so loudly for me to come back. Felix would hold me, and beg me not to go, for grandfather would strike me, but I was afraid not to. It would only make it worse not to mind him. Then Felix—he was only a boy, you know, and boys love freedom—would go away from home sometimes, and my grandfather would be very angry, and curse him, and I could not persuade Felix to stay at home.

"For six weeks this went on. Oh! I cannot tell you how dreadful it was. My grandfather grew worse. He would scream with pain, and grind his teeth, and clutch at everything near him. It was so dreadful in the still midnight to stand by his bed and see it all. The doctor said I was a good little nurse, and he gave me medicine for my grandfather, which he said I must be careful with.

"Give him no more than ten drops every two hours," he said. 'Do you know, little one, that forty drops would kill him?' So, even when my grandfather suffered most, I would

not give him one drop more than the doctor had said.

"At last came one day that was worse than all. It was a cold, rainy day, as cold as it ever is here, and all day my grandfather lay, and groaned, and muttered, and clutched the bed-clothes, except when the medicine I gave him soothed him for a few moments. Felix was away—I do not know where he used to go—and he had not come back when it grew dark. My grandfather found this out, even in his pain and agony, and he sent Madelon to lock the doors, and fasten the windows. She was a stupid old woman, and she was afraid not to obey him. She brought him the keys, and he put them under the pillow, and said, with a scowl at me: 'Now, we will see what little master will do for a night's lodging.'

"When Madelon went away, he made me lock the door of his room, and put that key, too, under his pillow. So I sat there, trembling and listening to the rain, till it grew very dark, and then my grandfather was quiet for a little while. In the silence I heard footsteps creeping round the house, and I knew it was Felix come home. He tried the doors and the low windows, but it was all in vain. I loved him so that I could not bear to think of him in the rain and darkness, so I stole to my grandfather's bed, and slipped my hand under the pillow for the keys. But he woke with a terrible cry, and struck me a blow that sent me reeling away from the bed. Then I sat down by the table, where the dim lamp burned, and cried bitterly. I was so frightened and miserable; I believe I was almost mad. Presently I heard Felix calling me in a loud tone. He knew, you see, that my grandfather could not hear very well.

"Sister, sister, come down and let me in!" he cried. I dared not answer, for my grandfather's terrible eyes were fixed on me. 'Oh, sister, I am so cold and wet; let me in!' pleaded Felix. I think he sat on the steps and cried after this. He was only a child, you know. But every now and then, coming up through the darkness and rain, I would hear that pitiful, half-sobbing voice, 'Sister, sister, please let me in!' Then all was still at last. I heard nothing but my grandfather's moans, and his teeth grinding against each other.

"Presently he told me to bring him his drops. I took the vial in my hand, and dropped the medicine very carefully, thinking of the doctor's words, 'Do you know, little one, that forty drops would kill him?' Suddenly my head whirled, my hands turned to ice, and my heart stood still. Something had whispered to me, 'Pour on, count the forty drops.' My hand was so steady that the drops fell like the slow ticking of a clock. I could not count though. I poured till the spoon was full, and I carried it with a steady hand to my grandfather.

"He looked at me strangely as I put it to his lips, but in an instant he had swallowed all I had poured out. Then a dreadful trembling seized me. I went back to my chair and sat down, weak and dizzy, but I could not help gazing steadily at my grandfather's face. I could not move my eyes away. I saw him, after a few moments, close his eyes, and fall into a restless slumber. This slumber seemed to deepen, till he lay motionless as marble. His breathing, at first so hoarse and difficult, grew inaudible. In the wavering light of the lamp I fancied that changes were passing over that terrible, stern face. It seemed to grow more ghastly, and the shrivelled lips drew apart and showed the teeth between them. The deadly silence weighed on me so heavily that I could scarcely breathe. I thought of my little brother out in the cold rain, and I would have liked to take the keys from under the pillow and let him in, but I dared not go near the bed. So the hours crept on. Hours! Oh, they seemed years to me! I sat motionless till I seemed turned to ice, and I could not take my eyes from that ghastly face.

"The oil burnt out of the lamp. I knew by the shadows that came and went on my grandfather's face that the light was flickering. Soon it went out, and then I saw that the grey light of morning was creeping in through the half-closed curtains. Then after a while I heard Madelon's shuffling step coming along the passage. I listened till I heard her hand touch the door; then something seemed to come between me and that distorted face. Everything grew dark around me, and I was unconscious for many hours. Madelon has told me that she called in the neighbors, and the door was broken open. I was lying senseless on the floor, and my grandfather was dead."

Eulalie's low tones ceased. Her voice had sunk almost to a whisper, as the tragedy of her story deepened; but it was a whisper that was awful and distinct as the crash of thunder to the ears of her appalled listener. She did not raise her eyes. She *would* not see the horror and bewilderment written in her lover's face.

For a moment he did not speak, and when he did, it was only to echo her last word, in a voice so shaken and hoarse that Eulalie started.

"Dead!" he repeated.

"Yes," she answered, slowly. "You see, I may have been mad, for I had killed him."

Grey glanced eagerly towards the girl's face as she spoke. Mad! Was it not possible that she was mad *now*? That this tragedy existed only in the imagination of a maniac? Fearful as the possibility was, it was better, oh! infinitely better, than the horror that closed around him when he thought of the blood that stained her soul.

Alas! Those fearfully calm, steady tones, those clear, melancholy eyes, meeting his now

with an unearthly sadness in their depths, were not those of a maniac. He dropped his head in his hands with a groan of anguish. Eulalie, her eyes filled with sudden tears, stretched out her hands toward him with a gesture of inexpressible pity and love, but instantly sank back in her chair as if she dared not touch him.

"Hush! hush!" she cried. "You will break my heart! O Grey, I have loved you so dearly that I dared not hide the truth from you. I knew you would cast me off, but I did not know how bitter my punishment would be. Pity me! Have mercy on me! Hate me, Grey, and I shall be content. Your grief will kill me!" For a moment she struggled for composure, and then in the same unnaturally calm tone she went on: "You have heard the story of my crime, now listen to its punishment. No one suspected me. My grandfather's disease was one that might have caused his death at any moment, and no one was surprised to find him dead. I was pitied and caressed by the neighbors, whom curiosity or kindness had brought to the house. My grandfather's half-sister, Madame Viennet, whom I had never seen, came to take care of me, and she loved me tenderly from the moment she saw me. She nursed me with a mother's care through the dangerous illness which attacked me, and has been kind as a mother ever since. But my secret lay like molten lead in my heart. My days and nights were passed in remorse and terror. God alone knows what I suffered in those fearful weeks of pain and anguish; and when I recovered, my punishment met me in a ghastlier shape than ever. My little brother—my darling Felix—was dead. He had slept under my grandfather's window all that terrible night, and the exposure brought on a fever, from which he died—died, raving in delirium, and calling my name in a thousand tender, passionate tones. Madelon did not spare me one of the scenes around his death-bed. I was left heiress to my grandfather's hoarded wealth.

"It was all mine—the thousands he had saved and invested so carefully, and I would have given it all for one smile from my dead brother's lips; for one instant's rest from the torture of terror and penitence I experienced. I would have confessed my guilt, but I dared not. My aunt sent me to Canada, because the physicians said my health suffered in a southern climate, and there, in the peaceful convent of the Sacre Cœur, I found something nearer rest than I had yet known. I had determined to end my days there, but my aunt besought me to come back to her for a little while. I knew she meant me to see all that was fair and pleasant in the world I wished to abjure, and I prayed for strength to resist the temptations her love was exposing me to. Yet I had almost yielded. I loved you so dearly, Grey.

But that is over. I must leave you forever. This moment we must part."

She rose from her seat and stood before him, calm and tearless, with no trace of emotion, save the marble whiteness of her face, and the unutterable love and despair in her troubled eyes.

"Farewell!" she murmured, with bowed head and clasped hands.

Grey sprang forward and clasped her slight figure in his arms, kissing passionately her soft lips and white brow, exclaiming, in a half-frenzied tone:—

"Eulalie, you must not, shall not go! I cannot live without you!"

"Hush!" she cried, almost sternly, recolling from his embrace. "You must not touch me. Why did you kiss me? I have kissed no one since *then*; not even Juliet, though she asked me to kiss her; not my dead brother, when I stood beside his coffin." Then, with a softer tone, she repeated again: "I must leave you now, Grey—because I love you so dearly. If I dared ask a blessing of Heaven, it should be for you. Forget me, Grey, or if you think of me at all, let it be as a repentant sinner, forever kneeling and asking God's forgiveness. Farewell! oh, farewell!"

For a moment she stood with her eyes fixed upon his face, then she turned and glided towards the door, murmuring a prayer, it seemed, with her white lips. At the threshold she turned with one last lingering gaze—then the door closed, and the lovely face, sweet as heaven and sad as death, with its soft eyes and its head of golden hair, was gone forever from her lover's sight.

The little world of fashion in New Orleans was shaken to its centre a few days afterwards by the intelligence that the beautiful heiress, Eulalie Raymond, had gone to take the veil in the convent of the *Sacre Cœur* in Canada. Madame Viennet was overwhelmed with grief at her decision, and immediately broke up her establishment in New Orleans to follow her niece to Canada. "I can at least live in sight of the walls that enclose my darling," she said.

Mrs. Barrett, with her son and her ward, returned to New York as soon as Juliet was able to travel. There Grey threw himself with feverish energy into the study of law.

"Anything to forget," he said to himself, but with strange inconsistency he would spend weeks in the quaint Canadian city, and in the gray cathedral would listen to a wonderful voice that filled the aisles and arches with its melody. Crowds were attracted to the cathedral by the fame of her singing, but none in the breathless, enraptured crowd of listeners knew who she was, except the stately, sad old lady who came daily to the cathedral, and the young man on whose arm she leaned, and

whose eyes were always fixed upon the baffling curtain before the choir. But before another autumn they missed her voice in the penitential psalm and the glorious anthem.

Madame Viennet wrote to Grey: "She is dead. She is at rest. They let me go in to see her one evening, and she lay, pale and faint, on her narrow couch. I knew she was going to die. Then she whispered your name to me. 'Tell him I think God has forgiven me, and I can pray for him now,' she said. In the morning they found her lying before her crucifix on the bare stone floor, a heavenly smile on her still white face, and her cold hands clasped in prayer. She was dead—my darling, my beautiful Eulalie."

So the marvellous voice was silenced on earth, perhaps to swell the chorus of the angels in heaven. There is no grief, however wild and despairing, that time does not soften in the heart of the young. Grey Barrett was twenty-two years old, and the fair face of a dead love could not shut out all the brightness of life. Eulalie Raymond's memory was a short, bright dream, ending in a troubled awakening. Juliet Ripley was a living, sweet reality; a real presence, conferring happiness on all around her by her smiles and her kindness. The love Grey finally gave to her was less passionate, but infinitely better, deeper, and more enduring than his adoration of the beautiful, unfortunate Eulalie. It has stood the test of twenty years of married life, and grows stronger each day. Juliet's hazel eyes are as bright, her laugh as clear, and her heart as true, as when she sat, a slender little maiden, in the deep stone window sill of the Canadian inn, and watched the crowd moving fast to the great cathedral; and Grey's eyes dwell on her with infinitely greater love and pride than they did on that clear sunny morning.

Mrs. Barrett is not now an "invalid." She has no longer a wish ungratified, since, for twenty years, she has called sweet Juliet "daughter."

MENTAL CULTIVATION.—What slubbing, ploughing, digging, and harrowing is to land, thinking, reflecting, and examining is to the mind. Each has its proper culture; and as the land that is suffered to lie waste and wild for a long time will be overspread with brushwood, brambles, thorns, and weeds, which have neither use nor beauty, so there will not fail to sprout up in a neglected, uncultivated mind, a great number of prejudices and absurd opinions, which owe their origin partly to the soil itself, the passions and imperfections of the mind of man, and partly to those seeds which chance to be scattered in it by every kind of doctrine which the cunning of statesmen, the singularity of pedants, and the superstition of fools shall raise.—*Berkeley.*

A TRUE STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY MRS. DENISON.

LENNY TO ALICE.

DEAR COUSIN: For the first time in seven days I have a leisure hour. First papa was taken ill, then Bob, then mamma, and now, just as we were maturing our plans for further progress, papa is down again. It is selfish in me to wish you were here, and yet I do. You have such a brave heart, darling, while we are all cowards. Yes, I won't even except Frank, who keeps out of the house as much as possible. You have never seen Frank. He is not a lover, as you hinted in your last letter, never pretended even to like me. He is one of your irreproachables; so good that it makes one ache to see him commit some little impropriety. But I did not mean to talk of him. Let us turn to more agreeable matters—for instance, the terrible racket we had here last night. Papa is heartily sorry now that he ever took the house. You know it has been his ambition for years to own real estate, and this seemed such a grand bargain. But—you may laugh at me if you please—it is haunted, it really is. On some nights the noise is unearthly. Groans sound from room to room, unseen feet wander at will all over the place, and that shrill, horrible whistle sounds sometimes as deafening as if there was a locomotive at the door begging for admittance. All this is very tiresome, as well as frightful, and has been doubly annoying since we have been ill. I fear we are going to be unlucky, for since we moved here there have been a succession of miseries. Some of our produce is lost for want of hands to work at the right time, and, if papa continues sick long, I don't know what will become of us. And yet I should feel very unwilling to give up this beautiful place. The situation is lovely; the lake can be seen from nearly all the windows; long stretches of upland meadow, burdened with grain, lie full in the sun at the right; and at this moment the bending beauty of the long green ranks, jewelled with dew, is something perfectly indescribable. The house is a good one, though, no doubt, very old; built of such timber as ancient carpenters worked upon, strong and sound, and plenty of it to build another. It is a massive frame house, square, and divided by a hall east and west. Not far from here is the parsonage, as yet untenanted, for the parson is a single man, and bids fair to remain so. The seminary is in sight; and, as Frank is the principal, and there are few boarding-houses here, he begged so hard that we took him in. I have been glad ever since; for (you know we have been friends and playmates since we were children together) he was so confident that we were a nervous set of individuals, shaping hobgoblins out of our fears,

that it is really refreshing, sometimes, to see him come down with pale cheeks, and to hear him acknowledge that he did not sleep well, or that he "studied too late." We always know what that means.

I tell papa that as we have the same sort of noises over and over, and the ghost seems to be very methodical in his movements, that I am getting quite accustomed to the din. Most people laugh at the idea, but it is a fact that the house stood empty for five years. You remember how, on your last visit, when we lived in Bellamy, we were talking it over. You said that if they would make you an offer of the house, you would risk all the trouble the ghost might give you, and you expressed a wish to sleep in it one night. Well, now, here is an opportunity for you to sleep in it a good many nights, if you will only come. Mamma says: "It seems as if a sight of Alice would do me good." You know you were always her favorite. I hasten to tell you that the little illnesses which we generally keep on hand are not to be laid to the climate. Mamma's neuralgia is traditional, so is papa's rheumatism, and Bob is just blessedly over the measles, and delightfully cross. Aunt Judith is here; that speaks for the state of our culinary matters. She makes butter once a week, and keeps us in the most delicious curds. There never was such a woman as Aunt Judith—and at this moment I must answer her pleasant little call. Something is going on in the kitchen. Pray excuse the abruptness of my ending.

The letter was signed, sealed, stamped, and sent. Helen, commonly called Lenny, went herself to the little post-office, taking Bob along. The breeze blew her curls, and sent a fresh color into her cheeks. At the post-office door, coming out, she met Ann Sinclair, the clergyman's sister. Never were there two more complete opposites. Ann was tall and muscular. Lenny a roly-poly, comfortable little body, full of dimples, and possessing a pair of eyes that had made more than one swain feel uncomfortable. Miss Ann's constant employment seemed to be to hedge her brother's way with difficulties and impediments in the matrimonial road. Lenny was one of her chief torments, since she always made it a point to appear particularly solicitous of her brother's welfare.

"I hope Mr. Sinclair feels none the worse to-day for his yesterday's effort," said Lenny, after the usual compliments had been passed.

"Then he called at your house?" said Miss Ann, uneasily.

"Oh, yes, such a nice long call! Papa is ill, you know, and they got talking about their favorite subjects. Then Aunt Judith prepared supper, and who can refuse her cream-cheese and fresh honey? You should come over, Miss Ann, and test our hospitality. There

isn't such another cook in the country as Aunt Judith."

Miss Ann smiled dubiously. "And do you really find that the house is haunted?" she asked, after a murmured acknowledgment.

"We certainly hear very mysterious noises," replied Lenny, "but they don't frighten us as much as they did; the novelty has worn off." She had sent little Bob ahead to pick butter-cups. "We do certainly get annoyed sometimes; but, as the ghosts, or whatever they are, don't appear, and trouble us in no other way, why, we let them go on with their pranks. It doesn't hurt us, certainly, unless it deprives us of sleep."

"Then you haven't seen anything?"

"No, indeed. I've never been afraid of that."

"But the Joneses only lived there three months; they used to see frightful things. For my part I don't see how anybody can stay in such places; it frightens me to death to pass them. I suppose you heard that the man who built the house smothered his wife—at least, that's the story."

"I wonder he didn't throw her down the well, and board it up," said Lenny. "It's very unromantic to be smothered. I have often thought what a bungler Othello must have been."

"O Miss Lenny, how can you talk so shockingly, living there as you do?" cried Miss Ann, as they came to opposite roads. "It's tempting Providence."

"I wonder if she thinks it would be tempting Providence to marry her brother?" said Lenny, half to herself, as she caught up with Bob. "If I thought she owned the house they lived in, it would be a temptation to me."

Lenny started at the sound of a manly voice, and turned round, all blushes. "Why, Frank," she cried, evidently disappointed, "how you startled me!"

"School is out; had a short session to-day," said the young man, wiping his forehead. "How warm it is! Too warm for a walk, I should think."

"I've been to the post-office."

"Ah! Written to the friend you spoke of last night, who wants to sleep in a haunted house. Ha, ha!"

"Yes, and she's a brave girl, too, though you won't like her."

"Why?"

"In the first place, she is not handsome; in the second, she earns her own living, and believes that that is one of woman's rights and privileges; in the third place, she won't like *you*, and that will be the most unpardonable sin of all, so prepare to hate her."

"So she is strong-minded?"

"Radically so."

"What business does she follow?"

"She has kept store ever since her mother

died. That's ten years ago—and, oh! by the by, she is turned thirty."

"Will she never marry?"

"Not unless she can find her superior."

"Booked for an old maid; such kind of people are," said Frank, turning towards the house.

Lenny laughed to herself. "He'll watch her so closely," she said, as Bob ran by her, his little fat hands full of wild-flowers, "that he'll find himself interested in her before he thinks. And she has heard so much of him—dear me, now, wouldn't it be funny?" She found her mother pale and nervous.

"We've heard the whistle, dear, twice. It is the first time in the daytime."

"Welcome news!" laughed Lenny. "The ghost changes his tactics. If he, or she, or they will only play their pranks in the daytime, it would be an immense relief."

"I think we must give up the house, Lenny," her mother resumed. "I'm sorry, for it's a lovely place. I wonder if we could lay the uneasy spirit?"

"That has been tried, mamma, by the family who lived here before."

"Then, I suppose, we must sell out," said her mother, with a sigh.

At the end of a week's time a jaunty little green wagon brought a jaunty little gray lady, with a gray trunk, and deposited them at the gate of the haunted house. The little gray figure jumped out, put up her silver gray veil, showing a resolute, smiling little face, and in another moment Alice, arm in arm with her cousin, entered the house.

"I should call this pigeon-town, if I had the naming of it," laughed Alice, after all had welcomed her, "for I never saw so many pigeons in my life. They were everywhere. I imagine pigeon stew is not among your delicacies. You are too tender-hearted to kill them. And so this is the haunted house? The moment I received your letter I determined that I had worked too hard this summer, and needed a vacation; so I installed Milly behind the counter, sent for her sister, and here I am."

"You are fearless to trust Milly, then?"

"She seems more like a sister than a servant. I would leave her with uncounted gold. Besides, she has all the tricks of the shop at her fingers' ends. She is scrupulous to a hair's breadth, never gives an inch over or under a yard, while I sometimes lose my profits by being too generous. Well, and so the house is really haunted? Is it in this room you hear the noises?"

"All over," replied Lenny. "If father and mother were strong and well, I think they would become accustomed to it. I told you about the whistle, I believe; that seems to be down-stairs, clear and shrill sometimes as a brigand's call. This is the spare-room, especially on the haunted side. I dare say you

don't care about being domiciled here; had you rather sleep in my room?"

"Suppose I take this room, and you come and sleep with me?" said Alice, rising. "I should like to go over the house if you don't mind."

The apartment in which they stood was a plain, square room, carpeted with green, and with green hangings at the windows. It overlooked the lake on the west and the distant hills, that in the warm sunshine seemed like gold that had melted and suddenly hardened into fantastic shapes. Lenny took her cousin across the entry into her own room, which was neat, low-ceilinged, and looked towards the east on a more sombre and less varied landscape. Alice tried all the doors, looked laughingly in the closets, in the hope, as she said, of finding the ghost.

"For do you know," she said, "I don't believe the noises you hear are the tricks of anything disembodied? I really hope your gentleman-boarder is above reproach."

Lenny gave a little cry.

"Certainly. Poor Frank has nothing to do with it, and I am very sure that neither of us connive at the noises. The house stood empty for a long time before papa bought it; people would not live in it. Families moved in one month and out the next. Papa used to laugh at what he called their whimsical notions, but I assure you he is in earnest now about selling or pulling it down. I'm very sorry, for I like the house. The situation is beautiful, and the house convenient. I only wish I knew how to exorcise the evil spirit."

Alice curled her lip a little. "Evil spirit!"

"Wait," said Lenny, laconically, "until to-night."

"Thunder and lightning never wake me up," Alice replied, dusting some specks from her pretty gray merino. "Poor Milly has often ran into my room, half-frightened to death, and found it quite impossible to rouse me, during a thunder-storm, so I shall be a poor bed-fellow for you. But, seriously, I shall try and keep awake."

"There is aunty's call for tea," cried Lenny, "and Frank has just come in. You won't like Frank."

"How do you know?" asked Alice.

"Oh! he's queer. Has old-fashioned notions about women's work and all that sort of thing, not a bit interesting, and a confirmed old bachelor. That will set her to thinking of him," added the sly little minx to herself.

The meal passed off very pleasantly. Both Frank and Alice canvassed each other's faces quietly. Frank was astonished. There was a finished delicacy about the face of Lenny's cousin that surprised him. She had beautiful gray eyes, with long lashes, and lips that were perfect in shape, color, and expression. Besides, she was so well-poised, so self-possessed, so graceful, and at times so witty. He had

half a mind to be angry with Lenny for leading him to believe that her cousin was unattractive, because, before he had studied her well, he was only distantly civil. And Frank himself was no beauty, but a strong-featured, resolute-looking man, with a head that the cousin said would become any judge. The evening passed pleasantly. The two girls went to their room prepared to talk at least half the night.

"Does the ghost ever put out the gas?" asked Alice.

"Never," Lenny replied. "That is one of the things that never goes out in this house. I think I should be frightened in the dark."

"You couldn't provide a better antidote for sleep," Alice said, blinking. "Nothing with me will banish slumber more effectually. However, I am anxious to keep awake to make acquaintance with your unseen friends. Besides, I have so much to say to you."

An hour, two, three passed, and still they were in the full tide of conversation, when suddenly Lenny grasped her cousin's arm. Alice listened for a moment, then sank back, laughing.

"It is rain," she said, "and a high wind. Don't you hear it dashing against the glass?"

"Yes, that is rain. I hear *that*," said Lenny, eagerly. "But the other noise?"

A succession of low moans seemed to echo through the apartment.

"It's the wind sighing through the key-hole," said Alice, listening intently.

"Now, don't you hear footsteps?"

"I can't say I do," was the reply. "I certainly hear a queer noise, but it doesn't seem in the least to me like footsteps."

"And the fluttering of dresses," whispered Lenny.

"Well, perhaps a little like that," responded the matter-of-fact Alice; "but so little that I should fancy it anything else. The fact is, this storm has taken the wind out of the sails of our poor ghost. It is not a fair trial. Suppose you wait till a pleasanter night; I'm sleepy."

She had no sooner said this than she sprang up in-bed. A whistle, clear, shrill, and blood-curdling, sounded in her ear.

"What do you say to that?" asked Lenny. She was pale, nevertheless she could not help laughing at the appearance her cousin presented.

"Why, I think that a pretty substantial blast for a ghost to blow. There's no ghost about it," she added, decisively.

Again the whistle sounded, but this time brokenly, in sobs and fragments, as if the breath that managed it had given out, and a shrill, dreary succession of sharp whispers succeeded.

"Perhaps it's the spirit of a broken-down locomotive," said Alice, after listening again. "It's odd, it's queer; but depend upon it, it's nothing unnatural."

A hll of quiet succeeded, and the girls had nearly gone to sleep, when Lenny started up with a cry.

"What is it now?" asked Alice, thoroughly roused.

"Something cold touched my forehead," replied Lenny, solemnly. "O Alice, you have provoked them! They never have made themselves visible before."

"Neither have they now. I didn't see anything." She turned on the gas.

Something cold touched her forehead. She put her hand up—it was wet. Drip, drip came the moisture. Alice pointed to the ceiling; there a large circle of brown was visible in the white plastering, and the rain had found a fissure in the plastering.

"That's not a ghost, surely," she said, triumphantly. "We should be quite drowned out by morning."

After a short deliberation, the young ladies adjourned to Lenny's room, and Frank declared in the morning that he heard footsteps, and actually *saw* two figures in white pass his open door. Of course he thought it was ghosts and he did not spare them a repetition of the story.

Mr. Alden, Lenny's father, decided to have the leak stopped immediately, and sent for a carpenter. The man came down stairs after working a while.

"I think I've found what haunts your house," he said, laughing. "It's a queer built house, and there's a vacancy between the bricks and the boarding on one side, and that is full of pigeons. It seems to me there must be hundreds there, and scores of 'em are flying round; you can see them. I don't wonder you heard noises; it's like a young army. There's a hole about at the back of the house somewhere, and they've had full possession for years, likely. I've always had a fancy I'd like to overhaul this old house—and a well-built one it is, too."

And this was the end of the ghosts. The pigeons were ousted, and for months shelterless, while pigeon-pie abounded. Alice pondered and searched, and searched and pondered. One day she sent for the same carpenter, and had a window dislodged. Something rolled to the floor. It was a child's tin whistle, battered out of all shape, but still, as Alice asseverated, its motive power was unimpaired. It had been lodged curiously in a cavity of the window frame, and the wind made it play its harmless but not altogether pleasant freaks.

I did not intend this for a love, but a ghost story. Nevertheless, I will add that Frank and Alice made a match of it, and that Lenny, finding that the clergyman's maiden sister did own the little house that had sheltered her brother so long, made up her mind that the pretty parsonage had stood empty long enough, and consented to be the "minister's lady."

BUBBLES.

BY MAY H.

YESTERDAY morning, over the way,
I watched two children at their play:
Two curly heads—one gold, one brown—
Over a wash-tub bending down.

Blowing bubbles! children, they;
But older children, too, they say,
Sometimes blow bubbles; a hundredfold
Better to play it young than old.

"Oh, see!" cried the one with golden hair,
"Mine goes higher than yours. Look there!"
Scarcely was it said, the shining ball
Burst into air in its downward fall.

A shade of sorrow clouded o'er
The face so bright and glad before;
And, wearied with their toilsome play,
They left their sport, and ran away.

And thus, thought I, in life 'twill be;
Our joys, our hopes, like bubbles flee,
And like them hollow, false, and fair,
Will swiftly rise, then burst in air.

For what are worldly honors, fame,
And glory but an empty name—
A bubble, which suspicion's breath
Will break to fragments, quench in death?

And worldly wisdom, justice, truth—
We only dream of them in youth;
With care and trial dawns the day
That scatters fancy's shades away.

We wake, as from a pleasant dream,
And find our hopes all bubbles seem,
Which, as they grew more bright and fair,
Broke into fragments, empty air.

Even life itself is fleeting breath,
That trembles on the brink of death—
A bubble, that when burst is lost,
Forgotten in the countless host.

This world itself, so grand, so fair,
Is but a bubble, strange and rare;
Drifting in space, on toward that shore
Where it shall break to be no more.

Oh, lesson that is hard to learn!
Oh, hearts that work, and strive, and yearn
For some great blessing earth can give,
Let bubbles go—look up and live.

THE MORALS OF ART.—Coleridge says: "Every human feeling is greater and larger than the exciting cause—a proof that man is designed for a higher state of existence; and this is deeply implied in music, in which there is always something more and beyond the immediate expression." But not music only, every production of art ought to excite emotions greater and thoughts larger than itself. Thoughts and emotions, which never, perhaps, were in the mind of the artist, never were anticipated, never were intended by him, may be strongly suggested by his work. This is an important part of the morals of art which we must never lose sight of. Art is not only for pleasure and profit, but for good and for evil.—Mrs. Jameson.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

POCKET FAN.

This fan is easily carried in the pocket. The upper part is made of white silk, plaited and ornamented with *point russe* embroidery. It is drawn into the handle by means of a cord; the handle consists of a tube of card-board seven inches long, measuring four-fifths of an inch

and twelve inches at the bottom. Then fasten the folds of the middle plait over one another, covering the strip of card-board in this manner. Then plait the fan, fasten the plaits with a few stitches, and press them slightly with a hot iron, so that the plaits are marked and remain in the silk when the fan is drawn in and

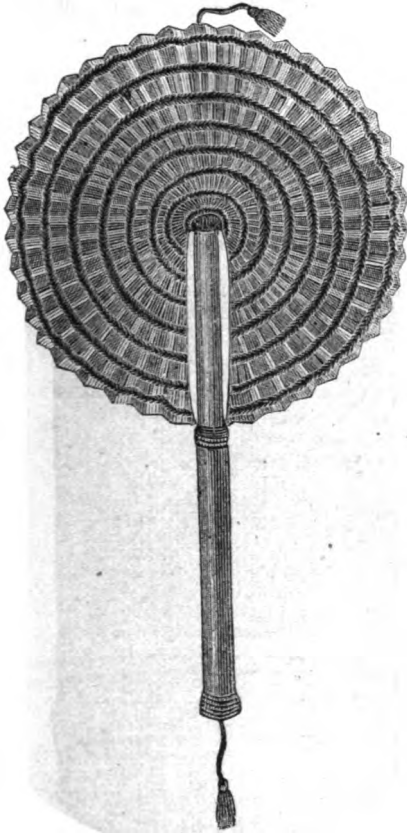


Fig. 1.—Pocket Fan (Open).

across, covered with silk. Fig. 1 shows the fan open; Fig. 3 as it is drawn through the tube. The piece of silk for the fan must be twenty-eight inches long and four and three-fifths inches wide. It is then embroidered from illustration, and plaited all round; the plaits must be two-fifths of an inch deep, and the folds must come exactly one over the other. Paste a strip of card-board into the middle plait; it must be four and two-fifths inches long, three-fifths of an inch wide, and folded in half its width. A white silk cord must be fastened beforehand into the strip of card-board, hanging one and one-fifth inches beyond it at the top,

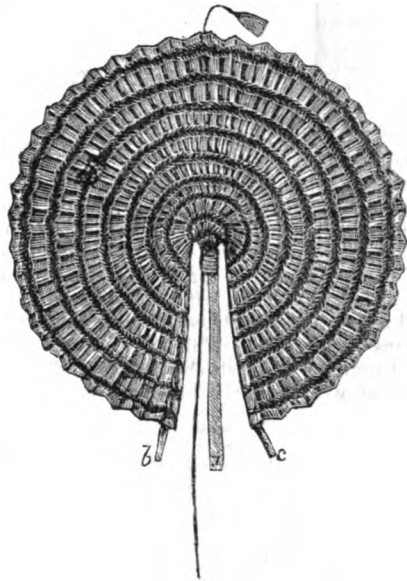


Fig. 2.—Detail of Fan.

out. The plaits are sewn together on one side, and wound round with a thread, as can be seen on Fig. 2. Fasten on at the same time a piece of ribbon two-fifths of an inch wide, four and four-fifths inches long. The ribbon, as well as

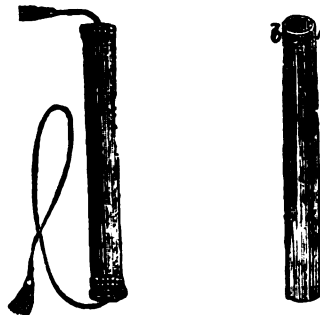


Fig. 3.—Pocket Fan (Closed). Fig. 4.—Tube for Fan. the silk cord, is drawn through a card-board tube covered with silk, which must be two-fifths of an inch shorter than that which forms the handle, and thin enough to be pushed into

it. Fasten the ribbon at the bottom, at the place marked *a* on the tube 1. Then open the fan, from Fig. 2, and fasten the ribbons *b* and *c*, each being four-fifths of an inch long, at the top of the tube 2 at the corresponding letters, drawing in the fan and the tube 1 into the



Fig. 5.—Tube for Fan.



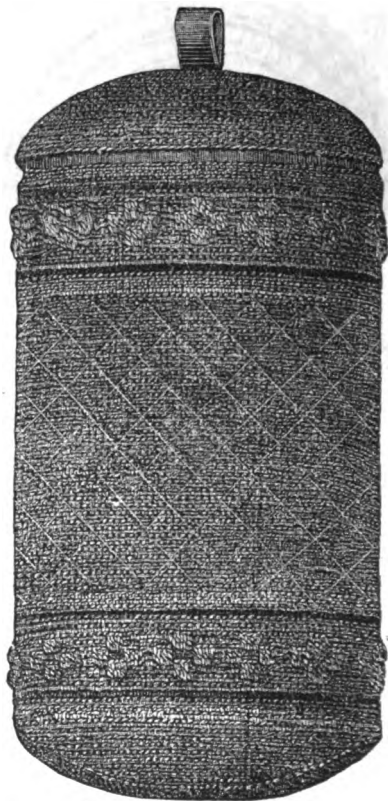
Fig. 6.—Tassel for Fan.

handle. These stitches are covered with a circle of beads. At the bottom the cord is drawn through a case made of beads. These beads are threaded on wire; form with them a flat circle, corresponding in size to the width of the handle, join on to it a border two-fifths of an inch high. Then wind the wire in coils, and fasten the separate coils to one another by means of finer wire. This case is fastened on the handle by a few stitches. The cord is finished off with small silk tassels.

CROCHET CIGAR-CASE.

THIS cigar-case is made of two pieces of card-board, made to slide into each other in the manner seen in illustration, the inner piece being rather smaller than the outer, so that it may slide in and out with ease. The inner part is covered on both sides with brown silk, only the round end having a covering of crochet. The outer part is lined with brown silk, and covered outside with crochet. Commence by cutting out the card-board, and when you have laid on the silk for the lining, gum the sides together, and cover the outside of the inner piece also with silk. Then work the crochet covering for the end of the inner piece as follows: Make with brown netting silk a chain of six stitches, join it into a circle with a slip stitch, and work on this 13 rows of double, increasing gradually at the opposite ends of the work, so as to form a flat oval three inches long and two inches and a quarter wide. Round this work 6 rows of double without increase, and then fold the piece lengthwise; press the rounded edge of the card-board into the crochet, to form a crease, and work on the wrong side a row of double stitches on the stitches marked by this crease. In the middle of this crease sew outside a small ribbon loop, and draw the crochet over the end of the card-board. Now begin the crochet cover for the larger piece in the same way, allowing for the

larger dimensions, and working 15 instead of 13 rows for the oval. When the covering for the end is finished, proceed to work in connection with it as follows: 2 rows of double with light brown silk, 1 row with middle brown, 1 row with dark brown, then 10 rows with middle brown, putting in the 4th, 6th, and 8th rows spots in treble stitch, according to the illustration. Each spot consists of three treble stitches worked over the front thread of the double stitch in the last row but one, the double in the last row being missed. In the 4th row these spots occur at intervals of 7 double, in the 6th row at intervals of 3 double, in the 8th row at



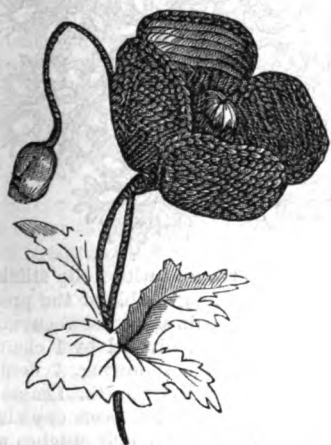
intervals of 7 double. In the 5th, 7th, and 9th rows these spots are passed over, and 1 chain-stitch worked. After these 10 rows work 1 row of double with dark brown silk, 1 row with middle shade, two rows with light brown. The last row must be divisible by 8, and if necessary a few stitches added. Work 41 rows of double as follows: Without cutting off the light brown silk, take up the dark brown, and draw the dark silk through the loop with the light silk in the last light stitch. (Throughout the work the different shades are taken up and laid aside without cutting off the silk, which is slipped at the back of the work.) *1st row. * 1*

dark brown, 2 light brown, 3 middle brown, 2 light brown, repeat from * to the end of the row. *2d.* * 1 middle brown, 1 dark brown, 2 light brown, 1 middle brown, 2 light brown, 1 dark brown, repeat from *. *3d.* * 2 middle brown, 1 dark brown, 3 light brown, 1 dark brown, 1 middle brown, repeat from *. *4th.* * 3 middle brown, 1 dark brown, 1 light brown, 1 dark brown, 2 middle brown, repeat from *. *5th.* * 2 middle brown, 2 light brown, 1 dark brown, 2 light brown, 1 middle brown, repeat from *. *6th.* * 1 middle brown, 2 light brown, 1 dark brown, 1 middle brown, 1 dark brown, 2 light brown, repeat from *. *7th.* * 2 light brown, 1 dark brown, 3 middle brown, 1 dark brown, 1 light brown, repeat from *. *8th.* * 1 light brown, 1 dark brown, 5 middle brown, 1 dark brown, repeat from *. Repeat these 8 rows 4 times, and then work 1 row like the 1st row. Now work 2 rows in light brown, 1 row in middle brown, 1 row in dark brown silk, then 10 rows in middle brown, in spots, 1 row in dark brown, 1 row in middle brown, 2 rows in light brown. Draw this cover over the card-board, and fasten it down. Slip the inner piece inside the outer piece, and the case is complete.

CROCHET POPPY.

Materials.—Purse silk, wire, and zephyr.

TAKE some fine wire and work over it 1 treble, 1 plain, and 2 treble in succeeding stitch, 3 treble in the next, and 3 treble again in the next. On the other side of the flower you

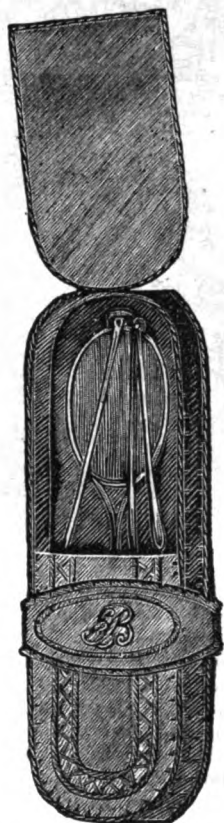


work all over the wirework, 4 treble in one stitch (the same in which you worked 3 before), then 3 treble in next stitch and 2 treble in each of the 3 following, 1 double in the next, 3 single. Then work as follows all round the petal: 1 double and 1 treble in 1st double, 1 treble in each of the next 7 stitches, 2 treble in each of the next 11 stitches, 1 treble in each of the next 7 stitches, 1 treble, and 1 double in the next, 1 single; fasten off. Four such petals are required for each

flower. For the stamens, take the black silk and make a chain about three-fifths of an inch long, leave a long end of silk hanging from the chain, thread a needle with this silk and work a bit of fringe upon the mesh with it, inserting the needle into the chain after forming each loop. Draw out the mesh, cut open the silk loops, roll up the bit of fringe very tight, and fasten it up so that the chain forms a little round ball. Add a small wire stem covered with silk. Dispose the petals round this centre upon a thicker stem covered with green wool.

SPECTACLE CASE.

THIS simple and useful article is made of card-board, covered with brown silk on both sides, the inside having a thin layer of wadding underneath the silk. It is five inches long and one inch and three-quarters wide, and is composed of 5 pieces—the bottom, the rim, the top,

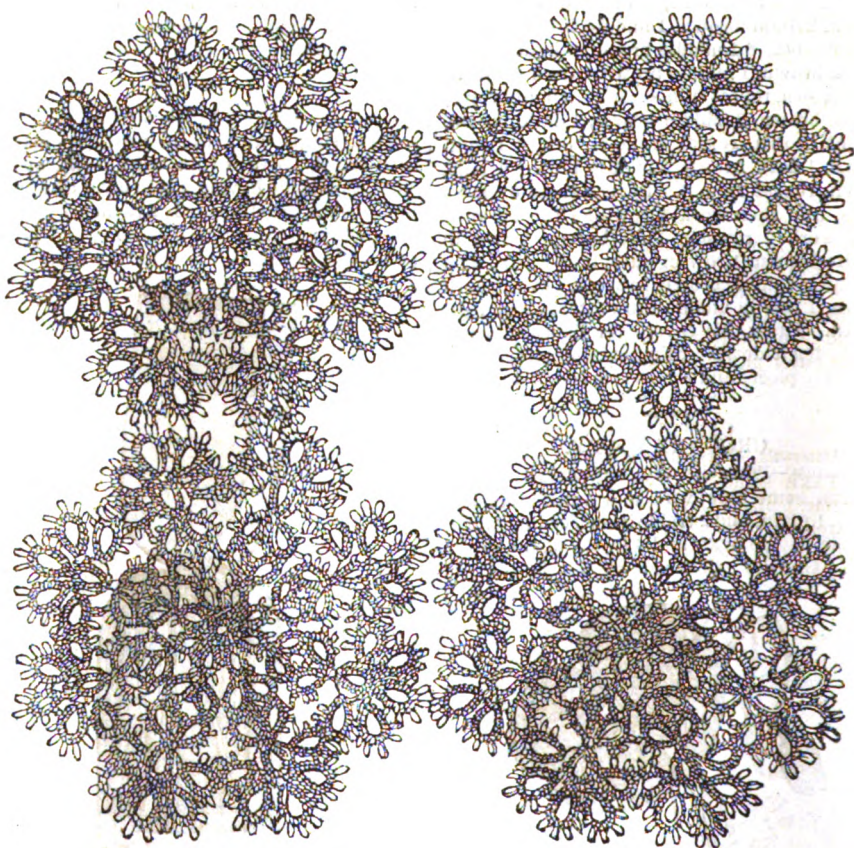


half of which is cut off to form the lid and the slide. The top is neatly embroidered with braid and herring-bone stitch, and the pieces are joined together with overcast stitch. The slide is made of 1 piece, the ends of which are stitched together at the back, and a piece of elastic fastens it to the bottom of the case.

SOFA TIDY OF TATTING.

IN tatting it is far more puzzling to work from written instructions than from an engraving, which, in this design, is a fac-simile of the work itself. It is commenced in the centre with 1 tat, having 8 loops, 2 stitches between each loop. Into each of these loops 3 plain stitches are made, then a loop, then 3 more stitches, a loop, then the two tats are worked

Fig. 1. Begin with the cup of the upper blossom of the spray, the 1st 3 rounds of which are like the 1st 3 rounds of the spray Fig. 2. 4th and 5th rounds. 15 double stitch in each, then turn and work the 6th round; 10 long double divided by 1 chain stitch in the 10 following stitches of the preceding round (the 1st long double is formed by 2 chain), in the following 5 stitches, 7 double. Fasten the last stitch of



and joined as in engraving, and the tat first commenced is finished. When these two circles of tats are finished, the outside row, consisting of 2 rows of tats, is worked, consisting of a centre tat having 4 loops, round which 5 tats are worked, then the 2 tats, which are joined in their places to the centre piece of tatting which was first worked. The tidy, when finished, is lined with the llama, which is first fringed out three nails in depth.

CROCHET SPRAYS OF FLOWERS.

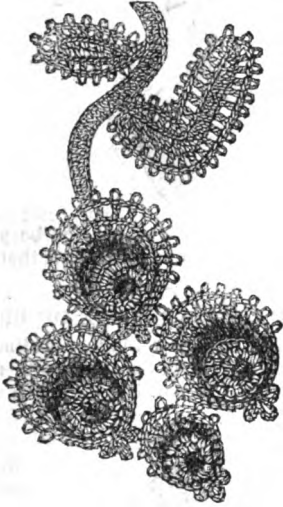
Materials.—Twilled crochet cotton of two different sizes.

THESE sprays of flowers are suitable for trimming collars and cuffs, cravat ends, children's frocks, etc.

every round to the first with 1 slip stitch. 7th round. On every long double of the preceding round 1 treble, 1 chain stitch between, now and then work 2 treble, divided by 1 chain on 1 long double; on the following, 7 double, 12 double. 8th round like the 7th. Leave 1 purl after every treble, as has been explained already; and after the 6 double stitches worked on the 1st 6 double of the preceding round, work the three following loops; 5 chain, 1 slip stitch in the last worked double stitch, 7 chain, 1 slip stitch in the same double stitch, 5 chain, 1 more slip stitch in the same double. The 3 other larger leaves are worked in the same way, but in larger dimensions, by making 20 stitches in the cup, and by working the 7th round twice, fasten the blossoms together at the places marked on illustration. Work the

stem last; make a foundation chain of 10 stitches; and after the last stitch, work the small leaf. 1st round. 12 chain, miss the last 3, turn and work alternately 1 long double, 1 chain, missing 1 chain stitch under the latter. Work the 2d round over the 1st in the same manner; after every trefoil leaf make 1 purl, and do not miss any stitch 4 times following in the upper part of the middle of the leaf. After having fastened the last stitch of this round with 1 slip stitch, work 22 stitches for the stem, fasten this with 1 slip stitch on the lower blos-

Fig. 1.

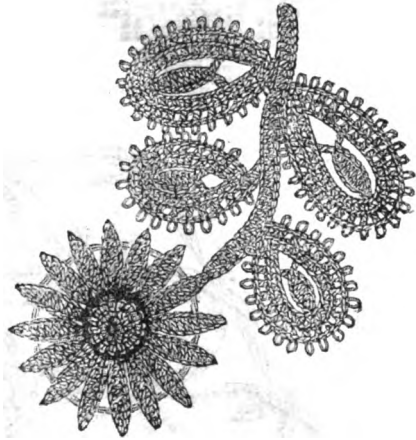


som, turn and work 1 treble in each chain stitch of the stem. After 16 treble, work the large leaf as follows: 1st row of the large leaf, 31 chain stitch, miss the 2 last, turn and work the 2d row; 3 double, 15 treble, miss the 2 next chain stitch under them, 9 treble, 2 double. The 3d row is worked round the leaf thus: Alternately 1 treble, 1 purl, 1 chain, missing 1 stitch under the latter; in the 2d stitch missed in the preceding row, work 2 treble, divided by 1 chain stitch; on the opposite side miss 3 stitches, but do not divide the 2 treble stitches by 1 chain. This gives a curved shape to the leaf.

Fig. 2. Begin with the cup of the flower; take the coarsest cotton and make a foundation chain of 5 stitches; join them into a circle, and work 5 rounds in the following manner: 1st round. 2 double in every stitch of the foundation chain. 2d. On the 10 double stitch of the preceding round, 15 double. 3d. 15 double. 4th. 20 double. 5th. 20 double. Then turn the work. Fasten the finer cotton on the last stitch of the cup, and begin the first flower leaf; * 11 chain, miss the last turn, and work 2 double, 2 treble; to join the different leaves together, work 1 purl after the 2 treble; make the purl by drawing out the loop on the needle a little longer, take the needle out carefully, insert it in the upper part

of the last stitch, and then work 5 treble, 1 slip stitch in the 6 following stitches of the foundation chain. When you work the stitch after the purl, take care not to draw the latter too tight. Work 1 slip stitch on the cup, and repeat 15 times more from *. As the outer edge of the cup has 20 stitches, miss 1 stitch now and then. When you make the foundation chain of the following leaves, work, instead of the 7th chain, 1 slip stitch, inserting the needle in the purl of the preceding leaf. After the last flower leaf, work the stem of the spray with its leaves; but before doing this, the middle veinings must be worked. For each veining of the two small upper leaves make a foundation chain of 9 stitches, miss the last, turn and work as follows: 1 slip stitch, 5 treble, 1 slip stitch, 1 chain, fasten the cotton carefully at the beginning and end. The veinings of the larger leaves are worked in the same manner, only begin with a chain of 11 stitches. Then, for the stem, make a foundation chain of 14 stitches; then a smaller leaf on the left side of the stem; this leaf is worked in rounds as follows: 1st round of the leaf. 7

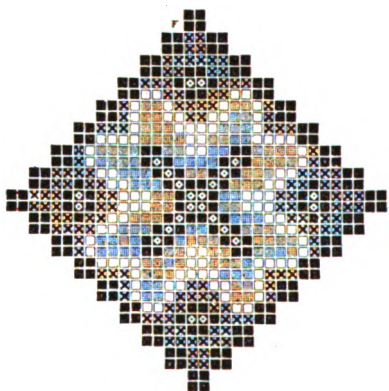
Fig. 2.



chain, 1 slip stitch in the 1st chain stitch left free in one of the small veinings, 12 chain stitch, 1 slip stitch in the upper part of the middle of the veining, 12 chain, 1 slip stitch in the last chain left free in the veining, 4 chain, 1 slip stitch in the 5th of the 1st 7 chain of this round, so that the 1st 4 chain stitches of the same remain free for the stem of the leaf. 2d round. Alternately 1 long double, 1 chain, miss 1 stitch of the preceding round under it (the 1st long double is formed of 2 chain stitch); only in the upper part of the middle of the leaf do not miss any stitch three times following; at the end of the round work 1 slip stitch in the 1st slip stitch of the preceding round. 3d round like the 2d round. After every long double, make 1 purl in the way above described; at the end of the round, cro-

chet 4 long double in the 4 chain stitches left for the stem of the leaf. Then work 14 chain stitches for the large stem of the next large leaf, which is worked like the one just described, only in larger proportions, by working in the 1st round a greater number of chain stitches round the larger veining. After you have completed this leaf, work 6 chain stitches for the large stem, turn and work 1 treble in each chain stitch, working the 2 leaves on the right side of the stem when you come to their respective places.

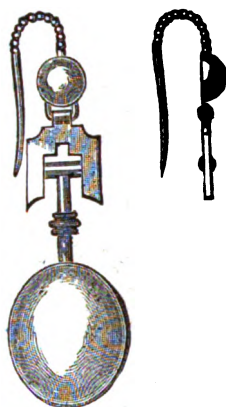
STAR IN BEADS OR BERLIN WOOL.



PATENT EAR-RING HOOK.

Fig. 1 shows it applied to the ear-ring. This is a new invention to prevent ear-rings from being lost. We fear the sensation of the rough

Fig. 1.



part entering the ear would not be pleasant; but we like to give our readers all that is new.

ANTIMACASSAR MADE OF BRAID.

THIS is quite a new kind of antimacassar, and very pretty when executed with neatness and accuracy. It consists of seven separate

Fig. 1.

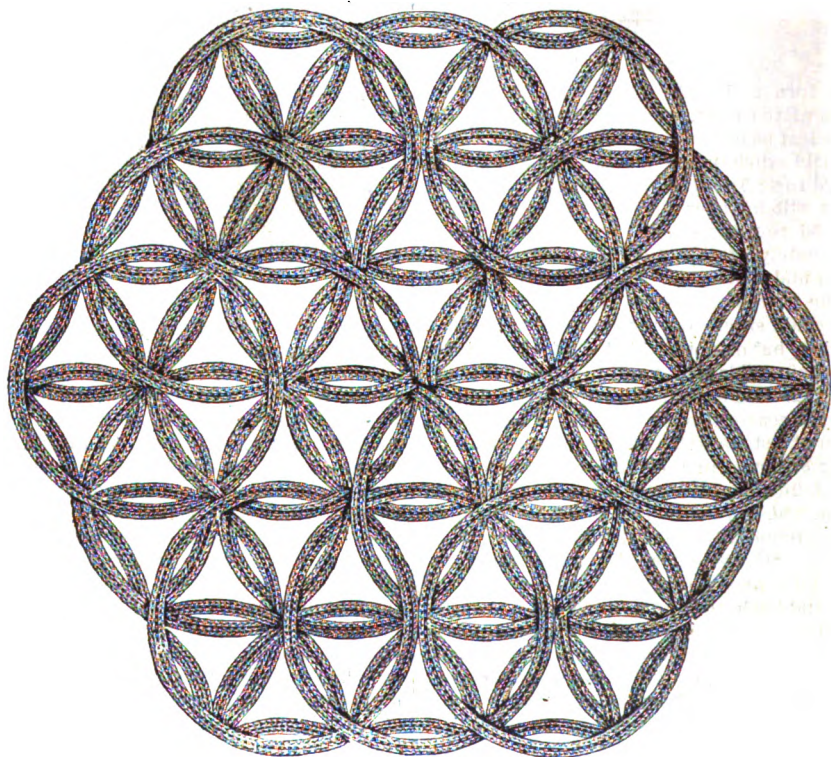
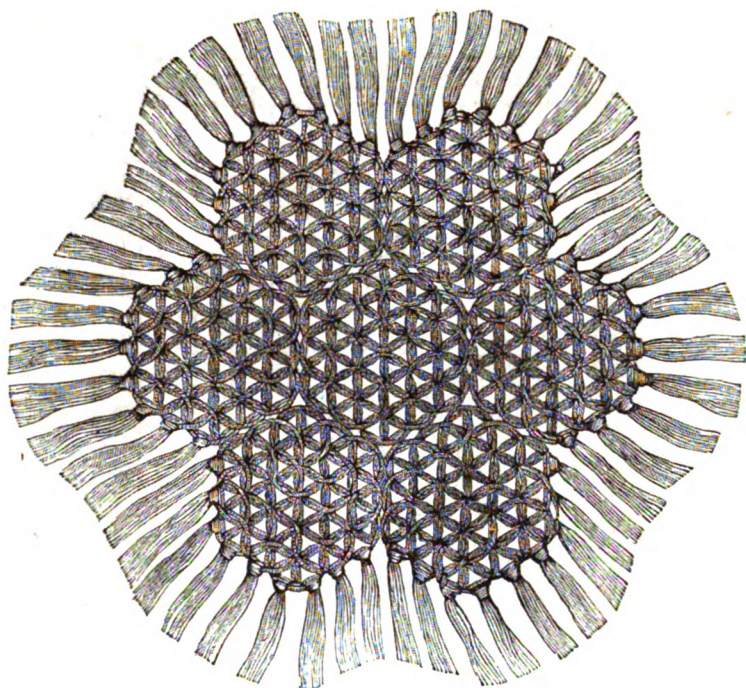


Fig. 2



rosettes (like that shown in Fig. 1) sewn together with fine thread, and surrounded by cotton fringe, as seen in Fig. 2. In order to make the rosettes, draw the pattern first on paper, and then run the braid along the lines, observing to avoid cutting the braid, and stitching the points where the braids cross each other firmly together. When the rosette is finished, tear away the paper at the back without breaking the threads.

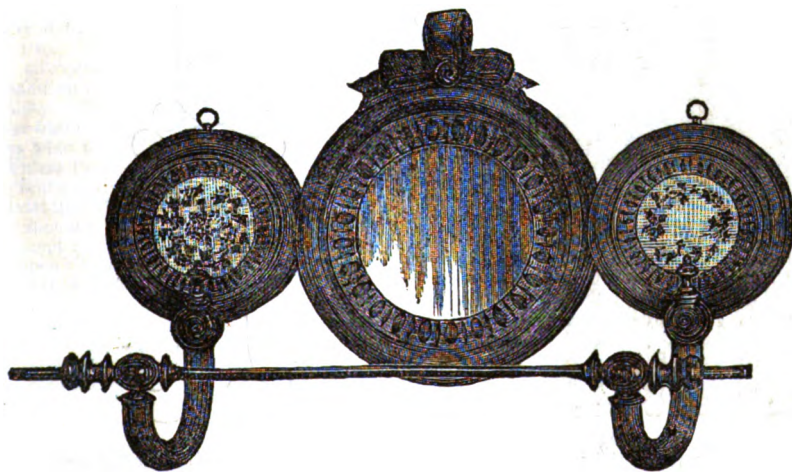
HANGING TOWEL RACK.

MADE of oiled walnut, with looking-glass in centre, and embroidered pieces at each side.

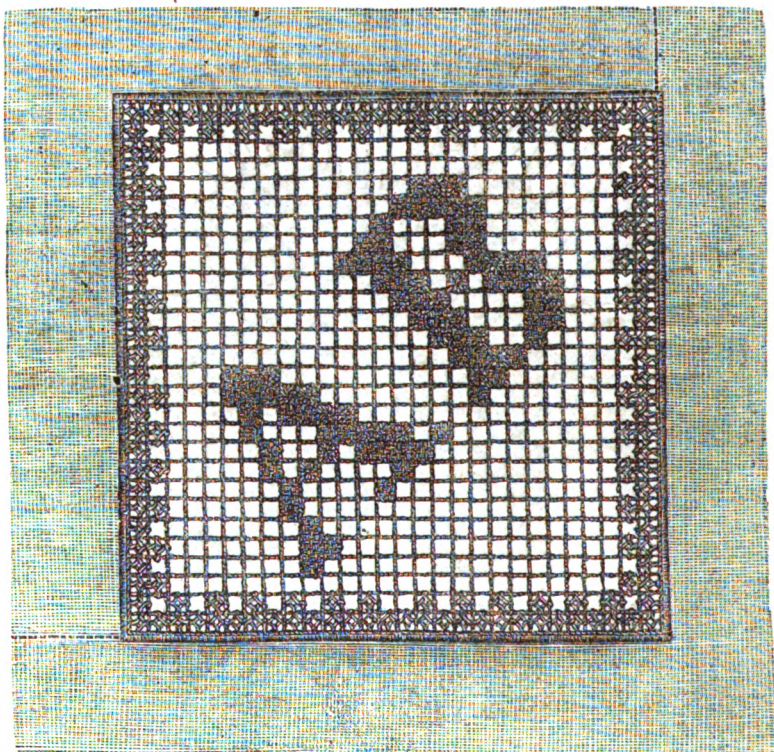
LETTERS FOR MARKING, IN GUIPURE D'ART.

(See Plate Printed in Blue in Front of Book.)

DIRECTIONS for working in guipure d'art were given in the Supplement with the Janu-

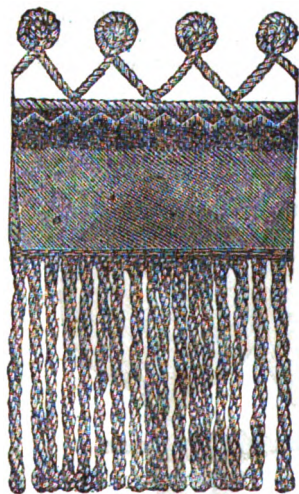


HANGING TOWEL RACK.

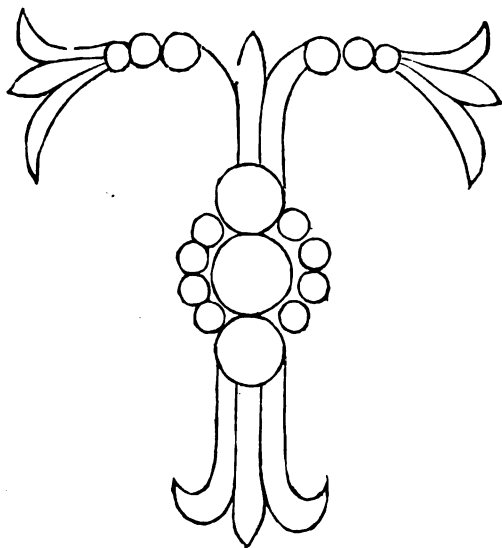


ary number. The engraving above shows the method of inserting the letters with netting in a square around them.

TRIMMING FOR DRESSES.



LETTER FOR MARKING.



THE foundation is of stiff muslin; the fringe is sewn to the lower edge of it, and over it is placed a broad rouleau of silk. At the upper edge is a little fancy velvet trimming, with a heading of cord, put on in the form shown in the design.

Receipts, &c.

HEALTH AND COMFORT IN THE SLEEPING-ROOMS.

THE notion that feather beds are unhealthy and mattresses healthy is as erroneous as many other notions. A feather bed is only unhealthy when the sleeper finds himself too warm in it. Many persons find them objectionable for this reason in summer, but there are many others who do not, and there are constitutions to which during the cold winter months the warmth of feathers is almost necessary. A feather bed is a greater luxury than a mattress, and perhaps for this reason it is as well not to bring children up to use them, considering that the fewer luxuries you accustom your children to expect, the better they will get through life. Nothing is more uncomfortable to lie upon than an ill-kept feather bed. Beds need care and good shaking. Cover the tick with a case made of unbleached calico, which can be more readily removed to wash than the tick itself, and which preserves it. Mark this in ink. Feather beds require a great deal of good, hearty shaking. It is excellent exercise, and promotes the health and spirits; but it is a remarkable fact that few servants are to be found in the present day willing to shake a feather bed. They just push or wriggle it about a little, languidly, as if they were too weak, or too tight-laced to use their arms, and modern ladies too frequently appear afraid to put a hand to anything.

A bed should be well shaken as violently as possible by the four corners alternately, and the two sides of the centre; shake it again and again. Turn it and repeat the process. Then feel for any knots of feathers in the middle, and separate them with the hands. It is only when any one is suffering from heart disease or weakness of the heart consequent on debility that bed-shaking will not do them good. This may be known by excessive palpitation or faintness. On rising, strip the bed. Do not lay the clothes back over the footboard, but remove them on one or two chairs. Otherwise the bed will be short at the feet and uncomfortable. Shake the bolsters and pillows. Shake and turn the bed, and then turn it back over the footboard to air between the bed and mattress. Let it lie so an hour or more. Then lay it fit for covering, and leave it another hour to rise.

Some advocates for excessive neatness have the beds made up immediately they are vacated. It is not healthy. They need to air for a couple of hours. Open the windows at top and bottom—not at one end only—as wide as possible, and set open the door also. Unless there is a thorough draught, there is no true ventilation of a sleeping-room. Half an hour is the least time the door also should be open. The window should remain open till half an hour before dusk, except in very sultry weather, when it may remain open altogether. The only exception to this rule is during high winds, when the door cannot safely remain open, and in very wet and foggy weather. The window can then be opened a little at top and bottom for a short time, as it is not good to admit a very humid atmosphere. In fine summer weather it does a feather bed good to lie all day on a lawn once in awhile, or half out of window across the sill.

To make a bed properly, be sure to wash the hands clean first. Having shaken and aired the bed, and laid it as square as possible, with the feathers even to all the corners, but a slight rise in the centre,

place on a blanket first. Some persons dispense with an under blanket. This should never be done, as it is not wholesome. The perspiration from the body, without such a protection, is unduly absorbed by the feathers. Next lay on the bolster, above this the sheet, and cover the bolster with it. Tuck in the sheet at the sides, but be sure not to diminish the size of the bed. Also slip it under at the foot by raising the two corners and passing the sheet under, being sure not to shorten the bed in the least, or to tuck in the corners.

These are the next most important items after well shaking. Observe the same rule with every piece of the clothing. Put on the pillows lightly; lay on the sheets and blankets one at a time, lightly, and tuck each in separately. Never throw them in a lump on the centre to depress the bed. Lastly, place on the counterpane. This is not tucked in. If the bed is not sufficiently raised, you may now push it up to the centre from each side, and pull the ends of the counterpane even. If it is raised enough, merely press up the sides with the hands like a deep border, and then pull down the counterpane straight. The counterpane should entirely cover the bolster, and if there are any curtains, they should be folded and laid across at the head. Before bed-time, the curtains should be drawn and the sheet turned over the counterpane ready for use. The more like a pin-cushion a bed looks, the better it is considered to be made. The bed should always be as long and wide as the bedstead, coming well down to the footboard, and not sloping away too much at the feet, which is a common error in bed-making.

If a mattress is placed on a bed, it should be removed and the bed daily shaken, for if the feathers are allowed to knot together, the bed will be spoiled. The very best feather bed which can be bought, if neglected, will become as hard or harder than the commonest flock, and be as unpleasant to sleep upon as a sack stuffed with cotton-reels. Mattresses and palliasses should be brushed at least once a month, removed from the bedstead, and the bedstead dusted.

Upholsterers' beds of a good quality will be found to require much more shaking than home-made beds. It is a good plan to slip an old, soft, washed tick loose over the real tick of the pillow-cases, or to put two slips upon them to keep them clean, now that nightcaps are rarely worn. All feather beds, and also mattresses, require occasionally to be unpicked, and the feathers or wool and ticks cleaned. Pillows need this oftener than beds. Sleeping on pillows which need the feathers cleaned is said to cause drowsiness in the morning, from an exhalation of a narcotic kind from the oil they have absorbed, and which fills out the stalks of the feathers again that have been dried before being used.

Bed curtains are necessary or not according as a sleeping-room is draughty or otherwise. If used, it should only be across the head of the bed, never at the foot, or so as to enclose the sleeper in confined air. Many rooms require them, to prevent the occupiers from ear and tooth aches, stiff necks, and colds, etc. Very often it is sufficient to drape the window, and unless unmistakably needful, the bed itself is better without. It is always well that the light should be partly shaded, either by curtains or a green window blind. A strong glare of white light falling on a sleeping person or child is apt to render the eyes weak.

MANAGEMENT OF THE TEETH.

Tartar.—Tartar is an earthy deposit, which is made up of the solid constituents of the saliva, and accumulates around the necks and crowns of the teeth.

The result of the deposit of tartar about the teeth is to cause the gums to be irritated, and then loosened from the teeth. When much tartar has collected about the teeth, it should skillfully be removed by a dentist, and only by a dentist, who will probably recommend some preparation of his own selection, to restore tone to the gums. The following is a good lotion, to be freely used, after the removal of tartar, to strengthen the gums:—

| | |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| Tannin | 1 scruple. |
| Brandy | $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce. |
| Camphor mixture | 4 ounces. |

To be used as a mouth-wash night and morning.

In those in whom there is a disposition to the formation of tartar about the teeth, it is only necessary, for preventing its accumulation, to be very careful to cleanse the teeth thoroughly once a day, better still twice, with a tooth-powder that is somewhat gritty; all the better is it if the gritty particles are soluble in water. The simple powders composed of chalk or cuttle-fish may be with advantage employed.

Rotten and Decayed Teeth.—We desire to point out how great are the evils that result from permitting rotten and decayed teeth to remain in the mouth. In the first place, decayed teeth are liable to be attacked with toothache; this, in itself, should make one anxious to get rid of bad teeth, but then there is much more than this—mastication cannot be properly performed; the food is not, therefore, properly pounded up and mixed with saliva, and hence cannot be digested but with difficulty. Again, rotten teeth foul the breath, and induce irritation and an unhealthy state of the gums, abscesses about the fangs, and indirectly disorder the stomach in so doing. The presence of rotten and decaying teeth, inducing foul and offensive secretions and breath, must, of necessity, take away appetite. The sooner decayed teeth are seen to, the better. A decayed tooth should be examined by a dentist, and attended to in the way of stopping or extraction, whenever and wherever found. The public are by no means sufficiently aware of the great influence which bad teeth exercise upon the general health of those who unfortunately possess them. The same remark may be made with greater force, perhaps, to the case of old stumps left in the gums. We do not speak now of neuralgia or toothache, because this must be treated of under a distinct and separate head. Remarkable and numerous instances of the various inconveniences and different sufferings that decayed teeth and old stumps may occasion, have been put on record by different authorities on the subject. Ulcers and abscesses about the jaw and chin, ulcers of the tongue, disorders of the eye and ear, epilepsy, headache, have been found to be dependent upon the irritation set up by diseased teeth, and to disappear after the removal of the latter.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Stewed Macaroni.—Boil two ounces of macaroni in water, drain it well; put into a saucepan one ounce of butter, mix it well with one tablespoonful of flour, moisten with four tablespoonfuls of veal stock and a gill of cream, add two ounces of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of mustard, salt and Cayenne to taste; put in the macaroni, and serve as soon as it is well mixed with the sauce and quite hot.

Oyster Catchup.—Boil two dozen of oysters in their liquor till the flavor is drawn from them, strain, and add to the liquor an equal quantity of raisin wine, with a drachm each of mace, whole white pepper, and allspice, and the thin peel of a lemon; simmer twenty minutes, and when cold, bottle with the spices in it. This catchup may likewise be made

of the oysters without their liquor, beaten in a mortar, seasoned with salt, Cayenne pepper, and mace, and added to an equal quantity of raisin wine; then rub through a sieve and bottle.

Stewed Sweetbreads.—First soak them in cold water for two hours, then put them in boiling water, and let them boil for five minutes, take them out, and put them in cold water until they are quite cold. Trim and lard the sweetbreads, and put them in the stewpan with a little carrot, onion, parsley, and thyme; add stock enough just to reach the larding, and put the stewpan in the oven for twenty minutes, then place it on the hot stove, and let it remain there for an hour tightly covered. They must not boil, as it would harden them; they only want to steam. Take them up, and dish them on spinach with their own gravy.

A Method of Stewing Beef.—Take some rumpsteak, pound it well to make it soft, and lard it thoroughly. Put it in a stewpan, in equal parts of white wine and water, and add some leg of veal. Season it with spice, salt, garlic, thyme, and parsley. Boil them over a steady fire for four or five hours. When sufficiently done, remove the meat, and strain the broth through a sieve; then pour it into another pan, and boil it down until it becomes a jelly. If it is wished that the jelly should be clear, the whites of two eggs may be beaten up in a tablespoonful of stock broth, and added to it, and all well mixed. It must then be boiled for seven or eight minutes. Some lemon is then to be added, and the contents of the stewpan strained through a fine calico strainer, taking care not to squeeze the calico, or the dregs may be forced through the pores of the material. The filtered jelly is then put in a cold place to set. When it has become perfectly solid, it is to be cut up with a spoon into large pieces, which are to be arranged on the dish around the piece of meat. Sometimes the jelly is colored before being strained, by the addition of a little powdered cochineal.

To Clarify Dripping.—Break up the dripping into a basin, pour a little boiling water over it, and let it stay in the oven till quite melted; when cold, all the sediment will be found at the bottom; cut it off, and repeat the process until no more sediment remains. All kinds of dripping may be mixed in this way, provided no onions have been used.

Beef Olives.—Cut thin slices of steak two inches by six, put on each at one end a piece of well-flavored pork sausage-meat the size of a pigeon's egg, roll up each olive tightly and neatly, and tie it up with a piece of thread. Fry them in very hot butter until they begin to take color, then take them out, remove the string from each, and lay them by. Fry some onions a gold color in butter, add a very little flour, sweet herbs, a few mushroom trimmings, pepper, and salt, and moisten with some very good gravy or stock; let the sauce boil, then strain it, and carefully lay your olives in it to simmer till done and ready to be served. The sauce should cover them in the saucepan.

Prussian Cutlets.—Take a piece of veal—say one pound—from any part of the calf, free from nerve, with a little fat, chop it up, but not too fine, add to it two teaspoonfuls of chopped onions, one of salt, half a one of pepper, a little grated nutmeg, chop it a little more, and make it into pieces of the size of two walnuts, to which give the shape of a cutlet; egg and bread-crumbs each; insert a small bone at the small end, sauce it in fat, oil, lard, or butter, give it ten minutes on a slow fire till a nice brown color, dish and serve with sauce, and serve with any brown or white sauce of stewed vegetables you like. Any kind of meat may be used.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Seed Cake.—To one pound and a half of dried and sifted flour the same quantity of fresh butter washed in rose-water, and the same of finely-powdered loaf-sugar; six ounces of blanched sweet almonds, half a pound of citron, and three-quarters of a pound of candied orange-peel, all cut into narrow strips; a grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful of pounded carraway seeds, fifteen eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately. Beat the butter to a cream with the hand, add the sugar, and afterwards the eggs gradually; mix in the flour a small quantity at a time, and afterwards the sweetmeats, almonds, and spice. Stir in a glass of brandy at the last. Butter the hoop or cake tin, and pour in the cake, nearly filling it; smooth the top of it, scatter carraway comfits over it, and bake in a moderate oven. It should not be moved till nearly baked, as the sweetmeats would fall to the bottom.

A German Chocolate Pudding.—Take two ounces of fine wheat flour, two ounces of butter, a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar pounded fine, the yolks of three and the whites of two eggs, and a quarter of a pound of finely grated or powdered chocolate. Stir these ingredients gradually into a pint of milk over a gentle fire, till it becomes the consistency of smooth and rather thick gruel; if it becomes too thick, add by degrees a little more milk, and let it boil up well. Stir it often while it cools, adding two ounces more of butter and the yolks of five or six more eggs; beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, and add them just before you pour the mixture into a dish, which must be well buttered, and not more than three-quarters full. Powder the top with sugar, and bake it an hour in a moderate oven. It should rise three or four inches above the dish, and be of a yellow brown at the top.

Transparent Pudding.—Twelve yolks of eggs, half a pound of sifted sugar, half a pound of butter; beat the butter and sugar together until well mixed, then let them boil in a saucepan, put some orange marmalade in a mould so as to line it, mix the beaten yolks of eggs with the butter and sugar when boiling, then put all into the mould, and steam it for an hour; use lemon for flavoring; serve hot with wine sauce. This is a very nice pudding, and much approved.

Ground Rice Cake.—Four ounces of ground rice, three ounces of flour well sifted, eight ounces of sifted loaf-sugar, the rind of a lemon grated, six eggs with half the whites; beat the whole together for twenty minutes, and bake for three-quarters of an hour.

Rice Froth.—For one-third of a pint of rice allow one quart of new milk, the whites of three eggs, three ounces of loaf-sugar finely powdered, flavoring of lemon or almond to taste, and a quarter of a pound of raspberry jam. Boil the rice in a pint or rather less of water; when the water is absorbed, add the milk, and let it go on boiling till quite tender; keep stirring to prevent it from burning. The flavoring, if an essence, to be dropped among the sugar. When the rice milk is cold, put it in a glass dish. Beat up the whites of the eggs and sugar to a froth, cover the rice with it, and stick bits of jam over the top.

Crumpets.—Dissolve a tablespoonful of yeast in a quart of milk, add a pinch of salt, and, having warmed the milk, stir into it carefully enough corn flour to make a thickish batter. Cover it up with a cloth, and let it rest for an hour. Have some crumpet rings on a baking sheet, pour the mixture in each ring, and put the sheet in the oven. When nearly done on one side, turn them over, and keep them in the oven till done.

CONTRIBUTED.

Custard Cake.—Two cups of sugar, two and a half of flour, yolks of five eggs, whites of three, half a cup of cold water, a pinch of salt, half a teaspoonful of soda, one of cream of tartar; flavor with vanilla.

Custard.—Two eggs, half a cup of sugar, half a pint of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of corn starch; flavor with vanilla.

Icing.—Take the two remaining whites of the eggs, add powdered sugar and grated chocolate till sufficiently thick to spread on the top of the cake; flavor with vanilla; put in the oven a few minutes to harden. Bake in jelly cake pans, and, when cold, spread custard between.

Buckeye Cake.—One pound of sugar, one cup of butter, one of milk, four of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, six eggs. Put the soda in part of the milk, separate your eggs, beat the whites to a froth, and put them alternately with the flour; flavor with bitter almonds.

Pearl Cake.—Two-thirds of a cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two of flour, one of corn starch, whites of six eggs, half a teaspoonful of soda, one of cream of tartar, one cup of sweet milk; flavor with vanilla or bitter almonds.

These cake receipts have been tried, and are considered excellent. I have two others that I will send. The *Custard Cake* is very fine. MRS. W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Make Elder Wine.—Having stripped off the berries, place them in a large pan or tub, and a little more than will cover them with water. Let them remain four or five days, occasionally squeezing out the juice with a presser, made of a small block of wood like the head of a mallet, fitted with a handle of suitable length. When they have remained sufficient time, press out the juice finally through a fine sieve or straining-canvas. The juice being quite clear, add three to four pounds of raw sugar to each gallon of juice; half a pound of ginger, two ounces of cloves, and one or two ounces of allspice (according to palate) to every four gallons. Let the whole boil for a full half-hour after it commences to boil; pour it into an open cask or tub, and when lukewarm, add yeast placed on toast, keeping it well covered, and let it work for a little less than a week; at the end of which time, skim off the yeast, put it in a cask and leave it to ferment, with the vent-peg loose. When the fermentation ceases, bung the cask tightly, and let it remain for two months at the least, when it will be fit for use; although a longer time than two months is preferable, if the wine be not especially required. It should be remarked that the addition of a bottle of brandy, put into the cask before bugging up, greatly improves the wine, although it is not absolutely essential.

Starching Collars.—Mix some blue starch in cold water, and let it be rather thin. The collars and cuffs, when quite dry, must be dipped into it. Have ready a large basin of cold water, and quickly rinse the articles, and wring them very dry; roll them up in a thick cloth, and let them remain two or three hours, but not more. Iron them with a hot iron, and press them as much as possible with it, which glazes them. Lay them on a plate before the fire to dry thoroughly.

Vinegar.—Melt one pound of brown sugar in four pints of water; when quite melted, put it in a jar, and the vinegar plant in it, cover up with brown paper, pricking airholes in the paper. Keep the jar in a warm place, and in two months the vinegar will be fit for use.

Editors' Table.

A MATRON'S PROFESSIONS.

AN English bishop lately, in treating of the education of women, made use of what has been deemed a happy expression. At a meeting held in London to provide for the establishment of a college for young ladies in Cambridge, with the object of affording the pupils the benefit of the superior instruction and libraries of that renowned seat of learning, the Bishop of Peterborough urged the importance of giving the highest possible education to women, in order, more especially, that they may the better succeed in the "profession of a matron."

A writer in a well-known critical journal, the *Saturday Review*, observes, in reference to this remark, that few people would venture to deny that the profession of a matron demands a higher and fuller preparation than is now provided for it.

"The management of very young children," pursues this writer; "the understanding of the simplest rules and laws of their earliest physical training; the modes of awakening intellect, of engaging and training the affections in children that are older; of ruling the economy of a home, of treating servants as human beings, and of developing intelligence in them; the capacity for investing a house with the ever-present sense of order and of repose, yet of regulated and inspiring activity as well; the power of sympathizing with and supplementing a man's mind and heart; and, above and more than all, the ineffable gift of winning the confidence and elevating the instincts of girls and lads, of young women and young men, who are her daughters and her sons—where is the woman's training that recognizes the attainment and cultivation of these objects and endowments as its highest aims? Why do we not agree that to work for such a training, to unite in resolving to make these endowments a more frequent inheritance in women and more easy to be compassed by them, is the true solution of the existing discussion? Why cannot the more timorous advocates of home integrity take courage to concur with the philosophers, that no culture can be too high for those who are to succeed in this great profession?"

The readers of the *LADY'S BOOK* are aware that these are views which have often been urged in its pages. Perhaps, however, the title of "profession," which the excellent bishop gave to the matron's office must be deemed somewhat too narrow. In reality, as the remarks just quoted will show, the duties of the mistress of a family comprehend several distinct professions. To be at once a teacher, physician, and housekeeper, implies a wide and varied culture, if all the duties are to be properly fulfilled. It may be noted that as the discussion of the different styles of instruction suitable to the two sexes proceeds, it seems to tend to the conclusion that the education necessary to qualify young women for their future duties should be, within certain limits, more general and comprehensive, while that of young men should be more special and profound. To both alike the study of the practical sciences, which fit the student for the work of after life, is assuming an importance it has never before possessed. On this subject the same opinions, it is evident, prevail in the highest intellectual circles of England, and in the newest colleges of our progressive West.

HINTS ON LANGUAGE.—NO. 4.

PLAIN WRITING AND FINE WRITING.

THE taste for long words and fine language, which young and half-learned writers often display, has been the subject of much ridicule. Of late years, in particular, since the best authors have shown a growing inclination for expressing their ideas in the plainest and simplest style, any disposition to grandiloquence has been more mercilessly criticized than ever before. Indeed, it is to be feared that a dislike to the pretentious style of writing has led some critics into a severity of judgment likely rather to injure than to benefit the language. Like the makers of sumptuary laws, while seeking to repress ostentation, they repress the tastes which lead to the creation of wealth.

The great mass of English words, it is well known, are derived from three sources—the Anglo-Saxon, the French, and the Latin. The words of French origin may, indeed, for the most part, be carried back to the Latin; but these words, in becoming French, assumed some peculiarity, either of form or of meaning, which they brought with them into the English tongue. So far as concerns this tongue, the French may be regarded as being as much an independent source as the Latin.

From this threefold origin the English language derives its peculiar wealth of words bearing similar, but not exactly, synonymous meanings. Pairs of words, like *fatherly* and *paternal*, *ripe* and *mature*, *reward* and *recompense*, might be quoted by the hundred; and there are not a few *triads* of vocables, derived from the three languages, and so closely allied in meaning, that any one of the three may often be used in place of either of the others. The following brief list of examples may be largely extended by any person familiar with the three languages, and willing to devote a little time to the task:—

| Anglo-Saxon. | French. | Latin. |
|--------------|-------------|---------------|
| begin | commence | initiate |
| disown | disavow | repudiate |
| want | desire | desiderate |
| show | display | exhibit |
| foretell | presage | prognosticate |
| strengthen | enforce | corroborate |
| tell | recount | narrate |
| tell | count | enumerate |
| beseech | pray | supplicate |
| spot | place | locality |
| folk | people | population |
| calling | employment | vocation |
| greatness | grandeur | magnitude |
| boldness | courage | valor |
| foe | enemy | adversary |
| land | country | territory |
| likeness | resemblance | similitude |
| wedding | marriage | nuptials |
| kingly | royal | regal |
| slow | tardy | dilatory |
| odd | strange | singular |

The taste for plain writing, which has come in vogue of late years, is displayed particularly in a disposition to prefer the more ancient and simple Anglo-Saxon terms to those derived from the Latin and French. This disposition is perhaps in part a reaction from the pedantry of the Johnsonian era; but, as Mr. Marsh has well observed in his "Origin and History of the English Language," there may be as much pedantry in an undue preference for words derived from the Anglo-Saxon as in the excessive

use of Latinisms. Though this remark can hardly be applied with justice to writers generally so correct as Dean Alford and Mr. Grant White, yet it must be admitted that they have both urged their objections to words of Latin and French origin somewhat to excess. Thus, to take the first example on our list, Doctor Alford objects to *commence*, and Mr. White to *initiate*. The former says:—

"We never *begin* anything in the newspapers now, but always *commence*. I read lately, in a Taunton paper, that a horse *commenced kicking*. And the printers seem to think it quite wrong to violate this rule. Repeatedly, in drawing up handbills for charity sermons, I have written, as I always do, 'Divine service will *begin* at so and so,' but almost always it has been altered to *commence*. But even *commence* is not so bad as 'take the initiative,' which is the newspaper phrase for the other more active meaning of the verb to *begin*."

With equal energy Mr. White denounces the companion word.

"*Initiate*," he says, "is one of the long, pretentious words that are coming into vogue among those who would be fine. It means *begin*; no more, no less. It may be more elegant to say: 'The kettle took the initiative,' than to use the homelier phrase to which our ears have been accustomed, but I have not been able to make the discovery."

Yet it may be truly affirmed that the language could not spare either of the two words thus objected to, without feeling the loss of it. Every reader of the following sentence will probably be willing to admit that each of the three words referred to is used properly in it, and to good advantage: "Scipio, on being elected consul, began at once to prepare for the expected war. He commenced the construction of fifty triremes, and at the same time initiated a system of naval tactics which promised to neutralize the advantages previously possessed by the enemy."

Of the three elements which compose our conglomerate language, it may be said, in a general way, that the Anglo-Saxon gives vigor, the French contributes culture, and the Latin adds learning. It is natural enough that highly educated writers, conscious of being amply furnished with culture and learning, should seek chiefly in their style that vigor which they fear may be deficient. On the other hand, writers who have not had the same advantages of education are apt to place an exaggerated value on the elements of learning and culture, and to strive for the style which appears to exhibit these qualities. Thus it happens that fastidious scholars prefer the simplest English, while self-taught writers and speakers are apt to be fond of recondite expressions and elaborate phraseology.

Neither of these classes is wholly in the right. Every word in the language has its own shade of meaning, and he is the best writer or speaker who has the largest stock of words at his command, and knows how to use them accurately, without reference to their origin. One who has attained this mastery will display, quite unconsciously, in his writings and his speeches, that intimate union of strength, polish, and erudition, by which the finished author or orator is at once and everywhere recognized. N.

BOOKS FOR HOME READING.

Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS have lately published two little books by Jacob Abbott which we must put upon our list. They are science made easy for children, boys and girls as well. The time is past when the study of natural phenomena was confined to boys. In all our best girls' schools instruction is given in chemistry, in botany, in astronomy, and in physics generally. These books are meant for children who have not taken up such branches

regularly. One is upon "Light," and the other on "Heat." They are stories with an interest which will carry their young readers on where text books would never tempt them. For instance, the work on "Heat" begins with an account of two boys who are just setting off together on a voyage from New York to Liverpool. Their life on shipboard is described, with all the incidents that occur on the passage; and every now and then these incidents become the text for a talk about oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, the force of machinery, the measurement of heat, and kindred subjects, introduced without effort, with no manifest connection between them, but each fixing itself in the reader's mind by the simple and graphic terms in which it is described. The elder of the boys takes his opportunities of talking over these matters, when the younger is disengaged, when his mind is free, and when he is interested in some natural effect directly connected with heat. We commend his example to all teachers of young children. There is an age at which books of this sort are very useful; and we doubt not that many boys and girls will owe their introduction into the wonderful realm of science to Mr. Abbott.

Still more will be Miss Alcott's readers. There could not be a stronger contrast to a book of science than her new story.* Like the others, it is about boys and the way to teach them: but the things which she wants to teach them are gentleness, truthfulness, perseverance, and the kindred virtues. Every boy and girl who has read "Little Women" will be eager for "Little Men." One of the little women—Joe, who married Professor Bhaer—helps her husband to take care of a dozen boys, among whom, to soften and refine them, are admitted two or three little girls. The story of their school life for six months—not every day of it, but especial days here and there—is told so simply, so naturally, and so brightly that the children have to share the book with their parents. It is wonderful with what power Miss Alcott keeps the characters of her many boys so entirely distinct, and so clear in our memories that each new exploit is seen to belong to the actor only.

This same power of intense realization and portraiture, exercised in a broader sphere, makes a great novelist, a George Eliot or a Charlotte Brontë. But Miss Alcott has chosen to write for children, and she has her reward in a boundless popularity. In this book she has added a new gallery of portraits to the little figures that live in our memory. Demi and Daisy, over whom she lingers with such loving care; the mischievous Tommy and hoyden Nan; Nat, the musician, and, most firmly-colored of all, Dan, strong, bold, and hard, but reclaimed to goodness by the kindness and confidence of his mistress. Joe the matron is what we all expect from Joe the girl—wise and loving, but full of odd ways and unexpected feelings, and with a native liking for strength, and purpose, and manly capacity. Laurie is her fast ally, helping her in her good work, descending from his home in the city every now and then to play the good fairy at "Plumfield." We have only one fault to find with the book. We think Miss Alcott, in her wish to be natural, makes her children talk so that a careful mother would be sorry to hear them. Of course, a great deal of slang is current among the little people as well as their parents; but why should it be exaggerated and intensified, as if no child could be taught to speak good English without becoming unnatural? Why should every one say *ain't* instead of *isn't*? This and some other tricks of speech give a *faux air* of vulgarity to Miss Alcott's books, which seems to us very unnecessary.

* Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

We know a good many boys, as lively, hearty, and manly as need be, without a spark of priggishness about them, who would no more say *ain't* than *them things*, simply because they never heard such a word in their homes, and were corrected when they picked it up from their companions.

But, when this trifling deduction is made, we have only thanks to render to Miss Alcott, on behalf of parents and children alike, for a book so wholesome, pure, and good; natural, easy, and interesting; showing us children as they are, and the way to win them to truth and right.

A WARNING.

THE abuse of anesthetics and soporifics, such as ether, chloroform, hydrate of chloral, opium in its various preparations, and other similar medicaments, is becoming so serious that many medical periodicals, and, indeed, the best physicians everywhere, find it necessary to advise against the practice. To one who is suffering from constant pain, or pure inability to sleep, there is doubtless a strong temptation in the knowledge that relief may be obtained at once by the use of a drug. But it must be borne in mind that pain and sleeplessness are only symptoms. They are nature's admonitions of the existence of disease, and to stifle them is like removing a sentry because he disturbs us by a cry of danger. A little thought will show the mischief likely to ensue from the use of these drugs. All pain exists in the nerves, and the medicines which relieve pain can only do so by acting upon the nervous system. The nerves are the warders of the body, and the danger is, that they will either be made insensible and incapable of performing their office, or will be over-stimulated, and thus a new disease will be brought on more serious than that which previously existed.

The discovery of anesthetics has been truly called one of the greatest boons that have been conferred on suffering humanity. But in proportion to their value is their liability to abuse. Their proper use is in surgical operations, and as a temporary appliance for relieving pain, until other methods of subduing the disease from which the pain proceeds can be employed to advantage. They should rarely be used, except under the directions of a medical man. Physicians are always glad to employ any proper means of alleviating a patient's sufferings; and when they dissuade from the use of an anæsthetic or other medicinal agent, we may be sure that it is because experience has satisfied them of its injurious effects.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

LADIES' COLLEGES.—The increase in the number of these institutions is a notable sign of the times. There are now no less than five in the State of New York—the Ingham University, and Elmira, Vassar, Wells' and Rutgers' Colleges. The latter has no endowment; the other three are said to have together about a hundred thousand dollars, and their buildings and apparatus are valued at nearly a million. It is stated that the bequest left by Sophia Smith, of Hatfield, Mass., to found a college for women, will amount to four hundred thousand dollars. In one respect these evidences of the increased interest felt in the education of women are exceedingly gratifying. But it will be still more satisfactory when it is understood that every institution of general education should, under proper regulations, be open to all, without distinction of sex. Why should brothers and sisters, who are educated together in childhood, who reside together afterwards, attend the same place of worship, and go together into society, be required to pursue their studies in

the higher branches under different masters and in separate buildings? The more the system is considered, the more evident it will be that it is founded on mistaken notions, and is injurious to all concerned. There is, in truth, no more reason for separate colleges than there is for separate churches.

WHAT AN INFLUENCE!—There are at least three millions of mothers in the United States. These mothers, aside from older children, have, it is supposed, between two and three hundred thousand infants in their charge. No influence, at present, can reach these infant minds but that of a mother. These minds may be moulded at the will or discretion of these mothers. If this army of mothers should combine to accomplish any given object, what might they not do? If every mother should imitate the example of Hannah of old, and consecrate her infant to the service of the Lord, what could withstand such a moral influence? And yet from these infants are to come our rulers, our judges, our ministers, and all the influence, either for good or evil, which is to sway the destinies of the nation!—*Mother's Magazine.*

A WOMAN'S RELIGION.—It has been eloquently and faithfully said, that if Christianity were compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academies of philosophers, the halls of legislators, or the throngs of busy men, we should find her last retreat with women at the fireside. Her last audience would be the children gathering around the knee of a mother—the last sacrifice, the secret prayer, escaping in silence from her lips, and heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God.

CAN A WOMAN BE A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE?—

"The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided that women, whether married or unmarried, who are commissioned as justices of the peace, have no constitutional or legal authority to exercise the functions of that position. The opinion of the court was asked by Governor Claflin, he having appointed Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Miss O. Stevens as justices."

THE QUEEN'S BOOK.—The statement is made that 150,000 copies of Queen Victoria's book were printed, and that nearly all were sold, at a net profit of \$50,000 in gold.

HOW COLORS PHOTOGRAPH.—Inexperienced persons, in preparing to be photographed, are apt to put on what they consider their most tasteful attire, without much regard to the colors they wear. This, however, is very important, as the following notes will show: "Dark brown, dark green, maroon, and plain black stuffs, without gloss, will make a rich drab color; but silks of the same hue will take considerably lighter. Snuff brown, dark leather, dark drab, scarlet, cherry, dark orange, crimson, and slate will also take a rich drab color. Violet, blue, purple, pink, and Magenta will take very light, and should be avoided. The hair should not be very wet or glossy." To this may be added that the sitter should by all means avoid wearing a glum expression, as the photograph will infallibly make it glummer.

A LADIES' INSTITUTE IN MONTREAL.—An association of ladies in Montreal has been formed, under the designation of a "Ladies' Educational Institute," and arrangements, it is announced, have been made for a "college course" of lectures, in connection with the society, during the coming winter. The course was expected to comprise a series of lectures on the French language and literature; another on scientific subjects, probably physiology and chemistry; a third on the English language and literature; and a fourth, probably, on English history, which it was hoped would be given by Professor Goldwin Smith. The ladies concerned in this institute have been guided by the experience of a similar association in Edinburgh. These examples are all worthy of imitation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "A Morning Song" and "A Leaf from Her Life."

The following are declined: "Little Blind Nell"—"The Neglected Graveyard"—"What he Lost by His Temper"—"Ultimatum"—"The Escape"—and "Jabez Grey's Misfortune."

"Driving the Golden Spike." No stamps.

"Money versus Love." No stamps.

"Henry Richards' Love." We do not want it. You sent no stamp for its return.

"Our Darling." The writer sent no stamp.

NOTICE.—Manuscripts must in all cases be accompanied with the name and address of the authors, and stamps for their return, if not accepted. The utmost care will be taken and all possible expedition used with regard to them; but it must be understood that the editor is not responsible should a MS. be mislaid or lost.

Health Department.

BY DR. CHARLES P. UHLE.

WOUNDS AND INJURIES.

IF there be one department of domestic medicine that above all others should be familiar to the mind of the American mother, that department is the proper appreciation and management of ordinary wounds and injuries. Scarcely a day passes among a family of children that some little accident does not happen, trivial though it may be, that the mother is called upon to administer to. And she, not merely as a matter of economy, or trouble of summoning a physician, but because she is the most suitable person in the world, should possess the faculty of paying the little attentions that are requisite, and performing them properly and intelligently. That child is fortunate whose mother is capable of paying towards it this important part. We wish all the mothers in the land were equal to it, and why may they not be? Books and information abound on every side, and they can learn it if they will. Families contract physicians' bills year after year in attention to these little occurrences, that are entirely needless and uncalled for, and which any person with the smallest grain of common sense could attend to as well as the physician. What earthly good does a doctor do in case a little one has cut its finger, no matter how bad it is? He comes and applies a strip of adhesive plaster, does it up in a rag, leaves a little advice as to the dressing that should be applied and an immense impression of his importance, and nature does the rest. It throws out its fluids and granulations, heals up the wound, and covers the place in a little while with its natural and healthy skin? Mothers can do this just as well as doctors can, and do it in a much less expensive manner. Doctors never cured a disease or healed a wound in the world. Nature does it, and doctors only direct her efforts. Mothers can direct as well as doctors, if they only think they can, and they ought to, both for their children's good and the good of their husbands' purses, for there is no need of *throwing* away money on anything. Thinking thus, we have drawn up a word of instruction upon this point, and present it to the readers of the LADY'S BOOK.

Wounds are arranged by physicians under six different heads, according to the instrument or accident by which they are produced. Thus, an *incised* wound is one produced by a sharp instrument, as a knife or axe; a *contused* wound one made by a blunt body; a

punctured wound one made by a narrow and pointed weapon, as a sword, spike, or nail; a *penetrating* wound is one that communicates with a cavity, as a joint, the chest, or the abdomen; and a *poisoned* wound is one inoculated with some peculiar virus, as a bite from a snake or a bee sting. Wounds are also specified as superficial or deep, recent or old, simple or complicated, etc., which terms are too obvious to require any particular explanation.

The leading indications in every wound, of whatever kind it may be, is—1st. To stop the bleeding; 2d. To remove any extraneous matter, as dirt or coagulated blood; 3d. To approximate the edges of the wound, and retain them; and, lastly: To prevent the occurrence of too much inflammation or other untoward occurrences. The bleeding usually stops of itself in a short time, unless large arteries have been severed, and this fact is made known by the blood escaping in jets instead of a steady stream. Exposing the wound to the air, or bathing it in cold water, will hasten to stop the flow of blood, if it flows unusually long, and no large vessels are injured.

These are the only means that are resorted to, outside of tying the arteries, even in amputation of a limb, to control the hemorrhage. Sometimes a little wound on the finger, which bleeds obstinately, may be stopped by applying to it a piece of ice, or wrapping it with cobwebs, but larger ones will seldom be found to cause any trouble. Wounds just through the skin are proverbially more prone to bleed protractedly than those of deeper injury. The removal of foreign matters from the edges or cavity of the wound is a matter of much importance, although it at first may seem of little consequence. Unless it be done, the wound may be slow in healing, and inflammation set up from the irritation of the offending substance. The smallest thing, as a hair or little grain of dirt, left in the wound will sometimes make a serious matter of what was at first but a trivial affair. The operation should be done carefully, however, so as not to irritate the parts any more than possible. In incised wounds, or those made by a sharp instrument, the edges should be carefully placed in position, and held by strips of adhesive plaster, not too tightly drawn as to interfere with the circulation. A cloth wet with cold water may then be placed over the wound, and this is all the dressing that is necessary. Care should be taken to make the dressing as light and easy, and everything as neat and comfortable as possible. If the parts show an indisposition to heal, a little cold tea—which, though a vulgar remedy, is always at hand and very efficient—may be sprinkled upon the dressing in place of the water.

Punctured wounds are to be treated upon the same principle as incised ones. All dirt or other extraneous substances must be carefully removed, the parts nicely approximated, and cold water dressing used as before. The great danger in punctured wounds is the disposition they have of being followed by the lockjaw. A nail in the foot, for instance, is very frequently attended with this unfortunate occurrence. Stiffness of the muscles of the neck and difficulty of swallowing are the first symptoms of its approach, and the best remedy that can be used under the circumstances is a full dose of opium, or morphine, or some anti-spasmodic, as valerian or assafœtida. Medicines usually have but very little control over it, however, and its intervention is unfortunately apt to terminate in the death of the patient. The only way to avoid it is to be particularly careful in the dressing and general attention to the wound, and keep the parts perfectly clean and free from irritation of every kind.

This subject will be continued next month.

Literary Notices.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE QUIET MISS GODOLPHIN, by Ruth Garrett; and A CHANCE CHILD, by Edward Garrett, joint authors of "Occupations of a Retired Life," etc. Two beautiful and touching stories filled with quaint wisdom and elevating sentiments, and imbued with the purest morality.

TOM PIPPIN'S WEDDING. A Novel. By the author of "The Fight at Dame Europa's School." We have here an English story, which holds up to view a not very flattering picture of a boy's school. Though the book is in the form of a novel, amusement is not its sole aim. The author tries to show that Dotheboy's Hall is not so entirely a thing of the past as we have been led to believe. It is written in a lively style, and is both humorous and satirical.

From W. S. TURNER, Philadelphia:—

JEWISH COOKERY BOOK. By Mrs. Esther Levy. This is, we believe, the first and only publication of the kind. It is prepared for Jewish house-keepers, on principles of economy, to show them that there is no need to make use of forbidden food in preparing palatable or even sumptuous repasts.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

HANS BREITMANN IN EUROPE; with Other New Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. This is the fifth series of the "Breitmann Ballads." Hans Breitmann visits Paris, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Rome, and all the principal cities of Europe. At Rome he has an interview with the Pope, during which he converses in the most amusing of dog-Latin.

HANS BREITMANN'S BALLADS. By Charles G. Leland. Vol. II. A beautifully bound edition of the "Breitmann Ballads."

DAVENPORT DUNN. A Novel. By Charles Lever.

THE LAST ALDINI. A Love Story. By George San

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAPPELFINGER and LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

LITTLE SUNSHINE'S HOLIDAY. A Picture from Life. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." This is the first of a series of books for girls which Mrs. Muloch Craik is about to prepare. We cannot do better than quote from her address: "People seem to think that 'anybody' can write for the young, whereas there are few kinds of writing more difficult. * * * I have written books for twenty-four years; books which—I say it not in vanity, but in solemn, thankful pride—have been read half over the world, and translated into most European languages. Yet it is less as an author than as a woman and a mother that I rest my claim to edit this series, to choose the sort of books that ought to be written for girls, and sometimes to write them. * * * As for me, I was once a girl myself, and I have a little girl of my own. I think both mothers and girls may trust me that I will do my best."

OLIVE. A Novel. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. A new edition of one of Mrs. Muloch Craik's former works.

THE HISTORY OF ROME BY TITUS LIVIUS. In two volumes. Literally translated, with notes and illustrations, by D. Spillan and Cyrus Edmonds.

SOPHOCLES; *Ex Novissima Recensione*. Gull-elmi Dindorfl.

HER LORD AND MASTER. A Tale. By Florence Marryatt (Mrs. Ross Church), author of "Love's Conflict," etc.

WON—NOT WOODED. A Novel. By the author of "Bred in the Bone," etc.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

REMINISCENCES OF FIFTY YEARS. By Mark Boyd. Mr. Boyd has had an extensive acquaintance among notable people of all classes. He has given us a lively and readable book in which he introduces us to lords, bishops, earls, generals, members of Parliament, comedians, valets, and numerous other persons of high and low degree.

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. By Charles Dickens. Messrs. Appleton & Co. have commenced issuing a new edition of the works of Charles Dickens. It is handsomely printed and neatly and tastefully bound. The only illustration in the volume before us is a well-executed steel portrait of Charles Dickens.

MARQUIS AND MERCHANT. A Novel. By Mortimer Collins.

VIVIA. A Modern Story. By Florence Wilford, author of "Nigel Bartram's Ideal," etc.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE. We have received this excellent railway guide. It is an indispensable companion for travellers.

From THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND PUBLICATION HOUSE, New York:—

THE BEST FELLOW IN THE WORLD; *His Haps and Mishaps*. Narrated for Public Benefit. By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, author of "John and Demi-John," etc. Mrs. Wright is already well known as the author of some excellent temperance stories, and "The Best Fellow in the World" is equal, if not superior to any which have preceded it.

THE M'ALLISTERS. By Mrs. E. J. Richmond. Despite some slight crudities in style, this is an interesting story, and promises to do good service in the temperance cause.

From HOLT & WILLIAMS, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

ABOUND A SPRING. Translated from the French of Gustave Droz by M. S. This is the third number of the "Leisure Hour Series" being issued by Messrs. Holt & Williams. It is an entertaining story.

From J. W. SCHERMERHORN & Co., New York:—

GOOD SELECTIONS in Prose and Poetry. By W. M. Jolliffe, Teacher of Elocution. Though this volume is designed especially for the use of schools, academies, lyceums, etc., it is an excellent book for general reading. The selections, made with great judgment, are from the best English and American writers, and present morality, sentiment, and humor in pleasing variety.

From LORING, Boston, through W. S. TURNER and PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

ZERUB THROOP'S EXPERIMENT. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," etc. A beautiful story, from the pen of one of the most talented of American authors. Zerub Throop, a miserly man, cut after a peculiar pattern, on the impulse of the moment leaves a portion of his

affairs, in a whimsical manner, in the hands of Providence. Besides a strongly-drawn picture of Zerub and his black cat, there is a love story, and a ghost story, after which everything ends satisfactorily.

A LOST LOVE. By Ashford Owen. A pleasant though not particularly brilliant story, the reading of which will agreeably fill a leisure hour.

DAISY WARD'S WORK. By Mary W. McLain, author of "Lifting the Veil," etc. A pleasantly told art-story, detailing the attempts, failures, and successes of a young girl in modeling busts and statues.

From **LEE & SHEPARD**, Boston, through **PORTER & COATES**, Philadelphia:—

UP THE BALTIC; or, Young America in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. A Story of Travel and Adventure. By William T. Adams (Oliver Optic). This is the first volume of a second series of "Young America Abroad." These are an extremely useful set of books to place in the hands of boys and girls. They will gain more real geographical information from a perusal of these volumes than they would from a year's study in school.

THE YOUNG DELIVERERS OF PLEASANT COVE. By Elijah Kellogg, author of "The Elm Island Series." The author of these admirable stories tries to inculcate in his youthful readers the many virtues of courage, fortitude, enterprise, and prudence. The story is an interesting one for even children of larger growth.

THE WIFE OF A VAIN MAN. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. Madame Muloch seems to be in abeyance just now, and Madame Schwartz has taken her place in literature. It is difficult to make a comparison between the two, so totally unlike are they in their respective styles and subjects, but in point of morality the American public is certainly the gainer by the exchange.

From **HORACE B. FULLER**, Boston, through **LIPPINCOTT & Co.**, Philadelphia:—

THE LIFE THAT NOW IS: Sermons. By Robert Collyer, author of "Nature and Life." The sermons of this gifted and renowned man certainly need no introduction from our pen to recommend them to the public. He says himself, in speaking of the title of his book: "If I thought that any plea was needed for saying so little about that [life] which is to come, I would make this twofold plea: First, that so many better and wiser men have said so much about it already; and, second, I am so sure that if we can but find the right way through the world, and walk in it, the doors of heaven are as sure to open to us as ours open to our own children when they come eagerly home from school."

From **ALEXANDER MOORE**, Boston, through **PORTER & COATES**, Philadelphia:—

THE EYE IN HEALTH AND DISEASE. By B. Joy Jeffries, A. M., M. D., Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc. An exceedingly useful and interesting series of articles on the anatomy and physiology of the human eye, and its medical and surgical treatment. It seems almost unnecessary to say that this book should be in the hands of every person, since there is nothing of such absolute importance as conducting to our physical well-being and happiness, as a preservation of vision; while ignorance is, perhaps, almost general on this topic.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

SEPTEMBER, 1871.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—By an error of the binder, the plate intended for this number was placed in the August book. Our subscribers will please transpose the plates, placing "The Defence," the one given in this number, in their August copies, as a story in that number refers to it; and the August plate in the September number, and all will be right. This is the first time in forty-two years that such an error has occurred.

No one will be disappointed this month on looking over our fashions. Every style of dress is presented on the colored plate and extension sheet. A variety of other matters—sleeves, collars, headdresses, bonnets, children's apparel, and articles of ornament and use—are also given. In the work department numerous designs of fancy work will be found.

We heartily thank our correspondent for this fitting tribute to GODEY:—

PETERSBURG, VA.

L. A. GODEY, Esq.—DEAR SIR: As you will perceive, I live in quite a small, and at the same time rather an old-fashioned town, but in one respect we are not behind our neighbors—we all take the **LADY'S BOOK**. Years ago, when a small child, one of my chief recreations was to go up into the garret of my grandmother's old house, and there, sitting on the floor, pore with unwearying interest over several huge volumes of GODEY, all bound in book fashion; so you see my acquaintance with you is of *long standing*. My grandmother took GODEY; my mother took GODEY; and now that I am grown up and married, I, too, take GODEY; and my prettiest dresses are made from the fashion plates in GODEY. I have always wanted to write and thank you for the pleasure your Book has given me from childhood's hour up to the present time. I am sure no lover ever awaited the coming of his betrothed more anxiously than I do the coming of the Book every month. Again I thank you. May your useful life, spent in benefitting others, long be continued; and may you at last reap the reward of the faithful, is my earnest prayer. I know that the tribute is but a small one, but at the same time, believe me, it is sincere, and you and the Book have no truer well-wisher than

M. H. D.

An alphabet for marking handkerchiefs, pillowcases, etc., worked in blue, is presented to our friends this month. The method of working these letters will be found in the supplement presented to our subscribers with the January number.

GODEY'S **LADY'S BOOK** is at hand, as beautiful and attractive as ever. What lady in the land does not prize this above all the lady's books in the land?—*Journal*, Elkader, Iowa.

WEST LAUREL HILL.—We see by the papers a tomb in this place is very much commended. That is for the dead. Will the managers please take some care of the living? Compare the roads of our Laurel Hill with those of Mount Auburn, Boston; and the Woodlands, New York. Good hard roads, where two carriages can pass abreast. Look at the Laurel Hill roads. We also hope that if a chapel is put up in this new place, some care may be taken of it, and not let it be a disgrace to religion and decency, as is the one in North Laurel Hill.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for September.—Contents: The Beating of my Own Heart, beautiful song by MacFarren; Starry Night Galop, easy; Cavalry Quickstep, brilliant piece by Glover; a new arrangement of that splendid old Scotch song, Blue Bells of Scotland; and the Summer Time Mazourka. This is a good number, and our readers should inclose 40 cents to the publisher, and secure it. Address J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia. The last three numbers will be mailed to any address for \$1.

New Sheet Music.—New editions of Bonnie Doon, Blue Bells of Scotland, On the Banks of Guadalquivir, and Teach Me to Forget. Each 20 cents. When you Bring your Bonnie Bride, 35. Phantom Bells at Sea, beautiful duet for female voices, 35. We Met and Talked of Other Days, by Stewart, 30. I Wish I Were Single Again, comic, 30.

Also, Stream of Life Polka, by Search, 30. Wyoming March, by Mack, 25. Merry May Galop, lively and pretty, 20. Moss Basket Valse, 30. Cherry Bounce Schottische, 20. Treue Liebe, brilliant fantasia by Jungmann, 50. Stars of the Summer Night, fantasia by Rhollo, 30. Serenade to Laura (without words), 30. The Fairy Sprite, Mack, 60. Music sent promptly on receipt of price. Inquiries answered when stamp is sent. Address Mr. Holloway, as above.

A CHEAP ICE-CHEST.—Take two dry-goods boxes, one of which is enough smaller than the other to leave a space of about three inches all around when it is placed inside. Fill the space between the two with sawdust packed closely, and cover with a heavy lid made to fit neatly inside the larger box. Insert a small pipe in the bottom of the chest to carry off the water from the melting ice. For family use this has proved quite as serviceable as more costly "refrigerators."

Certainly this is cheaper, and cannot be quite as bad, than the one we paid \$50 for, which professed to freeze things inside of it. No doubt it would, if you used about ten bushels of ice, one of salt, and other freezing materials. There is no greater humbug than some of these modern ice-chests.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Ponce de Leon failed in his quest for Blimini through Florida; and De Sota came not near it in all the Mississippi. But it bubbles up at the northeast corner of Chestnut and Sixth, monthly, with a perpetuity of youth that challenges the *fugaces labuntur anni*. Here is another testimony, if more are needed, in the last number of volume eighty-two, as sprightly, and cheery, and effervescent with pleasant spirits as any when days were longer, and everything lay in the future. The very atmosphere and elixir of contentment is contained between the covers. Stories by Marlon Harland, Louise Barton, and L. S. Crandrell, and No Starr, and S. Annie Frost, and Mrs. Johnson, show that they know, theoretically, certainly, if not experimentally, just how love passages are commenced, continued, and ended; and can convey their knowledge in words that burn. There are combinations for dishes so plain that the most stupid Bridget can hardly fail to achieve them, and so toothsome as to provoke appetite, while the nut-shells and cheese yet lie on the cloth. There is poetry. There are notices of books. There are notices of *the Book*, reaffirming to Mr. Godey the superiority of his own, from such sources, and in such language that he would be worse than an infidel to disbelieve.—*Philadelphia North American*.

A MERITED REBUKE.—A lady thought she punished a gentleman in Chicago for not giving her his seat in a Wabash avenue stage, by sitting down in his lap. If this is going to be a practice, all the men will ride in stages. They rather like it. Ladies, you will have to try some other plan.

Will the writer of "Execration, by Oia d'Orleans," please write us. Why not have sent your real name and address at once?

"BREVITIES.—Some weeks ago a person in a neighboring county wrote to us saying that he was informed that there appeared in our paper at some period an account of a certain 'family,' and he would be obliged to us if we would send to him what was said about it, as he was about writing a history of the aforesaid family. We replied that we had no knowledge of the matter whatever, but that our files were bound and at his service at any time; or, if more convenient, he would find similar files at the Philadelphia Library. His response to this offer was an order to discontinue his paper! If he is a specimen of the 'family,' we hope there are plenty more of them, as they would be an honor and a blessing to any community."

Good from the Germantown Telegraph! Fear not, friend Freas, he will come back again. A man who has once taken your paper can't do without it. You are not alone in these absurd requests. We recently had an application to know whether we or the *Gentlemen's Magazine* had published a piece of poetry, the last line of which was—and here followed the last line. 'Had the first line been given, perhaps, after spending several months in looking over the eighty-four volumes of the Book, we might have found it, but the *Gentlemen's Magazine* we have never heard of. We frequently have requests made to us for a particular article. Do our subscribers suppose we have nothing to do except look for old articles?

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—With the June number, L. A. Godey completes his forty-first year as publisher. He has good occasion to felicitate himself on the record he has made during that time. GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is the general favorite in every household where it is taken.—*Chronicle*, Bridgeton, N. J.

THE importance of careful punctuation cannot be insisted on too urgently. Here are a few instances which illustrate it: "Wanted a young man to take charge of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind." "A child was run over by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed with pantalets which never spoke afterwards."

SERVED HIM RIGHT:—

A conductor on the Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad, who had incurred much odium on account of ejecting a poor woman from his train between two stations, was, on a recent trip, taken out and whipped, and advised not to come 'in those parts' again."

THE announcement is made that the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise are to visit this country next autumn. We hope they won't come, for if they do, Shoddy, He, and Flunkeyism will be rampant. Somebody will get an \$8000 dress and throw the young lady referred to in the following in the shade.

"A Philadelphia young lady appeared at the ball at Cape May, on the Fourth of July, in a dress made entirely of white lace, which was purchased in Brussels at a cost of about \$7000. It is kept in an air-tight case, and the sunlight is never allowed to fall upon it."

In addition to the air-tight case, we think it is kept in the Isle of Sky. We have but little faith in these statements, because we think there are no such foolish fathers in Philadelphia.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK has been received. It continues to lead the monthly fashion journals, and is as good as ever. The literature of GODEY is never trashy, nor will any subscriber think her money foolishly spent when she examines the book for herself. You ought to see what a good humor our "better-half" puts us in when she places before us one of those delicious dishes she makes from GODEY'S receipts, and we often think it would be pleasant to be sick awhile if the nurse would follow GODEY'S advice for the sick-room.—*Long Island Farmer*, Jamaica, N. Y.

HOW TO RULE A HUSBAND.—Above all things, if a wife wishes to make home attractive to her mate, let her keep a sharp eye on the cook. Nothing makes a male creature more discontented with his house than bad dinners, ill-served. If there is anything that will make him swear (and there generally is, my dear young lady, although his temper seemed so angelic when he was a wooing), it is a cold plate with hot meat, or a hot one with his cheese. Neglect of this sort is unpardonable. Again, it may not be possible to give him dainties, but it is easy to avoid monotony by a careful study of the cookery book; and it is quite astonishing how the monster man can be subjugated and assuaged by a judicious variation of his meals. The creature may be allegorically pictured lightly by a fair lady with a wedding-ring through his palate. Indeed, there are a thousand ways to lead him, if women would show a little tact, with which they are so falsely credited. Opposition, contradiction, makes him furious; he stamps, he roars, and becomes altogether dangerous. Whereas, treat him tenderly, O wife! and you shall wind him around your marriage-finger. I have seen wives miss their chance of gaining what they have set their eyes on a thousand times through sheer stupidity; they know that a certain line of conduct is sure to anger him, and yet they willfully pursue it, when smooth and easy victory awaits them in another direction. Tact! Such women, I say, have not even instinct. Birds of paradise, for instance (not to be rude), would act in a more sagacious manner.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S IDEA OF MEANNESS.—"Are they mean, Mrs. P.?" "Mean! Yes, mean enough to shake carpets in their yards without first sending notice to the neighbors to close their windows."

POETS, novelists, and dramatists, says an English writer, have rung innumerable changes on the lock of hair, on the amulet inclosing it, on the tenderness called up by the sight of an enshrined curl. Nowadays, unless a gentleman saves some from a barber, or permits a patch to grow for the purpose, he would find it difficult to present a lady with anything to speak of as a hair relic. On the other hand, a feminine favor of the kind must be regarded, to say the least of it, with suspicion.

"It is stated that one of the leading Tammany politicians of New York city, who buys diamond buckles for his daughter's shoes, was, four years ago, a conductor of a one-wheeled car on an incipient railroad."

We do not doubt the above, nor anything that is said of the extravagance of Tammany, because easy come easy go.

A CHEAP HINT to suppress burglars:—

"A burglar, who attempted to enter a house in Germantown, through a window, a few nights ago, startled a little girl who was sleeping in the room. Half awake, she exclaimed: 'Don't touch that candy,' and the burglar fled."

A YOUNG LADY wishes a situation as seamstress. She is intelligent and refined, and thoroughly understands handsewing in all its branches. Can offer good references. Address E. M. P., care of S. E. Clark, 10 Walnut Street, Hartford, Conn.

WOMEN'S MEDICAL COLLEGES.—Advertisements announcing the date on which the Philadelphia and New York Colleges commence their Winter Term will be found in our advertising pages. The advantages derived by women by an attendance on the course of instruction as given in these colleges has been of vast benefit to the community.

MORE TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS:—

On a certain occasion an editor managed, by a circumlocution of words peculiarly his own, to find a place for the couplet:—

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

The hero of the types was just emerging from a protracted and unusually severe period of imbibing, and, like the immortal Burns, "saw double." The manuscript was placed in his hands, and when the article appeared, the quotation read thus:—

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends rough,
Hew them how we will."

A Washington editor is mad because a compositor headed his editorial "The Champagne Opened," when he wrote "The Campaign Opened." He says that printer is always thinking about something to drink.

The latest amusing typographical blunder we have seen was—"Like *Cotton's* wife, above suspicion." What would Mrs. Cæsar say to that?

A critic, noticing a book, said the author was a "wide-minded man;" but the printer turned the compliment to an insult by printing "*rude*-minded."

A book notice astonished a sub-editor, since it began with "This indispensable animal." It was a laudatory review of a post-office directory, and the words should have been, "This indispensable annual."

During the Southern war, a telegram was sent from this country to England, where it appeared to this effect: "Three dogs fighting with great courage in Tennessee;" the sentence should have been, "Three *days* fighting with great *carnage* in Tennessee."

HUMBUG:—

"The Prince Imperial of France has joined the Chiselmhurst troop of the West Kent (Queen's Own) Volunteer Yeomanry Cavalry, commanded by the Earl of Darnley."

We believe the youngster is about twelve or thirteen. The Earl of Darnley won't be pleased with the new recruit.

PUBLISHED FOR FORTY YEARS:—

GODEY.—A late number of this Excelstor Lady's Book proves that it has lost none of its excellencies and beauties, but that it gets better as it grows older. To show how the ladies of this country appreciate it, and sustain it, it is only necessary to state that it has been published regularly for forty years, and during all that time it has sustained its reputation as the leading Fashion Journal of America. The fact is, the ladies cannot do without its fashion plates, to say nothing of the choice literature in each number.—*News, Franklin, Georgia.*

"THE Tichborne trial in London is a pleasant one for the lawyers, if not for the parties to the suit. It is reported that the Solicitor-General, who is for the defendant, gets \$5000 down, and \$250 a day 'refresher;' Sergeant Ballantine and Mr. Giffard (for the claimant) a similar sum, and half a dozen other counsel in the case not much less."

Well, we should call \$250 a day a refresher. A lawyer is not likely to forget that.

SPANISH PROVERBS:—

"Love, a horse, and money, carry a man through the world. Three things kill a man: a hot sun, supper, and trouble. To shave an ass is a waste of lather. If the gossip is not in her own house, she is in somebody else's. Don't speak ill of the year till it is over. The mother-in-law forgets that she was once a daughter-in-law. Men are as grateful for kind deeds as the sea is when you fling into it a cup of water."

A LADY, noticing a boy sprinkling salt on the pavement to take off the ice, remarked to a friend, pointing to the salt, "Now, that's benevolence." "No, it ain't," said the boy, somewhat indignant: "it's salt."

"UP TO THE BLUE;"

OR, THE QUILTIN' IN OLD KAINBUCK.

WELL, Jane, we went to the quiltin'—

Polly, an' Jed, an' me;

An' I think 'twas the nicest party

That any one ever see.

Thar was Tom an' Sally Hardin,

An' Jack an' Moll Deshay,

An' all the youngsters from Bacon Crick

To the pike, eight mile away.

An' the old folks, too, wus plenty—

Miss* Gyarnert,† and Miss Dill,

An' that endless old Miss MacElroy,

Whose tongue is worse n'r a mill;

The Beechumst an' the Bleachers,‡

Shad Owen|| an' Pettengill,

An' that homely Liddy Hobach,¶

Away from Mulder's** Hill.

An' bein' as I wus steddly,

An' old, an' past my prime,

I jest sot by an' listened

To the young gals all the time;

An' it made my old heart young agin

To hear thar merry glee,

As each one talked of her feller,

An' the fun she was goin' to see.

Well, at dinner, the great long table

Wus full o' the nicest things,

With dishes of blue an' yaller,

And cups with peacock wings;

An' old Miss MacElroy talked and talked

The whole three tables through,

While each breathin' time she passed her cup

With—"Susy, jest to the blue!"

"Jeems has his dinner to cook agin,

He couldn't come to-day;

For he sed the clouds was threat'nin',

An' he wanted to save his hay;

An' John, he's gone to Granger's,††

An' Jack, he's harvestin, too,

So they hain't got time for quiltns—

Here, Susy, jest to the blue!

"Now I raally don't know what to eat,

You've got so much for dinner."

An' so she talked till the last one left,

As I'm a livin' sinner.

An' she slandered all the neighbors

The blessed country through;

An' still would say as she passed her cup:

"Now, Susy, jest to the blue!"

But all this time her 'Nervy

Wus off with Sam Burdine,††

Out in the thiek o' the orchard,

Whar the hot sun could not shine;

For the little jade wus very sly,

An' sed (an' it was true):

"Mother'll not leave the table

While the coffee comes to the blue."

An' after supper they played at pawns,

An' Tom ketched Moll Deshay;

An' Jack, he ketched Sal Hardin',

Though she tried to git away;

An' Sam hollered out to 'Nervy:

"Hickory warp an' grape-vine fillin,"

(Jest to spite her mother) "I'll have you

If you an' your daddy's willin'."

Well, night wus come, an' the quilt wus done,

An' the supper an' plays wus over;

An' the young folks took the quilt to ketch

A sweetheart an' a lover;

An' who should they be but 'Nervy and Sam,

An' so to me it's clear

That, whether her mother likes it or no,

They'll marry before a year.

For mothers may scold an' fathers swar,

To the latest end o' time,

But love will find a saplin whar

His cummin' feet may climb;

An' lock or key, or scoldin' tongue,

Will never conquer him,

Before whose light the yaller gold

An' the stars above grow dim.

* The uneducated always say "Miss" for "Mrs."
 † Many of the Kentucky family names are mis-
 called by the illiterate, as "Gyarnert" for "Gardner."
 ‡ Beauchamp. § Bledsoe. ¶ Chadoin. ¶ Hautbaugh.
 ** Muldraugh's Hill. †† Crenshawe. †† Bodine.

He comes to the lowest cabin

An' brings it sweet content;

He rules the loftiest household

Beneath God's firmament;

He conquers all other passions

That come to me or to you,

An' I fully believe he'll feller us

When our souls go—"up to the blue!"

PATSY PENNYBAKER.

PERSONS sending MSS. will please read the follow-
 ing:—

"COMMUNICATIONS TO NEWSPAPERS.—Recently in England an action was brought in the city of London County Court, by Mr. Walter, a solicitor, to recover damages from the *Echo* newspaper for having detained the manuscript of a letter on "Legal Reformation," which he had sent to that journal for insertion, but which was not accepted, and had not been returned. On the trial, the editor of the *Echo* stated that, in accordance with his rule in regard to rejected communications, he had destroyed the manuscript immediately after he had glanced over it. The judge said that if the manuscript had been in existence at the time the plaintiff applied for it, he would have been entitled to recover, but as the communication had been destroyed, he had no remedy. The plaintiff then contended that he had a property in the rags of the paper containing his essay, and also a right in an action of trover to recover the value of the material. The judge, in reply, said the amount would be very small, as it would take a very large manuscript to be worth a farthing as waste paper. The judge also said that the fact of a writer sending an article to an editor implied that he was to have sole control over it, as it could not be expected that an editor could pigeon-hole and docket every manuscript for the purpose of returning it if it should be asked for. If that was to be done, a dozen editors, the judge said, would not be sufficient for a daily newspaper. Under this ruling, the case was dismissed, and costs allowed to the defendants."

If stamps are sent with the MS., we will return it.

WHAT a glorious thing it is to have a Queen and Royal family! They are so useful—in spending money. Here is a nice little item:—

"On a requisition from the Home Government, a statement of expenditure incurred on account of the late visit to India of the Duke of Edinburgh, has been submitted to the Secretary of State by the Government of India. The sum of \$9,070 has been incurred in India only on account of the said visit. This, of course, is exclusive of the reception charges at Calcutta, which were defrayed from Earl Mayo's private purse."

We wonder what it cost the Earl of Mayo? We know how much the Duke of Edinburgh paid: Not one penny.

FIVE dollars for a breach of marriage promise. Cheap!—

"A disconsolate Oshkosher, who commenced proceedings against a young lady for breach of promise, has been finally induced to compromise for \$5."

A WORD TO GIRLS.—The woman who is indifferent to her looks is no true woman. God meant woman to be attractive, to look well, to please, and it is one of her duties to carry out this intention of her Maker. But that dress is to do it all, and to suffice, is more than we can be brought to believe. Just because we do love to see girls look well, as well as live to some purpose, we would urge upon them such a course of reading and study as will confer such charms as no *modiste* can supply. A well-known author once wrote a very pretty essay on the power of education to beautify. That it absolutely chiselled the features; that he had seen many a clumsy nose and thick pair of lips so modified by thought awakened, and active sentiment as to be unrecognizable. And he put it on that ground that we so often see people, homely and unattractive in youth, bloom in middle life into a softened Indian summer of good looks and mellow tones.

BRITISH SNOBOCRACY. MORE BLUE BLOOD.—The aristocracy and the purchase system. The London correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*, writing of the debates in Parliament upon the proposed abolition of the purchase system of the British army, says:—

"Two noblemen prominent in these debates were Lord Elcho and Viscount Bury, of whom it will be difficult to pronounce which was the more disagreeable. Both are tall and fairly-looking, and both stalk over the floor with the fashionable military stride and swagger. The one theory of these heroes is, that the British army should be officered by the aristocracy alone, and that the admission of any other class, by selection or competition, would be fatal to it. No where will you find so exclusive a set as the average military class. Even the university dons, who are shivering at this moment from the prospect of the entry of a few dozen dissenters into their precincts, are absolute levelers compared with the ordinary occupants of the officers' mess-room. The contempt which Lord Elcho and Lord Bury feel for the middle classes, they very openly express. I think I never heard anything so instinct with class-haughtiness as the language of Lord Bury on Thursday evening. He said something to this effect, a curl on his lip, and a look of plying disgust on his features: 'The classes which you want to admit to commands in the army are very clever at sanding the sugar which they sell and adulterating the tea. They act according to their nature, but they are not fit society for gentlemen.' The language was almost revolting in its simplicity, yet the Tories cheered it with heartiness. Here is the curse and canker of the British military system, and it is this which the government bill seeks to cut out. Lord Bury went on to say that if men from other classes *did* get into commands by way of competition or merit, the post would be made too hot for them by the officers when they joined. He stated that in the Austrian army the newcomers of this order were challenged by the rest, and were *killed or compelled to retire*, and he added that in the English army the means used would be, if not the same, at least as efficacious."

"Abolition of purchase! The proposal horrifies the military and the families of which they are members. If their stake in it was not so large, they would be almost ready to leave their country, like the Alsations—only it is not quite clear what soil they would find that was free from the touch of democracy. One's ear is quite tired of the lamentations that are raised. When the House meets on these army nights, the galleries are full, as well as the benches below, for peers by the score have younger sons in the army, and all are disturbed by the new proposals."

"Not fit to associate with gentlemen!" How long, oh! how long, is this thing to continue?

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is a jewel fit to adorn the boudoir of any lady. We consider it indispensable in every well-regulated household. We have read it for fifteen years, and are glad to say that through that long period it is one of the very few magazines that never once lost favor with the public, but, on the other hand, continually extended its influence, and grew in the estimation of a critical people.—*Sentinel*, Edina, Mo.

DEFINITIONS FOR LOVERS.—Buss, a kiss; rebus, kiss again; pluribus, to kiss irrespective of sex; silly-bus, to kiss the hand instead of the lip; blunderbuss, to kiss the wrong person; omnibus, to kiss all promiscuously; erebus, to kiss in the dark.

The following names are appropriate:—

For an auctioneer's wife—Bid-dy.
For a soldier's wife—Sally.
For a sport's wife—Bet-ty.
For a fisherman's wife—Net-ty.
For a shoemaker's wife—Peggy.
For a teamster's wife—Carrie.
For a lawyer's wife—Sue.
For a printer's wife—Em.
For a druggist's wife—Ann-Eliza.

AMONG those who went to see the Cardiff giant in New Haven was a middle-aged man who had lost his brother by a mysterious disappearance, and was heard to murmur, as he stepped quickly away, "It ain't him!"

A NOBLE SALAD-MIXER.—When many of the French nobility were refugees in England during the first years of the revolution of '93, which has not yet come to an end, they found various ways of living. The most singular man (as well as the most singular way of life on the part of the refugee) was the noble Chevalier D'Aubigne. In the deepest of his distress he was asked by an English friend to dine at a tavern. At that time the English used to eat lettuce just as they now do watercress, with a little salt, and nothing else. D'Aubigne took the lettuce that was placed on the table, and proceeded to make a salad after the fashion of his country. The other guests in the room curiously watched the work and the artist. They sniffed up the refreshing air of a *Mayonnaise*, and when the chevalier and his friend had consumed the delicious mixture with an air of intense satisfaction, a guest from another table approached the former, and said: "Sir, it is well known that salad is made properly only by your great nation. Would it be too much to ask of your courtesy to mix one for me and the three other gentlemen at yonder table?" The chevalier accordingly assented. He went over, mixed the salad to their taste, made himself the while as agreeable as the salad, and just intimated, by the way, that he was a noble refugee without means of buying for himself what he mixed so well for others. The chief of the guests whom he had thus served pressed his hand at parting, and left a guinea in it. A golden idea was dropped at the same moment into the chevalier's brain; he gave his address to the donor of the guinea. The meaning thereof was thoroughly understood. A few days later D'Aubigne received a letter inviting him to repair to a ducal mansion for the purpose of preparing a salad for a large dinner party, as it was understood it was his profession to do. D'Aubigne presented himself with alacrity, and when the task was completed he asked five pounds for the achievement. That completed the conviction of the party that he was an invaluable artist in salads. He could scarcely answer the calls made upon him. In a brief space of time he was to be seen in a little carriage, with an attendant, in whose care was a mahogany case containing separate ingredients for the concocting of various sorts of salads according to different tastes and requirements. Subsequently he sold similar cases as fast as he could supply them, with instructions, for the benefit of patrons at a distance. Fortune, in short, rolled in upon him. He was a saving and a prudent man. The chevalier put away eighty thousand francs by salad making! Sixty thousand of that sum he invested in the funds when he returned to his native country. With the other twenty thousand he bought a castle and an estate—that is to say, of course, a country cottage and a garden—and lived at least as happily as if he had made it all by bloodshed and pillage in war.

A QUAKER lady recently explained to her new girl that washing-day came every Second-day. The girl left in high dudgeon. She didn't go to be washing every other day.

A RICH farmer refused to subscribe for an iron fence for a cemetery in Vermont on the plea that it needed no fence, as those inside cannot get out, and those who are out do not want to get in.

THE *Evening Bulletin*, writing about concerts given in this city, says:—

"The most remarkable were those given by Nilsson, who came here with a fair voice and an extravagant reputation, and on the strength of the latter, managed to induce multitudes of persons to pay four dollars a piece for tickets of admission to her entertainments. It was the dearest amusement ever offered to our public, and as consciousness of this fact has at last dawned upon the popular mind, Mr. Strakosch has determined not to try the concert experiment again, but to bring Nilsson out in opera next winter. The fair singer did not fly to other shores as she threatened. People who live on other shores do not pay such prices without obtaining the worth of their money, and Mlle. Nilsson has had such experience that she is familiar with the fact."

SOMETHING for the novelists and playwrights. Your hero kills your heroine by a poisoned postage-stamp, which she sends her in a note requesting an answer, and gets the evidence of guilt into his hands again by return mail.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

FANCY WORK WITH ACORNS.

As the season is now approaching when acorns will be in a condition to use for the purpose of ornamentation, and as many of our young friends are in the habit of gathering them, we propose that they devote a little time in making for themselves and their homes these simple works of art. They may be made the medium of holding ferns in a variety of pretty ways, either in a room, or, still better, in a greenhouse, or small window garden, opening, perhaps, out of a back parlor or drawing-room. The acorns are soft when new, and a hole may be readily made by slipping through them a large twine packing needle. Thread them on wire, a large round cut white glass bead between every one. Oblong beads should not be used, because they have a clumsy, unfinished look for such a purpose. The holes in the beads must be large enough to pass over rather strong

a ring round the widest part of the urn at c, joining it with thread or wire to every part where it crosses. Then put on the upper Vandykes, and lastly the lower ones, joining them as before. The urn handles are rings of acorns, and may be attached last, or made in one with the large ring at c by twisting the wire. There should only be two of them. Wire is much better than thread to join the parts of the urn. The number of acorns should be equal in relative parts, and in the rings between the side pieces the hooks must be well closed. Fill the basket with moss, and place the fern roots in the moss. The glass beads glisten out of the moss and the brown acorns like so many dewdrops.

Fig. 2 is an acorn hanging basket. It is made precisely in the same manner, and may be suspended by a worsted cord, a metal chain, or acorns strung on wire with a hook at the end. Such baskets should be filled with moss and ferns, begonias (red-leaved), ice plants, and red-leaved American nettles mixed in them.

Horse-chestnuts will make similar baskets, not

Fig. 1



Fig. 2

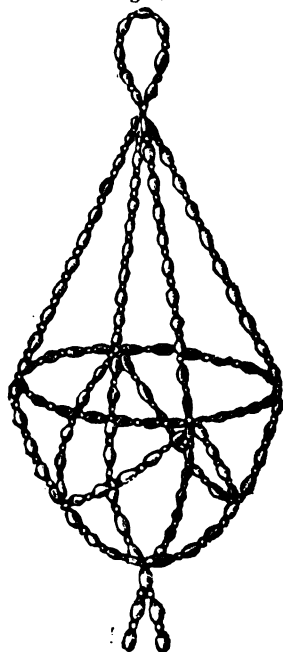
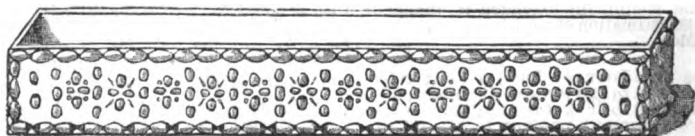


Fig. 3.



wire. The wire is bought by the piece in a coil. Fig. 1 is an urn of acorns. Make first the ring for top and a ring for the bottom. Crook the top of the wire, and hook it to the ring for the top between the acorns, pinching it close, and not showing the join. Thread it with acorns till it is long enough to form the outline of the vase which shows at A in Fig. 1, to cross at the narrow part, to form the swell of the base, B, and hook to the lower ring. The wire is then broken off. The other side is made in the same way, and the two crossed each by another piece, diagonally. If the urn is large, there may be two of these on each side, making six equal sides to the urn, instead of four. Where they cross at the narrow part of the base, bind them well together with fine wool, such as is used for mounting flowers, or with strong packthread. Do not let this binding thread or wire show. Bend the six pieces into a good shape. Join the wire to one of them, and carry

forgetting the alternate bead, which gives much lightness and finish to the look of the basket. An amber-colored bead in place of a white one accords well with the chestnuts. A small white bean, with a scarlet mark on it, strings into pretty baskets. It must be threaded the narrow way, without beads, except, wherever there is a join, two beads together on the first wire, and a bead each side where the second wire crosses, and these should be large black ones.

Boxes for greenhouses and staircase windows can be made with a mixture of acorns and white sand (Fig. 3). Cut all the acorns in half lengthwise. Cover the box with glue. Make an edge each way of acorns, and then cover the box all over with rows of acorns moderately close together. Sift the sand all over the box thickly between the acorns. The acorns are varied with cone seeds, and red cherries cut in half.

LACE.—The first mention that we find of the word "lace" was at the coronation of Richard III., when Queen Anne is said to have worn a garment trimmed with "mantle lace of white silk and Venys gold," and the French word *dentelle* is of later date than might be imagined. It first occurred in the wardrobe accounts of Marguerite de France, who, in 1845, paid the sum of six livres "pour soizante aunes, faire dentelle de Fiance, pour mettre à dez colletz." The scale of charges for this precious commodity was vague, for we soon after find that "quatre livres" were paid "pour une aulne de dentelle pour faire deux cornettes pour servir à la dicte dame," she being Henry the Fourth's first Queen.

Before this we hear of *passament dentelle*. Fashion required that the ordinary *passament* should be made with a toothed edge, and no doubt, after a while, the finer sorts so named subsided into *dentelle*. Anterior to this even our ancestors were not without a means of decorating their draperies. From the earliest ages they were wont to bedeck themselves with embroideries, and *passament dentelle* and lace find a common origin in the ancient "cutwork."

There is a peculiar kind of trimming which is very ancient: the ends of the linen were unraveled, and the threads were then planted with geometric precision. The sheet which, upon the disinterment of St. Cuthbert, in the twelfth century, was found to have covered his body, was trimmed after this fashion: "It had round it a deep fringe of linen thread, above which was woven a border of projecting workmanship, fabricated of the thread itself, bearing the figures of beasts and birds." This sheet was for a long time preserved in the Cathedral of Durham. It was an early specimen of cutwork, the making of which, though it eventually became general, was, until the dissolution of monasteries, looked upon as a church secret.

This cutwork was made in different ways. Sometimes a network of threads was arranged upon a small frame, and they were crossed and interlaced into many complicated patterns; beneath this network was gummed a piece of cloth called "quintain," from a town in Brittany where it was made; the network was then sewn to the "quintain," by edging round those parts that were to remain thick, the last operation being to cut away the superfluous cloth, and hence the name. Then, again, the pattern was often made without any linen. Threads radiating at equal distances to one centre served as a framework to others, which were united to them in separate triangles, rosettes worked over with heavy buttonhole stitch, and this made in some parts a heavy compact embroidery, while the rest was an open work of threads. Greek lace is of this style of manufacture, so also is some of the Venice lace that is remarkable for fineness and beauty.

The *lacs* of the sixteenth century is quite distinct from this early style of "cutwork," though made in a somewhat similar manner. Upon a network of square meshes the pattern was sometimes worked by being cut out in linen *appliqué*, but more usually it was formed by darning in counted stitches of the mesh. This plain network ground was called "*réseau*," "*rezel*," "*rezenit*," and was much used for bed furniture. When this *réseau* was ornamented with a darned pattern or *appliqué*, it becomes "*lacs*," and was devoted chiefly to the adornment of altar-cloths and other sacred draperies.

When destined for this purpose, the *lacs* was occasionally alternated with plain linen, and the patterns consisted of every conceivable device. *Fleur-de-lis*, *sacre coeur*, family coronets and arms, death-heads, crossbones and "tears" formed at all times the pattern design, according to whether the *lacs* was eventually to adorn an "altar-cloth," a "bed curtain" or a "pail."

There was as lately as the year 1850 a fine specimen of cutwork on the pall that covered the coffins of the fisherpeople of Dieppe. It is said to have been worked by some lady who was saved from shipwreck, and who gave it to them as a memorial of her gratitude. This art, as distinct from the manufacture of lace, still exists in the north and south of Europe, and the embroidery that is even now seen on the smock-frocks of the laborers of Kent and Sussex is but a remnant of the custom and of the style of work.

Among the "wants" in one of the papers is this: "Partial board for a single gentleman; house kept by a widow and daughter; busses and cars convenient."

VOL. LXXXIII.—19

BULBOUS-ROOTED PLANTS.

Of all bulbous-rooted plants, the *Hyacinth* is the most popular, and deservedly so, when we take into consideration, not only its great variety of colors, the delicate perfume of its blossom, and its adaptability for in-door as well as out-door decoration.



The single varieties are particularly adapted for "forcing," being much earlier than the double ones, their profusion of bells and brilliant colors placing them far ahead of the double varieties for this purpose; and where the attempt is made of growing the bulbs in water, none other than single varieties should be used for the purpose. In pots both single and double varieties can be grown to their greatest perfection by planting early—say during the months of September and October. They should be left out of doors until there is danger of freezing, when a portion can be brought into the house for early flowering, and the remainder covered with three or four inches of tan, coal ashes, or earth, which ever may be the most convenient, and a

portion brought into the house from time to time, for flowering at different periods of the winter. A hot, dry air, or too much sun, are both injurious, forcing the bulb into premature flower. The bulb being naturally hardy, is very sensitive, and will not bear much heat. For out-door planting the bulb can be planted any time from October to December, although we recommend planting as early as possible. The best soil is a light, sandy loam, enriched with well-decomposed manure (cow manure is preferable). Nothing can be more attractive than a bed of *Hyacinths* in full bloom, planted in distinct colors (red, white, and blue), on the lawn or grass plat, not only delighting the eye with their beauty, but shedding a delicious fragrance long before the rose and other favorite denizens of the garden have made their appearance.

The autumn months are the proper time for planting nearly all the plants of the bulbous-rooted section suitable for the garden, viz., *Hyacinths*, *Tulips*, *Crocus*, *Iris*, *Jonquills*, *Lily of the Valley*, *Crocus Imperial*, *Narcissus*, *Snowdrops*, *Paeonias*, *Lilies*, including the beautiful *Lilium Auratum*, or Golden Lily of Japan. All the protection they require during the winter is a few inches of tan, leaves, or other substances. Now is the time to make your selection. Do not wait until you see your neighbor's garden all aglow next spring with these floral beauties, and then foolishly order out of season, and be disappointed, but send at once for *Dreer's Illustrated Catalogue of Bulbs, Plants, and Seeds*, for the autumn of 1871, which may be had by sending a postage stamp to his address.

HENRY A. DREER, *Seedsman and Florist*,
714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

MORE ABOUT WEDDING PRESENTS:—

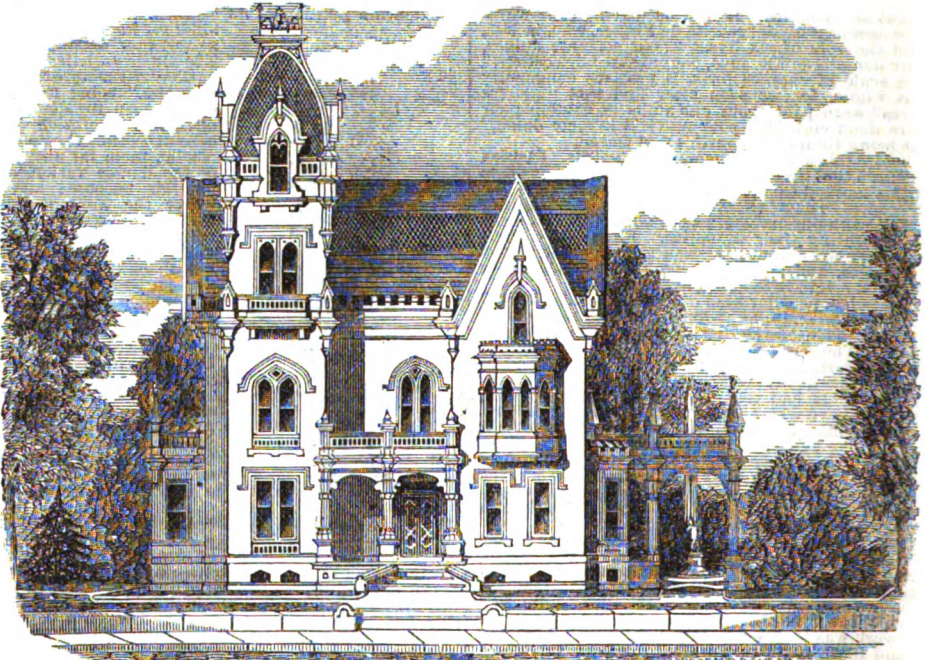
"A young couple, neither of whom play, received three pianos among their wedding presents. They talk of setting up a conservatory of music."

"A prominent and wealthy Western gentleman, in order to appear to advantage at the wedding of his niece, last week, presented her with a check for \$1000 with great ostentation. At the close of the ceremony, however, after the guests had departed, he took his check back and deposited it to his own account."

We suggested in a late number that something of this kind might be done, and some Western gentleman has taken our advice.

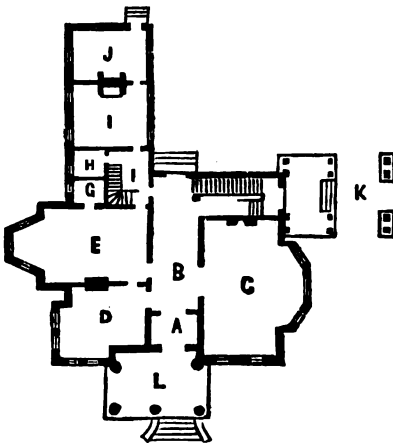
SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.



THE above design has been drawn for J. Wakeman, Esq., and is to be built in Norwalk, Connecticut, where a number of our designs have been erected. This is drawn in simple elevation, a plain geometrical drawing, supposing a person had a thousand eyes and looking direct upon each separate part.

modes, whereby the workman can have a guide and scale to get out his work from. As a rule this truth must be acknowledged: that if a line or geometrical drawing is beautiful, the structure, when built, will be ugly, and out of proportion, and without feeling, as they are not what they appear to be.

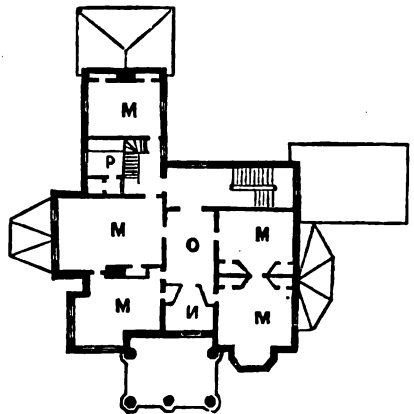


FIRST STORY.

Persons can obtain no real information by this how the building will look when viewed perspective. This is the process by which almost all architects get up their designs, and when they are finished, often prove great failures.

To design right, we design in perspective, where the projections, slopes of roofs, height and size of objects are changed to the person viewing the building.

The geometrical drawings are, with us, merely



SECOND STORY.

First Story.—A vestibule; B hall, 10 feet wide; C parlor, 16 by 30 feet; D library, 15 by 18 feet; E dining-room, 16 by 21 feet; F back stair hall; G china closet; H pantry; I kitchen, 14 by 16 feet; J scullery, 11 by 16 feet; K carriage porch; L front porch.

Second Story.—M chambers; N dressing-room; O hall; P bath-room.

—
THAT woman was a philosopher who, when she lost her husband, said she had one great consolation—she knew where he was of nights.

THREE CHOICE AND BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS:—

No. 1. "BED-TIME." A mother with her sleeping babe in her arms, carrying it lovingly up to its nightly resting-place. An older child, itself almost a baby, is clambering up the stairs before her. This is the picture; and the artist has given it a tender interest that appeals to every mother's heart, and to the heart of every lover of children. In "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," the babe is borne to its heavenly rest; in this to its nightly slumber.

Apart from the subject of this beautiful engraving, it has rare excellence as a work of art, and is a great favorite among picture buyers.

No. 2 "THE ANGEL OF PEACE." This picture represents an angel bearing a lovely child, passing over a sleeping city. The soft light of a crescent moon and the firmament of stars rest upon the city and its peaceful inhabitants like a benediction. It is one of the tenderest and most beautiful creations of art, worthy to take its place on the walls of any parlor in the land.

No. 3. "THE WREATH OF IMMORTELES." As a work of art, this exquisite picture is beyond criticism. It represents two children bearing a wreath of immortelles to place it upon the grave of their mother. The picture is full of sweet and tender interest, and will win its way to every heart. The original is one of the most charming pictures of the season.

We have arrangements with the publishers of these charming pictures that enable us to send them by mail to our subscribers at \$1 each; or two of them for \$1.75; or the three for \$2.25. Pictures like these cannot be bought of any print seller for less than \$5 each.

We recommend all of our readers who desire fine pictures to secure copies of these. Address L. A. GODEY, Philadelphia.

"AMONG the princesses of Europe, the Empress of Russia and the Princess Frederick Charles are the best painters; the Princess of Wales the best performer on the piano; the Queen of Holland the best poet and author; the Empress of Germany the best conversationalist; the Empress of Austria the best-looking lady; and the Queen of Denmark the best housewife."

And we may add, the most dissolute is the late Queen of Spain; the most used up Napoleon III.; and the ugliest Victor Immanuel, King of Italy.

FREIGHT ON LETTERS AND PREMIUM ON DRAFTS.—Subscribers will please understand that when they send their letters by an express company they must pay the freight, and those who send drafts must pay the premium. We advise subscribers to remit a post-office order or a draft payable to the order of L. A. GODEY. The rates for postal money orders as established by law are as follows:—

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum, but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge will be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

ADDRESS "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town,

county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

R. S. W.—Sent articles by express June 19th.

C. E. W.—Sent articles by express 19th.

I. P. F.—Sent flannel 22d.

Mrs. C. L. M.—Sent infant's wardrobe by express 24th.

R. S. N.—Sent lead comb 25th.

T. W.—Sent pattern 25th.

A. C.—Sent India rubber gloves 27th.

Mrs. T. L. J.—Sent infant's patterns by express 28th.

J. C. W.—Sent lead comb 28th.

S. M. B.—Sent pattern July 15th.

Mrs. C. J. McC.—Sent pattern 15th.

Mrs. J. L. B.—Sent pattern 15th.

Mrs. M. R. W.—Sent pattern 15th.

Mrs. N. B.—Sent pattern 15th.

J. H. N.—Sent kid gloves 15th.

Mrs. D. P.—Sent hair chain by express 15th.

W. P. S.—Sent silk dress by express 15th.

Mrs. H. W. K.—Sent skirts by express 15th.

Mrs. T. B.—Sent hair work 15th.

S. F.—Sent lead comb 17th.

Mrs. W.—Thanks for receipts.

Union Springs, Ala.—You sent no stamp. We answer here. We can send the comb, price \$1.50.

Maria.—Please every one as far as possible with sincerity. When you go into company, let it be with a full determination to shed a halo of gladness around you; when you receive your friends, let it be the same.

Victoria.—Avoid speaking of your acquaintance with great persons, and concerning the price which you give for everything you purchase. You will find that those who do so subject themselves to great derision.

W. H. F.—A correspondent generally waits for a reply to a letter before answering again.

M. S.—Such persons should only be invited to a dinner party as may prove mutually agreeable to each other.

C. E.—Sudden alarm or distress will blanch the hair. The hair of Ludwig, of Bavaria, who died in 1294, on his learning the innocence of his wife, whom he had caused to be put to death on a suspicion of infidelity, became suddenly as white as snow.

Soft Hands.—Old kid gloves may be worn in many domestic pursuits, with great advantage. One of the secrets of keeping the hands in good condition is to dry them *thoroughly* after wetting them.

J. L.—Cloves are the undeveloped flower-beds of a tree originally a native of the Molucca Islands, but which is now cultivated in various parts of the tropics.

Coral.—The Greeks named coral the "daughter of the sea."

N. N.—1. We cannot make the change, for where one plays the guitar, twenty use the piano. 2. Perhaps cutting it short and keeping it short for a year might remedy the evil. 3. Don't know anything about canary birds.

fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor the Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompa-

nled by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

The publisher of the *LADY'S BOOK* has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order, is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the Fashion Editor does not know.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—House dress of gray silk poplin, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with fringe of the same color, and crimson velvet ruches put on in points. Upper skirt and waist cut in one trimmed to correspond, cut open at the throat, and open sleeves.

Fig. 2.—Dinner dress of green silk, made with a long overskirt, trimmed with one ruffle, headed and trimmed with black velvet. The front breadth of dress is trimmed with rows of velvet, put on in points. Plain corsage, open heart shape, with a cape formed of a ruffle and rows of velvet; open sleeves.

Fig. 3.—Evening dress for married lady, of violet-colored silk. It is made with one skirt, trimmed around the bottom with purple silk, and each gore opened and a puff of silk let in; trimmed top and bottom, with a cord and buttons. Puffs also extend down the sides; basque waist, cut open at the throat, trimmed to correspond; open sleeves.

Fig. 4.—Evening dress of white silk, trimmed with a flounce of point applique lace; overskirt and waist cut in one, made of pink silk, trimmed with lace to match the flounce, and headed by pink velvet. The waist is cut low, square, with plaited illusion inside; bows of velvet up the front of skirt and waist; open sleeves, trimmed with lace. Lace and flowers in hair.

Fig. 5.—Walking suit of blue serge, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a plaiting of the same, headed by a bias fold of velvet; upper skirt trimmed with fringe and velvet, with tabs falling down at each side, trimmed to correspond. Plain corsage, with tabs in the back, coming down over the shoulder, giving the appearance of a sacque; long open sleeves. Blue silk bonnet, trimmed with velvet and white flowers.

Fig. 6.—Dress for little girl of six years old, made of silver gray silk, with a plaiting of the same around the bottom of skirt. Overdress and low square waist of violet-colored silk. White felt hat, trimmed with white feather and violet-colored velvet.

Fig. 7.—Dress for child of three years old, of white *piqué*; cloak of cashmere, with cape lined with blue silk, the cape and cloak being trimmed with velvet and fringe. White satin cap, trimmed with blue velvet.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Underskirt of purple and white striped silk; overskirt and basque of plain purple silk, trimmed with fringe and velvet. Bonnet of purple silk, trimmed with the same, and flowers at one side.

Fig. 2.—Walking dress of gray silk poplin, made with two skirts, trimmed with bands and fringe. Postillion basque, trimmed to correspond. Gray felt hat, trimmed with gray gauze and feather.

Fig. 3.—Black silk walking dress, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a ruffle deeper in front than at the sides and back, headed by a quilling of ribbon and lace. Overskirt trimmed to correspond, open at the sides, with bows on the underskirt to come between the opening. Jacket bodice;

coat sleeves. Bonnet of blue silk, trimmed with blue ribbon and corn flowers.

Fig. 4.—Dress for girl of six years old, made of gray silk poplin, trimmed with ruffles of blue and gray silk. Basque waist, cut square at the throat. Gray straw hat, trimmed with blue velvet and gray feather.

Fig. 5.—Black silk costume, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a ruffle scalloped out and bound, and buttons placed inside the scallops; the upper skirt trimmed to correspond. Sack trimmed with corded silk and fringe. Black straw hat, trimmed with scarlet velvet and feather.

Fig. 6.—Suit of Havana brown silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a ruffle, headed by a velvet band, and tabs trimmed with velvet at the sides. The upper skirt and sacque, which has long hanging sleeves, is trimmed with velvet and fringe. Bonnet of silk, to match dress, trimmed with lace and pink roses.

Fig. 7.—The Revers collar. The Revers collar is intended to be worn over an open dress. The foundation is satin, and it is trimmed with lace and bands of fine gulpure.

Fig. 8.—Embroidery trimming, done in different colored silks, and used for edging jackets of black cloth and cashmere.

Fig. 9.—New open sleeve. A coat sleeve can very easily be altered to this style by opening on the back, and putting plaited ruffle in, finished by a ruche.

Fig. 10.—Bow of pink silk, with ends made of Valenciennes insertion and silk, edged by a lace at the ends.

Figs. 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15.—We present to our readers five small designs for making sacques and jackets. These show what the style and shapes are, and enable our readers having a greater variety, owing to less space being taken up. They are made of silk and cashmere, and are trimmed with fringe and lace.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Casaque to be worn in the house or street, made of black silk, trimmed with lace and fancy gimp. It can be worn over a colored silk if desired.

Figs. 2 and 3.—Front and back view of the Altovila mantle, made of blue and white striped cloth. This is used for a wrap for driving on cool days.

Figs. 4 and 5.—Front and back view of ladies' black silk casaque, trimmed with fringe and gimp. This can be worn in the early fall, and for that season may be made of Cashmere if desired.

Fig. 6.—Kilt suit for little boy, of white *piqué*, trimmed with fancy white braid.

Fig. 7.—Dress for a little girl of three years, of light blue silk, made with basques; the skirt and waist being trimmed with narrow fringe, ruches, and braid.

Figs. 8 and 9.—Lace fichu. The detail, Fig. 9, gives the manner, full working size, for making the lace for the fichu. It consists of a net foundation, with muslin *appliqué* sewn on with chain-stitches of gold-colored flosselle; after the muslin is cut away, the sprigs alone remain. This trimming is plaited round a straight band of net, decorated in a similar manner, and the whole is edged with Valenciennes lace.

Fig. 10.—Shirt waist, made of white Cashmere, trimmed with blue silk and braid.

Fig. 11.—Headdress for evening wear. A steel band is first covered with black velvet, and upon this lace butterflies are mounted. This describes a half-circle round the head. A bow of loops and a rose in the centre decorate the centre of the forehead, and another bow with ends the right side of the head.

Figs. 12, 13, and 14.—Ornaments for hats.

Fig. 12.—A bunch of heron's feathers, four inches long, set round with four black satin leaves, made of double satin, with a thin wire in the middle.

Fig. 13.—This is a little bunch of white heron's feathers, with small curled ostrich feathers set all round them.

Fig. 14.—This ornament is made of cut black jet beads and bugles. The bugles are strung on wire. Begin with the centre by threading a black bugle on wire, doubling the wire and threading on it a large jet bead and several black bugles. The ends of the wires fasten to a piece of stiff net, and cover them with a jet button. Now take a double wire for the outer circle, and string on it alternately one cut and one long bead, fastening the ends of the wire underneath the jet button. On to this outer circle work the network of beads and bugles as follows: * string on three small bugles, one round bead, one bugle, pass the wire through a large bead of the outer circle, one bugle, pass the wire through the round bead of the inner circle. Repeat from *, observing to pass the wire through the bugle at the top of the large centre beads. Put a row of beads round the jet button.

Fig. 15.—Apron for child of two years, made of white cambric or fine linen.

Figs. 16 and 17.—Stand-up linen collar and sleeve, ornamented with lace.

Fig. 18.—Cap for morning wear, made of alternate rows of blue satin ribbon and white quilled illusion, finished in the back with bow and ends of ribbon.

Fig. 19.—Dress for little girl of three years, made of white *piqué*, and trimmed up the front with white braid.

HATS AND BONNETS.

(See Engravings, Page 220.)

Fig. 1.—Bonnet of black Neapolitan. The front is bound with scarlet velvet, and loops of scarlet velvet across. A scarlet feather across the top; a black lace end falls down in the back.

Fig. 2.—Gray straw hat, bound with blue velvet, and trimmed with blue velvet flowers and long blue feathers. Blue ribbon ends in back, edged with black lace.

Fig. 3.—Bonnet of lilac silk, with brim turned up in front; a bunch of shaded purple flowers and ribbon trims the outside.

Fig. 4.—Brown straw gypsy bonnet, trimmed with brown ribbon, black lace, and scarlet flowers.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

BUT little new is seen in the way of fashions this month, it being too early for the fall styles to be decided upon, and our *élégantes* having returned from watering-places with nothing to wear, the ever-popular black silk costume is extensively patronized. Black grenadine suits are also worn, but few of these are made up new this month. They are generally left from the summer wardrobe; but if the dresses then made are too crushed to look well, new ones are substituted, as they can easily be worn this month and the early part of next.

Black silk dresses are trimmed with velvet, fringe, ruffles, and of the same; the underskirt can be of silk, and the overskirt of Cashmere, trimmed with gimpure lace. Some French costumes imported display very short overskirts, simply draped; and an elegant imported suit of black silk dispenses with the upper skirt altogether. This is probably a hint of the future, but ladies still prefer the long overskirt elaborately draped.

The Louis XIV. vest, very broad and square below the waist, is seen in many handsome costumes. It is made of velvet; a contrasting color, or, if the suit is colored, the shade of the darkest color, used in trimming the suit.

Black Cashmere round capes are destined to replace the Cashmere sacques that have become too generally worn to be in favor with ladies of exclusive taste. The handsomest model was imported. It is a double cape of black Cashmere; the lower cape falls a finger length below the waist; the upper is several inches shorter, and has a Watteau fold behind. *Passementerie* and fringe or lace edge each cape and the collar. A cord with tassels ties it. The mantle can hang open or fasten below the throat. Gracefully worn of a cool day over a black silk suit, this forms a most distinguished-looking garment. When *paletots* are worn as extra wraps, those of pale gray Cashmere or *drap d'été*, richly braided and fringed, are preferred to black Cashmere ones; but by those persons who prefer all black, and a jacket, the black ones are still worn, trimmed to correspond with the overskirt. With these costumes a black straw or lace bonnet or hat, with a feather of color or a flower, of the same color, and black kid gloves, completes the costume.

For those persons who desire a plainer or less expensive costume than a silk, the Buffalo brand of alpaca can be recommended to favor. They can be trimmed with knit platings of the same, and at a short distance, if prettily made, can not be told from a silk. It wears well, and is a dress which is seen in almost every wardrobe. When there is a variety of costumes, it answers for shopping and general rough wear; when the wardrobe is limited, for a dress to be worn on all occasions, in many cases being the only black dress worn. With a hat or bonnet neatly trimmed, nice gloves and boots, pretty necktie, a lady can always look neat and ladylike in an alpaca suit. Of course, a silk or Cashmere is much prettier; but where the means are limited, a really good quality of alpaca is by far the most serviceable dress that can be worn. Basket alpaca, or English lustre, is also a very serviceable black goods. This fabric makes admirable costumes for young ladies, and most serviceable dresses for everyday wear.

In black silks a novelty is a very magnificent quality measuring three yards and a half across. These wide silks are very expensive, and much in request for the long, distinct trains now worn over the short underskirt.

A dress being made at a noted *modiste's* is of gray silk rep; the underskirt trimmed simply with four cross-strips of a darker shade of the same material; a similar trimming on the upper skirt, with the addition of a rich crimped fringe of shaded gray silk. This tunic skirt is rather long, and is not looped up; the jacket bodice is tight-fitting, with square-cut tapering basques and open sleeves. There are only two cross-strips round the jacket, with fringe on the edge. The divisions of the basques are marked by broad flat buttons at the top of each slit. The style of cutting a tunic skirt most worn at present is to cut it of a round shape, throw all the fullness to the back, leaving the front part plain, with a few plaits at the sides, fastened down with an agraffe of *passementerie* jet. The jacket, cut out, as before explained, into little basques, sometimes opens in front upon a sort of *pilet*, which may be either black or the color of the skirt. Some costumes are made with the underskirt plaited all the way down, like a Scotch kilt.

For *jupeons*, white alpaca or fine Cashmere, with a border of Breton embroidery round the bottom, are extremely *distingué*. The vogue of *bijoux de fan-*

taiste is still very great; perhaps they are the only ones in existence in many a Parisian family just now. Those who possess the genuine articles would not part with them for diamonds of the purest water; and those who do not, wear the best imitation they can find.

The new *agrafes de ceinture* are extremely pretty; they are imitations of ancient jewelry, in enamel and small stones, and pearls, and silver, or tinted gold. The *agrafe* is fastened at the waist; there are three short chains to it, the centre one for the watch, the others for the key and seal. The *agrafe* thus takes the place of the watch guard. The complete set comprises, besides the *agrafe*, the cross or locket, and the eardrops. For young ladies, another style of *bijoux de fantaisie*, which is both inexpensive and pretty, is the *parure* of painted silk. The silk is stretched upon small deal moulds, and exquisitely painted with patterns of flowers, birds, or butterflies. The patterns painted in bright colors over a turquoise blue or a black ground are very effective. Flowers are the prettiest, but the set painted with miniature swallows on a blue ground is also very tasteful. The brooch is of a circular shape; the ear-drops have a round ball at the top, and a pendant. Small tortoise-shell circlets on bands are now worn round the head to keep the hair in place. A small waved bandeau is worn over the forehead, the band is fastened on, and then the hair is rolled tier upon tier above the circlet. The effect is pretty, and very becoming to the generality of faces. The narrower the tortoise-shell band is, the prettier; and when it is enamelled, and takes the form of a twisted cord, the effect is still better. These bands are in better taste than the tortoise-shell coronets, which were introduced some little time ago. With these bands the fashionable tortoise-shell jewelry is worn—necklace and locket, earrings and bracelets; they come in plain shell or inlaid with gold.

If a good deal of additional hair is still worn in modern coiffure, it is certainly managed with more skill than formerly. One would almost think the wonderful pomade or *eau de toilette* so constantly sought, so profusely advertised by coiffeurs, and which is to promote to such an extent the growth of the *chevelure*, must have been truly found at last, to see the wealth of thick braids and torsades flowing on the back of our *élégantes*. It is no longer the pad, the most visible and palpable pad, bulging out at the back of the head; it is real hair, plaited or twisted, and falling in large loops sometimes nearly down to the waist. The front hair is raised off above the forehead and on the summit of the head, but from thence it is arranged to fall quite flat down in the neck and as low as possible. Young ladies still brush their hair quite off from the temples; but *madame*, when her age becomes uncertain, and a white streak or so appears just in that treacherous place under the thick masses of her still beautiful hair, prefers smoothing it over small pads, so as to form double *rouleaux*. Altogether, the modern coiffure is not much less elaborate than it was, but it looks more natural, and certainly those ladies who possess great abundance of hair can now dress it without any artificial help. Unfortunately it is difficult to believe that all ladies possess the advantage of so luxurious a *chevelure*, and the quantities of braids and torsades ready to put on, exposed in coiffeurs' windows still further confirm the truth that the beautiful tresses of many a fair one are her own only in so far as she has paid for them. Speaking of coiffures, we must not forget to mention the pretty little *Normande* caps, which would make the youngest and prettiest of *jeunes dames* wish for some pretext to appear in such a dainty headgear. The

Normande cap is formed principally of a very large bow of clear white muslin, placed exactly on the top of the head, and surrounded by a finely gaufered border, edged with narrow lace. The bow is sometimes made of wide ribbon, the original *Normande* pattern being a broad ribbon bow, but, of course, all the coquettish grace of this little cap depends upon the art with which the bow is made up and put on.

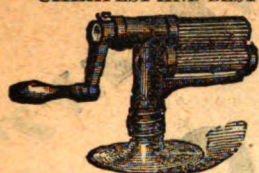
Among the dresses forming a *trousseau* just sent from Paris, we will describe the wedding dress. The material is white muslin, but it is made up into the most exquisite muslin *toilette* possible to imagine. It is covered with twelve hundred dollars worth of Valenciennes lace. Upon the muslin skirt, which is to be worn over a white silk skirt, there are eleven frouces of Valenciennes lace. A white muslin tunic, extremely short, and rounded in front; upon the left side of this tunic a tuft of orange blossoms is fastened, and sprays of the same are continued down to the edge. The tunic forms three points at the back, the centre one being longest, and it is gracefully looped up with bows of white *faillie*, intermingled with orange blossoms. White silk bodice, with pagoda sleeves, covered with white muslin, a *cascade* of Valenciennes lace down the front, *basques* both in front and at the back, and beneath the *basques* (which are slashed up) a very wide white *moire* sash. A *ruche* of Valenciennes lace round the throat, and in the centre of the *ruche* a light spray of orange blossoms. A tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms for headdress. A similar *toilette* arranged over a colored silk dress, would be charming for evening wear. For example, it could be made of pink and trimmed with eglantines; the low bodice and the *moire* waistband of the same color as the eglantines.

In ladies' underclothing there is but little difference in styles. Very broad bands or yokes are worn on chemises. Three inches is often the measure at the narrowest part on the shoulders or behind, while the front is deeply pointed, and, in many cases, trimmed separately from the body of the garment, to serve as a corset cover. A puff and ruffle, or tucks and narrow Valenciennes edging, trim muslin chemises. Lengthwise insertions of Valenciennes, or medallions of the same lace, trim fine linen chemises. Drawers are trimmed to match the band and sleeves of the chemise with which they are worn. They are short, not very wide, and made to button at the side. The long sacque shaped nightdress is preferred by many for ordinary wear; the upper part of the gown is tucked to represent a yoke, and strengthened by tapes underneath. The prettiest sleeves for gowns have a square double cuff, and are shaped like undersleeves. Sets of the three garments—chemise, drawers, and gown—are made to match. White muslin skirts for walking length should be made wider than when dresses were fully gored. They measure three and three-quarters around, and have a gored front width, a broad gore on each side, and a full back breadth. A two-inch hem, and ten or twelve small tucks above, is the trimming of plain ones. Lengthwise tucks in a strip a finger and a half deep, sewed on only at the top, and set upon the skirt, not at the edge, are a popular trimming for white skirts. Sometimes a row of diagonal tucking or a band of insertion heads the perpendicular tucks. Demi-trained skirts, to wear under dresses of the same length, are trimmed with a flounce of the rich gimpure embroidery, with deep Vandykes of puffs and insertion. A flounce around such skirts assists in holding the dress train gracefully. Valenciennes lace edges plaited and fluted flounces on such skirts, but lace is too frail a trimming for this purpose, to wear any time.

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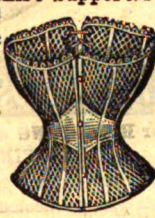


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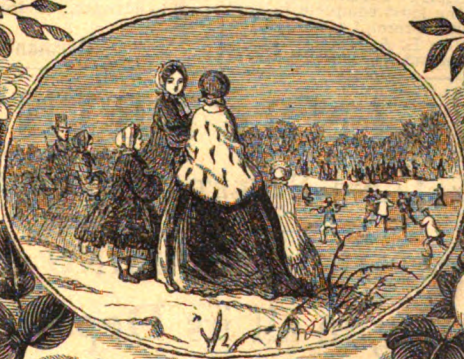
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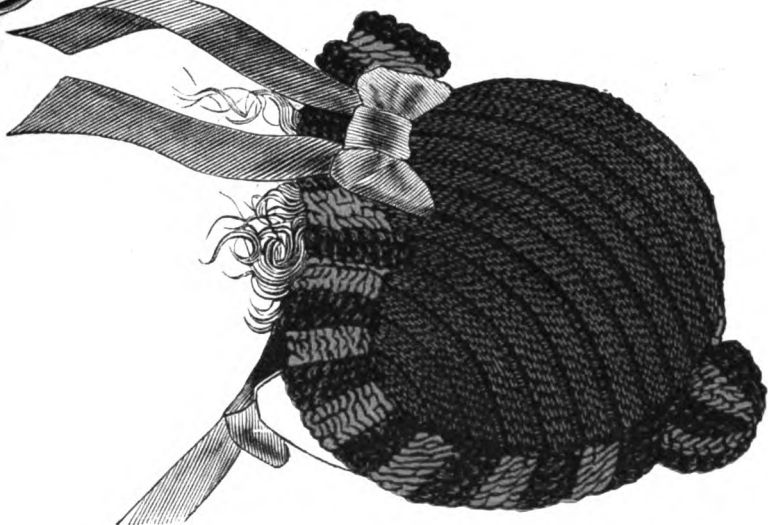
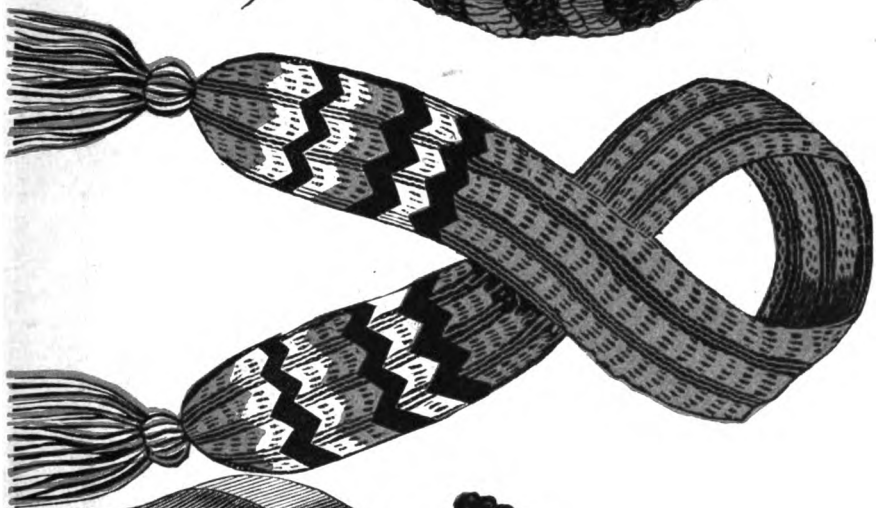
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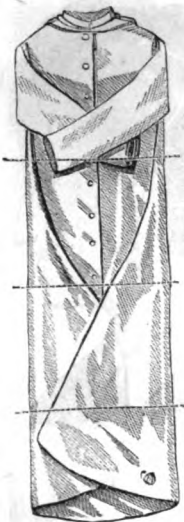


Fig. 4.



Fig. 10.



Fig. 2.

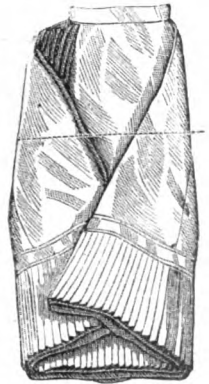


Fig. 8.



Fig. 1.



Fig. 7.

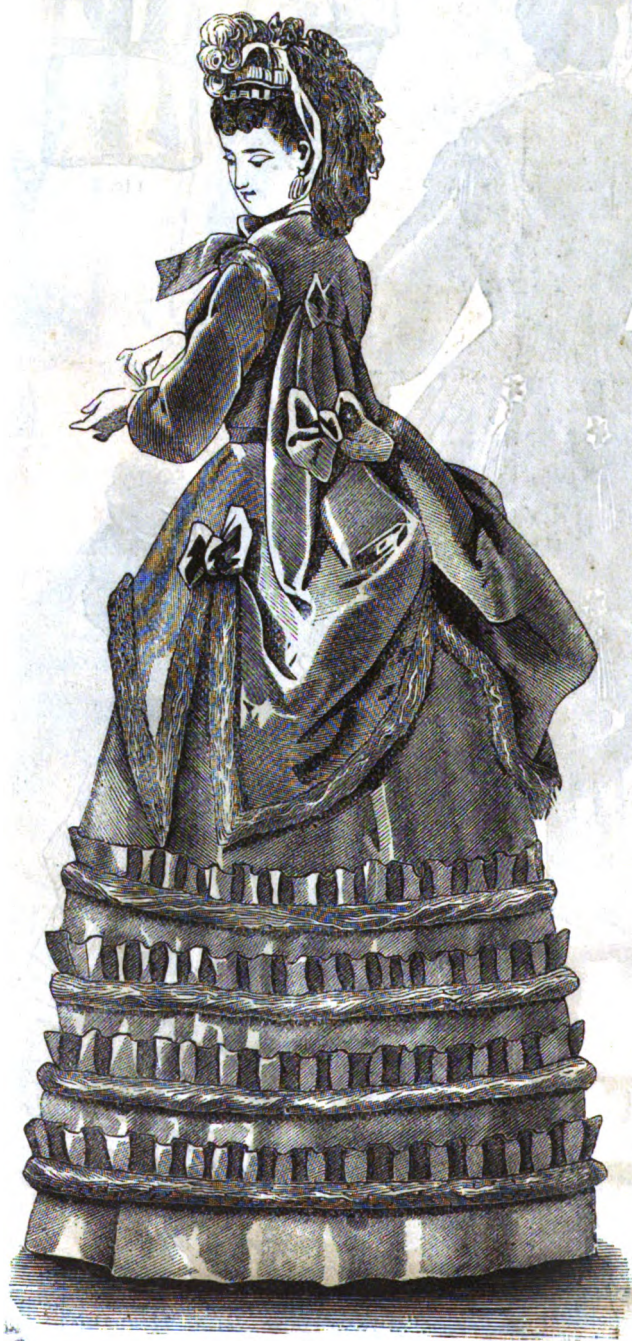


Fig. 1

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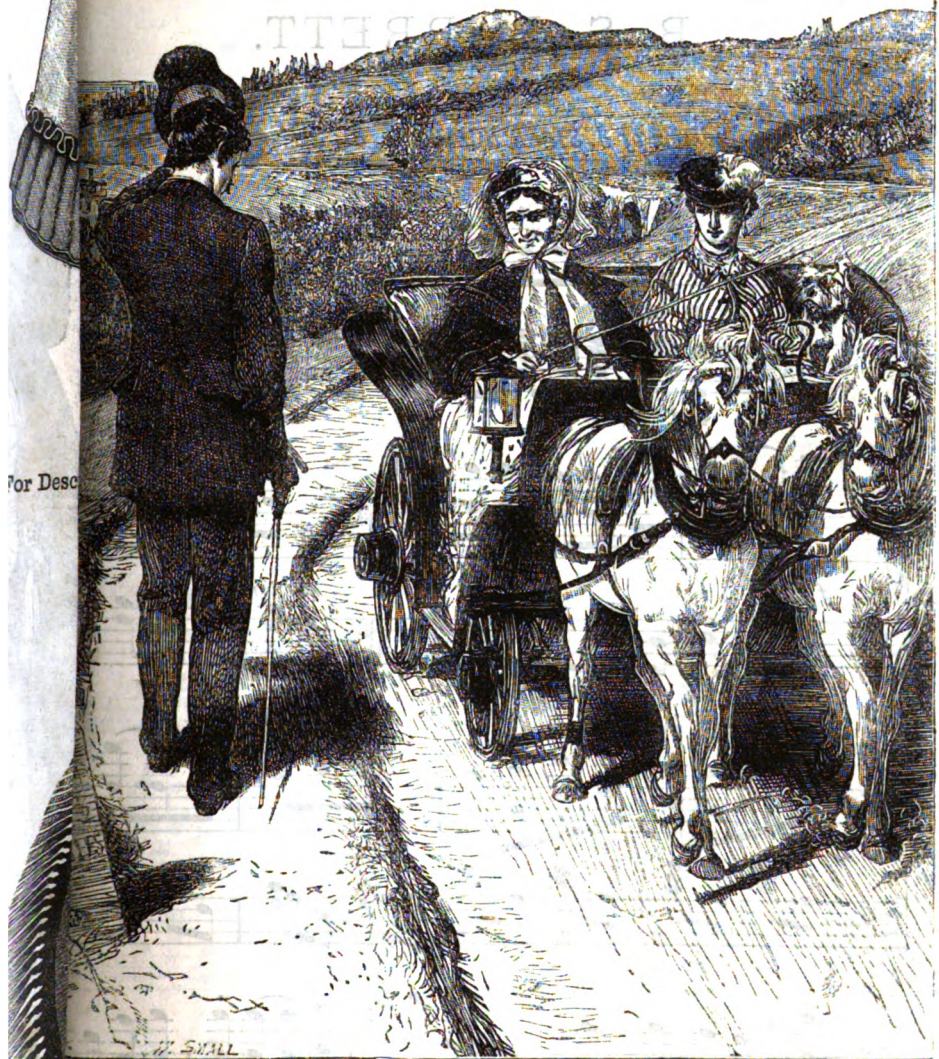
Popsey Wopsey Galop.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED

PIANO-FORTE

BY

P. R. FETT.



WHO CAN HE BE?

Popsey Wopsey Galop.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED

FOR THE

PIANO-FORTE,

BY

B. S. BARRETT.

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The musical score is written for piano and forte. It features a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of two sharps (D major). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system is marked 'p stac.' (piano, staccato). The second system is marked 'f' (forte) in the piano part and 'p leg.' (piano, legato) in the forte part. The third and fourth systems continue the piece with various melodic and harmonic developments.

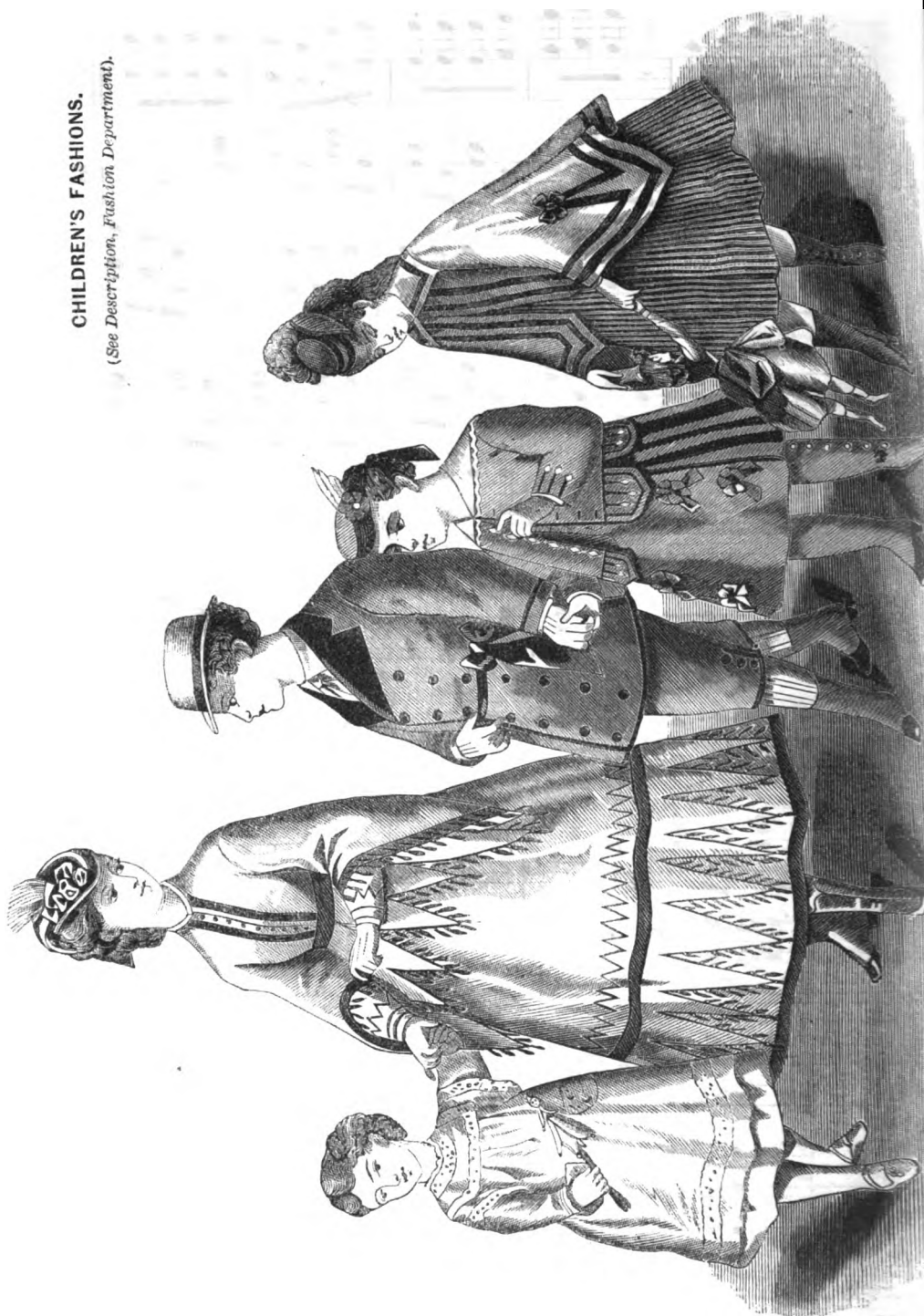
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POPSEY WOPSEY GALOP.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

(See Description, Fashion Department).



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXXIII.—NO. 496.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1871.

NURSE BROWN'S STORY.

BY MARION HARLAND.

PART II.

"How *could* you bear it?" cried I, in a horror of grief and pity. "Didn't you feel like cursing her who had caused all this?"

"Not then," said the nurse, in significant simplicity. "It does seem strange to me sometimes that I could bear it and live. But, as I said awhile ago, my heart melted, instead of breaking. It couldn't have been otherwise when Eben threw himself down by his dead boy and prayed to die with him. I called him, and he came at once, took me in his arms, and sobbed over me.

"My precious wife!" he said. 'Can you ever forgive me? I am not worthy of your love. This is a judgment sent to chastise me for my great sin. But it has fallen upon the innocent, too.'

"I thought he was raving, and tried to keep back my tears that I might comfort him. It was his talk about forgiving him, who had never, to my knowing, injured me, that put Lizzie into my head.

"She must feel dreadfully,' I says to mother, who was helping move my Eby's body into the other room, and getting the clothes to lay him out in.

"She'd ought to!' she put in, snappish-like. "I minded afterward how Eben lifted his head from my shoulder, as if he was about to answer back. I didn't give him time.

"She is more to be pitied than me,' said I. 'She didn't mean to hurt the child, yet she was the cause of what happened to him. I know she must be suffering terribly. Eben, dear, would you mind going to look after her? She is hurt badly in body, too; we may help her. Nobody can do *him* any good,' says I, beginning to cry again. 'But I've a notion the pain in my heart wouldn't be so sharp if I tried to ease somebody else's trouble. I want you

should tell her from me, Eben, that I saw it all, and that we understand it, and won't, either of us, lay it up against her, seeing it was an accident.'

"He got up to do as I said, but mother she stopped him.

"Your place is with your wife,' she says, in her quick way. 'I'll see to the girl. She'll do well enough, never fear.'

"He minded her right off, but I could see he didn't relish her manner of speaking. He didn't like being dictated to at any time.

"I hope she'll be kind to Lizzie,' he says, presently. 'The poor girl is almost crazy. As you say, she is the one most to be pitied. You are a dear, loving, sensible creature, and know how to feel for others.' By and by he mentioned Lizzie again. It was plain that she weighed heavy upon his mind. 'She is so sensitive and impulsive,' he said, 'and has such strong feelings, I am really uneasy as to the effect this will have upon her.'

"At that I said: 'Mother is busy in the other room, and I think Lizzie is lying on the lounge in the parlor. Now and then I can hear her crying. Step down and see for yourself how she is getting along.'

"He kissed me and the baby before he went, and I lay still thinking, and crying quietly to myself, and striving to make up my mind to the Lord's will, for ever so long. Mother was talking low with a neighbor in the next room, and I could catch the sound of Eben's voice through the flooring, if I listened attentively, but nobody came near me until it was near dark. Then it was mother who knocked at the door.

"Why! where's Eben?' she says, surprised.

"I told her how I had sent him down to Lizzie, and how anxious we were about her.

"You needn't be,' says she. She always fired up when Lizzie was named. 'She'll never die nor go crazy with grief. I've no patience with her or her affectations. And I tell you what, Becky,' sitting down on the side

of my bed, 'you're spoiling her with all your might. You'll be sorry for it some day.'

"'Maybe so, mother,' I said. 'But I can't be sorry to-day that I've done all I could to relieve her sufferings. She'll be haunted for life by my darling's last look and cry. I've been thinking it over lying here. We can't be too charitable or kind to her.'

"'I shall speak to your father about taking her home right away. I'll tell him she's in the way here at this time,' says mother, after thinking for a minute. 'And when she's well again, we must find another place for her. She's done harm enough in this house already.' She looked so stern that I was frightened at the idea of trusting Lizzie in her hands.

"'Don't, please!' I begged, as for my life. 'I wouldn't have her think that I dreaded to see her again, or that the sight of her could ever be painful to me. It would be like accusing her of murder. Think what the Saviour says, "Whatsoever ye would, therefore, that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." If I were in her place, such treatment would kill me.'

"'You're not her,' says mother; but, when I went on to plead with her, she soothed me by promising to do nothing against my will at present. I didn't see Lizzie till the morning of the funeral. It was Eben who persuaded me to send for her. I suppose you'll think me inconsistent, Mrs. Marley, after all I've said of being sorry for and forgiving her, but I *did* shrink from meeting her, although she was never out of my mind for a minute. I'd only to shut my eyes, and I'd see her a-standing at the head of the stairs, frowning and scolding at the child, and jerking her apron away from his tight little fingers. It was this made me say I knew she'd be haunted all her days. I was to be kept perfectly still, said the doctor, for the brain was overexcited, and mother wouldn't let nobody but father and Eben so much as peep at me. She'd gone home to dress for the funeral, and Eben was sitting by me, and they'd brought the coffin into my room, and left it there that I might have a last, long look of my boy, when my husband said, kind and gentle as could be:—

"'Dear wife, wont you see that broken-hearted child, and be reconciled to her over this little coffin; tell her that you will try to feel towards her still as one sister should for another? She is grieving herself to death about your refusal to let her come into your sight. Can't you bury your enmity with our first-born?'

"'That cut me to the quick. 'O Eben!' I cried, 'you don't think I could bear ill-will to anybody just now, least of all to my own flesh and blood? Haven't I said all along that I forgive her freely—freely?'

"'Actions speak louder than words,' he says, very solemn and sad. 'What is the feeling

that makes you wish to shun her? Ask yourself the question.'

"'I had but one answer to make. 'If you think it is unkind and unchristian not to ask her in to see me, I wish you would bring her. I don't want to deceive myself, or to hurt her feelings.'

"'She came in, pale as ashes, her arm in sling; and, at the sight of the black dress she put on to wear to the funeral, I burst out crying, and opened my arms to her. She was my sister, you see, and my heart was very tender because it was so sore.

"'You won't send me away from you a brother, will you?' she sobbed, after awhile raising herself, and, grieving as I was, I could but say to myself how pretty she was, for curls were flying loose, and her eyes brighter than ever with the tears. 'It's all the home I have in the wide world, and I'll serve you on my knees, if you will but love me and let me. I don't deserve any comfort from you, but I'm so miserable! so miserable! I wish I had been killed instead of Eby.'

"'Eben was crying, too, with me, and a voice shook, but he said: 'You shall have a home with your sister, Lizzie. It's too true and noble to be angry with you for what has happened. We will stand by you, and let what will come.'

"'Mother came to see me a day or two after Eby was buried, and began to urge me to let Lizzie go to father's to live until she could settle else to do.

"'She's no earthly account here,' said father. 'She's worse than useless, for she's no good by inches, and she'll do more mischief if somebody doesn't take her in hand than she'll do good. She's a hardened jade, and she wants a good tight rein. If you have a hand in the store, let it be a stranger's. I'll pay this girl more than you would for her. And I'll let Matilda come around you in housework and sewing until she's strong and well again.'

"'Matilda was my oldest half-sister's right-hand at home. I felt her so much in offering to spare her to me that it all the harder for me to explain what I promised Lizzie. I never saw her so happy as she was when I told her what she could do.

"'It's a regular plot!' she says, 'I hatched-up plan to take advantage of you, you wasn't able to judge for yourself what was best and right. I don't marvel at it, but Eben had ought to be wiser than himself! And you're a weak, silly simpleton, Becky King! You don't know more than the nose on your face. Be a decent, God-fearing woman, that please your Maker, and would hurt no one sooner than injure your neighbor.'

for granted other people are like you. You'll repent this promise they've wormed out of you in dust and ashes before you die, take my word for it!

"I was distressed at her going on so, but I hadn't the least idea what she was hinting at, nor why she was so set upon getting Lizzie away. The next thing I heard was she had quarrelled outright with Eben. Long afterwards she told me that she talked to him much plainer than she did to me, and warned him very faithful as to what would be the end of the course he was taking. All I was told at the time was that there had been words between them—so hard that they didn't speak for more'n two years—and mother wouldn't come to the house without she was sure Eben wasn't at home. He didn't object to my going to father's, but he wouldn't go further than the door with me. Yet I must say he behaved very well in the matter.

"I wouldn't be the means of hindering you from visiting your father," he used to say. 'And, although your mother and I don't agree, she is certainly fond of you and the children. Take them to see her whenever you like.'

"I did, often as I could, especially Sunday afternoons, when father was home. He was getting infirm, and was almost childish in liking to have me with him. He didn't care much for Eben, and he was cross with Lizzie sometimes, when she was pert to mother or me, or seemed to look down on the other girls, Matilda and Maria, who were shy, and didn't dress or talk as she did. She went with me though—say, once a month—but she hardly ever stayed the evening out. She had many young companions, and she was pretty sure to be off, directly after supper, to go to church with this or that one. Eben got in the habit of spending Sunday evenings with his married sister, who lived quite in the suburbs, and was, occasionally, very late in coming to see me home. It never struck me then as queer that he was always early when Lizzie was with me, but I did think, once or twice, that I wouldn't mind going down the street alone, if she was along to help with the sleepy children.

"So things went on for two years, until one evening—I shall never forget the date—it was the 20th of December, and very cloudy and raw. I had doubts about taking out the little ones that afternoon, only Eben said a little cold weather wouldn't hurt them. He was going to his sister's, and Lizzie meant to spend the night with Mary Bryson, a nice, steady girl who worked at Mrs. Bobbinet's in the place I used to have when I was there. She would often do this, and be home by sunrise Monday morning.

"I met Matilda in the street to-day as I went to church," says Eben, while I was still considering what was best. 'She told me your

father was sick. She was on her way for the doctor.'

"This settled me. Lizzie walked with me as far as our ways lay together.

"I 'most wish I had not given a positive promise to Mary,' she says, then. 'If I hadn't, I would go with you and see father. Take him my best love.'

"Mother met me at the front door. 'I'm ever so glad to see you,' she said. 'But it's too damp and bleak for the children to be out. You'd ought to have left them with Lizzie.'

"She's gone to Mary Bryson's," said I.

"I'll warrant," growled mother. 'She's a regular gad-fly.'

"Father wasn't seriously sick, but he had a feverish cold and a troublesome hacking cough that was very trying to the strength. About half-past eight he took some drops the doctor had left, and fell off into a sound sleep. I was afraid the children would disturb him, for they were wide-awake, by way of variety; and so when an old friend of ours—Andrew Brown by name—stepped in to see how he was, I made so bold as to ask him, for I'd known him all my life, if we might go along with him, seeing he had to pass right by our house on his way home. He was very kind, and would carry Jamie, although he was a stout boy, quite able to walk twice as far. I had Annie by the hand, and we went on pretty brisk, for it was beginning to snow. I carried the key of the side door always in my pocket when I went out, and, as the shop stood on the corner, we came up to it by the cross-street.

"'Why, there's a light in the sitting-room!' said I, the minute we were in sight of the windows. 'That's odd, when there's nobody at home. I hope nothing has caught fire.'

"'The light is too steady for that,' said Andrew, but we hurried on faster for seeing it.

"The shutters of one window were open, but the shade was down—a white one, with a painted border—and as I stopped at the door, and began to turn the key in the lock, which always went hard, a shadow passed across the blind.

"'There's Lizzie,' says I. 'I suppose she got discouraged with the cold, and didn't go to Mary Bryson's after all. She's coming to the door for me. It's all right.'

"I gave a wrench to the key that unlocked the door, stopped to say 'Good-night' to Mr. Brown, and picked up Jamie, who didn't fancy being set down on the steps. Annie was pushing the door with all her might, but it didn't give way, and I put my shoulder to it. It flew open on a sudden, and there stood Eben.

"'Halloo!' he says. 'You almost knocked me over. What brought you home so early? Babies fretful, eh?' taking Jamie from me.

"I told him how it happened, and walked into the sitting-room. 'Where's Lizzie?' I

asked, staring around, for she was nowhere to be seen.

"At Mary Bryson's, I suppose," and he said it so coolly it took my breath away. "I haven't seen her since you walked off together this afternoon. I had *my* walk for nothing, for Julia was not at home; so I came back, made a cup of tea for myself, and have been sitting here alone ever since."

"I didn't say a word, ma'am, nor so much as look as if I didn't believe him, but my heart dropped like a shot bird, for I had made no mistake when I said that was Lizzie's shadow on the curtain. I saw it plain as I do you this minute—her side-face, and her curls, and even the bow of ribbon fastening her collar, the long ends blowing behind her as she walked. There never was a painted profile that was more distinct."

"It's an awful lesson—that of distrust in your husband—and it came in upon me like a thunderclap. Eben had lied to me, and done it so glibly, and with such a straight face, he must be used to that sort of work. I hadn't dreamed of complaining of him or of Lizzie for spending the cold, disagreeable evening at home, in each other's company. Why should he want to deceive me? How often had he done it before? And why? She had run away to hide, and he had held the door against me until she was safe up-stairs. *Why?* Eben helped undress the children, and frolicked with them, and I picked up their clothes, and put them by in the parlor-closet, and answered his questions about father as if I was thinking of nothing but what he was saying, and all the while my brain danced and turned somersaults to the *Why*. I was like a person standing on the edge of a precipice, and throwing out his hands to keep from falling over, I felt so giddy. I kept busy as a bee until the children were ready for bed. I remember now how pleased their father looked when they said they wanted he should hear their prayers."

"And he with a lie in his right hand!" said something in my ear.

"He carried them both up to bed in his arms, although Annie was a heavy lift of herself, but he was strong as a giant. I heard them having a great romp overhead, and I stole softly up to Lizzie's door and tried it. It was locked. I poked my little finger in the key-hole, and felt that the key was on the inside. I didn't need proof of the deceit they had practised on me, but I had it in this. Everything in the room was still as death, and there wasn't a glimmer of light. She didn't mean I should suspect she was there—that was clear—but why should she take such pains to hinder me? All night long I turned the question over in my mind, while Eben slept like a healthy child. He was an early riser, but I hadn't shut my eyes, and I was up before him, was dressed by the time he was awake. He tried

to persuade me not to go down-stairs until he had made the kitchen fire, but I was set in my way. I had made up my mind to expose them, to put them to open shame, was foolish enough to think I could be smart enough to circumvent them. I never lost sight of the hall and the staircase all the while I was getting breakfast. Eben came in the kitchen once, and shut the door after him, but I had it wide open again in a second."

"It's hot as fury in here," says I. "Leave that as it is, please."

"Lizzie couldn't get down without my seeing her, so, of course, she didn't make her appearance."

"Lizzie is late," says Eben, when we sat down to table. He had been fidgeting from the top of the house to the bottom for an hour. "I suppose the storm keeps her."

"At that minute the milkman stopped at the side door. The snow was deep and still falling, and Eben had never let me do such a thing before in stormy weather; but he pretended not to hear the bell, went on cutting up Jamie's food and talking to him, while I got up to fetch the milk. I went to the kitchen for a pitcher, then out upon the sidewalk to the wagon. I had hardly crossed the threshold before the door slammed to behind me. Annie opened it almost directly."

"Papa says the wind blew it to," she said, "and told me to run quick and open it, or you'd be froze."

"I wasn't surprised to find Lizzie in the dining-room when I got back, as if she'd just come in through the shop. She had on her hood, and cloak, and gloves; her cheeks were red as if she had been walking in the wind, and she was actually pulling off her rubbers."

"Such a tramp as I've had!" says she, all out of breath. "I thought I'd never get here."

"I went up to her and picked up one of her overshoes. It was dry and warm, while my shoes were full of wet snow from having stood in it a half-minute. I said nothing, but I ran my hand into the India-rubber shoe, and looked her square in the eye. Then I threw it down, and went around to my seat at the head of the table. They were taking a world of pains to fool me. *Why?*"

"All this time, and for a fortnight afterwards, I was angry, and puzzled, and hurt, but not jealous. It didn't once come into my head that Eben preferred Lizzie to me. I was his wife—the mother of his children. He had vowed to be faithful to me, and I didn't doubt that he was. It wounded and displeased me that he had lied to me, yet I was a great ways from guessing at his real reason for doing so. Father grew worse, and I managed to see him every day; sat up with him two nights, leaving the children at home with Eben. I meant to watch a third night yet, but when I went to father's for this purpose, I found somebody

else had offered to take my place. Mother walked part the way back with me, for I said I must go home, now there was no need of my staying.

"'You are right to keep watch upon things in your own house,' says she as we parted. 'And my advice to you is to open your eyes well!'"

"This speech made me uncomfortable somehow, and I suppose put me up to what I did when I reached the house. I had noticed that morning that a slat in one of the shutters was loose. They weren't movable, but stationary, and, as I opened them, I had seen that I could push it up and down. The sitting-room was on the ground floor, and, thinks I to myself, 'I'll see if any passers-by could peek in. It isn't pleasant to imagine that some thieving vagabond may be looking at you when you are busy at night with your work, and maybe all alone in the house.'

"I pulled the slat ever so gently, and it slipped down an inch at least. There was a bright light in the room, and Lizzie was sitting upon Eben's knee, playing with his hair. I watched them several minutes before I had strength or sense to move, saw him kiss and fondle her, as he'd no right to treat anybody except only me—at least, those were my old-fashioned notions—then I knocked at the door. Eben let me in and said how glad he was to see me, and how pleased that I wasn't to have another night's watching; but I couldn't stay to listen. I ran up stairs and locked myself in my room with my children. But for them I would have killed myself then and there, or run away and never, never seen him again. At last I made out through the storm raging within me, that he was at the door, and calling to me to let him in. I got up from my knees by the children's bed (although I hadn't been praying) and opened the door.

"'Don't touch me,' I said, as he offered to put his arm around me. 'I saw you through the window just now—you two. And I know why Lizzie hid from me Sunday night before last, and you told me she wasn't in the house.'

"He tried to laugh off the matter at first; then he talked about brotherly affection; and when I turned a deaf ear, and he saw that I had really seen enough to convince that all this was idle prattle, and a false excuse, he owned right out that he did love my sister as a man does the girl he would marry if he could. He couldn't help it, he said. The affections were beyond the control of the will, and so on; and what harm was done without I chose to make scandal of what I'd found out? We might live together, a happy, united family, for years, if I would dismiss my absurd scruples and take a sensible view of the case.

"'A man isn't responsible for these accidents,' says he. 'I don't like you any the less for being so fond of Lizzie. I've been true to

you all the time. You would not be the worse off for my intimacy with your sister if you hadn't chanced to see what I never meant you should.'

"'If 'twasn't wrong, why did you conceal it from me?' I asked.

"'Because I knew you well enough to be certain you'd disapprove of our sentiments and behaviour one to the other,' he says. 'And, although you don't believe it, I love you so well, I would spare you needless pain. You will do me and my affection justice in time, Becky, but you misjudge me fearfully now.'

"People didn't talk and write about free-love and affinities and that sort of stuff in those days, and although his arguments sounded very fine, and he could reason me down, I could see what lay behind it all. I told him it was foolish and wicked, cruel to me, and insulting to Him who had ordained marriage and commanded a man to cleave unto his wife. That seemed to me the only right 'view of the case.' Moreover—for my spirit was fairly roused—I wouldn't bear it any longer. Lizzie must leave the house if I ever detected any more of such goings-on as I had witnessed that night, or I should take the children and go to father's. I was excited, and maybe spoke too harshly, but it was a sharp cross for a wife to bear—from her own sister, too. I promised him I wouldn't expose them without they gave me further reason, and that I wouldn't open my lips to Lizzie on the subject. He took most of the blame to himself—'if there was any wrong in what they had done,' he slipped that in every other sentence. The girl had attracted him from the first, and she had loved him the instant she set eyes on him in Pittsburg. He'd got some flummery about 'involuntary affection' in his head, and neither common sense nor religion could work it out.

"Next morning we were sent for early to see father die. Eben was very kind, and useful, and sympathising in all that followed, and he and mother made up their quarrel. There's nothing checks hard feeling like the cold hand of death. He was so like the old Eben to me that I used to fancy I had dreamed all that happened on that awful night. Anyhow, I was willing to forget it, and to show that I did. Maybe I hadn't acted just right myself, I would say in my thoughts. I had ought to have kept my husband more to myself. I had as good as given him over to her. True, I had spent labor, and thought, and health in his service, but it came to me like a bran-new idea, that men *must be amused as well as served*. That's so, I believe, ma'am, the world over. They mostly don't look deep enough to find the real spring of a woman's love. I often think that nine out of ten of them wouldn't be quite satisfied with less than two wives apiece—one to work for her husband, to see to his

clothes, his food, and his housekeeping, to bear children and take care of them; the other to dress nicely, and look pretty, and pet her lord whenever he's at home. And I believe, too, that the one that did the fancy work would generally be the favorite."

I could not help smiling. "I never suspected before that you could be satirical, Mrs. Brown," I said.

"I ain't sure I quite take your meaning," she answered, gravely. "I hope I've said nothing ill-natured, but some things were burnt in very deep on my mind in those times. I would look at myself in the glass and actually cry over the loss of my color and my bright eyes, and notice how thin my hair had got, and how my hands were rough, and hard, and bony, and how plain and *no-stylish* my dress was, and compare myself with Lizzie—so handsome, and fresh, and trim. I had always tried to keep myself neat, and the house tidy and comfortable, but I had got to be old-fashioned and humdrum—and what wonder! What with babies and ill-health, and housework, and sewing, and slaving over hours to keep my sister from being a drag upon my husband, it was strange I was alive and in my senses. When this would come very close to me, I thought I should go wild, so I'd put it all behind me as a temptation of the Evil One, and try to do the duty of the day. I brightened up my talk, and smartened my dress, and humored my husband in every way I could think of. I got Matilda to run in of evenings to sit with Lizzie, or take care of the children and I'd fix myself up in my best and walk with Eben, and I'd put myself out to attend church, and lectures, and such like entertainments with him. Mrs. Marley, it was like blowing on to cold ashes. The livelier I got, the soberer he was. I'd never seen him so down before; and Lizzie, she wasn't much better. It was up-hill work, trying to make talk when we three were together, and you may be sure, though I did my best, it wasn't that I had much heart for the business. Still I felt I was helping to keep Eben out of temptation, and doing all I could to coax him back into the right path.

"So the months slipped on, one after another, and another December had come. It was the first Saturday of the month when Eben showed me a letter from a little town a hundred miles away, telling him of some speculation in real estate, or something of that sort, in which he said he was interested.

"I'll just slip up on the cars this evening, stay all night, and spend the Sabbath with my friend," says he, "and be back by ten o'clock on Monday morning. It's too good a chance to lose."

"It was all settled in a hurry, before I could get my senses together. He took me and the children over to mother's, and kissed us 'good-by' in haste, for fear he'd lose his train, he

said. Lizzie was to follow me when the store was shut for the night, and she had a smart boy—a sort of porter and errand boy Eben employed in the busy season—to help her. About eight o'clock he brought me a note from Lizzie. She wrote that Mary Bryson had been into the shop since I left and begged her so hard to spend Sunday with her, she couldn't refuse.

"I'm just as pleased as if she had come," says mother, in her dry fashion. "But it's odd, seeing she's so fond of Mary, she doesn't copy her ways a little."

"It stormed all day Sunday, and we kept in-doors. Such a quiet season of rest and peace as that looks to me now when I turn back to it! Mother was kindness itself, and so were the girls, and the children so good and happy! I hadn't been so free from care for years. Monday morning was clear as a bell, and I was astir betimes. I left the children asleep, and under Matilda's care, and ran home to open the shop and start the day right. I got me a mouthful of breakfast, and was tidying up the shop, when in walked two men, one of them with a paper in his hand.

"Mrs. King?" says this one, civil enough.

"Yes, sir," I says, a-courtseying.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, madam," he went on, "but we're in possession here. You may not know it, but your husband has been borrowing a lot of money lately, and has given a mortgage upon the stock and fixtures here; all his furniture and personal property generally, in fact; and, hearing that other parties had claims against him, we thought it best to be forward with ours."

"My husband went to Denville in the six o'clock train Saturday evening," I said, all in a flutter; "but I'm expecting him home in an hour or so. There must be some mistake about this."

"Tisn't ourn, then," says the other man, who looked and spoke rough. "Your husband absconded by the ten o'clock through Western train on Saturday night, and took your sister along for company."

"If I'd been asked beforehand how I'd take such news as this, I'd have said I should have dropped dead, but I stood perfectly still, and says I:—

"You're in possession here, you say?"

"We are," says the first man.

"What can I take away with me?" I asked.

"Your clothes and your children's," said both together. "Nothing else."

"I put them up in a big bundle, and afterwards borrowed a trunk from mother to keep them in. Eben had turned everything else into money and taken it with him.

"Well, I won't weary you with going over what I felt in the weary months that followed. It's one of the things people—leastways, women—can't talk about. It was fortunate I had to do, as well as suffer. I lived with mother,

and took in fine sewing for seven years. 'Just before she died, my eyes gave out—'as might have been expected,' said everybody, for I'd never spared them. Five years longer I fought with poverty, doing slop-work, house-cleaning, nursing—anything that I could lay hold of that would bring me in a few dollars. Then, Andrew Brown, who had courted me before Eben did, and been a firm friend of the family all along, asked me to marry him. In the twelve years Eben had been away, I had heard from him but once—or of him, rather, for he never sent me a line. It was Lizzie, who wrote to Mary Bryson, excusing what she had done, and throwing the heft of the blame upon me. 'But for my jealous, suspicious temper, and prying ways,' she said, 'we three might have lived in peace and happiness all our days. I had not cared to keep my husband's love when I had it; thought of nothing but work and making money; and these sordid tastes disgusted him. When I had lost his affection, instead of manoeuvring to get it back, I had tried to hold him by the letter of the law, played the spy and jailor to him, and wearied him out. I had never understood him in the beginning. Our marriage had been a mistake from first to last.'

"Abominable!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, ma'am," said the nurse, in her quiet tone. "But, somehow, it made me sorrier for her than if she had been penitent, for I knew how much she would have to suffer before she was brought back to the right way—she'd strayed off so far. My few friends begged me hard to marry Andrew. My children were fond of him, and I couldn't educate them and keep them as I'd wish to, out of my poor earnings. If I was to die, they'd be left destitute, and what with thinking of these things, and not caring much what happened to me now, and knowing how good, and steady, and true Andrew was, I let him take out a regular divorce for me, and then we were married. We got along nicely together. He often said how happy I made him, and *that* was a great comfort, you know. He did well by my children; never made any difference between them and the little girl that was born to us the second year after our marriage.

"She was near five years old when the strangest thing happened to me that I've known in all my up-and-down life. I was sitting at the parlor window with my sewing, one summer afternoon, when a man who was passing along the sidewalk, stopped, and stared hard at me, then came up the steps and rang the bell. I went to the door.

"'Can you tell me, madam,' says he, 'if there's a family by the name of Dawson lives in this neighborhood?'

"'Not that I know of,' I says.

"'I have been misinformed then. I am a stranger in the city—and—and—have letters to

them—and—I was told—was directed to this street.'

"He talked in a sort of hoarse, choked-up voice, hemming and hawing, and was very pale, besides being all of a tremble. I thought he was sick, or in great trouble, and says I: 'If you will sit down here in the hall, I will look in the directory,' for Andrew always had one, being a tax collector by trade. I ran to the dining-room and searched through the D's. There were Dawsons enough, but not one in our neighborhood, and I took a glass of ice water to him when I went back to tell him this. Just as he was drinking it, my little Mamie came trotting into the hall.

"'Mamma,' she called, 'hasn't papa come home yet?'

"'No, darling,' I says.

"'Mamma!' repeated the man, looking as if he'd seen a ghost, and spilling the water as he tried to set down the glass on the table. 'Is this your child?'

"'It is,' said I, and I was so scared by his manner, I caught up the little thing. I really fancied he would steal her, or hurt her some way.

"He put his hand to his head and walked right out of the door like one in a dream, or crazy; and as he did it, I saw a scar on his wrist I recognized in a minute. I ran to the door and stared after him. His face was all whiskers, and they, with his hair, were gray as a badger; he was very thin and stooped a little, but I knew him well enough. He met Jamie and Annie face to face before he'd gone ten steps, turned and looked wistfully enough after them, and seeing them turn up my steps, must have known for certain who they were, but he kept on down the street. I've never seen nor heard of him since, nor of *her*. I didn't let on to the children who it was, but I told Andrew all about it, as was only right.

"I've been a widow eight years. Jamie and Annie are settled in homes of their own, and would like to have me with them, but there's Mamie. Her father lost most of his property before he died, through another man's failure, but we manage to get along. Work is better than ease for me."

She got up, pulled the Afghan about my shoulders, and stirred the fire.

"It's time for your twilight nap now, dear. I'll go down and see about your supper. It's a homely and a sorrowful story I've been telling, but it won't harm you to know how much trouble you've escaped thus far, and how mercifully the Lord sends strength with the day of trial. It's a true tale, too, every word of it."

SLEEP is death's younger brother, and so like him that I never dare trust him without my prayers.—*Sir T. Browne.*

PRUDES.

As all brightness has its shadow, so has every virtue its related vice. Thus, amiability may become want of self-respect, admiration servile flattery, uprightness of living Pharisaical hardness, and a sense of justice may degenerate into a want of sympathy with human frailty, and a want of power to comprehend any part of the law of moral dynamics save that under which we ourselves have our being. And so, in the same manner, the excess of modesty translates itself into prudery. Not, however, that the present day is noted for the prevalence of prudery; but perhaps those examples which are left us are the more remarkable because of their comparative rarity—because, too, of the exaggeration which a current of feeling running counter to the popular manners of the day is sure to induce. Hence we have prudes still, if proportionally few, yet positively distinct; and, for the same reason that two wrongs do not make one right, none the lovelier for their opposition to what is also an unlovely phase of feminine manners on the other side.

The essence of a prude's imagination is suspicion. She is always on the look-out for evil, and finds it rampant and fully developed where no one else dreams that its very shadow has passed. She is haunted with the ugly presence of impropriety, which, like a huge, implacable cloud, seems to overshadow every action of her friends' lives. Say that her feminine friends are gay of heart, bright of temper, merry of face; say they are substantially innocent, and of the kind which neither fears evil nor sees it; give them then a wide circle of acquaintance, among whom are many men, their brothers' friends and their own; give them a croquet ground, a love of dancing, delight in the open air, good health, and a fair amount of energy, perhaps rather above than below the average; give them with all this an utterly unsullied imagination, and perhaps a rather blunt sense of the value of appearances; and then set the prude upon them. Just so much of life and shape and wholeness of bone and integrity of fur, as you would find in a mouse which had been half an hour in the claws of a cat, will you find of purity and innocence in the repute of these fair-faced, laughing, healthy girls, after the prude has had them in her hands. "It is shameful the way in which the Miss Laughters go on," she says, with the air of one who holds tremendous things in the background, which she could display to an outraged world, an' she would. You probe her; you ask what it is they have done; but you can get to no more concrete accusation than this—"the way they go on." By patient investigation you find the *gravamen* of her charge to lie in the facts that they have too many croquet matches; that they ride too far and go too fast; that they laugh too much; wear too pic-

turesquely-built hats; too short, too long, too lank, too puffed-out petticoats; that they are too fond of dancing; know too many young men, and are too much liked by those they know; that they are, in point of fact, too young, and pretty, and natural, and healthy; and, above all, too popular and too little prudish. For all these crimes they are set down as creatures to be despised and evilly entreated by the prude, when she has the chance, and can give the world the benefit of what passes in her mind. Not a few tragic circumstances in the lives of innocent and unsuspecting girls could be traced to the ill offices of a prude, who, perhaps not maliciously intending to do harm undeserved, but speaking out of the sincerity of her own suspicious fancy, sets afoot unfriendly construction of harmless actions, and makes scarecrows out of nothing more substantially reprehensible than a handful of summer flowers. And so she "warns off" those who might have lived in a state of blessing and being blessed, if only the hateful art of building up the ugly bogies bred of a prudish fancy had not been. And many a girl, too fond to be reserved, too pure to be ashamed, who has given her heart away in open confession to the silent if sufficiently eloquent wooing of a man, has had to rue all her life long the ill words of a frowning prude, who spoke to him before he proposed, and thus nipped in the bud the gracious blossom of love, and happiness, and well-matched security.

For there is this difference between the prude and the mere scandalmonger: that the former believes in the righteousness of her own ill work, and is often a really kind and wholesome body outside her prudery; while the latter is always only a beast of prey, who scrunches up reputations for the mere pleasure of the sport. Give the prude a world written straight and fair on broad ruled lines, and she is sweet and amiable to every one; but give her only so much as the look of running aslant over the strict-set boundary and into vague space, and she constitutes herself forthwith the censorious guardian of public morals, and the angry trustee for immutability of habits; making the unlucky ones suffer who to her fancy have begun the revolutionising of principle and the subversion of public morals. In this she deems herself justified, considering it better to uphold the general standard by the sacrifice of the faulty individual than to let the ideal suffer and the person escape. There is a word to be said for her on this ground; but we know of none other whereon she is to be excused.

The one great bugbear of the prude's life, making her half angry and half afraid, is the great fact of Nature. One of this class was once known to ourselves. A pretty, fair-haired girl was defending her love of long walks and much open-air amusement against the strictures of this ancient prude, and among

her other reasons said innocently: "It is natural when one is young." "Natural, Lucy!" cried the lady, with a shrill scream. "How can you be so indelicate as to talk of nature?" And the lady expressed the shibboleth of her sect. They are the anti-naturalists, and think, if they had been consulted, they would have made things a great deal better than the Supreme has made them. Even certain sciences come under their ban, as savoring of impropriety; and one of the sect well known to us abhors botany, and forbids any of the young people to study it, because of the likeness to life and the nature running through it. The consequence of which prohibition is, not a scientific, but a prurient knowledge of all the forbidden details. The prudes would have no nature; they think that men and women should be divided into two hostile camps, and at the utmost merely look at one another across the pallisadings; they hold love to be the most fatal error into which the human heart can fall, and they would organize their daughter's marriage on the strictest principles of suitable settlements and an icy temperament. For these prudes are almost all worldly; putting the fervor which they deny to nature into the endeavor to get on in the world. If they know that their young sons ever frequent a billiard-table, ever stroll into a music-hall, to see what life is like under the gaslights—if they hear of their being in the hunting-field, the cricket-ground, frequently at concerts, or even at the operas and theatres—they bewail them as the lost sons of Belial, and declare they are going headlong to perdition. Do they not see dancing women at these unhallowed places, and women dressed as fairy men? Do they not give up precious hours, which might have been so much better employed in making money, to the dangerous delights of knocking about a few balls, of taking flying leaps over hedge, and ditch, and five-barred gate, of listening to seductive music? Not that these things are perhaps absolutely immoral in themselves, even to a prude; but it is what they lead to, what they mean and encourage, that horrifies her. That the young should need more outlet for their superabundant vitality, more mere pleasure, than the old, never strikes the prude as possible; she is of a low order of vitality herself, consequently has no need for pleasure on her own account, and she cannot concede that others should require what she does not. Had she more generosity of imagination, she would understand the varieties of temperament better than she does now; but then she would not be a prude. Not that she lacks a certain quality of imagination. In point of fact, she has a very large amount of that faculty; but it is not of the generous kind, and it is suspicious. All that she possesses of human comprehension goes into the belief of evil, and she cannot see innocence anywhere save in negation. But

in her zeal for purity she is unconscious of the groove of impurity into which she suffers her own thoughts to run. She is never clear of foulness. Every day something comes before her redolent of moral filth—something that to a cleaner fancy would have had no stain of evil on it; every day she exercises that horrible art of moral alchemy on which she prides herself, and transmutes into grossness words and deeds wherein no one but herself can see the impropriety she bewails. She boasts of holding aloft a spotless moral standard for the Proper to rally round, but she spins the substance of the dirtiest threads her mind can elaborate, and merely coats it over with a surface wash of white, which deceives only the distant and the ignorant. She lives in an atmosphere of foulness, and she thinks that others are to blame who prefer a purer air, not that she is doing wrong to create such a world for herself. She seldom praises, but frequently condemns; she loves less than she hates, honors less than she despises, and has fewer harmonies than discords in her soul. Freedom and youth, and gayety and love, and all that the sweet, fond mother Nature offers to her children are her *anathema maranatha*; and she would have the world reduced to one dead level of woodenness, which she calls Propriety. She frightens the young from the right course by the severity and falseness of the line she lays down as the only way in which they should go; and she creates the evil she condemns. She is a Casandra crying against the gates of the universe, a Sisyphus trying for ever to roll the great rocks of the earth up the hill of impossibility: unlike the Apostle who doubted of the religion which would mend God's work, and create two categories where He had made only one, she would have all things whatsoever to be unclean that go beyond her own frosty desires; and when she cannot mutilate the nature she is unable to comprehend, then she calls heaven and earth to witness to the sinfulness of that innocent life of spontaneity and affection which God has made imperative on a healthy humanity. In a word, she is a nuisance, and her abolition would be the world's gain, and virtue's.

CHRISTIANITY, which is always true to the heart, knows no abstract virtues but virtues resulting from our wants, and useful to all.—*Chateaubriand*.

ENVY is strongly characteristic of littleness of mind; a truly noble and generous man feels no enmity towards a successful rival. It is related of an Arabian king, that when his architect had finished for him a structure of surpassing magnificence and beauty, he ordered him to be thrown from its highest tower for fear that he might build a palace of equal or superior beauty for some rival king.

OUR COOK.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

OH! but she was a jewel of a cook; and even now, in spite of all that has happened, I look back upon her reign regretfully, for where shall I find another so dainty and skilful in the preparation of food?

You were asking me, though, how I came to hire her at first, and at whose recommendation. You remember how Bridget left me, with all the spring-cleaning on my hands, and baby down with the measles, and John off at New York on business? Well, I couldn't do anything else but advertise; and the very next day, to my surprise, a young lady, plainly dressed, but evidently refined and educated, presented herself as an applicant for the situation.

She appealed to my sympathy, of course, for it was plain that poverty alone could have forced her to this step, and I at once began in my own mind to construct a little romance out of her history. But she said nothing as to her antecedents, and, when I asked her for references, burst into tears. She was a stranger in the city, it seemed, without friends or acquaintances. But I was only too glad to secure her services, with or without recommendations, for she interested me deeply from the very first.

And so it came to pass that Miss Phœbe Johnson (for thus she gave her name) was duly installed as cook in my kitchen. Oh! but she proved a delightful acquisition, thoroughly acquainted with every branch of culinary art, and it really makes me half wild to think of her exquisite cookery. But this was not all. Never was servant more devoted to the interests of her mistress, or more ready and willing to execute each and all of the duties required of her. Although I felt sure from her manners and conversation that she had been brought up as a lady, she never spoke of the past, or by any hint gave one reason to infer that she had seen "better days."

She had been with us a week when John returned from New York; and wasn't I delighted, after giving him a good kiss and hug, to espy brother Charlie in the background, whom I hadn't seen for a year? He was on his way to Chicago, and was only going to stop for a short visit. I really felt that my cup of bliss was running over. They came in the evening after supper, and so I said nothing to John about Phœbe, for I wanted to enjoy his surprise when he should first see "our new cook." But I actually had to bite my lips until they almost bled, it was so hard to keep silent concerning her virtues.

Breakfast was ready when I entered the dining-room the next morning, and never was meal more daintily or elegantly prepared.

John stared in open-eyed wonder, and Charlie slipped his coffee with a sigh of satisfaction. John was the first to speak.

"What in the name of wonder?"—

Just then Phœbe entered the room with a plate of waffles, and the sentence was never finished. I really felt proud of her, for I had never seen her look better. Her eyes were bright, and her cheeks flushed, and the neat calico she wore fitted her to a charm. Both gentlemen looked at her admiringly, and, if I had been inclined to be jealous, why, there's no telling what I might have done.

"What do you think of our new cook, John?"

I asked, quietly, as she left the room after placing the dish on the table.

"That elegant girl your cook!" exclaimed Charlie. "Why, she is as fresh and dainty as a peach. You are surely jesting, sis?"

"No, indeed, I'm in sober earnest, and you can't think what a treasure she is." And then I related what little I knew of her.

"But, Jennie," said my husband, who, I'm sorry to say, is somewhat distrustful, "did you really take the girl without knowing anything about her whatever?"

"Isn't her face a sufficient recommendation?" interrupted Charlie, indignantly. "Why, she's a perfect lady! Any one can tell that at the first glance. But it is a shame for such a woman to be a kitchen-slave," and there was a touch of defiance in his voice.

I didn't more than half like the sudden interest in Phœbe his words and manner seemed to convey, notwithstanding she was my especial pet and *protégé*, for Charlie was my only brother, with Quixotic ideas of love and matrimony, and what if he should take a notion to marry this girl? I liked her, and pitied her, too, but then as a sister-in-law—why, that would be a different thing, and what would Mrs. Grundy say?

"Really, Charlie," I said, severely, as these considerations passed through my mind, "you are far from complimentary in your use of terms. Please to understand"—and I was just commencing an eloquent protest against the injustice of mankind in general, when baby made her appearance, and the conversation, of course, took a different turn.

But the half-formed suspicion that entered my head that morning soon took definite shape. There was no end to the excuses that Charlie made to get down into the kitchen; and, even if I had been blind (as I certainly was not), I should have known there was some magnet that attracted him thither.

I must say, however, that Phœbe's conduct was extremely prudent and circumspect. She was a strange girl, and, although not absolutely beautiful, I scarcely wondered at Charlie's infatuation, for there was a magnetism in her voice and manner not easily resisted. The mock humility, too, with which she received

his advances had a charm of its own. Ah! that woman understood masculine nature thoroughly.

Well, I couldn't do anything but watch and wait, for John declined to interfere in the matter, and wouldn't hear a word to my discharging Phœbe, who had certainly grown indispensable to our comfort. Of course, I was on nettles all the time; anxious, not only on Charlie's account, but also on my own, for, if I gained a sister-in-law, what was I to do for a cook? Oh, dear! this is a world of troubles, and just to think I was so happy the first night Charlie arrived, only to wish afterwards that he had stayed at home.

His visit from one week lengthened out to six, and then—would you believe it?—Phœbe actually had the impudence to reject his suit. To be sure, I was glad of it, but for all that a little vexed that she didn't seem to appreciate more the honor he had done her.

Poor Charlie, after hearing his sentence, left us the next morning, and his woe-begone face filled me with commiseration. But I consoled myself by thinking that he would soon get over it, as this was not by any means the first time that his heart had been broken.

Oh! I forgot to mention an incident that occurred during Charlie's visit, something that worried me extremely. You remember his gold watch, set with diamonds, an heirloom in our family, and considered very valuable? He always carried it in his vest-pocket, but missed it one evening after we had returned from a picnic excursion, and great was the excitement, as you may imagine. He was sure, at first, that he had it when we sat down to supper, but, as he did not leave the house afterwards until the time of his missing it, he must have been mistaken. Never shall I forget the luscious dainties that Phœbe had prepared in expectation of our return that night, and it was she herself who waited on the table so gracefully.

But I was telling you about the watch. It was gone, and Charlie had evidently been victimized by some pickpocket, during the festivities of the day. The watch was valuable, both for its intrinsic worth and its associations, and the detectives, therefore, were immediately informed of his loss. They could not, however, gain any clue to the perpetrators of the theft, and when Charlie left us, he had given up all hopes of ever seeing his watch again. But this was the least of his troubles, for what was the loss of a watch compared to the loss of Phœbe?

I had a long and serious conversation with the girl after his departure, and I was more than ever convinced of her worth and good common sense. Before this interview, I had sometimes mistrusted that she was not entirely indifferent to Charlie, but I had evidently been mistaken, for her manner showed plainly that

he had never touched her heart. And were not these admirable sentiments to come from the lips of a dependent like Phœbe?

"My dear Mrs. Marvin," she said, "I hope you didn't think for a moment that I could be so ungrateful as to lift my eyes to your brother?"

It may be I was mistaken, but I fancied there was a touch of sarcasm in her voice.

"I should be a wicked girl, indeed," she continued, "to encourage his addresses without your permission. For what do I not owe to you? you who have saved me from want and penury, and treated me uniformly as one lady treats another? Ah! you know not how much I am indebted to your kindness."

I can't tell how it was, but Phœbe certainly proved very attractive to gentlemen. A young lawyer, who visited at our house occasionally, happening to see her one evening, was enchanted with her appearance, and would have married her, I verily believe, if she hadn't repulsed his overtures of friendship so coldly. And then there was my husband. Why, he was completely infatuated with her, and if I hadn't been so fond of her myself, I might have been jealous. But I must hasten on to the final catastrophe, and not linger over the perfections of this invaluable servant.

She had been with us a little over three months, and we almost considered her as one of the family, when John sold that farm he owned near Vinton station. The bargain was not concluded until after the banks had closed for the day, and so it happened that, contrary to his usual custom, John brought the money home that he had received as first payment—about six thousand dollars in greenbacks. It was a larger sum than I like to have in the house, but John only laughed when I expressed a little uneasiness regarding its safety. I went down into the kitchen, however, and told Phœbe to be sure and fasten the doors and windows securely, at the same time informing her of my reasons for these extra precautions. I noticed that her face grew a trifle paler than usual as she listened, and I was a little surprised, for she had never before shown herself timid or nervous.

"Why, Phœbe," I exclaimed, "I relied on your courage. I didn't suppose you were so easily frightened!"

"But six thousand dollars is a large sum, Mrs. Marvin; a very large sum." And she looked at me with a strange glitter in her eyes.

"To be sure it is," I answered; "but then John doesn't think that any one knows we have it in the house. And he always keeps a pistol under his head, ready loaded, in case of emergency."

Phœbe smiled, as if relieved, upon hearing this, and I soon after went up stairs. John and I had a cosy little chat that evening, and just before we retired, Phœbe made her ap-

pearance with a tray of cake and fruit, and a pitcher of lemonade. The night was warm, and we drank very freely of the icy beverage, although it tasted somewhat bitter, and was not quite so palatable as usual.

I don't know how it was, but after drinking the lemonade, I grew so drowsy that I forgot all about burglars, and John, I found, was in the same condition (although there was nothing remarkable in that, of course, for men are seldom wide awake like women). My head had scarcely touched the pillow before I fell asleep; nor did I once awake until the next morning, when, seeing the sun shining bright in the room, I jumped up hurriedly, thinking it must be late, and looked for my watch, but—where was it? I was almost sure that I had left it on the dressing-table; perhaps, though, it was in the bureau. I opened the drawers, and ah! my jewels were gone, too. By this time I was thoroughly alarmed, and after sundry shakes, succeeded in arousing John, who snored like one of the Seven Sleepers.

"What is the matter, Jennie?" he exclaimed. Don't shake a fellow to pieces, for pity's sake."

"Get up, quick, John," I cried; "we've been robbed. I can't find my watch or jewels."

"Oh, pshaw! you've mislaid them, probably," and he yawned sleepily as he turned over.

But I slipped my hand under the pillow where he had placed the package of money on the night before, and found—nothing. John noticed the movement, and jumped up excitedly, tearing the clothes off from the bed, man fashion, but there was no trace of the greenbacks anywhere to be found. The mystery of it was, however, that the doors and windows were fastened just as we had left them.

Full of apprehension, I went down stairs into the dining-room, and sure enough, my silver was gone, too. Nor was Phoebe anywhere to be found, and, with a sudden thrill of horror, lest she had been murdered, I rushed up to her room. She was not there; and when I looked at John, who had followed me to the door, I noticed a peculiar expression flit over his face.

"What does it mean? What does it mean?" I cried, perplexed and terrified.

But John did not heed me. He seemed to be looking for something in the room. Suddenly he turned to me.

"Didn't Phoebe have any trunk, Jennie, or where did she keep her clothes?"

A sickening sensation came over me. I realized the full extent of our calamity. We had been robbed; robbed, too, by the very girl whom I had harbored and befriended. Phoebe and her trunk, jewels, watch, money, and silver, all had disappeared together. I couldn't hardly believe it, and for a long time I tried to

persuade myself that Phoebe was only the victim of a strange combination of circumstances, and that her innocence would finally be proven.

But my husband was not so charitable, nor were the detectives, for they were soon able to convince me, without the shadow of a doubt (and I almost hated them for doing it, too), that Phoebe was one of a gang of thieves, and had never entered my house with any other object than that of plunder. Of course, she had drugged the lemonade that night, and that accounts for my sleeping so soundly. And I've no doubt that she had duplicate keys of every door in the house. As to Charlie's watch, why, it was plain enough now that she had taken that, too. I couldn't help shuddering when I thought of him and the disgrace he had escaped.

Part of the money was recovered through the efforts of the detectives, but the rest of it, together with jewels, watches, and silver, we never saw again. And I'm sure you don't wonder now that I'm a little distrustful of cooks, especially if they're good-looking and intelligent; yet, in spite of everything, I'm afraid I shall never find another who will suit me so well as Phoebe Johnson.

DREAMS OF YOUTH.

BY LIDA F. HOPE.

I sit in the quiet moonlight
And list to the song of the wave,
And I watch the drooping willow
As it bends its boughs to lave.
As I dream, the leaves of the hazle
And the gnarled and knotted gum
Are falling and drifting around me,
And I think of my childhood's home.
And among the beauteous pictures
That hang in memory's hall,
Is one of my early childhood,
That seemeth brightest of all.
I once had a darling sister,
With eyes that were dark and deep,
But 'neath the weeping willows
We laid her in peace to sleep.
With light and gladsome footsteps,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved through the dim old forest
In the summers of long ago.
But, ah! her steps grew weary
And faint with the spirit's strife;
She was borne in saint-like beauty
To the realms of eternal life.
And here beneath the willow,
Where the streamlet's dancing wave
Is ever murmuring its music,
We made her lonely grave.

If money be not thy servant, it will be thy master. The covetous man cannot so properly be said to possess wealth as that it may be said to possess him.—*Charron*.

THE HARCOURT SILVER.

BY MARY SMITH.

IN an old, old house, that might have been built before the flood, except for the probability that, notwithstanding its size and strength, it might have been washed away during that slight unpleasantness between the waters and the earth, there lived at the time our story commences four ladies, ranging from eighteen up to sixty.

Mrs. Harcourt, the old lady; Miss Worthington, her sister, a good deal younger; Mrs. Harcourt, the younger; and her daughter Jean, the sole heiress of all the wealth of the three older ladies, on condition that she behaved herself to please them, which meant marry to suit all three, which it was hardly likely she could or would do; for the Harcourts, and all connected with them by blood or marriage, were a self-willed race, brooking no restraint, owning none greater than their individual selves.

Jean inherited all the family pride and self-will, not in the prospective way in which she did the family silver and broad lands, but in absolute ownership, coming into possession at her birth, and employing her inheritance in such a manner that now, when she was eighteen, she had doubled it, and considered herself, as the only true Harcourt among them, a match for them all. Singly they had found themselves no match for the wilful girl, and in despair had racked their brains for means of conquest; and, finally, had arranged this council of war, in the vain hope that numbers might effect what otherwise seemed impossible.

Old Lady Harcourt, as she was called, would never have spent her time in this lonely, dismal old house, miles away from anywhere, if she could have helped it; for she was well suited for society, dignified and stately, a model old lady, who smiled in sedate approval when she heard that the surrounding neighbors called her "Lady" Harcourt.

It was one of the crazy Harcourt freaks, as their lawyers called them, that kept her here, for she hated the forlorn place. Her husband, dying, had bequeathed her all his fortune, on condition that she spent nine months of every year in this house. If she did not, she was to lose everything, which was to go to found a college on the spot. There was no contesting the will; it was right in every particular. There was not the least loophole through which they could insinuate a suggestion of "crazy," which they would not have hesitated a minute to do, for are we not all crazy? There it stood, a will; and "Lady" Harcourt had to choose between absolute poverty and starvation or a sojourn of nine months a year in Harcourt House. She was a woman of sense, and choose the latter. One cold December, when she was enjoying herself very much

visiting some friends, she received a brief letter from her lawyer, suggesting that she had better be called home on sudden business; for she had spent there but eight months of that year, and that those to whom the property was to fall were on an eager lookout for the least breakage on her part of the strict directions of the will.

Her thoughts of the dear departed were not of the most charitable order that evening, as she told her friend that a letter from her lawyer would oblige her to leave for home the next morning. It was the first time that she had tried to shirk the hard requirements, and she never did it again. The only way one can understand some of the wills that are made is, that the one who wills hates so much to leave the beloved money that he takes every imaginable pains to make the possession of it as unpleasant as possible to the survivor. Any one, therefore, who wished to see the elder Mrs. Harcourt, had to pay her a visit at her own home.

Mrs. Harris Harcourt, wishing to see her mamma-in-law, who held the purse-strings, and so was to be propitiated, had come up to the House with Jean—her only child—for an indefinite period of time. What had the child been doing that she was to be confined in this old prison house with three elderly ladies?

Jean had been flirting! Poor Jean! she was a woman, and could not help it. To flirt is human, to resist—with her would have been divine, and therefore impossible. She was not pretty, witty, or wonderfully smart. Her strength lay in flirting, and she did it with an ease and naturalness that looked like science; it was her gift. She had flirted with her great grandfather when she was a tender infant of eighteen months; and, as the Harcourts were a long-lived race, she would flirt with her great grandson, when that young gentleman arrived on the scene of action.

But Jean had been flirting. It was an aggravated case, and her mother had fled for refuge to the maternal wing, stating, with tearful eyes (the tears were brought to the surface by a strong whiff of her smelling-salts, taken the moment before she wanted to cry, for she did not object so violently to flirting *per se*, but only *per Jean*), that "Jean has been flirting, and I don't know who with. Some poet-artist; and, as a man in either of those capacities never has any money, when he combines them he must have less than none."

"You did right, my dear, to bring the child to this dismal place; for here she is safe from such mischief, for she cannot trouble herself about Herbert, my page, or that old drunken coachman, and there is not another man within miles of us. We must find some suitable man, very wealthy, and marry her off very soon. We must have no more of these crazy wills, such as I suffer from, and I assure you, unless

she marries as I wish, you will neither of you see a shilling of my money, though you *are* my only son's widow and daughter."

And Mrs. Harcourt, Jr., widow of the late Harris of that name, smiled sweetly, and said: "Of course, dear mother, Jean must marry to suit you. There can be but one opinion on that subject."

But there were two, and she knew it. Hadn't that been the way she knew that Jean was flirting? She said one day, two weeks before she came up to Harcourt House, something to Jean about the absolute necessity of her marrying some one to suit her grandmother, as they had not any money except what she gave them, so it was necessary to keep in her good graces. Jean waxed wroth, stamped her diminutive foot, and said:—

"Now, mother, what is the use in talking such nonsense to me? You know I will not marry to suit any one but myself. Is grandma to sit opposite to him at table three times a day for the rest of her life, that she is to choose him? What if he smacks his lips while eating, is *she* to be troubled by it? No, I am! I would not marry a man who smacks his lips, not if he were as handsome as Adonis, as rich as Croesus, as smart as Solon, and there was no other one. Fancy listening to that," and she gave an expressive little smack of her lips, "say thirty-seven and a half times at each meal; one hundred and twelve and a half times a day, not counting anything he eats between meals; nine hundred times a week! Think of it! Why, I would hate him before the end of the first week. No, I shall marry to please myself, and he's a nice fellow. He don't smack his lips. She don't know any one so smart. He is a poet and an artist, and"—

"What, Jean!" said her mother, interrupting her flow of language, "have you been flirting again?"

"No, mamma," answered Jean, cooled down from her wrath by having told on herself, but determined now to brave it out. "No, I am in earnest now. I love him, and, if I do not marry him, I will never marry. I shall love him always, unless some one very much nicer should turn up."

"Who is it you are talking about in this indecorous manner?"

"I shall not tell you his name, mother, so no use asking." And she stuck to that through everything, and, still firm, was taken to her grandmother's, to be "buried alive and dug up occasionally to be tortured," as she said.

She was about right in her estimate of the pleasures she would realize; and, when she was not roused to concert pitch by having the three ladies all lecture her at once, she moped very much, her only amusement being teasing Herbert, her grandmother's page, as she called him, a youth of about twenty, who assisted Mrs. Harcourt in keeping her affairs in order,

and whose special care was the massive old family silver kept in a safe, and never taken out except on the grandest occasions. Once a month he took it all out under her superintendence, and cleaned it, wrapped it up in chamois skin again, and put it back. Once or twice, when Mrs. Harcourt had been particularly pleased with his care of it, she said:—

"If Miss Jean should not marry to suit me, Herbert, I will have to give you the silver, you appreciate so well the care it needs."

Having no children or young people in the house, she had made quite a pet of this youth, he was so smart, quick, and attentive to all her wants; and often, partly in sport, and a kind of half-earnest, she held him up to Jean as the future possessor of her wealth, if Jean did not obey her.

There was no love between the two. Jean declared he was wicked; she saw it in his eyes and the corners of his mouth. He felt that Jean was haughty and looked down upon him, and he knew she hid all his property she could lay hands on for mere amusement. Indeed, one silver-cleaning day the key of the safe was missing, and the whole house, in an uproar, were searching far and wide for it, when Jean came in from a long ramble in the woods, and said, on being asked if she knew ought of it:—

"The key? Oh, yes! I have had it in my pocket. I thought as I was the heiress of it all, and never likely to possess it, I would just keep the key to make believe I was in possession." And the avalanche of reproof that descended on her head found her and left her smiling serenely in cool appreciation of the joke. "Idleness is the mother of mischief." She had nothing else to do.

For the first two months of her visit the only excitement that occurred was the dismissal of the drunken coachman, and the getting another. Her mother and grandmother had gone to pay a visit to a neighbor some ten miles off, she refusing to go with the remark that she hated stupid country neighbors, and only wanted to be let alone.

While they were paying their visit, Thomas, the coachman, in the kitchen had taken that last drop that is worse to the man already drunk (which was his chronic condition) than the proverbial last feather is to the camel's back, and driving the carriage home he was not master of himself, much less of the horses; so he let them run away, which ended in upsetting the carriage, and scaring the ladies and horses so much, that the one held still, and the other didn't.

Fortunately they were in a village, through which they had to pass on their way home, and in a few moments a crowd was collected around them, the ladies helped out, and the horses held by every available point of their harness that could be caught hold of, though they were already standing quite still. Star-

bled, though still composed, Mrs. Harcourt inquired in a stately manner if there was any one there who could drive the horses, and who was a competent coachman, for, as hers was dismissed from that moment, she would want another.

A man came out of the crowd towards her. He was rather tall and broad, and would have looked young, but for his hair, which was very gray; his beard, however, which nearly covered his face, was dark. A slouch hat came down over his eyes, which were partly hid by spectacles. He was a very respectable man apparently; and, impressed by the steadiness of his looks, Mrs. Harcourt asked him if he was used to horses.

"Yes," he answered, "I have been used to horses all my life, and can manage any."

"Have you any recommendations?" she asked.

"Yes, madam, I have them from —— and ——," and he mentioned several people of whom she had heard enough to know that they were likely to know a good driver.

"Very well, you can drive us home, and we can talk about it, and I can see your references. What is your name?"

"James Brown, madam."

"Do you know the road, James?"

"Yes'm, I am perfectly well acquainted with the roads around here." And holding the door open for the ladies, they entered the carriage, and, mounting the box, he drove off; leaving the crowd staring at the quick settling of affairs, and the dethroned driver sitting in the dust, where he had been thrown, vacantly gazing after the retreating carriage, while some one repeated to him over and over that "Lady" Harcourt said he was dismissed from her service, and was to come up to the House for his belongings and a month's wages, instead of warning.

Meanwhile James, the new driver, carried matters with a high hand with the horses, showing them that he knew their tricks and their manners, and would have none of them; and under his cool hand they quieted down into their ordinary proper behavior, such as became sedate animals in their station in life. As they were going up a hill, James took from a pocket in his coat a bundle of papers, and, selecting three or four, placed them in his pocket-book, then put the bundle back, and picking up the reins again drove on.

The horses, under the firm hand of their driver, were soon quieted. Not so, however, the ladies inside of the carriage; they indulged in nerves all the way home, and supported each other under the trying circumstances by affectionate little inquiries, such as: "Are you sure, dear mamma, you are not hurt? It terrified me to see you as the carriage turned over, I quite forgot to be frightened for myself, in anxiety for you."

It sounded very well, indeed; but it is not likely that Mrs. Harris thought much more of her mother-in-law at that precise moment than she did of the coachman; certainly not as much as she did of her new French bonnet, which was, she feared, hopelessly mashed. She met Jean with the remark:—

"Well, Jean, you came near being full heir-ess to-day, with liberty to go where you please, and marry whom you please." And then went on and told her of the affair in such a thrilling manner that it appeared as if a whole regiment of horses had run away with a long train of ambulances, and after careering once or twice madly around the world, had finally upset them on the summit of the highest Alp, from where they had rolled down to the village, and had been picked up in a thousand pieces. It had the effect, any way, of amusing Jean, which was well, for the child moped in a state of indigo blueness.

Meanwhile Mrs. Harcourt was in the library talking with the new coachman, whose references were unexceptional, and who really seemed to have such a perfect knowledge of horses and their belongings, that she thought she had found a treasure. He asked high wages though, and wanted a nice room and several comforts that Thomas, the ex-driver, had never deemed necessary; but when she remembered the affair of the morning, and the fact that the only comfort Thomas wished was the whiskey bottle, she thought that probably the exchange was worth some extra money.

Unconsciously, perhaps, James had doubly enhanced his value by putting a high price upon himself, so she hastened to engage him, and while he went back to the village in a little light wagon to bring home his belongings, she gave orders that a room should be prepared for him with extra care, for he was really such a gentlemanly sort of man that she could not treat him, she felt, as she had done other coachmen, particularly the late Thomas.

She then went to the sitting-room, where the rest of the family were convened, and told them what a jewel of a driver she had obtained, so that really she was glad the accident had happened, as it had been the means of getting rid of old Thomas, and putting in his place such a valuable servant; and she was quite willing to have had the fright, and the slight injury to her carriage, for such a good end.

Some weeks passed on, and she still continued to be delighted with James. She never had such a coachman! So attentive to her orders, and observant of her least wish! The horses were kept in excellent condition, and the stable boy was actually busy, instead of lounging around the yard all the time, so that now the stable was kept as clean and in as nice order as was possible.

Though affairs there were progressing so well, they had not taken such a good turn in

the sitting-room. Mrs. Harcourt was very much worried about Jean, for, though she was very wilful about her marriage, in other points she was really very devoted and indulgent to her granddaughter, who was losing all her good spirits, and becoming gloomy and pale. She stayed by herself as much as she could, and neither her mother nor grandmother could persuade her to go out with them visiting or riding. She seemed determined to do nothing but mope.

One day when Mrs. Harcourt had sent for James to give him some particular directions about having the carriage brought to the door, Jean happened to pass by, looking as listless and indifferent as ever. Her grandmother, as usual, asked her if she would not go out riding with them.

"No," she answered. "I hate riding in that carriage, or, indeed, in any. I don't wish to go." And she passed on.

"Perhaps," suggested James, in a very respectful manner, "the little lady would like horseback riding, since she dislikes carriages. She looks very thin and badly, and seems to need fresh air."

"I never thought of that," she answered. "Perhaps she would. I am glad you spoke of it; I'll ask her." And Mrs. Harcourt followed Jean and asked her. Her face brightened up at first, but clouded over again as she said:—

"Yes, I would like it, if I had a decent horse. But the horses are either so fat and lazy, or common farm horses, that there is no fun in it. Besides, I have no riding-dress. Mine was so old and shabby that I gave it away." And she threw herself down again on the sofa where she had been lying.

Mrs. Harcourt said nothing more, but went out and held a consultation with James, which ended in his driving her some miles up the country, to a farm where there were a good many horses for sale. Arrived there, they asked for a good lady's riding horse, and were shown a most beautiful little bay, that James pronounced, after trying him, to be an excellent riding horse, in every way suitable. Mrs. Harcourt ordered that he should be sent to the House the next day, and then was driven home.

Arriving there, she went straight to her room, and opening a closet, took out a bundle lightly done up. Taking a pair of scissors, she hastily ripped open the bundle and spread out on the bed a black cloth riding-dress. She then rang the bell and told the servant to send the seamstress up to her room. When she came, Mrs. Harcourt pointed to the dress and said:—

"I want that altered to fit Miss Jean by to-morrow noon. You have made her dresses often enough to be able to make this without trying it on her. I don't want her to see it or know it."

"Very well, ma'am; I can do it." And Mary left the room with the dress on her arm.

The next day James reported that the horse had come, and he had obtained a saddle; and Mary announced that the dress was done. Mrs. Harcourt was ready, then, for her little plot. She told James to saddle one of the other horses for himself, and bring the two to the door. Then she laid the dress on Jean's bed and went to find "the child," as they all called her. She was found, as usual, tucked down on the sofa, half asleep.

"Jean," her grandmother said, "there is a horse at the door I want you to try to see if you like it. And there is a riding-dress in your room for you."

Though Jean was both loved and in love, she could not resist that. She sprang up and ran to the window.

"Oh, grandma!" she exclaimed. "Is that lovely, beautiful horse for me? Is it, really?"

"Yes, if it suits you, my dear."

"Oh, it does! Isn't he lovely? Who am I to ride with?"

"You can ride with us, or with James for a groom alone. He is perfectly safe and trustworthy, my dear," she answered Mrs. Harris's look of surprised remonstrance. "He has the best references, and I can trust him to take good care of her."

Jean, who, of course, understood what they meant, grit her teeth with indignation, but had too good sense to say anything except:—

"Ride with that horrid, stupid old James? He is such a bore!" Then remembering that that was not the most grateful manner of receiving her grandmother's kind present, and that to ride with him would be better than to poke along at the stately funereal pace at which the carriage went, she added: "But he will do to take care of me; that is all I need. And now I will go and try on the dress."

She left the room, and while she was dressing, Mrs. Harcourt gave James special orders to take great care of Miss Jean, and off they started. In an hour Jean came back, delighted with the horse and dress, and in better spirits than she had been for some time. But she soon fell back into the blues, which lasted until the time for her ride the next day, when she again brightened up for some time.

At last, one day she very reluctantly consented to take her ride, for she felt bluer than ever, having spent the previous night dreaming of the beloved object (an occupation which, as Mrs. Macawber would say, was "gentlemanly, but not remunerative"), and she had about come to the conclusion that riding alone, that is, with merely a groom, was not the funniest thing on earth. So it came to pass that this day her grandmother, who really loved her, and wanted her to be happy in her prison, had to beg her to go out, and she went, because it

was only less stupid to go than to stay at home.

After riding along for some time at a slow walk through a beautiful path in the woods, she ceased watching the trees and glimpses of sky, and dropping her head on her breast, gave herself over to re-living in thought, the dream of the night before. While thus engaged, she heard far off, in a clear, firm voice, the words sung :—

"What will you do, love,
When I am going, with white sails flowing,
The seas beyond?
What will you do, love,
When waves divide us, and friends may chide us
For being fond?"

As the first notes struck her ear, she threw her head up and glanced hastily around. No one was in sight. Even old James was hidden by a bend in the road. It seemed so much like a continuation of her dream, that, without a moment's hesitation, she took it up where the voice dropped it, and answered, in her full, mellow voice :—

"Though waves divide us,
And friends be chiding, in faith abiding,
I'll still be true.
And I'll pray for thee
On the stormy ocean, with deep devotion;
That's what I'll do."

"What could it mean?" she asked herself, that faint singing, more like the shadow of a song than the real song. *They* used to sing it together in the good old days, and last night he had sung it in her dream. "It must have been fancy," she concluded, the more readily as the prosaic sound of James's horse, trotting on the soft turf, struck gratingly on her ear, making up for having let her be out of his sight a moment by riding closer to her than he had ever before done. She thought it was very impertinent, and was about to turn and give him a stately look, when full and close upon her ear burst the words :—

"What will you do, love,
When home returning, with hopes high burning
With wealth for you?"

The song ceased there. She had thought: "Was James gone stark, staring crazy, and lost his voice, or gained one, rather, for his was cracked and hoarse." So she looked around and the song ceased. Her look of surprise, however, did not cease; it enlarged in depth and size until it became truly marvellous.

There sat the quondam James on his horse, his liveried hat in one hand, his wig and spectacles in the other, quietly gazing at her. She silently shook with laughter until the tears ran down her cheeks. At last she managed to say :—

"Brian Hilliard! This is worthy even of your brilliant mind. How did you manage it?" "Faint heart never won fair lady. I thought 'better to serve in heaven than,' etc.; and

much good yellow gold have I earned from your jailloress. Ain't I a model coachman?"

"But, Brian, I don't understand," said Jean, still mystified.

"Did you think, my darling, that a man of my 'brilliant tone of mind and versatile talents' (*vide* newspaper report of my last poem to 'My Lost Love') could not devise some method of finding that love again?"

"But how came you to know grandma wanted a coachman, and your first-rate references, and being there at the moment?"

"I did not know she wanted a coachman, but I got all my friends to give me recommendations for everything, from a first class boot-black up to a model companion. *Sorti Egnus Utrique* was my motto, so when your grandmother wanted a driver, all I had to do was to take out my bundle of references and hunt out those under horse, and, presto! all the best people in the land assured any one who wished to know it, that I was capable of driving anything, from a bargain up to the chariot of the sun."

"And you did all that, and had all this hard work for me?"

"For you, my darling; only don't distress yourself about the hard work; I make the boy do the work. And driving a fine pair of horses is not such very hard work, though we do go at rather a funereal pace. And don't you know I would go through anything to be so near you, my little lady love?"

Jean's answer was a vivid blush, as she said :—

"Why didn't you let me know before? I have been so lonely, Brian!"

"I was afraid. Not so much of you as of myself. We must be very careful, lady bird, that we are not found out."

Then they rode on, talking of the past and future, until long past their usual hour for returning, and the burden of Brian Hilliard's talk was spent in trying to win her consent to a runaway marriage. But her answer then and always afterwards, when he broached the subject, which was almost every other day, was :—

"No, Brian; much as I love you, I cannot consent to that, for I would forfeit your respect by it, and that would kill me. Circumstances are not yet bad enough to justify that."

And so time passed on. Their daily rides were longer than ever, and the only time in the day when they spoke to each other, for their precautions were excessive. Indeed, Jean often begged her mother or grandmother to go with her, that she might have some other company but that stupid old James, though, to her great delight, they excused themselves on the plea that their riding days were over.

Affairs took no brighter turn, and they sometimes were tempted to despair. Brian wearied

often of the large amount of chaff that he had to go through for the small measure of wheat he received. Jean racked her brain until it ached, for some way of carrying her purpose besides the one he proposed. At last the ill wind that blew somebody good, blew for her, and through a series of misfortunes and anxieties she found her way out of the dilemma.

One day when it was pouring down such a storm of rain that she dare not venture to go out, she sought, in a rage of disappointment, for relief in the library. While standing near the silver safe, looking along the rows of books for one likely to interest her, she stamped her foot with disgust at having to stay in the house.

It was a pretty mad little stamp, and produced an effect most entirely unlooked for. Instead of her foot resting on a level with the other, the floor disappeared beneath it, and the sudden descent threw her forward on her knees. Though much startled and hurt, there flashed through her mind some of the queer old stories told about this house many years back, and she sprung up, went to the door, shut and locked it, taking the precaution to stop the keyhole with her handkerchief.

When she came back, she examined the place she had fallen, and through the sink in the carpet she felt a large hole in the floor. Quite eager and excited, she went to the edge of the carpet (the safe being in the corner of the room), and finding it only hooked down with large rings, she hastily undid enough to enable her to throw it back from the corner, showing as she did so, an open trap door in the floor, which had been so carefully concealed that only a very accurate knowledge of the spring, or a fortunate accident, as her stamp had been, could have opened it. It had just sprung some few inches, but with a push she sent it far open, wide enough to permit her to enter. She was hesitating about going down, when, her eye becoming used to the darkness, she saw there the gleam of silver. Springing up, she went to the mantle, took down a sperm candle, lighted it, and coming back, let herself down into the well-like place, taking the candle and a box of matches. It seemed to be a low room, some four feet high. Hardly a room; merely an open space between the library and the room below. A flooring was laid on the rafters, otherwise it was unfinished.

She now understood what had always puzzled her so much: the lowness of the rooms, compared with the height of the house. New wonders were to meet her, for the light again gave the gleam of silver, and turning, she saw, to her intense wonder, several pieces of the family plate. What could it mean?

Fearless as a young lion, she determined to find out; and watching where the dust seemed to have been recently disturbed, she followed the track until she came to a flight of steps in

the wall, just wide enough to admit one person. Much startled at the new wonders, she summoned up her courage and went down, her solitary candle giving a mere gleam of light in the utter darkness. Notwithstanding the unpleasantness of her situation, the ridiculous idea would come into her head that if the interior of the whale was as dark as this, Jonah must have had a pretty bad time of it in them three days, without even a sperm candle to comfort himself with.

Just then a whiff of air blew out her candle. She stepped down, and the step was so slimy, she almost fell. Sick and weak with the fright of the moment, she leant against the wall to recover herself. She could hear her heart beat in the oppressive silence, and she began to wish she had not started on this tour of investigations. However, since she was there, she had better go on; so, abusing herself strongly for her fright, she took from her pocket the box of matches and lit her candle, taking the precaution to put the burnt match back in the box.

The air around her was damp and cold, so that she thought she was below the level of the ground. The floor on which she stood was also slimy with moss. She peered around with her little light, and saw some boxes, baskets, and bags, and in them again other pieces of the old family silver, partly covered with clothes, some of which she recognized as Mary's (the seamstress), and some as her own, dresses which Mary had had to alter; and there were some clothes that could only be Herbert's, he being the only male creature about, except James. She could not resist a feeling of exultation as she felt that her opinion of Herbert's wickedness was justified. It was worth the loss of the old silver, which would never be hers any way, as she would marry none but Brian.

But it must not be lost, so she left it all as she found it, and, fired by new zeal, pursued her search. The room became narrower and narrower, and finally was nothing but a damp, narrow passage, which she passed through until she came to another passage opening into it. She turned into that, and a few steps led her to a round, open space, where there was a faint glimmer of daylight. She looked up, and found herself at the bottom of an old dry well, which was some distance from the house.

It looked as if it had not been disturbed for years, so she concluded that that was not the mode of egress, and determined to turn back and pursue the other passage. Then, remembering that she must have been absent a long time, and that if she was missed, and inquiry made, or if the library door was tried and no answer from within given, it might rouse suspicion, she thought it was best to go back for the present. So she retraced her steps and at last reached the library, feeling that ages had passed since she left it, in such a completely

different world she seemed to have been living. The sense of not being herself oppressed her. She felt transformed into some of the former Harcourts who built and used this passage for purposes which would not bear the light of day; and, with a quietness and precision that quite surprised her, she studied the spring of the trap door, shutting and opening it several times, in order to be quite familiar with it. Then, arranging everything as she had found it, and brushing from her dress all signs of her trip, she softly opened the door and went up to her own room, to think over, in silence, what was to be done.

From the appearance of things in the vault, she thought the end must be near, though not yet at hand, and she wanted a few hours to think about it; most of all, she wanted to tell Brian. How to reach him, though, she did not know. What excuse could she make for going out in the pouring rain to the stable? She did not go straight and tell her grandmother what she had found, because, all being fair in love and war, and she being occupied with both, she naturally thought she would try and turn to her own advantage this discovery, though how, she did not yet see.

At last, unable to stay still, so great was her inward tumult, she remembered that White-foot, her horse, had limped the day before; she suddenly felt a great anxiety to learn how his foot was to-day. So, wrapping herself up well, she started out, stopping in the sitting-room, where they were sitting, to say, with a show of openness, where she was going.

They begged her not to go out in the rain; and her grandmother even offered to send Herbert. But that would hardly have suited her purpose. She declared she must go herself; she was uneasy about the horse, and that stupid old James would never think to take care of it, unless she poked him up about it. Her grandmother, as usual, declared that James would do more for the horse than she could, and she did not see why Jean had taken such a prejudice to him. Her surprise would have been terrific had she been present when, ten minutes after, Jean having gained her point, reached the stables, and had heard "that stupid old James" say:—

"O Jean! Jean! how very imprudent! What made you do it?"

It would have been her death blow to have heard Jean answer:—

"Now don't scold, you dear old Brian. I had to speak to you at once."

And if those two had killed her, it certainly would have brought her to life again to see that excellent coachman James, with the most satisfactory recommendations, take her granddaughter, Miss Harcourt, of Harcourt House, in his arms, and kissing her several times, say:—

"I will not scold you, my darling, but tell

me what made you so imprudent as to come down here?"

It was well she did not see or hear any of this, or the conversation that followed, for if she had, some well-laid plans would have "gang aglee." After staying as long as she dared, Jean prepared to go back to the house; and after a repetition of the above mentioned performance, Brian said to her:—

"Trust it all to me, and don't be worried; only keep a good watch on them all, and be prepared for anything that can happen. I have a plan, but it is as yet so indistinct that I cannot put it into shape to speak of; besides, it may be better for you not to know it. Only remember, be prepared for anything, and *very* careful to show surprise at nothing. How I hate to have you leave me, my darling! I hope the time is near at hand when you no longer will have to do it. If no other way is found, you must meet me at the end of that long passage (which I must find to-day), and we'll leave the world and climb a tree. I am growing desperate."

That night the family were roused by Jean's having a severe cold and a burning fever; and her mother, grandmother, and aunt, much resembling, in their long white night clothes, the "three ghostesies, sitting on three postesies, eating three crustesies," sat on the unoccupied corners of her bed, and between her coughs, chanted the melancholy dirge, "I told you so." At last, getting tired of that, she told them that if they did not go away and leave her, that she would have a fit; so they went, coming back at intervals of half an hour for the rest of the night, to inquire how she was, so that, without intending it, she kept the house astir all night.

She had not intended to do it, but it was just as well, she thought. Though she had really caught a bad cold, the idea struck her that it might be serviceable to be a good deal sicker than she was; so, when morning came, though her fever had abated, she felt very ill, most of the time lying in a stupor, and when roused very cross and peevish. She did it well, and the family were sufficiently deceived to be very uneasy about her, all three wanting to sit by her all day long. That, however, by no means suited her purpose; she wished them out of the way. So she declared she would have no one with her; she wanted to be alone. Her mother would not allow that, so Jean compromised, and gained her real point, which was, that Mary should bring her sewing and stay with her. She felt more sure, as long as she had one of the parties under her eye.

About ten or eleven she became excessively tired of a state of como in her own apartment, while all her thoughts were in the library and around there; so, rousing from a heavy sleep, she declared she would stay there no longer. If she had to be sick in bed, she would have a

change of scene, any way. They remonstrated, she insisted; and at last, partly dressing and putting on her wrapper, she descended to the library, supported by her mother, and followed by Mary with pillows. When she was comfortably fixed on the sofa, she declared no one should stay in the room but Mary, and she fell into such a passion about it that it brought on a violent fit of coughing, and her mother, who was seriously uneasy, had to give up, telling Mary that she must on no account leave the room.

As soon as her mother was gone, Jean fell into another heavy stupor, "to hear the better, my dear," and she listened intently. There was naught to be heard for some time, and really sleepy from being kept awake so much the night before, the quietness of the room and her shut eyes were fast becoming too much for her, and she was on the point of falling to sleep, when she heard beneath the floor a sound she recognized. Mary evidently heard it, too, for she started, and dropped her scissors; they fell, and made quite a noise. Jean felt her eyes upon her, and knew she had done it for the double purpose of trying her unconsciousness and giving warning below; so she lay perfectly still, and the noise ceased, and in a few minutes, Mary, apparently satisfied, picked up her scissors and went on with her work, as Jean could tell by the rustle of the silk.

But as an hour passed, and that was the only sound in the room, Jean began to weary of her office of detective police, under such difficulties, and had fallen asleep, when she was waked by hearing the door softly opened and shut. Thinking it was her mother, she lay still, not wishing to be disturbed; but the steps that fell on the carpet, though soft, were not the steps of her mother, and a wild hope shot through her that it was Herbert. Then she bent all her energies to hearing everything, and keeping quiet and unmoved. The last was needed before she got through. It was Herbert, and he went up to Mary and said, in a low voice:—

"I want you; come!"

"I can't," said Mary. "I can't leave her. But she is in a heavy sleep, and has been for hours. She did not hear you when you made all that noise below."

"Are you certain she is asleep? Go and pull her hair, or pinch her. I don't trust her."

"Yes," Mary answered, "she is, but it is more a stupor than sleep, from all that medicine she took last night, I suppose. You can safely speak; see!" And she went over to Jean, and lifting her hand which lay on her lap, let go of it; it fell heavily back again. "See! she is safe. Now, what's the row?"

"Why, this," answered Herbert, in a low tone, that Jean could just catch; "that we will have to hurry up, or we'll be caught. In the first place, it only wants a week to the silver cleaning day, so we must be gone before that,

of course. Then, confound it all! that old coachman James has found out our game."

"What?" almost shrieked Mary.

"Yes—you needn't be waking that ninny over there—he knows it all. I met him this morning down in there; you never saw two such surprised people in your life. We both fired up and asked what the other was doing down there. Then he gave a little chuckle and said:—

"We are both on the same errand, perhaps. I have suspected you for some time, so wanted to be beforehand with you; but as we have met, let us unite causes."

"I could not help myself then. I tried the virtuous indignation dodge, but it was no go. Being caught down there was positive evidence, so I had to promise to share with him. I was furious inside, but had to keep cool, for I was in his power; and in his joking way, he made me sign a paper, promising him one half of the proceeds, for, you see, he caught me with the silver in my hands, and he is as strong again as I am. He might have put an end to me there and made off with it all, and no one ever know it; and there was a look in his eyes that told me that he would just as leave do it as not, so I thought I had better give him half the whole, and my life, too."

"Yes, I suppose it was all you could do. How could he have found out? Did he tell you?"

"No. I asked him, but he would tell nothing. He said he knew of the Harcourt treasure, and came here for the only purpose of getting possession of it, some way or other; that he was an old hand, and knew a thing or two. So he told me some things that made my hair stand on end, for I never thought of such things until that old fool put it into my head by telling me I ought to have it. Curse her for having turned me from the honest young simpleton I was!"

His voice was deep, and his words were fierce, and thoroughly in earnest; but Mary, with an eye to business before sentiment, said:—

"But what are you going to do about it?"

"James proposes that we finish it up at once" (Jean almost started, but by a mighty effort, kept still, and listened more closely, as Herbert instinctively dropped his voice); "this very night, he says." Mary did start, and say:—

"What! so soon? Oh, how can we?"

"He is to manage it. He says that after the night they had last night—for I told him about it—that they will sleep the sounder to-night, and that if that girl over there seems inclined to be restless, give her something to make her sleep; put it in her medicine. He said you had better do it any way, to keep her quiet, and to be careful not to give her too much, for that would only excite her, and spoil our plans.

I am to finish up in here, while he will arrange for everything outside, and it is all to be done up to-night, while the family are asleep. I shall be easy then, for the misery I have suffered lest the old hag should take a fancy to look at her precious silver before cleaning day came, and so find out my game, has kept me like wild all the time. James thinks our plan a very good one; said it did credit to young hands, and he will help us with it."

"I wish we had done it," said Mary, with a sigh, "before he found us out. Half is a great deal to lose. We might as well have done it alone."

"No," answered Herbert; "he can help us. Now mind, remember all I have so often told you, and be quick, and ready." And as quickly as he came in, he slipped out again.

Jean was glad to be quiet now, for her brain was in such a tumult that it took her all the rest of the day to calm herself. But Brian had told her to trust him, and after what had passed, she knew that he must have affairs pretty much in his own hands, and she was glad enough to put them out of hers. After dinner, she went back to her own room and went to bed, for what with her cold and the excitement, she really felt sick; and, knowing that she would be restless and anxious all night, knowing what was going on, and unable to do anything, she willingly took the medicine Mary brought her, thinking that it was very thoughtful in Brian to give those directions to insure her a comfortable night, when he must have had so much else on his mind. She did not know that he had, through Herbert, even sent the amount to be given.

But as the night passed on, and her anxiety was too great to let her sleep, in spite of the draught, she felt inclined to wish she had not known what was going on. She was in a wretched state of nervousness, and yet felt compelled to control it. For fear any one would come to her, she choked down her cough, which had grown worse and worse with the exposure of the morning, and when she no longer could stop it, she would bury her head in the bed clothes to drown the sound.

She had thought in the daytime that it would be easy enough to feel satisfied about its all going on right. But when night came, what with the forced control of the day, the medicine which excited instead of quieting her, and the knowledge of what was going on, she thought she would go crazy. She remembered what Herbert had said about being killed and its never being known, and she could not put from her mind the possibility that Brian might be the one to be foully murdered, and no one find it out, unless she did. Whenever she would fall asleep for a moment, there would come a frightful dream. She would be going down those narrow, dark steps, and when she reached the bottom, her lamp would be blown out; and

when she lighted it, the rays would fall on Brian's face, dead and white, in a pool of his own blood. Or she would be looking down the old well, down, down, into vacancy, then would rise up from the depths the same dear dead face, floating up to her level in a rising flow of blood; and when she tried to throw herself beside it and share the same fate, Herbert would hold her back. Then she would wake, too much impressed by the necessity for quiet to shriek, but with a violent fit of coughing. She tried to control herself, but it was no use; she was too far gone to do it, and could only lay there and suffer.

When at last morning came, she really was much more ill than she had pretended to be the day before. Her mother, when she came to her, found her cheeks crimson, her pulse throbbing, and her cough almost incessant. She called Mrs. Harcourt, who, in turn, called the housemaid, and told her to tell Herbert to go at once for the doctor, who lived seven or eight miles off. Julia soon came back to say that Herbert was not to be found anywhere about the house. "Then send James," was the next order, to which Jean eagerly awaited the answer. James, also, was not to be found anywhere about. Her heart sank within her. Those fearful dreams might be reality.

"And, ma'am," added Julia, hesitatingly, "Mary is not here either; her room is empty; so is Herbert's and James'. None of their beds have been slept in."

In this piece of news Jean was forgotten. Mrs. Harcourt turned pale, and saying, "The silver!" ran from the room, followed by Mrs. Harris, Miss Worthington, and Julia, leaving Jean, who could have laughed, had she known where and how Brian was, alone. The procession, joined by cook in the passage, reached the library, opened the door, and rushed in, headed by Mrs. Harcourt, who went right to the drawer where the key of the silver safe was kept. There it was, and she gave a sigh of relief, which was repeated when, on opening the safe, built in the wall, she saw the boxes all right in their places.

They all looked at each other. No one said, "Open them," but they all felt it but Mrs. Harcourt. She seemed satisfied, and appeared to wish to shut the safe again. Mrs. Harris, however, laid her hand on her arm restrainingly, and pointed to the boxes. Mrs. Harcourt, with a look almost of indignation at her, shook off her hand, and saying, "I knew Herbert was perfectly honest; I only doubted him for a moment," opened one of the large boxes.

It was empty. She turned very pale, but spoke not a word, merely took up another box; it, too, was empty. One after the other she took them all up, opened them, and put them down. No one spoke, and when she had opened the last, she fell like a log in Julia's arms, who happened to be behind her. They

laid her on the sofa where Jean had laid the day before, but she gave no sign.

Now all was confusion in the house; every one seemed at their wits end. Two sick people and four women (not one of whom could hitch a horse, or drive him after they had hitched him) composed the family. Not a doctor within miles, or any one to send for one. Mrs. Harcourt could not be moved, and showing hardly any signs of life, lay where they placed her first. Jean they dosed with such remedies as they knew, and by the aid of hot drinks and baths, reduced her cold a great deal, but she still was very nervous, and did not leave her room; she could not go down the dark steps, for her grandmother lay in the room, and she knew as little as they did about the fate of the silver, and, worse far than their trouble, she thought, she knew nothing of Brian. How bitterly she regretted ever having told him of the robbery. What was all the silver in the world to his dear life.

For three days it continued so; no one going out, no one coming in, when, on the third day, a horse was heard galloping up the road. When he reached the door, the rider threw himself off and gave a loud rap. All those in the house who heard it, felt as if they had suddenly been waked from a nightmare, and had again become members of the habitable world. When the four who possessed the power of locomotion went to the door, there stood a young man about thirty, with curly brown hair, and side whiskers and moustache a shade lighter; fine-looking and independent, though rather hurried now, as he asked for Mrs. Harcourt.

They told him she was too ill to see any one, but when he insisted that it was absolutely necessary, they took him into the library. There she lay, a stately old lady, but so very still. Simply bowing to her, he said:—

"Three days ago you were robbed of all your family silver. I am able to return it to you only on condition that no inquiry shall be made as to where the thieves are. I tracked them to *their* hiding place, and I know where the silver is hid. How I came to find them out, I cannot tell you, for it is one of the secrets that come to us doctors from death beds, but it is all safe, and will be restored to you. I have ridden miles, post haste, to relieve your anxiety."

When he first commenced to speak, Mrs. Harcourt had opened her eyes and looked steadily at him. When he ended, she made a sudden effort and spoke.

"Let them go. I was good to them, and they deceived me. So the silver is safe, let them go their own way; evil will overtake them soon enough."

They were all so surprised to hear Mrs. Harcourt speak that they did not see how the young man colored, and muttered, "All's fair

in love and war." They did not know whether it had been that she wouldn't or couldn't speak before, but they hailed with delight signs of returning life and interest; and, though she could not move her left arm or leg when presently she tried, it was an improvement on her condition since the robbery, and she showed great interest in telling him of the incidents that attended that dismal time, few as they were. His manner, as he listened to her, was deferential, and so gratifying that she finally begged him, as he had done them such a kindness, to stay a while and pay them a visit, for she seemed to have known him a long time.

After a good deal of hesitation, he accepted her invitation for the short time he would be in the neighborhood, and then Mrs. Harris asked him if he would be so kind as to prescribe for her daughter, who, having caught a very severe cold two days before the robbery, was quite ill on that day, and had been so nervous ever since, that she was seriously uneasy about her. He said that he would be very glad to do what he could for her, but that if she was so nervous, it would be best to prepare her before she saw him.

When he went to her room, followed by the household, who considered him as the benefactor of the age, it was only by the most violent effort that either of them could keep their faces grave. Of course, her mother's news that the silver had been found, removed all Jean's nervousness, and so, when they met, it was merely the remains of a very bad cold that he had to deal with, and as he was a great sufferer from colds, he fortunately knew an admirable remedy. When he looked at her tongue, he said, in a low tone: "Don't look at me, or I'll die." Then he felt her pulse, and advised her not to stay in her room any longer than was necessary, as it was bad for her spirits (she saw by the twinkle in his eye that it would be worse for his), and that the fresh air would be good for her cold now; "out-door exercise," with another merry twinkle. She took his advice and came down the next morning, looking so much better that he declared, the only moment he had to speak to her alone, that she wanted to deprive him of his new gained title of M. D., by depriving him of his only patient.

"What made you?" she asked. "It was very risky, and how will you get out of it?"

"Oh, I am going to give up the profession at once. It is too painful to my sensitive feelings. I used to be called doctor by the boys."

Weeks passed. Mr. Hilliard lingered on in the house, making himself general utility to the whole family. He brought back the silver to the house, with the aid of a constable, done by his particular chum, very well got up; he obtained a coachman, who was, he confided to Jean, more useful, if not as ornamental, as he had been. He made himself a general, as he had been a particular, favorite in the house;

and with his knowledge of Mrs. Harcourt, from old acquaintance, he wound himself so completely around her heart that when, after six months of the most skilfully adjusted courtship imaginable, considering it had all been done and settled a year before, he asked her for her granddaughter's hand, she gave it with delight. Even his confessing poverty, and the profession of art, made no difference. Jean would have enough for both, she said; and as he had saved the silver, he certainly ought to have it.

Neither as her lover nor as her husband could Jean ever induce Brian to tell her how he managed about the silver that dreadful night, or what he was doing those three days. She fancied that he had let the thieves see that they were in his power, and then bought them off. Together one day, shortly before they were married, they spilt the spring of the trap door, so it would not open, then nailed the door so it couldn't open.

And they kept their peace. Strong as was the temptation and desire to tell, they never breathed a word of the little drama that went on in Harcourt House. They would willingly have given up all the silver for the pleasure of telling, but it was too risky, and they had to restrain their desire. They were all too happy now to run any chance of spoiling it. But when, three years after the robbery, the Hilliards came down to Harcourt House for one of their long visits, they brought a bright, laughing baby; laughing, no doubt, at being named James Brown Hilliard. Mrs. Harcourt expressed great dislike for the name; asked who it was called after, saying it reminded her of that horrid coachman who had helped to rob them. Brian, knowing he had not helped, but hindered, bore the accusation calmly, saying, solemnly:—

"He was called after a brother of mine who was lost." And Jean's emotion at the mere mention of the dear lost one, obliged her to hide her face in the baby's long robes, from whence she emerged with tears in her eyes, which were very effective, Brian said.

But the painful association connected with baby's name does not keep his great-grand-mother from being very devoted to him, and she never seems happier than when she has the little fellow in her lap, tenderly held by her well arm, when he is quiet enough; and when his spirits are sufficient to need two strong arms, he must still be in her sight. Her life, fast verging toward the end, is softened by, and bound up in, the fair little life just entering on the struggle. And James Brown Hilliard is heir to all of the Harcourt silver.

KNOWLEDGE of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.—*Whately.*

THE WOODMAN.

BY L. R. G.

A LAKE, in coyish, dreamy mood,
Lay close to the heart of a lonely wood;
Its ripple fingers toying free
With the old gnarl'd roots of each stately tree.
The forest boughs bent low above,
And tuned to the breezes soft sung their love,
While the reflecting lake face caught
Of earth and heaven each varying thought,
Robbing their deeds in her fair guise,
That they might view them with less biased eyes.
Under the sky dome's purple hue,
Just over the lake, a gold edged cloud blew;
So fleecy, 'twould scarce notice claim,
Yet across the lake face a shadow came—
So broad, its sudden, gloomy fall
Half covered the waters as with a pall,
Shutting them out from the genial light
Of the sun, a moment before in sight.
Musing, I watched the changing scene
Life's riddle solved, by the mist and sheen;
A soul, like the beautiful lake serene,
To the sheltering trust of some love would lean,
Till the cares of life and the joys should wean
Its thoughts from God—and there floated between
A doubt, a woe, or wrong—afar
Seeming no weightier than night dreams are;
But drawn too near the struggling heart,
The evil o'ershadows the better part.
Then, hopeless as the shaded lake,
With tireless moan, faith's chilled waves break
On burly trees and rocks of fate,
Till the cloud shall pass, or the need abate.
A shelf-crag roof'd a woodman's hut,
Deep seamed bark branches of oak he had cut;
Fastened them strong with wild rush stalk,
Collected in many a weary walk.
Within, a fox-skin couch had he;
A table, rough hewn, from some fallen tree;
Carpet of deer-hide, gaming sack,
Rude rock-cleft cupboard, and broad antlered rack,
With smaller things of greater need,
From the Bible, worn, to the barley seed.
Between the hut and lake's steep shore
Were three tiny mounds and a larger—four,
Agone—these sleepers clustered there
Round the fox-skin bed, at the hour of prayer.
Home was more to the woodman than
Than fame's jewelled crown to earth's proudest
men.
The smallest mound, raised close at hand,
Cradled his baby boy, last of the band;
A gray stone cross above it lay,
Half overgrown with the flowers of May.
Years ago, one moonlit even,
The woodman talked to his boy of heaven;
Of mother, living way up there,
And a better Father's all loving care.
The wondering child glanced down, to meet
Another heaven stretching at his feet;
The lake's smooth surface held each star,
Which in the firmament seemed off so far.
In eager haste the gems to grasp,
The boy slipped his hand from the man's loose grasp;
With joyous laughter, downward sprang
T'ward the nearest star. Then the forest rung
Its echoes to the frantic cry
Of the lonely man in his misery.
The still, cold form he watched that night,
With its beautiful face, and hands so white;
'Twas the last link of love's strong chain
That bound him to God's lonely throne again.

The woodman views the lake below,
The sky, rocks, and trees; then he murmurs low:
"All my treasures now are given;
Kneeling, I wait at the gates of heaven."

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

LESSON XX.

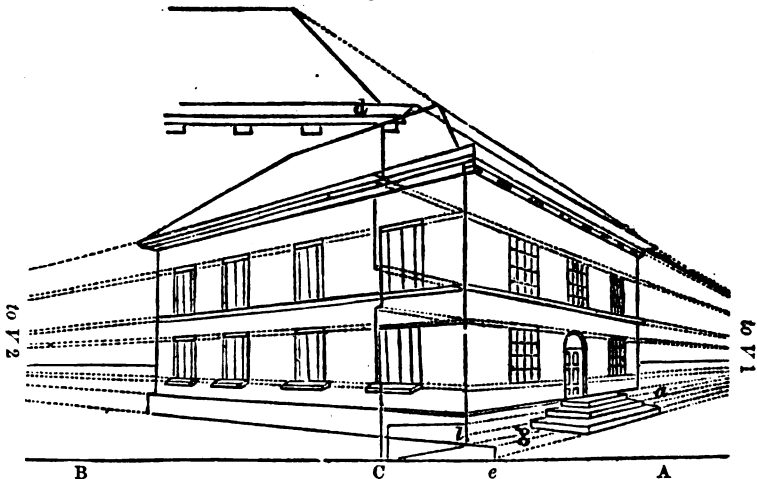
PERSPECTIVE DRAWING. (*Continued.*)

FIG. 26 shows the manner by which the various lines of an oblique perspective view of a house are obtained. Let *A B* be the base-line, and let it be supposed that the perspective plan of the house has been obtained in the proper manner; required to find the true perspective heights of the house and its various parts, namely, the roof, cornice, upper and lower windows, string-course, heads and sills of windows, and plinth, including also the three steps at the front door. Produce the lower line *a b* of one side of the house till it

delineation on the ground-plan, the vertical lines denoting the three corners of the house; as also those showing the front corners of the cornice, plinth, and steps. From the intersections of these front corner-lines with the vanishing-lines to *V 1* draw similar vanishing-lines to *V 2*, which will give the perspective heights of the corresponding windows, sills, etc., on the other side of the house. The sides of the windows, sills, and door may now be determined by vertical lines obtained as shown in Fig. 25, and the sides of the steps by lines from their points in the elevation to their respective vanishing-points *V 1* and *V 2*.

The student will perceive that by this process not only perspective heights, but also breadths or widths are determined; for the points of the projections and recesses, as of the cornice, sills, and steps, are obtained in their horizontal as well as vertical distance from each other. Thus the breadth *e C* of the lower step is shown in true perspective width at *g*; and the same of the width of the sills, projection of cornice,

Fig. 26.



meets the base-line, and at the intersection *C* erect a perpendicular *C d*, on which set off, according to the scale, the proper heights of the various points and objects desired; set off also from the same line, and in proper proportion, all projections from it, such as the steps, window-sills, and cornice; and on the other side of it, all depressions, such as the window-recesses. This will give the outline of the house in elevation; and the true dimensions of these parts, according to the scale, being thus obtained at the plane of delineation, must now be transferred to their perspective positions in the picture. From the various points and angles of the different parts on this line, draw lines to the vanishing-point *V 1*, which lines will denote the perspective heights of those points and angles at any distance in the picture. Obtain from the base of the plane of

and depth of window-recesses. All these are determined by the intersections of perpendiculars from the base-line (transferred from intersections of visual lines with the base-line on the plan) with vanishing-lines from the elevation at the plane of delineation.

By the aid of the examples which have been given, it is hoped the student will have acquired a general idea of the principles and rules by which perspective drawings are regulated. He will find it advantageous to work out each example for himself, by the aid of the descriptions given, to a larger scale than has been admissible from the size of these lessons; such a course will give him a much more intimate knowledge of the art than simply reading them over. As the vanishing-points and point of distance will be found frequently to have their situations far beyond the limits of his drawing, which would

necessitate a much larger sheet of drawing-paper than the drawing itself actually requires, he is advised to stretch a sheet of common cartridge-paper on a board of large dimensions; and having cut his drawing-paper somewhat larger, but not very much so, than the size of the proposed drawing, to fasten it down on the centre of the board over the cartridge-paper by small brass-headed pins at each corner, taking care, by the aid of the T square, that the sides of the drawing-paper are parallel with those of the drawing-board. By following this plan, those lines and points which are beyond the limits of the drawing will be continued on the cartridge-paper, and when the drawing is finished, it may be taken off by loosening the pins; and if the lines on the cartridge-paper be then obliterated with India-rubber, and another piece of drawing-paper pinned down, the same cartridge-paper will serve for several successive drawings. Of course, care must be taken that when a drawing has been pinned down and once commenced, it ought not to be removed till finished; otherwise there is a chance that it may not be refixed in precisely the same position, which would alter the relative positions of all the points and lines with respect to the drawing.

The student being thus familiarized with parallel and oblique perspective—which two terms comprise the representation of the forms of all objects at any distance and from any given point of view—will find no difficulty in applying their principles and modes of proceeding to more complicated objects than have been here illustrated; keeping always the leading principle in view. In most of the examples, the existence of a ground-plan of the object has been pre-supposed; and this will generally be found the most convenient way of working (sometimes further aided in elaborate objects by an elevation). It will mostly be found in large drawings convenient to have the plan and elevation on separate paper, drawing a line across the plan to represent the situation of the imaginary transparent plane of delineation, marking the station in its assumed situation on the plan, and drawing thence visual lines to the points of the object.

When objects are to be drawn in perspective to a scale of feet or inches, which is necessary in architectural and some other subjects, the scale must in all cases be set off *at the plane of delineation*, that is, either at the upper, lower, or side lines of the drawings; and must never be set off on the objects themselves, unless they are supposed to be close to that plane.

In most of the preceding illustrations the perspective view has been drawn with four lines, representing the boundary of the imaginary transparent plane through which the objects are seen; but in Figs. 25 and 26 these lines are omitted, as they are in no way essential to the drawing, though often useful as a

boundary, representing an opening or glazed frame, through which the picture is supposed to be seen. Drawings in which this boundary does not exist, are called *vignettes*; and are in all cases supposed to be seen through such imaginary plane, though its outline be not represented by lines.

The elements of *linear* perspective being now explained, let us pass on to that which refers to the force and distinctness with which objects should be drawn in proportion to their supposed distance from the spectator, and which is called *aerial* perspective. As objects apparently diminish in size according to their distance, it follows that at a certain distance small objects, and at a greater distance those of somewhat larger size, will be so diminished as to be imperceptible. Lines, therefore, near the eye, of great thickness (speaking artistically, not with strict geometrical truth), lose a portion of their apparent thickness as they recede from it, till they are altogether lost in the distance; and if prolonged, would fade long before they reached the horizon. For this reason, objects at a certain distance lose a portion of their distinctness, and become more or less confused with each other. There is also another reason: the further an object is removed from the spectator, the greater is the quantity of air between it and him through which it has to be viewed; and though the atmosphere is a highly rare medium, it still possesses a certain small degree of density, which tends still further to diminish the distinctness of distant objects, in proportion to the quantity of air through which the visual rays have to pass. In certain states of weather, such as a damp or cloudy day, this density is increased, and distant objects become consequently less distinct. These circumstances being duly kept in view by the artist, and having their proper influence on the strength of his lines and depth of his tints, materially enhance the perspective effect of his drawing. The lines of distant objects should be very lightly traced with a fine-pointed pencil, while the strength and breadth of those representing objects nearer the plane of delineation should be increased in proportion as they approach it. The same rule must apply to the depth of tints and shadows; those of objects supposed to be at a great distance should be faint and light; those in the foreground must be dark and forcible; and those of the middle picture must have an intermediate strength. In short, in proportion as objects approach the plane of delineation from the horizontal line which forms the limit of the distance that can be taken in by the eye, so must the thickness of their lines and depth of their tints and shadows increase in the same proportion.

MEN willingly believe what they wish to be true.—*Cæsar*.

THE EGGLESTON PRIDE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

A GREAT, hulking, ungainly fellow, with scarcely a line of comeliness or grace about face or figure, he sat on the meadow bars, softly whistling to himself, his large clumsy feet, in their heavy working shoes, propped against one of the lower rails to support his body in the awkward position he had assumed.

He was whistling softly, as I have said. He seemed to be deep in reverie, too, for his large, tender eyes had taken on a sober, solemn look, such as they seldom wore. His great, hard hands were dropped carelessly over one knee, and his head was lowered on his breast. He did not make a bad picture sitting there, for all his ungainliness. It must have been from the law of contrasts, however, for this man's loutish figure was the only blot on all that wide landscape. Everything else seemed symmetrical and perfect in its way.

Overhead a solitary locust was raining the snow of its blossoms over him. Before him a hard, shining carriage road swept past, winding over the verdurous hills, until it seemed like a mere line of light in the blue distance. Just beyond the bars, the meadow lay steeped in a warm, sultry glow, where the sunlight flamed over the rank star-grasses, and the blood-red clover, tossing in the fresh west wind. Afar off, past all the riotous bloom of the meadow, the blue, beating sea rippled musically over the amber sands.

But Ben Ward, sitting there so silently, seemed utterly lost to all external sights and sounds. He did not even hear Maggie Eggleston's light step as she tripped through the fragrant clover, in the daintiest and crispest of lawns, and jauntiest of hats, with auburn curls, soft and sheeny as floss-silk, dropping luxuriantly over her sloping shoulders. Neither did the girl observe that inert figure on the meadow bars until she was almost upon him. Otherwise, she would have turned back, for she did not care to encounter this man. Now he might look about at any moment, discovering her nearness; so, with a perverseness that was a part of her nature, she determined to keep right along, be the consequences what they might. At any rate, he should not think she was the least bit afraid of him! So she walked straight up to the bars, muttering to herself, with a curl of the dainty lip:—

"The rude boor! In his shirt sleeves, too! Well, one could not expect anything better from Ben Ward. He has just come from the fields, where he has been ploughing, no doubt. I do wish I could go back without having him see me."

But she could not. It was a wonder he had not looked around before. Therefore, she paused, coughing to attract his attention, for

she could not pass through the bars while he was there.

"Ahem!"

Ben Ward heard the ejaculation. He recognized Maggie Eggleston's voice, and it aroused him from his reverie as that of no other mortal could have done. To tell the truth, he had been thinking of this very girl, and here she had come, in answer to his wishes. He leaped suddenly from his perch, a bashful color flaming through the ruddy glow of his cheeks.

"Good-evening, Miss Eggleston!" he blurted out, with an awkward bow.

"Good-evening, Mr. Ward!" rather coldly.

Then they stood there a moment, neither of them saying anything more. Ben had jumped down on the opposite side of the bars from the girl, and was leaning against them, looking away over the flaming meadow to the blue, murmurous sea. But he was so confused—there had come such a film before his eyes—that he could see nothing, however. He might have been gazing at a blue ribbon with a crimson edge, for all the difference he could have told just then. Maggie was tired and out of patience at last.

"If you will step away from there, Mr. Ward, I will let down the bars and pass through," she said, at last, speaking rather crossly.

Ben gave a sudden start. "Yes—no—I guess so!" he muttered, without knowing what he was saying.

"What a fool!" thought Maggie.

But Ben was a trifle more composed by this time. It had cost him quite an effort, though. He could have faced a cannon's mouth with better courage than the battery of that girl's shining eyes, though, at the same time, she was the brightest and dearest creature to him that the sun shone on. He only dared worship her at a distance, however.

"Been walking?" he asked, slowly and awkwardly, letting down the lower bar.

"Yes," very briefly.

"You must be fond of quiet walks. So am I." Maggie wondered if he meant "behind the plough, or in following the cows to pasture." But she did not say as much. She only waited rather impatiently until the last bar was down, and then stepped quickly over them.

"I wish I might always let down the bars for you, Miss Maggie," he said, with sudden courage. "Heaven knows how gladly I would do it."

She blushed, in spite of herself. She felt a momentary glow of respect for the man, despite his homely face and figure, and the awkward ways which jarred so unpleasantly upon her over-delicate organization. She was ashamed of it a moment afterwards. What was there in this loutish young farmer to call forth reverence or respect? He ought not to expect either. He had no right to address

such words to her, and she would punish him for his temerity.

"How is Aunt Tabby?" she asked, abruptly, trying to utterly ignore what he had said.

Aunt Tabby was his mother, a fussy, crusty old woman, whom the villagers had begun to call "aunt," out of pure malignity, because she was not very well liked among them. The term was always used derisively. Maggie now employed it merely because she knew it was obnoxious to Ben. She wished to provoke him, and also to give him to understand that she held herself rather above him. He could bear anything from her, however.

"She is well, thank you," shifting uneasily from one foot to the other. "Why do you never come down to the old place to call on her?"

"I have not the *honor* of her acquaintance," curling her lip disdainfully. "My inquiry was one of mere courtesy. Good-evening!"

She started on up the road, with a swing to her delicate lawn drapery that was meant to be very haughty. Ben gazed after her with a sigh, standing stock still where she had left him. How he wished he dared follow her and walk home with her. Any one of the Peytonville beaux would have done it, asking the favor in such a gallant, taking way that she would never think of refusing. But somehow, gallant speeches always died on his lips before they were half uttered, and she would only laugh at him if he should run after her, stuttering and stammering such a request. And thinking of all this, he only heaved a deeper sigh than before.

Meanwhile Maggie Eggleston was walking rapidly up the road, looking quite flushed and indignant. Though Ben had said but little, woman-like, she could read all that was passing in his heart, and it provoked her to think he should aspire to her love. She was proud, and perhaps a trifle conceited. There was hardly a young man in Peytonville whom she would have considered a suitable match, least of all, awkward Ben Ward, the son of "that dowdyish Aunt Tabby."

Walking along, she caught a glimpse of the Ward homestead, lying half hidden in gnarled apple trees and slim-waisted elms, the whole steeped in the yellow light of a sun that was near its setting. Somehow she hated the very sight of that place, merely because Ben and Aunt Tabby lived there, I suppose. However, to do the girl justice, it did not wear a very inviting aspect. The house itself was a great wooden building, painted red, and running up in two queer-looking peaks, in front—the "Siamese Twins," Maggie had once jestingly christened it; and, to tell the truth, the name was not so very inappropriate. What a mockery life would be, passed down in that lonely spot, with a slatternly old woman to scold and fret at her, and a vulgar farmer to sit opposite

her at table in his shirt sleeves, every day of the year! It is no wonder that the girl shivered, and sniffed disdainfully at the bare idea.

The flush called up by these thoughts had not quite left her face when she met Fred Lester, one of the least exceptionable among the Peytonville beaux. Fred measured tape behind the counter, and so was, of course, accounted genteel. Moreover, his clothes were fashionably made, his hands white, and his abundant hair well pomaded. He could talk glibly, and made a good appearance. Maggie did not love him, but she possibly might have learned to do so in time. However, there was something in the way. He was dancing attendance on Aurelia Blake, the one heiress of the village, and people said he would certainly marry her if it could be accomplished by "hook or crook," though what they meant to insinuate by this expression is best known to themselves.

Nevertheless, Fred was a sensible fellow, after his fashion, and Maggie seemed likely to stand the second chance. She was pretty and clever, while the heiress was neither. But gold will generally overbalance in the scale, and so keen-headed Fred thought he had better become master of Aurelia's money than of Maggie's smartness. Therefore he was the suitor of one girl, and merely a good, firm friend to the other.

Just now he seemed very glad to meet Maggie, and turned back with her at once. He was having a half-holiday, and had no especial business to call him in another direction.

"Where have you been, Miss Maggie?" was one of his first questions.

"Only down to the beach for a walk," was her blunt reply. "Mother says I am growing sallow, and must take more exercise."

Fred laughed. "She has probably given you the best possible advice, though I cannot see you are in any danger of losing your roses yet. But you go on the 'ounce of prevention' principle, I suppose. These walks will not hurt you, only I would not advise that they always be made in the direction of Ben Ward's."

Fred only meant to joke her a little, but she flushed resentfully. She did not like to have their names associated in any way.

"I do not think I run any risk, Mr. Lester," with a very haughty air.

"No, but poor Ben may not be so fortunate. You ought to have some regard for him. What can you have been saying to him, I wonder? See how disconsolately he is watching you from those meadow bars down yonder."

Maggie had not meant to look back, but somehow she could not quite resist the impulse just now. Sure enough, there was Ben, looking after her in a rapt, eager way, as if he was taking a last farewell. It was too far to catch the expression of his features, but his whole

attitude and figure spoke louder than any words could have done.

"How do you know that I have met him at all?" she asked, facing resolutely about.

"To tell the truth, I have been playing spy, to some extent. I was lying in the shade of that tree yonder, and saw you cross the meadow long enough before Ben knew how near you were. From the way you lingered at the bars, I had really begun to think poor Aunt Tabby was about to be deposed, and pretty Miss Maggie installed in her place."

The girl looked up with kindling eyes. "I do not like to be joked, Mr. Lester," she said, crossly, "and you know very well how I detest Ben Ward and his mother."

"Really, Maggie, I believe it is only because you know how much the poor fellow is beginning to care for you, and because everybody is talking of it. You are foolish to be influenced in that way, though Ben is the best-hearted man of my acquaintance, and for my part, I would as soon reign as mistress of the 'Siamese Twins,' in your place, as of any house in the neighborhood."

"It is a pity that all people cannot see alike," very snappishly.

"It is, indeed, for in that case Ben would get one of the very best wives in the whole universe. I should quite envy him, Maggie."

With this they walked slowly homeward, Fred bidding her good-by at the gate, for he meant to call on Aurelia Blake during the course of the evening, and must tidy himself up a little.

Maggie's thoughts were busy as she loitered among the well-trimmed flower-beds in her mother's garden before going in. She recalled the time when she had first known Ben Ward. This was at a picnic the preceding summer. She had seen him a few times before, but had never spoken with him until then. Since, he had been as much her shadow as circumstances would admit of. He never went a great deal into society among the villagers; he seemed to feel his awkwardness so much the more among people of any degree of culture and refinement. Besides, the old homestead had been heavily mortgaged when he had taken it, and he had been working hard to clear it of all incumbrances, and so found very little time for merry-making. But whenever he did make his appearance at any frolic, Maggie was sure of being singled out as the one object of his attentions. Not that he ever made much talk with her; she never gave him the opportunity. But then his eyes always followed her every movement in a rapt, wistful way that could not well be mistaken. All Maggie's friends had begun to notice it at last, and to remark upon it, and she was foolish enough to be excessively annoyed by it.

Ben was quite looked up to among the better class of the Peytonville folks. He was a

staunch, true man, and they were very ready to overlook his awkwardness until the hard corners could be rubbed off, for they recognized and appreciated his real merits. But Maggie, like most inexperienced girls, was apt to look only to the outside, and thought a diamond in the rough but little better than no diamond at all. All this was the result of the false ideas of gentility which she had acquired. Ben was not genteel. That fact alone was enough to condemn him in her eyes. Nevertheless, she could not help but own he had improved wonderfully during the past few months, since he had begun to come more among people.

As for his family, that was fully equal her own, after all. The Wards had always been men of property until Ben's father, who had suffered things to run out a little, and had consequently become somewhat involved. Ben was bringing everything back to its proper condition, since he had come into the management of the estate, however. On the contrary, the Egglestons had never been wealthy, only genteel! Maggie's mother was a widow, and took in sewing for a living. For all that, she and her daughter had managed to keep their heads as high as any in Peytonville. "We are of as good blood as the best of them, and will not be put down," Mrs. Eggleston often said to her daughter. "If we do work for a living, we have managed to keep our position in society so far, and I will never be such a fool as to resign it, even if it does cost considerable strategy and contriving."

And this is the creed in which Maggie had been reared. She was naturally smart, and thanks to this very "contriving" on her mother's part, managed always to dress as well, and make as much of a display, as most of the Peytonville belles. If she did sometimes feel a little disgust and self-reproach at the life which she was leading, it was soon smothered under the flimsy pretence that necessity drove her to this course, and there was no choice left to her.

She was thinking of all this, loitering there in the fragrant garden—that is, all except Ben's merits and equality with herself. These she utterly refused to recognize. She was even wondering, in a vague sort of way, how she should escape from his "persecutions." There seemed but one resource—marriage. But whom could she marry, unless it was Ben himself? Fred Lester, though a very clever fellow, was not eligible, for he was already as good as engaged to the heiress, if reports were true. Verily, she had proposed a puzzling question! She went in by and by, wearied of all this perplexity. Her mother looked up quickly from her sewing as she entered.

"Well, Maggie, I do hope you've had your walk out," she said, almost complainingly. "But never mind; you are looking much better for it, and the preservation of your beauty

is of as much consequence as the time you have lost from your work."

The girl did not reply at first. She took a piece of embroidery and seated herself at the west window to catch what she could of the evening light.

"Mother," she began, suddenly, "are we really so very poor?"

"What a question, child! You ought to have found that out long before now. If our just debts were paid, we should not even have a roof to shelter us, I'm thinking. I don't know what we shall do, unless, indeed, you make up your mind to marry Ben Ward," laughing significantly, for she knew, and to some degree shared the antipathy her daughter had conceived for the mother and son living down at the "Siamese Twins."

"How much longer can we go on as we are now?"

"Possibly six months—not a day over that. I hope something will soon transpire to better our fortunes. We may have to leave Peytonville in disgrace, for all our Eggleston pride. I tell you, girl, I should be happier in Aunt Tabby's shoes to-day, even though they were a trifle slipshod, than my own, for then I should be sure of my position. Now I am sure of nothing except that contriving and strategy are not always so effectual as I might wish, and that grim poverty is staring us rather impudently in the face." Maggie was silent, busy with her thoughts. "By the way, my dear," her mother continued, after a pause, "I have some rather unpleasant news to tell you. Mrs. Deacon Smith was in to call on me after you had started for your walk. What do you think she told me about that mortgage on our house?"

"I don't know, I am sure," absently.

"I will tell you. Lawyer Green had it, and was going to press immediate payment, but somebody very kindly stepped in and bought it up. Maggie, that somebody was Ben Ward!"

The girl uttered a quick cry. "You cannot mean it, mother? Why, I thought he was himself in debt. I don't see where he found the money to buy up our mortgage. Mrs. Smith must have been mistaken."

"No, she was not. The Ward estate has been prospering wonderfully since Ben has had the managing of it. Their own mortgage is paid up, every cent of it, and Ben has a thousand dollars in the bank. Aunt Tabby may be a sloven, but she, at least, knows how to help her son to economize. There is no use in denying it, my dear, Ben is certainly a rising man, and will be a rich one, also, some day. He is taking to books of late, too, they say, and recites to Parson Meredith twice a week."

Maggie was really amazed. She wondered what Ben could care for learning. Was he conscious of the difference between them, and

trying to make it up in this way? Could he possibly love her well enough for that?

"Mother," she said, sharply, after a long silence, "what could have been Mr. Ward's object in buying up our mortgage?"

Unconsciously to herself, she had, for the first time in her life, put Mister before Ben's name. Was she beginning to respect the man more than she had ever done before?

"We must give even the evil one his due," her mother answered. "I think Ben bought the mortgage from the most friendly motives—to save us trouble. He knows we cannot pay it, and does not mean we shall be worried by it. He's a fool, though, if he has done all this out of his regard for you, Maggie."

The girl did not reply, but kept her head lowered over her work. She could not endure to think they were under obligations to the Wards. Her pride revolted strangely at the thought. Anything was better than to feel that Aunt Tabby had a claim on her.

"I will go away from Peytonville," she thought; "teach, do anything, rather than feel indebted to those detestable people. That mortgage shall be paid, if there is any strength in a woman's purpose."

She brooded over the matter for a day or two, fretting not a little. Her Eggleston pride was now being hurt in a very tender place. Finally she put on her bonnet and shawl one afternoon, and started out, as if for her usual walk. When out of sight of the house, she turned her steps straight for the "Siamese Twins."

She went up a narrow path through a garden flaunting in hollyhocks, poppies, and great yellow sunflowers. The house looked grim and solemn enough, and her heart fluttered a little in spite of herself as she stood knocking at the front door. The dragon of the place soon made its appearance in the person of Aunt Tabby. Her cap was awry, and she looked untidy and down at the heel, as usual, while patches of the dough she had been kneading were still adhering to her hands. She seemed surprised, though not at all discomposed, at the sight of her visitor, whom she at once recognized.

"Lawks! is it you, Mag Eggleston?" she asked, bluntly. "Why couldn't you have come round to the kitchen door, and not brought me tramping through that long hall? Will you come in?"

"Can I see Mr. Ward?" Maggie asked, paying no heed to the woman's manner.

"I guess so," eying her curiously. "He is in the garden, hoeing the taters. Come in, will you? and I'll call him."

There was no other way, so the girl followed her into the bleak, bare front room. In a very few moments, Ben made his appearance, not in his shirt sleeves now, but with a light summer coat thrown over his working rig. He greeted

Maggie with much greater composure than usual, indeed was quite dignified.

"I believe you wished to see me?" he began, taking a seat opposite her.

"Yes, Mr. Ward," her tone unsteady. "I heard the other day that you had bought up our mortgage—that on my mother's cottage."

"Yes," his face flushing. "I had a little ready money, and thought I might use it as well in that way as in any other."

"You had no underhand motive?" And she faced him with sharp suspicion in her gaze.

"None with which you could find the least fault, Miss Eggleston," he answered, with considerable dignity. "You are wrong to judge me so harshly. The mortgage need never cause you a moment's uneasiness."

"It shall be paid, Mr. Ward! it shall be paid!" she cried, hotly. "That is why I came down here to-day, to let you know you shall not lose money by what you have done. I am young and strong, and can work as I have never done yet. I will work!"

Ben got up, standing before her. His lips trembled, but there was something grand in the man just then. His ungainliness had all disappeared under the magic power of the great passion that possessed him.

"We might settle it easier than that. I could work for you, Maggie," and he reached out two brawny arms. "This is a poor place, but you could brighten and beautify it wonderfully. We need some such civilizer, my mother and I. If you only would come, Maggie—come and be my wife!"

He paused, pale and panting. The girl only drew back with a repellant look.

"Never," she said, firmly. "You ought to have known me better. I could never live here with you. But I have said what I came to tell you, that the mortgage shall be paid. Now I am going home."

He made no move to detain her, and she swept past him, and out through the gloomy hall. She hurried home, excited and out of breath. A piece of news was awaiting her. Mrs. Deacon Smith had been around again, and this time it was to say that "Fred Lester's cake was all dough, for Aurelia Blake had gone and married somebody else—a singing-master from the next village, she believed."

Maggie heard all this very quietly. Now she did not care whether Fred were free or not. He would do to flirt with, but she should never think of marrying him, though she knew well enough, that now the heiress's money had slipped away from him, she could become Mrs. Lester, if she only would. But even despoiled Ben Ward had shown her a nobler type of manhood, and so she could not bind herself to such a man.

Sure enough, after a week or two, Fred came over oftener than ever, and betrayed the object

of his visits in more ways than one. But Maggie never encouraged him. Indeed, she thought very little about him in any way, unless it was to enjoy his company when he came. Her mind was too busy with other things. She was trying to conjure up some feasible plan for paying off that troublesome mortgage. She felt that she should never breathe freely until it was done, and she was entirely clear from Ben and Aunt Tabby.

A few more days went by, in which she worked early and late, allowing herself scarce a moment's respite. She saw Fred rather often, to be sure, but few others came near her—Ben Ward never. As she bent busily over her stitching, sometimes even his ungainly form would have been a welcome relief. She wondered very often if things were to go on in this hopeless, wretched way forever.

At last she began to grow thin and pale. Her mother saw this with much concern, and insisted that she should work less and take more exercise. The very evening after Mrs. Eggleston had given this advice Fred Lester came over to invite her to take a sail with him the next day on the bay. She did not care to go, but consented out of deference to her mother's wishes.

Fred had chartered a boat beforehand, and early the next afternoon they walked down to the beach through the fragrant fields. Their little craft was awaiting them, the boatman standing in one end, a slouched hat drawn low over his eyes. Neither Fred nor Maggie noticed him particularly until they had taken their places, and the boat had floated clear from the wharf. Then the girl looked closer in sudden suspicion.

"Why, Mr. Ward! is it indeed you?" she exclaimed, involuntarily.

Fred looked around, with a shade of vexation.

"Of all the world, it is Ben Ward! How did you come to be here? I thought old Pete was to take us out," and he seemed not overpleased at the change. "I wonder that I had not recognized you at once."

Ben pushed the hat from his broad brow, turning slowly towards them.

"Pete could not go to-day, and asked me to take his place," he said. "You need not be afraid; I am a good sailor."

This was all that passed between them. Fred was only provoked to think that Ben and Maggie would be thrown in each other's society for the whole afternoon. He could not forget the peculiar relation existing between the two, and how he had once advised Maggie to marry this very man. He would hardly have repeated that advice just now.

However, he had soon recovered his good nature. Maggie never deigned a second glance towards Ben, but was unusually gracious to himself. The reason was patent if Fred could

only have read it aright. She meant to show the despised farmer how hopeless was his love.

They floated lightly over the blue water, anchoring under a high bluff at last, and dropping their lines to fish. Fred and Maggie sat together in the stern, gayly chatting, while poor Ben was gloomily crouching in the opposite end of the boat, too despondent to care for fishing or anything else. He had only come, in the first place, from some mad impulse which he could neither explain nor control.

Two or three hours crept by. They must all three have fallen into a sort of day dream, for they took no note of the weather, until a sudden burst of thunder, nearly overhead, brought them abruptly to their feet, with exclamations of alarm. A great ragged mass of blackness was just showing itself above the bluff, whence it was coming upon them, swooping down like a bird of ill-omen.

Fred grew a shade whiter, as he realized their peril. Maggie wrung her hands.

"What shall we do?" she cried. "The tempest is right upon us! We shall surely be wrecked on all these rocks!"

As for Ben, though longing to comfort her, he kept away, composedly shaking loose the linen, to catch the breeze that was just springing up. A moment more, and they were dashing at a mad rate over the waves, leaving behind them a long line flecked with foam. All that awful blackness went striding after them, like the Giant Despair. With a deafening roar, the winds had quite broken loose at last, and the mast swayed and bent like a reed under the perfect hurricane that was blowing.

"Take the tiller, Lester!" cried Ben, excitedly.

Fred crept to it, crouching there, pale and cowed, his hand unsteady, himself almost powerless from fright. Maggie dropped to the bottom of the boat, looking from one to the other with wild, helpless eyes. Finally she tried to creep nearer to Ben, as if sure of protection there.

By this time the storm was crashing dreadfully about them, with an incessant roll and din of thunder, while great sheets of flame were dropping on all sides, hissing into the water. Suddenly there was a blinding glare, an awful crash, and half of the mast dropped over the bows, and the wet sails were dragged into the seething water.

For a moment Ben was almost stunned, then he groped about him for Maggie. Fred was still clinging to the tiller, but she was nowhere to be seen. A second more, and he caught the gleam of her yellow hair in the boiling water among the tattered sails. The ropes had twisted about her, and dragged her over the bows with them. He sprang to Fred Lester's side, clutching fiercely at his arm.

"She is yours; you must save her!" he cried. "Quick, quick, or you will be too late!"

Fred shrunk back, cowering and impotent. That was enough for Ben. In a moment he was struggling among the sails, slashing away at them with his knife in a sort of mad haste. A few seconds of awful suspense, in which the furious waves had been tugging wildly at him, and he had crept, faint and panting, back into the boat, with Maggie's insensible form in his arms. He had saved her!

A brief space longer, and the squall lifted as suddenly as it had fallen. The clouds went blowing onward, and the faint, sad sunlight crept shivering over the bay. A boat put out from the beach to take our chilled and forlorn pleasure-seekers to the shore. Their own boat was useless. They had neither sails nor oars, but their friends waiting on the shore understood their needs.

Maggie came to herself at last, to find that Ben was holding her fast, keeping her cold face close to his own. In a moment she understood it all, and dropped her arms suddenly about his neck.

"O Ben, dear Ben!" she cried.

This was all that she said at the time. Not until the next day did she confess the whole secret. Then she said:—

"You are a good, true man, Ben, and I have loved you a long time, though I did not know it myself until yesterday. My Eggleston pride is crucified, and you may take me in payment of that mortgage as soon as you like. I believe I am glad to become mistress of the 'Siamese Twins' after all."

And so it was settled.

SONG—UNFORGOTTEN.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

I WOULD not, if I could, forget

The past of mingled joy and pain;
Each hour is fraught with some regrets,
Some pleasure that I once did share.
Those vanished hours of bliss and pain
Come back at memory's beck again.

I could not, if I would, forget

The cherished friends I loved of old;
Each face beloved I see it yet,
Though fading now beneath the mould;
For memory, with her power benign,
Gives back the bliss that once was mine.

BE always frank and true; spurn every sort of affectation and disguise. Have the courage to confess your ignorance and awkwardness. Confide your faults and follies to but few.

ONE of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid: nor can there anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.—*Swift*.

ACTING CHARADE.

ARM-CHAIR.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

Characters.

MRS. MONTGOMERY CARLTON, *a wealthy widow.*
 SEPTIMUS CARLTON, *her nephew, a dandy.*
 MARION CARLTON, *her niece, a "girl of the period."*
 JOHN OSBORN, *an old man, poor and sick.*
 HARRY OSBORN, *his grandson, a newsboy.*
 FANNY OSBORN, *his granddaughter, a match girl.*
 DOCTOR ANDREWS, *MRS. CARLTON'S physician.*

SCENE I.—ARM.

SCENE.—*A very meanly-furnished room. A sofa across background. Curtain rises, discovering JOHN OSBORN lying upon sofa, reading a newspaper.*

John. How I do enjoy reading the newspaper, to be sure! My dear little grandson always saves me one, to keep me company, he says, while he and Fanny are away earning our daily bread. Dear children! well do they repay the care I have given them since their parents died. Hark! Surely, that is Harry's voice.

Harry. (Behind the scenes.) This way, ma'am. Lean on me.

John. What can bring the boy home at this hour? Oh, if an accident should have befallen his sister!

Enter HARRY and FANNY, one on each side of MRS. CARLTON, supporting her. She walks as if in great pain.

Fanny. Now, Harry, get a chair, and run for a doctor. It is but a poor place, ma'am, but it is better than the street.

Mrs. Carlton. (Sinking into a chair.) Oh, my arm! I am sure I have broken my arm.

Harry. (Taking off his scarf.) Let me put this under your arm, ma'am, to support it, while I go for the doctor. (*FANNY assists him to put MRS. CARLTON'S arm in the scarf, as in a sling.*)

Funny. Is that easier?

Mrs. Carlton. Much easier, dear children. But you will take cold, my boy.

Harry. Oh, no, indeed! Now I will run for the doctor, and go to the house you told me of for a carriage. [*Exit HARRY.*]

Mrs. Carlton. So this is your home?

Funny. Yes, ma'am. And here is grandpa. Grandpa would get up, ma'am, but his legs won't hold him up since he had the rheumatism awfully bad a year ago. Grandpa, this lady was knocked down by a wheelbarrow, and she has come to wait here till Harry runs for her carriage and a doctor.

John. I am sorry, ma'am, I cannot help Fanny to make you comfortable, but I cannot stand.

Mrs. Carlton. Your children, sir, have done everything to help me. Indeed, in this lonely

street I might have lain a long time if they had not helped me to my feet.

John. I am very glad they were of service. I hope you are not much hurt.

Mrs. Carlton. My left arm is broken, and I feel bruised and strained.

Funny. Let me loosen your bonnet and furs.

John. There is a little of the wine left, Fanny.

Funny. Oh, I forgot! We don't have wine often, but this was a present from a kind lady who buys matches of me. (*Gets wine from closet.*) Drink a little, ma'am.

Mrs. Carlton. But this is for your grandfather.

John. I'm sure you're heartily welcome, ma'am. I hope it will do you good.

Mrs. Carlton. (Drinking the wine.) Thank you. It certainly revives me.

Enter HARRY, SEPTIMUS, and MARION.

Harry. Here 's the carriage, ma'am.

Septimus. Oh, my dear aunt! What a how-ible catastwophie!

Marion. Perfectly awful! Ugh! What a mean place! Do let us assist you to the carriage.

Septimus. I sent the footman at once for your own doctaw, aunt. He will meet us on our return to the house.

Marion. Let me fasten your bonnet and furs, dear aunt. This boy (*contemptuously*) says you have hurt your arm.

Mrs. Carlton. I am afraid it is broken. Fanny dear, will you fasten my bonnet again.

Fanny. (Flustering it.) Yes, ma'am. I hope you will soon be better.

Septimus. Oh! how can you let that dirty little match girl touch you?

Marion. Let me remove this coarse scarf, dear aunt. (*Touching it.*)

Mrs. Carlton. Do not touch it, Marion. There was a healing charm in the kind hands that placed it there. Were you cold without it, my little fellow?

Harry. Oh, no, indeed! Running kept me warm.

Septimus. Oh!

John. Are you sufficiently rested, ma'am, to go out? This is but a poor place, but you are heartily welcome to the best we have.

Mrs. Carlton. Thank you, sir! Harry, will you and your sister come to-morrow to see me?

Harry. Well, ma'am, we don't have much time for visiting. I'd like to stop to see how you are, but—but—well, you see, it's a big, fine house, and I guess our poor rags are better outside of it.

Septimus. (Aside to Marion.) I quite agwee with the young wagamuffin.

Marion. (Aside to Septimus.) Why cannot aunt give them each a quarter, and come home? I'll be late for the skating rink, and my new fur-bound velvet dress has just come home.

Septimus. (Aside to Marion.) How widely provoking to break her arm to-day. It is just my hour for a promenade, and my diamond studs are reset in the latest style.

Mrs. Carlton. (Who has been speaking aside to JOHN.) Let your children come, sir, to see me. I will not insult you by offering to pay you for your kindness, but, surely, I may buy newspapers and matches of them without hurting their feelings. Harry, Fanny, will you help me to my carriage?

Septimus. Allow me.

Marion. And me.

Mrs. Carlton. No. These children have already aided me to walk.

[*Exit Mrs. Carlton, leaning on HARRY and FANNY, SEPTIMUS and MARION following, with angry looks.*]

John. Poor thing! A broken arm is a bad injury at her age! I hope she will soon recover.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—CHAIR.

SCENE.—*A handsomely-furnished drawing-room. Curtain rises, discovering SEPTIMUS lounging in an easy chair, MARION walking up and down the room.*

Septimus. Could you so far oblige me, Marion, as to sit down? You have been tearing up and down the room like a penny postman for nearly an hour. The fatigue I endure in watching you is weally too much for my fragile constitution.

Marion. (Sharply.) Don't watch me, then.

Septimus. Can't help it!

Marion. Then endure it in silence. I can't keep still. I am boiling over with anger.

Septimus. Gwacious goodness! what is the matter?

Marion. Matter! I believe Aunt Clara is crazy! There is no end to her extravagant ideas of gratitude to those little beggar brats who helped her the day she broke her arm. She never need have been in such a place if she was not so absurdly charitable.

Septimus. What was she doing there?

Marion. Going to hunt up some poor dress-maker who is ill. She always walks on charity errands.

Septimus. I know that is one of her eccentricities. But there is nothing new in all this. She has been petting those brats for more than a month.

Marion. I know that. Sending them to school, and sending all sorts of stuff to the old beggar, their grandfather.

Septimus. Even her own doctaw!

Marion. That was bad enough, but to-day she has capped the climax!

Septimus. Oh! Some new freak that seems to have a bad effect upon your temper.

Marion. You know the great stuffed chair in which Aunt Clara takes her afternoon naps?

Septimus. The most comfortable chair in the world. I count upon that chair for my library after we come into Aunt Clara's fortune.

Marion. I hoped for that for my boudoir. But we will never rest in it again.

Septimus. Why not?

Marion. Old Osborn can sit up, thanks to Doctor Andrews, and Aunt Clara has sent him her chair.

Septimus. Disgusting!

Marion. If we do not contrive some way to stop this infatuation, Septimus, she will change her will.

Septimus. No fear of that. Her will is in her lawyer's hands, and I will see that he does not have access to her.

Marion. But, Septimus, she saves a great deal out of her income, and keeps it in the house, in case, she says, her invested property comes to grief. What if she should give that to these Osborns?

Septimus. Her bonds! She has thirty thousand dollars worth of bonds in her witing-desk. I know they are there, for I have seen her place them in the private draw.

Marion. Then it shall be my task to watch that, while you guard against an alteration in her will.

Septimus. Helgho! This is a stupid life. Decowum confines us to the house until Aunt Clara is out of danger, or the melancholy fate of all mankind befalls her.

Marion. Stupid! Stupid is no name for it. I am stifling for fresh air, suffocating for want of exercise, and dying of ennui.

Septimus. Patience. Ah! here comes the doctaw.

Enter DOCTOR ANDREWS.

Marion. Good-morning, doctor! How is our dear aunt to-day?

Septimus. Pway relieve our suspense. We are suffering from deepest anxiety.

Doctor Andrews. I am afraid you must prepare your hearts for the worst news.

Marion. Oh, doctor, surely our precious aunt is no worse?

Doctor Andrews. Much worse, I grieve to say. My old friend cannot live many days longer.

Septimus. (Wiping his eyes.) How wevy distressing!

Marion. (Burying her face in her hands.) Oh, my poor, dear aunt! (*Both sob loudly.*)

Doctor Andrews. I must leave you now, but will return this afternoon. (*Aside.*) Bah! I wonder if they think I am a fool not to see through their acting. It's the best news they ever heard in their lives. (*Aloud.*) Good-morning!

Marion. Good-morning! (*Sobbing.*) Oh, my heart is breaking!

Septimus. (Sobbing.) Pway return soon, doc-taw. [Exit DOCTOR ANDREWS.]

Marion. (Briskly.) Sep, those beggars don't go up-stairs again.

Septimus. Nevaw.

Enter HARRY and FANNY.

Marion. Oh, there you are! Now listen to me, you miserable little beggars!

Harry. (Proudly.) We are not beggars. We work for our living.

Septimus. (Sharply.) Hold your tongue!

Marion. You two walk down stairs, and, if you ever come here again, I'll have you beaten by the footman.

Fanny. Oh, please, ma'am, let us just see Mrs. Carlton to-day to thank her for the beautiful chair she sent grandpa!

Marion. Don't irritate me, or I'll box your ears, miss.

Harry. Not when I am here. You need not speak to your footman. We never wanted to come here, for we know it is not the place for poor folks, but Mrs. Carlton sent for us, and, until she sends for us again, we won't come. Come, Fanny, grandpa will write and thank her for the chair.

[Exit HARRY and FANNY.]

Septimus. Do you notice what cowect language those children use?

Marion. (Contemptuously.) Oh! they are of that numerous class who have seen better days. I believe Aunt Clara thinks they have fallen from royalty itself, she talks so much about their former station.

Septimus. And you listen with pwofound sympathy, of course?

Marion. (Laughing.) Oh, of course! I always follow after Aunt Clara's lead.

Septimus. Rock all her hobby horses. Well (rising), we must go to her room now, and be gwief-stricken.

[Curtain falls.]

SCENE III.—ARM-CHAIR.

SCENE.—Same as SCENE I. *Curtain rises, discovering JOHN OSBORN seated in a handsome stuffed arm-chair, reading a book.*

John. There! I have finished the book. It is time Harry and Fanny were here. Poor little ones, how much they miss their kind friend, Mrs. Carlton. I am afraid she is very ill, or she would send for them, in spite of her fine nephew and niece. She was so kind! When Harry told her how fond I was of reading, she sent me a great basket of books, such as I have not seen since my poor son failed in business, and we lost home and fortune. Well, well, if she will care for the poor children when I am gone, I will die content. (Leaning back.) Ah! how I enjoy this elegant arm-chair. Fanny says it was in her own room. Heaven reward her for her thoughtful kindness!

Enter HARRY and FANNY, sobbing and crying.

Harry. Oh! Oh! Oh!

Fanny. Oh! what shall we do?

John. What is the matter? Are you hurt?

Harry. Oh, grandpa! Mrs. Carlton is dead.

John. Dead!

Fanny. And we never could thank her!

Harry. Oh! I wish I had gone and let the footman beat me to see her once more. I would not mind a beating to bid her good-by.

Fanny. She was always so kind and good, she never would let you be beaten, Harry.

John. Poor children! you have, indeed, lost a friend. But we must not grieve, for you know she suffered very much. Now, she is out of pain.

Harry. But we can never see her again.

Fanny. And we loved her so much.

Enter DOCTOR ANDREWS.

Doctor Andrews. You are weeping for your friends, children. Why did you cease your visits to her?

Harry. Miss Marion said the footman should beat us if we went again to the house.

Doctor Andrews. Hm! I suspected something of that kind. They watched her closely at the last. Mr. Osborn, my patient gave me a note for you that was to be delivered if these children gave a satisfactory reason for what she believed to be neglect.

Fanny. Oh, dear! When we wanted so much to see her.

Harry. If I had known she was going to die, I would have been beaten to see her.

Doctor Andrews. (Giving note.) Here is the note.

John. (Opening note.) I am sorry she did not know about the children. (Reads note.) What! Can I believe this? Children! children! your days of work and poverty are over.

Harry. Oh! can we go back to school?

Fanny. And stop selling papers and matches?

Doctor Andrews. Will you let me share the good news?

John. Mrs. Carlton writes me that under the cover of the left arm of this arm-chair I will find thirty thousand dollars in bonds, that she bequeaths me for life, to be the children's at my death.

Doctor Andrews. The bonds! I left Septimus and Marion frantic at missing them from Mrs. Carlton's desk. I congratulate you.

Harry. (Pulling cover from left arm of chair.) Here they are, grandpa! Now you can be comfortable as you were before papa died.

Fanny. But she never knew we loved her, and did not expect the money.

Doctor Andrews. She knows it now.

John. I can scarcely realize it all.

Doctor Andrews. When you furnish your new house, you must give the place of honor to—

Harry. The arm-chair.

[Curtain falls.]

WHO ATE HUMBLE PIE?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MALBROOK" AND "HONOR BRIGHT."

"TALK to me of the beauties of country life; of wonderful cloudless skies; of scintillating sunlight; of waving fields of yellow grain; of nature's grand orchestra of birds, and so on indefinitely in their landscape painting with words. Their high colors, by experience, are reduced to a sullen gray; we haven't seen the sky since we came here for the rain; the grain is intensely green, not golden; and the birds are all chickens and waddling ducks. I, for one, am disgusted! Oh, dear! what is the matter with this crust? The longer I work the dough, the tougher it gets!" and Bess Wilson, with face the picture of baffled despair, looked around to where one sister was spreading the table, the other peeping in under the lids of the pots upon the stove.

"Don't waste any more time on it, Bess. Just dump in the apples, and put it in the oven. It is most noon," advised Ruthie, the youngest of the three, a girl of fourteen years. As she spoke, she glanced up at the clock over the mantelpiece, then surveyed the spread table with an air of contented, housewifely pride pretty to see.

"Bess, I quite agree with you. This sentimental talk about the beauties of nature is all a hoax. Artists and poets were either born and bred in the city, or else were demented fools. The romantic part of nature is a dream. It is what Ruskin would style, 'that sweet bloom of all that is far away, which perishes under our touch.'" And the eldest sister stuck a fork into one of the boiling potatoes which had burst its brown coat in meally rebellion, and broke it quite in bits. "Dear me! these potatoes are done to death! Another minute and they would have saved me the trouble of mashing them, by doing it themselves." And she carried the pot to the sink, pouring off the boiling water, her yellow, waving hair enveloped in a dubious halo of steam.

Bess had followed Ruthie's advice in regard to the pie, and was standing in the window, looking hopelessly out into the blinding, beating rain. Ruthie fell to helping Net peel the potatoes. For a little there was silence, then Net broke out petulantly:—

"I tell you what the result of this will be, girls. We will be the three Misses Wilson as long as we live. We will drag out a stupid existence, and be buried down in the village churchyard. I think it was cruelly selfish in Rob to bring us here."

Ruthie laughed, her little gay, light-hearted laugh. Bess turned her back on the window.

"Pooh! is that what bothers you, Net? I never thought of that. I'm simply disgusted," looking at her sister in blank amaze.

Net, by this time, was mashing the potatoes. She did it with unnecessary energy, her voice jerking a trifle with every stroke of the masher.

"Of course, you have been disgusted ever since you were born! I've often heard old nurse Bunney tell, that when you were a tiny little baby, you stuck up your nose at your pap. You would as soon be an old maid as anything else, but I wouldn't! I fairly hate old maids! They are a detestable tribe!"

Bess whistled, Ruthie laughed, then said, with mock sympathy:—

"Take heart, Net dear. You are the eldest, and only twenty-three. You have still a day of grace; besides, there are young men even in these parts."

"Who? I would like you to mention them!" giving one last dash to the masher, and standing the pot on the back of the stove, her cheeks flushed with the exercise.

"Well, there is the minister."

"The minister! Who would marry a minister?" bursting in indignantly.

"I don't know, I'm sure; perhaps Bess would, to save the terrible disgrace of a family of old maids," with a serio-comic air.

Bess laughed good-naturedly, Net colored, Ruthie went on:—

"Then there are all farmer Duncan's healthy lads. Why the country may be as full of them as our barnyard is of geese; we don't know. We've only been here a month, and the heavens have been wrong side out all that time."

This little family of three sisters and one brother had always lived in the city. They had been orphaned in early childhood, their father and mother both dying when Ruthie was a baby. Their father had left them small, though sufficient means; and a month previous to this rainy day, Robert, having bought a farm from the father of an old college friend, Martin Holmes by name, they had removed to the country.

Meeting with no remark, Ruthie was silent a moment, then said, as if the idea had just occurred to her:—

"And besides, there is Martin Holmes."

Bess interrupted her. "That young man quite fills a description in one of Herbert's poems:—

"Some men are
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion."

"I like his pride. He comes of a wealthy aristocratic family. Bob says his father owns about half the country out this way," put in Net.

"There is Rob this minute!" cried Ruthie, running to the window, to watch a horse and buggy drive through the pelting rain, and turn into the barnyard. Then exclaiming, as two, instead of one, sprang out: "He has brought some one with him!"

"It is very inconsiderate in him," fretted

Net, giving the blue ribbon at her throat a twist, and smoothing out her dainty white apron. Bess had taken her pie, burnt and tough, from the oven, and was surveying it in mingled curiosity and hopelessness.

"Well, I have no confectionery bump in my head, that is certain. Puff paste is not one of my talents."

"Bess, didn't you hear Ruthie say that there is somebody with Rob?" asked Net, winding her one long yellow curl over her little white fingers.]

"What do I care, Net? Just look at that pie! It is a caricature on pies generally," exclaimed the girl, half-dismally, half-comically.

Ruthie, with mother Eve curiosity, was peering out into the rain. Now she announced, as two figures enveloped in oil cloth coats approached the house:—

"It is Martin Holmes, as I live!"

"And the table spread in the kitchen!" put in Net, excitedly.

Bess had carried her pie to the window to examine it more closely.

"Bess, can't we get this table into the sitting-room somehow or other? You are so provokingly indifferent! Between you and Rob, I am kept in perfect torment. What on earth are you thinking of?"

Bess looked from the pie into her sister's flushed, flurried face, and said, comically:—

"Why, Net, dear, I was thinking that it would be a bit of fun to see his lordship eat 'humble pie' once in his elegant life."

"Oh, dear! they live in such magnificent style. Rob says their house inside is a perfect palace," and Net fairly groaned.

"Rob is bringing him right into the kitchen," cried Ruthie.

There was no time for word or comment. The door was flung open wide, and the two stood on the threshold. This farmhouse kitchen was a pleasant thing to see, with its mingling of city refinements and rustic comforts. Out of doors the air was raw and chilly, as rainy days in May generally are, so the roar of the fire and the singing of the tea-kettle were sweet sounds. The floor was snowy, so too was the dresser, and the fine array of tinware on the freshly white-washed walls fairly shone; whilst the table stood with aristocratic air, spread with fine pencilled china, and with a proud old set of silver that had belonged to their great grandmother. Altogether it made a pretty picture, with Bess in the window, her dark eyes peering funnily over the burnt pie; Ruthie almost in the door, the personification of merriment; and Net, the beauty of the family, quite in the centre of the room, looking as if at that moment, between Rob and Bess, she *was* literally in torment. An artist, whose *forte* lay in painting interiors, would have delighted in the scene. Martin Holmes might have been such a one, for with the eye of a

connoisseur he took in the picture, in all its lights and shades, even each fitting expression on the three faces, and quite comprehended the situation. But he did all with a glance so quick that nobody caught it. Ere he had a chance to speak, Rob exclaimed, in his heart-some tone:—

"Girls, I have brought Mart home to dinner;" as if anything so self-evident needed explanation.

Net's face in an instant was wreathed in smiles. She held out her little white hand to Martin Holmes, saying she was delighted to see him. Bess put down her pie, and bowed indifferently; whilst Ruthie carried the dripping oil cloth cloaks to the wood-shed, wondering to herself "if Net would have to account for that polite fib on the Judgment Day," and speculating on the probabilities of her denying ever having said it, with her wide, innocent blue eyes that looked truth itself. Then retraced her steps, mentally vowing "Judgment Days a bore." This same Judgment Day was the bane and wonder of Ruthie's life. The people who professed to believe it most sincerely set it, she thought, most openly at defiance. When she reached the kitchen, Net and Bess had served the dinner. It would have done credit to a professed cook. The chickens crisp and brown, the mashed potatoes white as cream, the sweet potatoes yellow and perfect, the cranberry jelly faultless in mould, the butter golden, and bread that Net was proud of. They were seated, waiting for Ruthie. Bess had laid Martin Holmes' plate beside the little girl's. She sat down a trifle bashful. Rob was not a church-member, so did not ask a blessing; but Net was, and so always insisted on a silent one. Ruthie peeped up at her sister, when all their heads were bowed, and wondered "if she had walked right up before the Lord to thank Him for her dinner, with her pretty lips still puckered up into that fib."

Net and the two gentlemen did the talking. Bess never spoke but twice; both times it was to directly disagree with Mr. Holmes on some subject. And both times there had been a quiet bit of a smile in his eyes, as if she quite amused him. Bess caught the smile, and bit her lips angrily, but comforted herself with the revenge in store—the burnt pie. Ruthie could hardly eat her dinner for looking well at Martin Holmes. Bess had said, "He answered his own notion," and Net had called him proud. She began to call both these opinions in question. To be sure, his mouth had just the least bit of a proud curve, but his eyes, though they looked right through one, were full of fun. She believed what Bess called conceit was content. He looked as if he had never been tired in his life, or disgusted either. Perhaps that was the reason Bess couldn't tolerate him.

At length they arrived at the desert. Net poured the tea, Bess cleared the table, and, with an air of severe gravity, brought on the pie.

"There are nuts and apples in the pantry," suggested the eldest sister, in an undertone.

Bess, quite ignoring it, placed the pie before Rob, and took her seat. In a few minutes each was laboring hard to cut his pie in bits with his silver fork. Net flushed in distress, saying, apologetically :—

"Bess is not used to playing cook."

Ruthie secretly thought : "That is shabby of Net. He would never have known which made it."

Bess, however, did not look at all disturbed. She had pushed her plate aside untouched, and was watching Martin Holmes with a face in which blended many expressions. With the others the tough dough resisted bravely; *he* seemed to cut it with ease. He puzzled her. She had often heard Rob tell of the elegance of Mr. Holmes's table. How Mart had been pampered, until, when at college, he could scarcely find anything he could eat, and how the poor fellow had almost starved. She knew this mixture of tough dough, burnt lard, and half-cooked apples must offend his delicate palate, yet he ate the entire piece; and manifested no distaste. Bess was amazed, but she would not be so easily baffled; so, when he had finished, she proffered the only polite remark since his entrance :—

"Mr. Holmes, won't you have another piece of pie?"

With an odd play of the lips, that puzzled her anew, he accepted her offer, and ate that piece too. Net opened her wide blue eyes in surprise, and looked at herself in the silver teapot. Ruthie took another venturesome bite of her almost untasted piece, thinking that it must be good after all, whilst Bess was completely nonplussed. Martin Holmes, glancing quickly up, took her unawares, and looked full into her puzzled, curious eyes. She colored, and, rising hastily, acted upon Net's almost forgotten suggestion in regard to the nuts and apples. After dinner Net went with the gentlemen to the sitting-room, whilst Bess and Ruthie cleared up. They were both very quiet. Ruthie speculating to herself on the probabilities of Mrs. Holmes having a very poor cook, and wondering whether Mr. Holmes had not had enough first dinner, that he should have such an excellent appetite for his desert; and Bess saying curiously to herself :—

"He will not be conquered, even by a bit of pie. His will controls even his taste. If he did not look so provokingly happy, I would warrant he was a tyrant. I suppose I ought to be mortified about that pie, but it was kind of interesting."

The next day the sky was brightly, beauti-

fully blue, and so with many succeeding days, until June buds took the place of May blossoms. In the month of pleasant weather that followed, these three sisters, of whom we have been telling, lost their discontent, and were eloquent in Nature's praises. They had obtained an efficient servant, and thus each was at liberty to follow the bent of her own inclination. Net had indulged her æsthetic taste to the full, beautifying everything that came under her touch, and, by the means of flower-beds, rustic settees, hanging baskets, and innumerable vines, had transformed the homely little farmhouse and its surrounding garden into a bower of beauty. Ruthie had lent her willing hands in all this work; and the young minister, who rode horseback every pleasant day, took a wonderful interest in their labor, and often brought them rare gems of wild flowers and curious, ornamental bits of rocks and stones, he being something of a geologist. He was refined and intelligent, besides wondrous winning. Net seemed to have lost her old abhorrence of ministers; and Ruthie, in listening to his wise but simple talk, began to think the Judgment Day quite a reasonable affair after all. Bess divided her time between riding the country over in a shabby, tumble-down chaise, that Net vowed made her fairly blush, and reading, and petting Ruthie, for Ruthie was baby with them all, and Bess's idol. In this month many of the villagers, and all the farmers for miles around, had called upon the new neighbors, and they had passed through a series of tea-drinkings that had so bored Bess that Net lived in terror of each new invitation, her obstreperous sister having threatened that to the next one proffered she should send "the tea-caddy's compliments and regrets." At length the dreaded invitation arrived. Net broke the seal and read. It was to a large dinner party given by old Mr. Holmes. Ruthie was looking over her shoulder. Net brought her little white hands together in despair.

"What will Bess say? She fairly hates Mart into the bargain. Ruthie, you take it to her and coax her; she will do anything for you."

Ruthie started to do her bidding. Ever since that rainy day Mart Holmes had been a constant visitor. Net vowed he was a hero. Ruthie thought his kind, merry eyes quite looked the curves out of his proud mouth, and she told Bess confidentially "that he didn't ask people to do as he wanted them to; they just did it naturally." That was what disturbed Bess. She felt in a constant state of rebellion. They never met but there was war, or rather Bess warred, for she did it all. He was peace itself, looking with his provoking smile at her discontent. The girl's strong will was fighting against a stronger. To each of the combatants this conflict begun over a piece of pie had its

fascination. A week before this day they had quarrelled, or, at least, Bess had, and, though he had been there every day since, she had avoided meeting him. When Ruthie brought her the invitation, she read it over, thinking, "He imagines I will not have the courage to go; we'll see." So she quite surprised the little girl by saying:—

"In consideration of its being a *dinner party*, I'll go."

The next evening the *élite* of the neighborhood were assembled in Mrs. Holmes's elegant drawing-room. Then followed the period of customary stiffness preceding dinner. The old ladies gossiped, the old gentlemen discussed politics and business, whilst the young people, kept in awe by their elders, talked in a solemn undertone. Mart was entertaining Net and Ruthie. Bess was standing at some distance, looking over some rare engravings. She was dressed in a flowing grenadine, with nothing to relieve the blackness but a passion-flower in her dark hair. The effect was fine. She looked like a handsome Spanish woman. Ruthie whispered to Net: "Bess is a beauty." Mart overheard it. He had been watching Bess. At that moment dinner was announced. He crossed the room, and gave his arm to his antagonist. Fate sometimes accomplishes her ends by very simple means, even condescending to things so commonplace as the seating of people at table. Bess was placed between Ruthie and Mart, directly opposite to old Mrs. Holmes.

All formality disappeared, as ice thaws before the sun, and by the time they had reached the seventh course the old people were garrulous, the young ones merry. Then the pie was served. Mart ate a second piece. His mother bantered him about it, saying, "that when the crust was all right he could never get enough pie, but it was almost impossible to please him." At that Mart turned deliberately and stopped eating, to provokingly watch the pair of hot cheeks by his side. Ruthie spoke out, impulsively:—

"Why, he ate two pieces with dreadful crust at our house once."

The moment the words were out of her mouth the little girl repented them, and felt very much as if her name must be Net.

"Who made it?" queried the old lady, curiously.

"I did," said Bess, frankly, and looking defiantly into the smiling eyes Mart was bending on her. She only looked for one instant though, for there was something more than a smile in them. Her lashes drooped on burning cheeks.

Mrs. Holmes simply ejaculated: "Humph!" with a twinkle of Mart's teasing in her tone, and mentally said, with Ruthie: "She is a beauty."

Bess finished her pie with the quiet bashfulness of a little child, looking no farther than

her plate, and going back to that rainy day with a sort of vague wondering as to *who*, after all, "ate humble pie?" She never glanced at Mart again through all the meal, and, when they arose from the table, evaded him, slipping off to the veranda. Ruthie followed her to tell how sorry she was that she had said anything about that dreadful crust, adding, with a little choking of tears, that "she had felt ever since as if she had the whole tough pie in her throat." Bess was kissing her forgiveness when Mart found them. He told Ruthie that his mother had something to show her, and the credulous little girl went in quest of her. So he and Bess, quite alone on the veranda, stood face to face.

"Bess, I love you. I have made up my mind that you shall love me. Will you begin now?"

Bess had been eating humble pie; so, when he drew her to him, and touching either hot cheek with his lips, she answered, with a sort of bashful frankness, "Yes."

Well, there was neither of them old maids, as Net had predicted, for she married the young minister, and, though Ruthie is only fifteen yet, one of "farmer Duncan's healthy lads" blushes scarlet whenever she meets him.

A FANCY OF CHILDHOOD.

BY ANNA E. C. ADAMS.

'Twas a fancy I held in my childhood—

And I love it e'en now in my prime—

That the stars were the eyes of the angels

Looking down from their heavenly clime;

Looking down upon all little children,

Watching over them through the long night,

Peering coldly upon the unruly,

Smiling warmly on such as loved right.

And those eyes in the blue were so many,

I fear'd not to pillow my head;

Some one of them all I was certain

Would watch o'er my own little bed.

And when from my sight they were hidden,

In anguish my spirit was bowed,

Till I learned that the stars were still shining

In brightness behind the dark cloud.

So dearly I cherished the fancy—

And I love it e'en now in my prime—

That the stars were the eyes of the angels

Looking down from their heavenly clime.

And now that the fancy has perished,

And I know them as bright worlds afar,

I think that some bright loving angels

May have homes in each beautiful star.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose, to a life beyond life.—*Milton*.

THE hopes and fears and regrets which move and trouble life keep it fresh and healthy, as the sea is kept alive by the trouble of its tides.

PONDROUS PAPERS—NO. 8.

As we were goin' towards Sonora, from the Big Trees, we visited a marble quarry. There was great blocks of marble, and in a little buildin' they was sawin' the biggest blocks I ever see. I guess they was goin' to make a monument for somebody or ruther. I shouldn't wonder a bit if it was one of these same blocks of marble that broke a wagon down when they got as fur as Knight's Ferry, and slid out down into a gulch; the Chinese thought it was an earthquake.

When we come to Columbia, John stopped to talk with a man, and enquire about the country. He said:—

"I've seen this town burn clear down to the ground as much as three times, and not leave a house."

"For massy sake! Not leave a single house?"
 "Not a house that was directly in town; of course, there was a few back on the outskirts that didn't go."

"I shouldn't a thought they would have built up again, burnin' after that fashern."

"Oh, that was in minin' times, and minin' was *here* then; it paid. Law! they commenced buildin' again before the ashes was cold. They wouldn't do it now, though, since the mines are played out. Columbia is goin' down; you could buy a house now for a mere song. There was two houses sold here and taken down Knight's Ferry way a spell ago, jest for the timber and winders that was in 'em."

"I was offered a house in Copperopolis for thirty dollars when I come through there," said John.

"Um! yes, that's the way we go. Good mines build up a town mighty quick; mines fail, and down we go. Pity 'taint a farmin' country round here."

I did like to have John stop and speak to folks sometimes. They always seemed willin' to tell us about the country, and it is more interestin' to hear somethin' of the places we pass through.

'Long towards night, when we was lookin' for a place to camp, we come suddenly upon a party who had pitched their tents a'ready, and had their beans on a bilin'. Miss Carrie shouted out:—

"If there aint Ruth Hale, that I went to school with at Benicia! Do less have our camp near by."

Jest then a man came out from their company. He looked like a minister, though he was full of laugh, and says he:—

"Strangers, you won't find a better place to camp than this. You had better tarry here. 'Tne more the merrier."

So we halted, and was soon busy gittin' our supper ready. I couldn't help bowin' my head with a glad, thankful feelin' when I heard the

minister's clear, strong voice askin' a blessin' before his party begun to eat. Californy generally says, let us eat and drink and be merry, and takes no thought of who sends, day by day, their daily bread. There was no gloom in this minister's religion. His laugh was the heartiest, his eye the brightest, his hand the readiest, of any in the party. His wife was jest as good, but a contrast to him in bein' so still and gentle. You should have seen them when we got our first look into the valley of Yo Semite, that most wonderful of all valleys. He shouted and clapped his hands. "Glory be to God!" cried he, "for His wonders are great and glorious. Glory be to God in the highest!" His wife was kneelin' on a rock, and the tears were runnin' down her cheeks. She put out her hand and said, softly:—

"Hush, Edward; do be quiet; I want to enjoy it."

"Well, my dear Linda, bless your soul! I want to enjoy it, too. You do it your way and let me do it mine."

The descent into the valley was somethin' almost fearful, it was so steep. They *would* put me on a little mule, because they said it was sure-footed; but, dear me! it stopped of a sudden on a steep place, and I jest rolled right over its head and landed down side of the trail.

"Oh, the Lunnun to boot!" says I, lookin' up into their scared faces, and then they laughed; oh, how they did laugh! all except John; he waited to ask: "Are you sure you ain't hurt?"

"I ain't hurt a mite; not a single grain," says I, "but I mean to walk the rest of the way down."

They protested against that, and Mr. Delesther said if I liked his horse better, he would change with me. Then he told me when he went into the valley two years before, there was a young lady who fell from her horse into a gully, and the horse fell right across it above her.

"Why, Mr. Delesther! Have you been to Yo Semite before, and didn't tell us of it?" said Miss Carrie. "If you had told me about that lady falling before, I would have stayed at the Big Trees."

"Such an accident seldom happens, and I hope you wouldn't give up the pleasures of Yo Semite for fear of difficulties on the way."

"I think," said Mr. Gay, "that the name most appropriate for this—this—declivity which we have jest traversed or descended, would be Pondrous Falls."

"How witty!" said Miss Carrie.

"Might as well call it the Mule's Monument," said another, pointin' to where my mule still stood, with its fore legs braced stiff as a statute.

I'll jest take this chance to advise all Yo Semite travelers not to ride "Put." If they give you a stubborn-lookin' mule, jest ask

them, "Is this the animal called 'Put,' that Mrs. Pondrous rode when she went to Yo Semite?" And if they say "yes," don't let nothin' tempt you to touch it.

But the valley! Oh, if I could only remember my spellin' and grammar, and philosophy and arethmetic, so as to discribe wonderful Yo Semite! I don't know as anybody can discribe it satisfactory. They can jest feel it in their hearts; that's all. When I saw the "Bridal Veil" waterfall, I thought no other could be so pretty, flowing down 940 feet. But when we came to Yo Semite Falls, that was grand, and its height was 2500 feet. The Yowiye, or Nevada Fall, was 700 feet high. Below that was the Piwyack, or Vernal Fall, height 400 feet. John said that the Tooluluwach Fall, was as pretty as any of them, and as high as the Bridal Veil. I didn't go to see it, however, 'cause the way was so rough. The mountains or bluffs were as wonderful in their way as the falls. Tutochahnulah, a perpendicular bluff, is 3,039 feet high, and Mount Tissaack is 4,593 feet in "altertude," as Mr. Gay said.

Our stay there, to think back upon it, seems to me somethin' like a dream. But I remember well the Sabbath that the minister preached to us, and I remember one day, when everybody had to tell a story after dinner, what a time we had, and the number of poor stories and good stories that was told. I liked Miss Spencer's so well that I begged her to write it out for me, which she did. She also writ Mr. Delester's, as he called it the second chapter of hers; so I send them along to you:—

A LEGEND OF YO SEMITE.

Long ago, in the days of fairies—
In the days of dwarfs and giants—
You might have searched th' country over
And never found this wondrous valley,
Never found the Yo Semite.
For the land was nearly level;
Only here and there a hillock,
Here and there a shady hollow,
Here and there a ledge of sandstone—
Granite bluff and ledge of sandstone,
Rocky mount, and giant boulders;
All these were here but no valley.
Rivers flowed across the country—
Flowed across it slow and lazy,
Never dreamed of rushing madly
Nine hundred feet down a pathway
Just like a wall, sheer and rocky.
Yes, the country lay quite level
From Tutochahnula to Citadala;
From Tissaack to Eleachas.

Here lived the Princess Illala,
Blessed of all the kindest fairies,
And beloved of Prince Ahnulah.
Ahnulah sought her hand in marriage,
Sought to win her to his wigwam;
But she answered him: "I will not
Leave my grove of tallest cedars,
Where the gay bluebirds dart and sing;
Leave my pretty shady gulches,
Where the squirrels peep and hide;

Or my hillocks or my hollows,
Where my pet deer come and follow
When I call them with my goldpipe—
With my tuneful, musical goldpipe."
So she answered when he asked her
To wed him in the early autumn,
Before the leaves should turn yellow,
Or the winds bring breath of winter
To his wigwam 'mong the mountains.
Though she answered him, "I will not,"
Yet again he came and urged her
Every evening when the sun set—
When the sun set great and golden,
He came down to the grove of cedars,
Calling with gentle words and tender:
"Illala, Illala, come to me!"
Till one night, as he was coming,
In wrath she caught the fairy goldpipe,
And through it cried to her cedars:
"Oh, ye cedars and ye pine trees,
Cut with your roots north and south!
Oh, ye tamaracks and fir trees,
Cut with your roots east and west!
That my grounds may drop before him—
Drop ten thousand feet below him.
I will teach him, I will show him,
A maiden answers 'no,' and means it."

Then the dark trees rocked and shivered,
Tossed their branches, moaned and shivered,
And the land dropped swiftly downward.
As the land dropped swiftly downward,
The lazy rivers paused in terror;
Then in terror plunged down headlong,
Roared with pain, and plunged down headlong;
Rent and torn all their waves were,
White with foam were all their waters;
In the spray the sun made rainbows—
Every morning he made rainbows;
And they glistened like rare diamonds,
Till Illala shouted gladly:
"See my rivers, my lazy beauties;
Wide awake now are my beauties,
And they follow me most gladly.
See my Cholooke and Piwyack,
My Yowiye and Pohono,
And my lovely Tooluluwach.
And how high now are my mountains,
Tutochahnula and Tissaack,
Eleachas and tall Tocoyac—
All my mountains, ah, how lofty!"

Down through the ferns came Ahnulah,
Through ferns that tangled round his feet,
That tapped his shoulders, saying, "Go not!"
Whispered low: "'Tis a fool's errand;
She is gone—you will not find her."
Then he looked and saw the wigwam
Sinking swiftly from before him,
Saw Illala and her maidens
Swiftly disappear below him,
Heard the maidens cry in terror,
Saw the birds fly up in terror.
Then he knew that he'd been laughed at;
And the ferns still laughed and whispered:
"Go back home now, for we warned you;
Whispered low: "'Tis a fool's errand;
But you would not heed our voices—
Illala says 'No,' and means it."

When Miss Spencer stopped, some of 'em said: "Why, is that all? What became of him, and what happened to her?"

But she said she had told all she knew about them. Then Mr. Delester looked over with a smile, and asked her if he might tell the second

chapter of her story. She looked a little embarrassed, but said :—

"I didn't know there was another chapter; but, if you have heard one, I think you ought to tell it."

Then he laughed and began :—

CHAPTER II.—AHNULAH'S LADDER.

Ahnulah heeded not the voice
Of foolish, mischief-making ferns,
For he said: "There is a pathway
That may lead into the valley;
And, if I search, I shall find it.
If there is none, I will make one,
Hew the rocks, and fill the hollows,
Cut the trees, descend the mountains,
Until a pathway I have made,
So I'll win my gay Illala."

So the strong-hearted Ahnulah
Pushed his way down through the brushwood,
Swung himself down from the ledges,
Crept along the narrow ledges,
Held by branches of the thicket,
Till a precipice, sheer and wall-like,
Stopped his feet and stayed his going.
Then he called: "Illala! Illala!"
Till the valley echoed back her name,
Till she heard his voice, and answered:
"Go, Ahnulah, search your forests
Till you find a tree so lofty
That it shall reach from thee to me.
Then I'll go up to your wigwam,
Then I'll wed you in your wigwam,
There to make your belts of wampum,
There to broider your moccasins,
There to answer when you call me,
Glad and willing, O Ahnulah!"
But she laughed when she had spoken,
For she thought: "He cannot find one.
Five hundred feet he stands above me;
He cannot find a tree so lofty."

Then Ahnulah went home sadly,
Girded on his magic wampum,
Straightway went to the magician—
Great magician, the Kermudgeon.
Thus the giant gave him counsel:—
"Travel southward from your wigwam
Till you find the magic forest,
Find the big trees of Mariposa.
You will find them very lofty;
They'll span five hundred feet and more.
Giant workmen shall go with you,
And cut down the big tree Redloch;
And I'll send all my great bison—
Very strong are my tame bison—
They shall draw it to the valley
With my magic wheels and pulleys."
Ahnulah wondered at the workmen;
At their saws, so long and shining;
At their axes, sharp and shining;
At their wondrous power of working.
But more he wondered at the big trees,
At their height and at their thickness,
As he paced on round about them,
As he measured round their bodies—
A hundred feet and more they measured.

So Illala looked and wondered,
As the tree came crashing downward,
Swiftly crushing, thundering downward.
Then Ahnulah from its branches,
His feet in steps that marked its side,
Slowly descending, stood before her.
Quite humble was proud Illala,

As she bowed her head before him,
As she welcomed brave Ahnulah—
She the best of all the women
In the tribe of Ahwahnechee,
In the country of Ahwahne.

"And did she marry him?" asked Carrie.

"I suppose she kept her promise," answered Mr. Delesther.

I couldn't tell whether Miss Spencer was pleased with the story or not. She looked half-scared, I thought, as though she was afraid Ahnulah might come down to her, or some one like him. I began to think she hated Mr. Delesther as much as Mr. Lamoree hated Miss Carrie.

I heard Carrie say: "I don't see why Mr. Lamoree never comes near us, or pays us a bit of attention."

But I knew why. I overheard him tellin' Mr. Delesther that he could not bear such a flat voice as Miss Carrie had. Said he:—

"I believe when the spirit of music was tuning voices, she was all out of sharps when she got to Miss Skinner, and so gave her flats. I hate such a voice."

"You should not," answered Mr. Delesther; "for I dare say the spirit of music had just been tuning your voice, and you got all her sharps, so, of course, Miss Skinner had to take flats."

JANE PONDEOUS.

LOVE LETTERS.

BY ELLEN ROSE GAINES.

I do not essay to write of letters in its generic sense as professor of all literature, nor even essay in this to fill the chair as professor of Belle Lettre; but while my subject to the world at large has no intrinsic value, and is often held in derision, yet still, to a large portion of mankind, they are for the time inestimable. I write of Love Letters, and I beg to inform my readers in this, I speak by card.

This is an age of reform, moral and political; and as reform is needed in this matter as much as any other, I wish I could say a few words that would sink deep in the heart, and never be forgotten by every unmarried man, in reference to this so often mis-called *romance* of love letters. They are almost always, indeed, universally held in derision, as nonsensical love-sick trash, but it is an egregious blunder, for they are most eminently practical; and whenever we hear them so spoken of, especially by our poor old bachelor friend, we want to whisper in his ear that we have not yet forgotten the time, although it has been a score of years ago, when he offered all his heart and half his kingdom to pretty Nellie Bly, and only missed having a happy home and family because Miss Nellie, the perverse creature, would marry Tom Brown on his return from sea, and start out

with him on a voyage for life—as first mate, for which reason our friend the “O. B.” has had a general antipathy to water ever since, and a very strong dislike to captains, and first-mates in particular. We would like to remind him of the Valentine with tender verses attached, that he so adroitly had handed to her without “anybody’s knowing.”

Truly, love letters are foolish and nonsensical, but “a little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the wisest men.” But I must come to my reform, for, as I have said before, there is need of it.

Let “dear John,” the object of a girl’s affections, be separated from her by time and space, and what are the results? Let us follow them. The brave Apollo leaves, vowing eternal love and fidelity, with promises to write every day, if not oftener. He feels gay and buoyant, with the prospects of a fair business life ahead; the weeping maiden is left behind to solace herself from “past blessings,” and wait for news from the absent one, obliged to learn the hardest of lessons that “They also serve who only stand and wait.”

Now the practical part of life commences as the correspondence begins. For a while the letters come and go regularly, and everything remains *statu quo*,” but suddenly the letter is *non est*; several anxious days and sleepless nights, imaginings of all sorts of diseases and disasters. When the truant letter is handed her, quickly is it torn open, to see “what can be the matter that he had not written before,” when she finds, to her great relief of mind, that “owing to press of business, I carried this letter in my pocket for several days, entirely forgetting I had not mailed it; hope the delay caused you no uneasiness of mind.” The bare possibility of such an idea when he must have known it caused her the greatest anxiety, and does he not always close his letters with, “Don’t fail to write me on Sunday, or I shall think you are ill?” But she forgives the “dear old fellow, and sighs, “Shall we ever meet again?”

For a few weeks the letters reach her regularly, so she takes courage and presses “forward to the mark of the prize of her high calling, which is to be, “John’s” wife. But it is only for a short season; “Sorrow cometh in the morning.” After a wearisome delay, the “long looked for comes at last,” which, after reading, makes her feel that “Life is all a fickle dream,” for if there was anything she was unlawfully proud of, it was John’s voice, his beautiful tenor voice. Now he tells her “he unfortunately took a very heavy cold; was confined to his bed for several days; there was no danger, but a great inconvenience, as it had settled in his throat, and in all probability would entirely lose his voice.”

The time has now arrived when “the girl I left behind me” tries to have her mind prepared for anything or everything, in or out of

season; but, at last, “forbearance ceases to be a virtue,” as she reads in his last: “On Monday morning, in passing down H Street, I barely escaped certain death, having just passed a building in the course of erection, when it fell, killing one workman, and wounding several others.”

She quietly folds the letter up, lays it away, feeling thankful to God that there is a Providence especially provided to take care of absent lovers who can’t take care of themselves. Now, can you tell me of any more trying period in the existence of a woman’s life than this very time I have been talking about?

Her letters, I will venture to say, are as regular as clock-work; and, if she did fall and sprain her ankle, or barely recovered from a serious spell of the diphtheria, she will be careful not to mention it until the worst is over, for fear of worrying “John,” while, as to accidents and hair-breadth escapes that “might have been,” they are never mentioned. All of the foregoing contribute to the *romance* of courtship; but we think it is the most trying period in a girl’s experience, for, “as distance lends enchantment to the view,” under some circumstances, so is it that imaginary or slight ills are harder to bear, when the loved one is absent from us, than real trouble is if encouraged by each other’s presence. But then we would not, for “all the world beside,” be without these dear old lovers and husbands, for, “with all their faults, we love them still.”

There are trials after marriage, we grant. Every married woman knows she must at all times, and under all circumstances, stand in readiness for any emergency. For the veritable “John” comes home from the office with a chill, and goes to bed with a sure conviction in his mind that it will be months, if ever, before he is able to be out again; while you prepare him a dose of belladonna, quietly slip around, arrange everything for his comfort and ease, and leave him, feeling well assured in your own mind, from past experience, that your simple remedy and a night’s rest will bring about the desired result, and in nine cases out of ten you are right.

Again, as the mother—how often do you see her!—at the slightest unusual noise from John, Jr., who, for the last hour, has been busily engaged in his own pursuits on the floor, spring, as if from intuitive perception, with her finger bent as a hook, to bring forth the lost button, marble, or spool of thread, or any other article that the young hopeful could have forced down the open orifice.

Such circumstances might be classed among a married woman’s trials, but, to our minds, they are but minor when compared to the perils of courtship. In conclusion, if there are any such who still remain obdurate and unconvinced of the substantiality and perplexity of love letters, we can only say, with

Franklin: "A word to the wise is enough, and many words won't fill a bushel," and quietly leave you to your own reflections.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOREVER.

BY M. E. G.

YESTERDAY.

GONE, gone, never to return! That which was once ours is ours no longer. It passed through time, from eternity upon one side, into eternity upon the other, like a meteor through space. But, as it passed, it recorded in a volume all the thoughts, words, and actions of mankind, whether good or evil; and, when its mission was ended, placed the record upon the top of a pile of books of a similar character—the testimony of former yesterdays—all awaiting the day of final account. Let each carefully examine how he stands in the books of justice.

TO-DAY.

It is here, the only portion of time to which we can lay claim, but it is swiftly passing, and will soon be numbered among the list of yesterdays, the name indiscriminately applied to all to-days that have fulfilled the mission upon which they were sent. To-day is the time in which we really live, for new events are actually transpiring; the past is gone, and the faithfulness of memory is all upon which we can rely, while the future is dark and uncertain. Enjoy the present, and turn it to the best advantage. Never let chances of happiness slip away unimproved, for they are as silver strands woven in the web of life, which diffuse light and beauty through the whole fabric; and, when age has overtaken us, we will have a bright past to review, which will reflect its brilliancy upon our declining years, thus lighting our pathway to the tomb.

FOREVER.

There is contained in this word something which inspires us with profound awe, something solemn, grand, inconceivable! How can we imagine a series of years merging into eternity and never ending? It is impossible. An impenetrable mental darkness envelops the future, which years of patient toil has failed to dispel. Great minds have sounded depths which at one time were deemed unfathomable; reason and reflection have traced to the bottom, and brought to light many hidden laws of nature; but before this subject—the future—the most profound minds are powerless. All is darkness and uncertainty; but hope persistently points through the gloom to a point in the distance, which we are unable to see through any other medium than the eye of faith. We see it dimly at first, but, after gazing

awhile, it takes upon itself a more definite form. It is a gate—a golden gate—which opens at times to receive poor, wayworn travellers, emitting a gloriously bright light, while the sound of exquisite music comes floating down the highway of life; and, as the eye of faith grows stronger, we perceive an inscription wrought in golden characters above the gate, which is "*Heaven.*" Let this be our beacon and our watchword.

ROSE LEAVES, NO. 5.

BY JOHN S. REID.

THE castle walls of Ashentill
Stand roofless 'neath the stormy skies;
And wild the night-harp rings and sighs
Through the dark pines of old Woodhill.
'Tis winter—over hill and lea
The storm king drives his car of snow;
And, sparkling like the polar bow,
The ice-spear hangs from tower and tree.

No more the war-pipe's thrilling strain
Will rouse to arms the clansman brave;
No more will Mora's banner wave
On Ashentill's old walls again.
For she who sleeps the dreamless sleep
Was last of Mora's ancient line;
Across whose tomb the roses twine,
And night her pearly tear-drops weep.

But youth returns no more to age,
Though childhood comes in pleasing dreams;
Time rushes past like mountain streams,
Erasing mem'ry's brightest page.
But must the young and virtuous die?
And earth to him be last of life?
Away the thought; the brave in strife
Survive and triumph in the sky.

Man lives hereafter. Soul with soul,
And heart with heart, if God is true!
This earth so green, these skies so blue,
Are but a part of one great whole;
For earth resumes in vernal morn
The robes she wore long years ago;
And flowers bloom 'midst the polar snow,
As if to lamp death's lonely urn.

Away, away on aerial wing,
The enfranchised spirit soars and flies,
Where sunbeams shine through cloudless skies,
And heavenly soul-thoughts purest spring.
And when the night-harp's plaintive strain
Breathes soft and low from Mora's hill,
The lonely maid of Ashentill,
Like angel pure, returns again.

And though we know not what we are,
Or where our future homes may be,
That power which rules the stormy sea,
And guides such bright and brilliant star,
Will guard us in the lonely tomb,
And show the soul its trackless way
To regions of Eternal day,
Where fairest flowers forever bloom.

THE haunts of happiness are varied and rather unaccountable; but you will oftener see her among little children, home firesides, and country houses than anywhere else.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

KNITTED COMFORTER IN SHELL PATTERN.

(See Colored Plate in Front of Book.)

THIS comforter is meant to be knitted loosely, and have the effect of a small cloud. It can either be sewn up when finished or left open. The ends are drawn up, and tassels fastened on. Bone needles, No. 6, required, one ounce and a half of scarlet merino wool, a quarter of an ounce of white, a quarter of an ounce of black. With scarlet wool cast on 68 stitches.

The pattern consists of the 4 following rows : *1st row.* Slip 1, knit 1. Purl all the rest but the last 2 stitches, which are to be knitted. *2d.* Knit plain, but slip 1st stitch. *3d.* Slip 1, knit 1. Purl all the rest but the last 2 stitches, which are to be knitted. *4th.* Slip 1, knit 1. * Knit 2 together twice. Make 1 (by throwing the wool over), and knit 1 four times. Knit 2 together twice. Purl 1. Repeat from * 4 times more, and end the row with (after knitting 2 together twice) knitting 2 plain. Repeat these 4 rows five times in scarlet.

Then arrange the colors thus : Repeat the pattern once in black, once in white, once in black, twice in scarlet, once in white, once in black, once in white.

Knit a length of about twelve inches for the centre, and end with arranging the colors to correspond with the other side. Cast off.

KNITTED HOOD.

(See Colored Plate in Front of Book.)

THIS simple but comfortable hood is very quickly knitted. It can be worked in either fleecy or Alloa wool, but the latter would be the cheapest, and can be procured at any Scotch wool warehouse. In fleecy wool three ounces of scarlet is required and one ounce of black; two bone needles No. 7, two No. 9, and two steel ones No. 14.

You commence by knitting the centre with scarlet wool, and the needles No. 7. Cast on 12 stitches, and knit a plain row.

The pattern of the hood consists of the following 3 rows : *1st row.* Slip 1, raise 1. You do this by putting your needle through the loop below the next stitch (in reality the stitch of the last row), and drawing the wool through it. Knit plain the rest of the row, but raise 1 before you knit the last. You thus increase 2 in this row. *2d.* Slip 1. Purl all the rest. *3d.* Slip 1. Knit plain all the rest.

Repeat these 3 rows until you can count ten ribs, of 3 rows each, on each side of your work, and have 52 loops on your needle. This completes the shaping on one side.

The three rows are now to be repeated 6

times *without any raising.* This will make 13 ribs on each side of the work.

To decrease the stitches and shape the other side : *1st row.* Slip 1, knit 2 together, knit plain to within 3 of the end, when knit 2 together, knit 1. *2d.* Slip 1. Purl all the rest. *3d.* Slip 1. Knit plain all the rest.

Repeat these 3 rows until you can count 23 ribs on each side of your work, and have 12 stitches left on your needle.

Cast off. This completes the head piece. At the side next the face draw up, by whipping over the edge with wool, to make it fit closely to the face and be the right length.

FOR THE FRINGE.—This is knitted in scarlet and black, in 3 sets of loops of each color alternately. You must use the needles No. 9. Cast on 5 stitches. *1st row.* Put your needle through the stitch as if you were going to knit it; carry the wool between the crossed needles and round the two first fingers, bringing it to the front again. Repeat the same to make two pieces or loops of wool round the fingers and 3 across the needles, draw these through as in ordinary knitting. Repeat these loops on each of the 5 stitches. If two fingers make your fringe loop look too large, use one only. *2d.* Knit plain, taking care to take up all the wool belonging to each loop together, as you have only 5 stitches on your needle. Repeat these 2 rows twice more in scarlet, then 3 times in black. Continue in alternate colors until long enough; but in order to make the fringe loops fall right, this trimming has to be knitted in 2 pieces. Begin to measure from the centre of the front, and take it round the side of the head piece (curving it easily at the bottom of the face) to the centre of the curtain. The head piece must not be strained to draw out the ribs of the curtain.

Cast off your stitches, and mind you sew on the trimming with the loops downwards. You must sew it on securely with wool, laying it in front on the head piece, but at the back it should only edge it and lengthen the curtain. Fasten the trimming together at the back where it joins, and where it does so in front, place the following rosette :—

ROSETTE.—You may knit this all in scarlet, or with the black alternately. The needles No. 14 are used. Cast on 6 stitches in scarlet. *1st row.* Knit these 6 stitches as you did the fringe, putting the wool over the fingers to form the loops. *2d.* Knit plain. *3d.* Knit 4 stitches with the loops; leave the other two, and turning back for—*4th.* Knit plain these 4 stitches. *5th.* Knit 2 stitches only with the loops; turn back, and—*6th.* Knit plain these 2.

Repeat these 6 rows until you have worked 8

patterns—4 scarlet, 4 black, if done in the 2 colors. Cast off, and sew up to form the rosette. In the centre where there is the opening, draw together with wool. Fasten it securely on the hood.

The ribbon or braid that is put to draw up and form the curtain must be run in with a worsted needle. Sew the ribbon on at each side, and tie at the back with a bow. Strings are placed to tie under the chin. It will be easy to see by the illustration *where* to run in the ribbon. The head piece must not be knitted too tightly; it should be elastic.

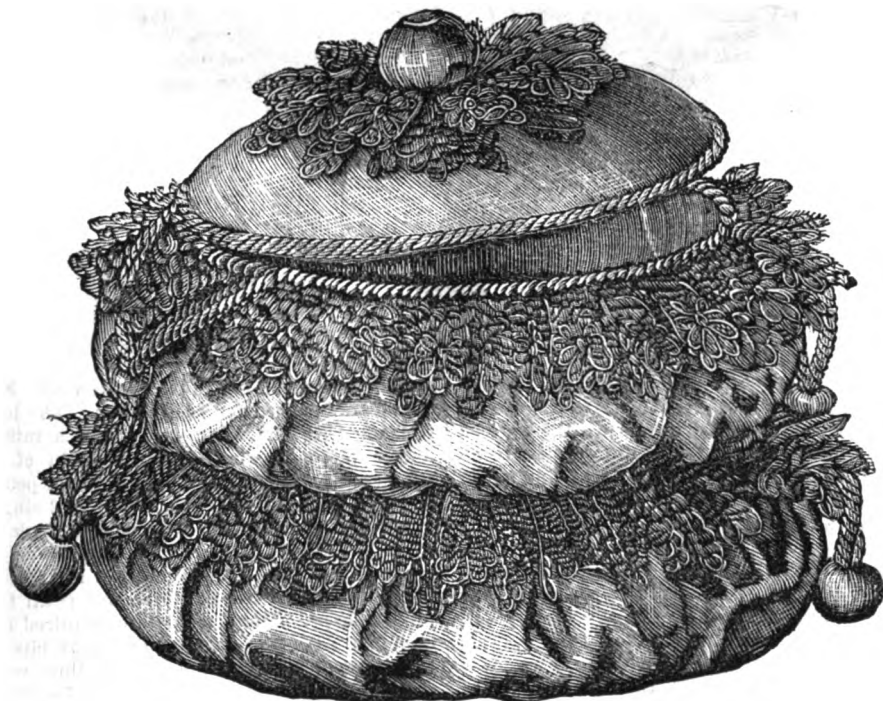
TOILET PINCUSHION AND JEWEL BOX.

TAKE a round box of pasteboard or wood, about five inches in diameter and two and a half inches in height. Cut off the rim of the cover, and place on the top a cushion covered with pink satin, with a black lace rosette and

it on to cover the edges of the satin puffing, and sew a cord round the edge. Fasten the lid to the box with a few stitches, and add a double cord, with slides at opposite sides of the box.

EMBROIDERED NEEDLEBOOK.

IN order to execute this novel and fanciful needlebook, cut out 4 circular pieces of card-board three inches in diameter, and cover 3 of them on one side with light green Cashmere, fastening the edges down on the other side. On the 4th piece lay a wadded cushion, and over this a covering of green Cashmere, on which the pattern, in imitation of thorns, has been embroidered with green silk. Sew one of the 3 other pieces of card to this cushion, so that the uncovered sides lie together, and the edges coincide. In the same manner join the 2 remaining pieces of card, and sew a thick



pink satin button in the centre. Line the cover with pink satin, wadded and quilted, and sew a pink silk cord round the edge. Line the box in the same manner, and then make two wadded puffings of satin on the outside, the lower one rather larger than the upper, and divided by a flounce of black lace, and edged with cord and lace at the top of the box. Cut a piece of card-board, exactly the size of the bottom, cover it with white glazed calico, sew

green silk cord round the edge. Then put a fine wire round the edge of the cushioned half, making pointed loops at intervals to form the thorns round the edge. Cover these loops first with silk, and then overcast the wire with silk, and sew on a brass ring about a quarter of an inch from the edge of the cushion. Now cut out 3 circular pieces of white flannel two inches and a half in diameter, overcast the edges with green silk, and lay them between the two outer



leaves of the book. Pass a stiletto through the ring and the different layers of the needle-book, and insert into the hole a thick green silk cord, which holds the different parts together and forms the stalk, a wire being put in between the two ends of the cord, and the whole thickly wound round with silk. To this stalk are attached two leaves made of cardboard, covered with green cloth, overcast round the edges, and embroidered on the upper side with silk to imitate the veinings.

CROCHET LILY.

TAKE fine white Berlin wool and make a chain of 35 stitches. Take a piece of fine wire covered with white silk, 12 inches long, 1 slip stitch in last stitch of chain and work over it and on the chain 1 single, 2 double, 26 treble, 2 double, 1 single, 1 slip stitch. Fold the wire, and on the other side of chain work 3 single, 2 double, 3 treble, 16 long treble, 6 treble, 2 double, 2 single, and 3 slip stitches; then on the opposite side of wire work 2 single, 2 double, 6 treble, 16 long treble, 3 treble, 2

double, 3 single, 1 slip stitch; fasten off. Six petals are required for each flower. The bud is made with the same wool upon a rather longer piece of wire. Make a chain of 25 stitches and work over wire as for flower petal, 3 single, 2 double, 15 treble, 2 double, 2 single in 1 stitch. And on the other side, 2 single in 1 stitch, 2 double, 15 treble, 3 double, 3 single, 1 slip stitch. Then single crochet all round. Bend the wire a little to give the petal the proper shape. Three petals are required for each bud. For the stamens, cut short bits of brass wire. Take a little light yellow wool and slit it in two, make a chain of 7 stitches with the slit wool and 6 double over the chain; slip both ends of the wire up to the middle of the yellow strip, which somewhat resembles the anthera, while the wire forms the stem of the stamen. Six stamens are required for each flower, and two for each bud. For the pistils, make a small ball of light green wool, and slip a bit of brass wire through it as for the stamens. The ball should be the size of a very small pea. Three are required. Join them together, and tie at the base with green wool.

For the leaves, with the darkest shade of green wool make a chain of 230 stitches, and change several times the shade of green in the course of the work. Slip the end of the wire in the last stitch of the chain and work over it, 3 double, 3 treble, 25 double treble, 4 treble, 4 double, bend the wire and make 4 treble, 25 double treble, 3 treble, 3 double, 1 slip and one stitch. Bend the wire, 5 double, 5 treble, 16 double, 16 treble, 4 double, then 2 double in the next stitch on the wire, 2 double in the next stitch on the wire, 16 treble, 16 double treble, 5 treble, 5 double, and then fasten off. Take another piece of wire and commence on the 8th stitch, counting from the bottom, make

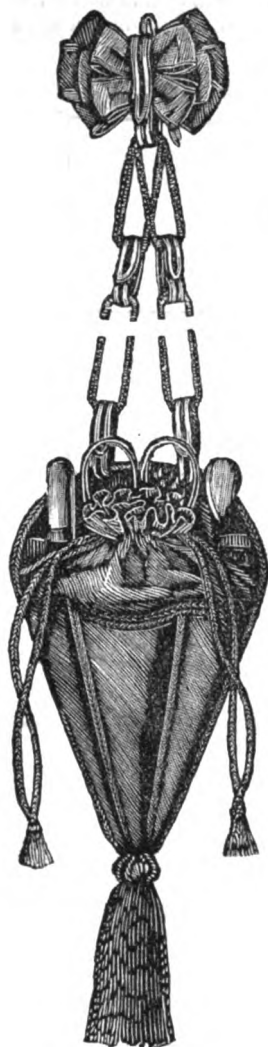


8 treble over the wire, then 8 double, 12 treble, 1 double, and work another stitch in each end of the row double. Fasten off, and cut the ends off evenly. Larger and smaller ones can be made at pleasure; take three pistils, arrange them with small ones round them; cover them with yellow wool, all together three petals being fastened on to the stamens in the centre; place the others in the centre of flower, and afterwards fasten on the buds of the flower; you fasten on these with wire, fine green wool, and with light green wax.

CHATELAINE WORKBAG.

THIS bag consists of a piece of card-board six and a half inches long and five inches wide, sloped to a point at the bottom, and the upper corners rounded off as in illustration; cover this on both sides with brown silk, laying a piece of stiff muslin under the silk of the outside, and fasten to the inside, about one inch from the top,

a strap of silk, stitched through so as to receive the various working utensils—as scissors, thimble, stiletto, etc. Then cut out two double pieces of silk with a layer of stiff muslin between them; one for the back without the rounded top, the other of the same shape, but one inch wider at the top. In this larger piece make two plaits on the inside, at equal distances



from the outer edges, and sew them over inside, and cover the seams with gold braid; sew these two pieces together at the sides, and a silk bag at the top, drawn up with cords. Now sew the first pieces on to the card-board back, put a gold braid around the edge, and fasten to this the chain which is finished by a bow and hook which fastens it to the belt. A tassel made of silk finishes the workbag at the bottom.

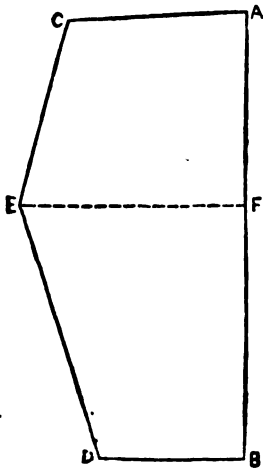
CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

KNICKERBOCKERS FOR A BOY OF EIGHT.

Cut the boy's knickerbockers in fine tweed, in four pieces, a front and a back for each leg. Take the pattern first on paper. Fig. 1, the front leg, from A to B, straight down the sel-
vage of the material, twenty-one inches, one inch of this is to turn in half an inch top and bottom; from A to C, nine inches, allowing, as

down from F to G. This is allowed for in the measure. G to H, nine inches; F to I, nine and a half inches; J to K, twelve and a half inches. The distance from I to J is eleven and a half inches; and from J to H, fourteen inches. Turn in half an inch everywhere but on the back half, from G to H, Fig. 2; there turn in a whole inch. Tack the back and front of one leg together. Cut the legs, reversing them in the tweed, to be right and left. At an inch

Fig. 1.



Figs. 5 and 6.

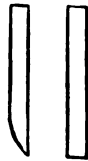


Fig. 7.

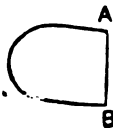


Fig. 2.

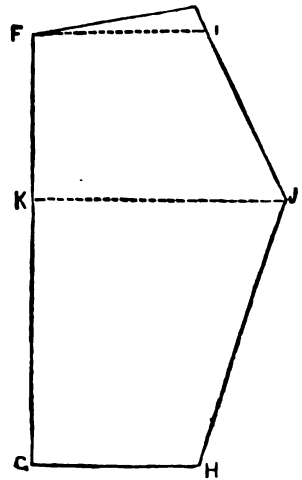


Fig. 3.

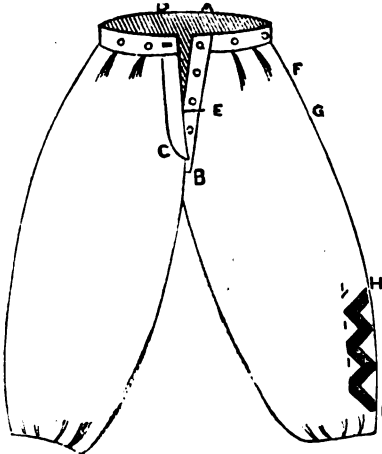
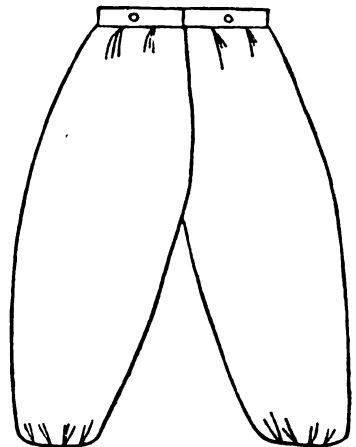
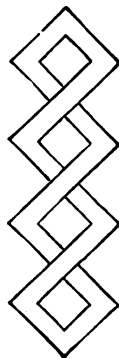


Fig. 4.

Fig. 8.



before, an inch for two turnings; from F to E, ten inches; B to D, the knee, eight and a half inches (one inch for two turnings); from D to B is fourteen inches, allowing half an inch for a turning; E to C, nine inches, allowing half an inch for a turning. For the back, Fig. 2, straight with the sel-
vage, twenty-one inches long, allowing for two half-inch turnings—F to G. A whole inch is turned in all the way

and a half below the waist, F to G, Fig. 3, leave open four and a half inches for a pocket. Cut two pieces of lining, five inches wide and nine inches long, the shape of Fig. 7. Join them for a pocket with a mantua-maker's seam. Join the opening from A to B into the hole left for it in the seam of the leg. The side of the leg where an inch of tweed is turned in, the inch is stitched down inside the pocket; the

other side has an inch wide false piece of tweed stitched on.

There are three buttons placed in front of the knickerbockers, as shown in Fig. 3, between A and B, and two each side of them. There are two more at the back of the band, as shown in Fig. 4.

The outer part of the leg is trimmed, from H to I, Fig. 3, beginning two inches above the hem, and extending ten inches up, in four diamonds of equal size, of very fine black braid, hemmed down both sides very flat and even, the ends let into the seams. Join the leg from E to D, Fig. 1. Cut a twilled lining the same; join it also. Tack it inside the leg, turnings inside. Make the other leg. Stitch the tweed of the two backs and one side of lining together from I to J, Fig. 2. Turn in the edge of the other side of the lining and hem it down. Cut the band in two pieces, twelve and a half inches long, joined in the centre of the back. The band is two inches wide, allowing one inch for the turnings at both edges. There are two plaits in the fronts of the knickerbockers, as shown in Fig. 3; two towards the back, as shown in Fig. 4. Both turn towards the middle. Set on a false piece of tweed, nine inches long, no turnings allowed, one and a quarter inches wide. It is placed on from A to B, Fig. 3. The band is lined with a strip of black twill. Then this false piece is lined. The tweed is left with a raw edge from A to B, but the lining turned in and hemmed to it. A strip of lining is cut like Fig. 6, the edge of the front, D to C, Fig. 3, turned in, and the lining stitched on at the back. Not only are the backs joined from I to J, Fig. 2, but the fronts also an inch up. In Fig. 3, pass the side D and cover A and B, and stitch it down across at E. Make a half-inch hem at the bottom of each leg, and run in an elastic.

Under drawers are always worn by boys. Cut these of pretty good longcloth—as they have a good deal of wear upon them—but not of an over fine quality, as they are not seen. Cut them by the knickerbocker patterns, but not with a join down the outside, as those have. Tack the back and front paper pattern together down the straight part, and cut from the united piece. Make no allowance for a hem at the knees, as they are required shorter than the knickerbockers. Run and fell each leg together very neatly at the parts marked E to D, in Fig. 1, and also at the sloping edge, but not the front. Cut a slit from A to F; it is just as well to have it plenty long enough, for then the garment is less liable to be torn. Put in little gussets at the corners, and a false hem or a tape run on the right side, and turned down and hemmed on the wrong side. The front from C to E is also bound with a false hem. These drawers are set in three bands, one each side of the front, and one behind. They button to the braces, which boys of this

age wear. Some people prefer to make the two legs entirely separate. They are then cut a couple of inches wider from I to J in Fig. 2, but not in any other part, so that here they may wrap an inch over; the band buttons well over. A single button is sufficient between C and E, Fig. 1, for under drawers. All the false hems should be cut on the straight.

Fig. 1 is the front half of one of the legs; Fig. 2, the back half of the same leg. It should be noticed that Fig. 2 is much broader at the seat than Fig. 1. The proper sit of the knickerbocker depends on observing this. We recommend any one making from this pattern, having cut it in paper, to cut it out of some waste lining, and run it together, having a couple of inches turned in at every part. Run it slightly to a band. Cut it on the child, and take in or let out the pattern of any part that requires alteration. Even children's patterns vary considerably.

Many of the knickerbocker suits for little boys are made without any elastic at the knees; they are worn merely loose, and are trimmed round with a braid. Others are cut open a little way at the outside of the knee, the corners of the opening rounded off, and a braid trimming carried round half an inch within the edge. The braid meets, of course, above the opening, and it should be carried a little further up the outside of the leg, in a fancy pattern, such as may be formed with loops, the upper one the smallest, or a couple of vandykes.

CROCHET CORSETS,

FOR GIRLS FROM EIGHT TO TEN YEARS OLD.

THESE corsets are worked with coarse white knitting cotton in single crochet over a foundation of coarse white dress cord, always going backward and forward, and inserting the needle



under the two upper veins of the stitches. Beginning at the left back edge of the corsets, make a foundation of about 88 stitches. In the original this foundation is eight inches and a half long. On this foundation work seven

rounds of single crochet, forming the eyelet-holes in the third round; to do this pass over 3 stitches of the preceding round after intervals of 6 stitches; in place of the 3 stitches work 3 stitches over the foundation only. Besides this widen 1 stitch at the under edge of the corsets in the third and seventh rounds. After the seventh round begin the first gore at the under edge. Each gore consists of two inserted rounds worked on a certain number of stitches of the last round. The first gore is worked on 36 stitches of the 7th round; work the last 4 stitches of the first inserted round without a foundation; after the last stitch of the round 1 chain, with which turn to second round of the gore. The first 4 stitches of this round are also worked without a foundation. Now work one round on the entire length of the corsets, and then the first upper gore. This is worked on 28 stitches of the eighth round in the same manner as the under gore. Work the 9th-16th rounds along the entire length of the corsets, widening 1 stitch four times at the under edge of the corsets. Now work the second upper gore on 30 stitches. Work the 17th round on the entire length of the corsets, then the second under gore on 36 stitches. Work the 18th-23d rounds on the entire length, in doing which widen 1 stitch three times at the under edge of the corsets. In the 24th round, in order to form the arm-hole, do not work on the last 16 stitches of the 23d

corsets; at the end of the 42d round work 4 chain stitches, in order to lengthen it in correspondence with the other side of the arm-hole; at the beginning of the next round pass over the last of these 4 chain stitches, and on each of the remaining 3 chain stitches work 1 single crochet. In like manner lengthen the 44th round by 16 stitches. Work the 45th-47th rounds on the entire length of the corsets. At the under edge widen as before. After the 47th round work the fourth under gore on 44 stitches; after the 52d and 56th the third and fourth upper gore, each on 36 stitches; after the 57th round the fifth under gore; after the 58th, 62d, and 64th rounds work the fifth, sixth, and seventh upper gores. Work the 65th-71st rounds on the entire length. The 71st round forms the middle of the corsets. Work the second half of the corsets in the manner described for the first half and in connection with it. On the upper edge of the corsets work a round of single crochet, and then sew on the shoulder-straps, which consist of two bands worked in single crochet, each five inches and a half long and an inch and a quarter wide.

WHAT-NOT, FOR PAPERS, ETC.

THE case itself is made of two pieces of thick card-board, straight at the top and rounded at the bottom, the front piece being about two inches broader at the top than the back. The



round, and in this and each of the following twenty rounds (25th-44th rounds) next to the arm-hole work 6 stitches without the foundation. In the 26th round do not work on the last 3 stitches of the preceding round; after the 27th round work the third under gore on 38 stitches. Work the 28th-37th on the entire length, in doing which widen 1 stitch four times at the under edge of the corsets; now the fourth under gore on 40 stitches. Work the 38th-42d rounds on the entire length of the

back is covered on both sides with light gray Cashmere, the front with dark outside and light inside. Sew back and front together, and put a dark worsted cord over the seam. Now prepare the trimming for the front, which consists of five rounded pieces of light brown Cashmere, lined with brown glazed calico, bound with dark brown silk braid, and trimmed with rows of narrow braid; the middle piece is nine inches long, the others a little shorter. Sew the pieces together on the wrong side, and

then place the scallops thus formed over the front, stitching the edge down inside, covering the stitches with a double ruche of brown ribbon, so that half the ruche stands above the edge, and sew on a cord and tassel between the divisions of the scallops. Two brass rings covered with brown silk serve to hang the what-not against the wall.

HOLDER FOR HATS.

MADE of walnut, with a piece of embroidery done in silk on scarlet cloth. Fig. 2 shows the pattern full working size.

BASKET FOR BALL OF WOOL OR COTTON.

(See Engravings, Page 368.)

MADE of pasteboard, and covered with embroidered cloth, finished with a fringe of white beads. The basket opens in the centre, cords passing through each part, finished with tassels. There is an opening in the top of the basket for the ball of wool to pass through.

RUCHE TRIMMING FOR DRESSES, ETC.

(See Engraving, Page 368.)

THIS new and effective trimming is made by drawing the cross threads out of any woollen or silk material.

In drawing out the threads, arrange the loose stripes to correspond with the quilled

folds, and fold the heading to the required breadth.

The entire trimming is five inches broad; the fringed-out part is three-quarters of an inch broad; the inner ruche is three inches and a half broad; the fringe is a trifle narrower than that of the outer ruche. A fine cord, braid, or narrow velvet may be laid over the stitches that fasten down the box plaits, if desirable.

Fig. 1.—Holder for Hats.



Fig. 2.—Holder for Hats.

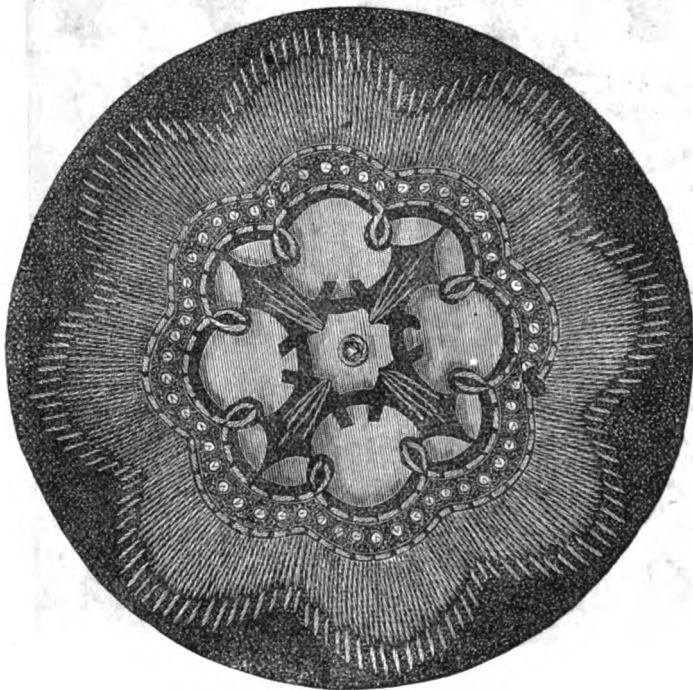




Fig. 1.—Basket for Ball of Wool or Cotton (Closed).
(See Page 367.)

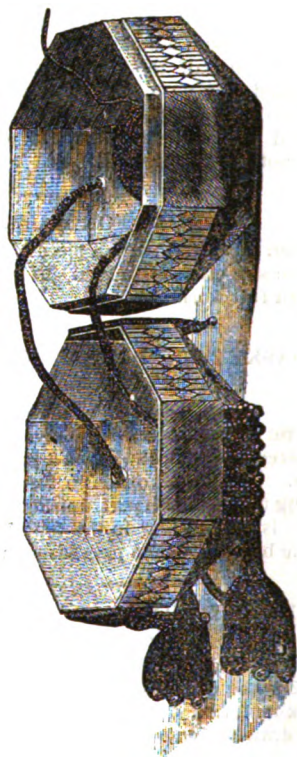


Fig. 2.—Basket (Open).



Ruche Trimming for Dresses.—(See page 367.)

Receipts, &c.

HEALTH AND COMFORT IN THE SLEEPING ROOMS.

THE practice of constantly washing a bedroom floor is very objectionable. It should be frequently swept, and when water is necessary, let it be thoroughly scoured with soap and soda early in the day, and the windows opened to dry it, or a fire lighted, if needful, in winter. Sleeping in a damp room may bring on rheumatic symptoms. Many persons constantly have the bedroom floors wetted over, without scouring them. This does not clean them. It merely damps the dust which always accumulates between the boards, and is more likely to bring insects than prevent them, besides the risk of giving cold. Some means should always be taken to stop the draught which constantly comes under the doors of uncarpeted bedrooms, and is very frequently the unsuspected cause of chilblains in young persons, which occasion pain and often loss of time. No doubt uncarpeted rooms, as a rule, are healthiest; but some persons of delicate health and invalids require the warmth afforded by a complete carpeting of the sleeping chamber, for sometimes a strong draught comes up between the boards of a room. A case occurred of a young lady who suffered from a bronchial affection for some time. She slept in a room without curtains, and with a movable strip of carpet only. She was induced to entirely carpet her room, and add curtains to the window and head of the bedstead, and she entirely lost her cough and chest pain from that time. In very severe weather, some firing is desirable in sleeping-rooms, especially for young children and old persons, and those of weak or susceptible constitutions. Many who are subject to chest affections or rheumatism will keep entirely free from any illness during winter by simply having a fire in the bedroom and good blankets. It is not necessary to make the room unduly warm, but the fire should be lit an hour or more before the sleeper retires to the chamber, to prevent a chill. Many persons suffer chronic illness, and spend a fortune on doctors, merely from neglecting to take such care of themselves as the comparative weakness of their constitution may require. It is necessary to guard against undue indulgence, of course, and those who are well without would be foolish indeed if they did not let well alone.

Some persons, especially children, experience intense drowsiness in the morning, and appear to be almost unable to wake from the close atmosphere of the room. The window thrown open for three minutes only will entirely dispel the sort of lethargy that has overcome them. A careful mother of our acquaintance used to call her daughters herself every morning. Entering their room, she used to bid them cover their heads, and throw open the windows for a minute or two; then closing them, give the signal for rising. In summer weather it is always possible to bear the windows open on rising. In winter, discretion must be used, as some persons take chill much more readily than others, and frequent colds bring on constitutional derangement.

It may seem that too much importance is attached to bed-making and bedroom comforts; but the fact is, that our nightly rest is ordained to restore the exhausted strength of the day. Deprive human beings of rest, and they lose health, strength, and even reason; disturb and render their rest but partial, and they suffer more or less in proportion. Many a person is unable to sleep at all upon an uncomfortable

bed, and those who do sleep, dream, and wake weary and unrefreshed. After a time health flags, the doctor is consulted, drugs are taken, and expense incurred, perhaps all to no purpose. And all this simply because, partly from ignorance and partly from laziness, the mistress of the house has permitted her assistants to neglect their duties. Considering that we pass at least a third of our time in our bed-chambers, or even actually in our beds—for eight hours out of the twenty-four is not an extravagant time—it is absurd to think the convenience of such chambers is of no consequence. Another common ignorance is, to confound draughts and ventilation. Draughts are not fresh air. A draught, which is a current of cold air coming into a warmer apartment in a thin stream, levelled with all its force at one point, is sufficient to inflict injury on the part of the body it assails, but not sufficient to change the whole air in the room from foul to fair. Stop all the draughts, but admit plenty of fresh air at proper times and seasons.

It is an excellent plan, before laying down carpets, to cut strips of newspaper, make a good paste with resin, and paste the strips entirely along all the cracks of the boards. When these are dry, cover the entire floor with brown paper, layer over layer. Very wide paper in rolls can be bought at a low price a yard for the purpose. Some persons use old newspapers. The brown paper is the most effectual. This not only makes the room much more comfortable, being equal under the feet to a second carpet, but it wonderfully saves the actual wear of the carpet, which the roughness of the boards soon helps to cut out. Some persons, instead of nailing down carpets, sew round their edges a number of strong minute rings. Round the room a number of brass-headed nails are driven in, not quite flat, close to the skirting-board. The rings are looped over the nails. To make them correspond entirely, sew the rings on *one side* and at *one end* of the carpet. Lay the carpet down, and knock the nails in through the rings, fixing *one side* only. Knock in nails on the other side. Strain the carpet to meet it, put a pin as a mark where every nail comes, sew on the rings, and slip them over the nails. Then knock the nails through the rings at one of the ends, and treat the other end as you treated the second side. By the *stiles* the longest way of the carpet is meant; the ends mean the narrow way. This is a useful way of fixing a bedroom carpet, because it can so easily be removed.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Boiled Fowl and Rice.—One fowl, mutton broth, two onions, two small blades of pounded mace, pepper and salt to taste, a quarter of a pint of rice, parsley and butter. Truss the fowl as for boiling, and put it into a stewpan with sufficient clear, well-skimmed mutton broth to cover it; add the onion, mace, and a seasoning of pepper and salt; stew very gently for about one hour, should the fowl be large, and about half an hour before it is ready put in the rice, which should be well washed and soaked. When the latter is tender, strain it from the liquor, and put it on a sieve reversed to dry before the fire, and in the meantime keep the fowl hot. Dish it, put the rice round as a border, pour a little parsley and butter over the fowl, and the remainder send to table in a tureen.

Chicken Cutlets.—Remove the breast and leg bones of two chickens; cut the meat into neat pieces after having skinned it, and season the cutlets with pepper, salt, pounded mace, and Cayenne. Put the bones, trimmings, etc., into a stewpan with one pint

of water, adding two carrots, one onion, and a strip of lemon-peel; stew gently for one hour and a half, and strain the gravy. Thicken it with butter and flour, add mushroom ketchup and one egg well beaten; stir it over the fire, and bring it to the simmering point, but do not allow it to boil. In the meantime egg and bread-crum the cutlets, and give them a few drops of clarified butter; fry them a delicate brown, occasionally turning them; arrange them pyramidically on the dish, and pour over them the sauce. Ten minutes to fry the cutlets.

Dutch Sauce for Fish.—Half a teaspoonful of flour, two ounces of butter, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, the yolks of two eggs, the juice of half a lemon, salt to taste. Put all the ingredients, except the lemon-juice, into a stewpan; set it over the fire, and keep continually stirring. When it is sufficiently thick, take it off, as it should not boil. If, however, it happens to curdle, strain the sauce through a tammy, add the lemon-juice, and serve. Tarragon vinegar may be used instead of plain, and, by many, is considered far preferable.

Beefsteak and Kidney Pudding.—Two pounds of rump steak, two kidneys, seasoning to taste of salt and black pepper, suet crust made with milk, in the proportion of six ounces of suet to each pound of flour. Procure some tender rump-steak (that which has been hung a little time), and divide it into pieces about an inch square, and cut each kidney into eight pieces. Line the dish with crust made with suet and flour in the above proportion, leaving a small piece of crust to overlap the edge. Then cover the bottom with a portion of the steak and a few pieces of kidney; season with salt and pepper, and then add another layer of steak, kidney, and seasoning. Proceed in this manner till the dish is full, when pour in sufficient water to come within two inches of the top of the basin. Moisten the edges of the crust, cover the pudding over, press the two crusts together, that the gravy may not escape, and turn up the overhanging paste. Wring out a cloth in hot water, flour it, and tie up the pudding; put it into boiling water, and let it boil for at least four hours. If the water diminishes, always replenish with some, as the pudding should be kept covered all the time, and not allowed to stop boiling. When the cloth is removed, cut out a round piece in the top of the crust, to prevent the pudding bursting, and send it to table in the basin, either in an ornamental dish or with a napkin pinned round it. Serve quickly. For a pudding with two pounds of steak and two kidneys allow four hours.

Roast Loin of Veal.—Paper the kidney fat; roll in and skewer the flap, which makes the joint a good shape; dredge it well with flour, and put it down to a bright fire. Should the loin be very large, skewer the kidney back for a time to roast thoroughly. Keep it well basted, and a short time before serving remove the paper from the kidney, and allow it to acquire a nice brown color, but it should not be burnt. Have ready some melted butter, put it into the dripping-pan after it is emptied of its contents, pour it over the veal and serve. Garnish the dish with slices of lemon and forcemeat balls. A piece of toast should be placed under the kidney when the veal is dished.

Roast Neck of Veal.—Have the veal cut from the best end of the neck; dredge it with flour, and put it down to a bright clear fire; keep it well basted; dish it, pour over it some melted butter, and garnish the dish with fried forcemeat balls; send to table with a cut lemon. The scrag may be boiled or stewed in various ways, with rice, onion sauce, or parsley and butter.

To Pickle Eggs.—Sixteen eggs, one quart of vinegar, half an ounce of black pepper, half an ounce of Jamaica pepper, half an ounce of ginger. Boil the eggs for twelve minutes, then dip them into cold water, and take off the shells. Put the vinegar, with the pepper and ginger, into a stewpan, and let it simmer for ten minutes. Now place the eggs in a jar, pour over them the vinegar, etc., boiling hot, and, when cold, tie them down with a bladder to exclude the air. This pickle will be ready for use in a month.

Meat or Sausage Rolls.—Make one pound of puff paste; roll it out to the thickness of about half an inch, or rather less, and divide it into eight, ten, or twelve squares, according to the size the rolls are intended to be. Place some sausage meat on one-half of each square, wet the edges of the paste, and fold it over the meat; slightly press the edges together, and trim them neatly with a knife. Brush the rolls over with the yolk of an egg, and bake them in a well-heated oven for about half an hour, or longer should they be very large. The remains of cold chicken and ham, minced and seasoned, as also cold veal or beef, make very good rolls.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Plain Buns.—To every two pounds of flour allow six ounces of moist sugar, half a gill of yeast, half a pint of milk, half a pound of butter, warm milk. Put the flour into a basin, mix the sugar well with it, make a hole in the centre, and stir in the yeast and milk (which should be lukewarm), with enough of the flour to make it the thickness of cream. Cover the basin over with a cloth, and let the sponge rise in a warm place, which will be accomplished in about an hour and a half. Melt the butter, but do not allow it to oil; stir it into the other ingredients, with enough warm milk to make the whole into a soft dough; then mould it into buns about the size of an egg; lay them in rows quite three inches apart; set them again in a warm place, until they have risen to double their size; then put them into a good brisk oven, and just before they are done, wash them over with a little milk. From fifteen to twenty minutes will be required to bake them nicely. These buns may be varied by adding a few currants, candied peel, or caraway seeds to the other ingredients; and the above mixture answers for hot cross buns, by putting in a little ground allspice, and by pressing a tin mould in the form of a cross in the centre of the bun.

Arrowroot Biscuits or Drops.—Half a pound of butter, six eggs, half a pound of flour, six ounces of arrowroot, half a pound of pounded loaf sugar. Beat the butter to a cream; whisk the eggs to a strong froth, add them to the butter, stir in the flour a little at a time, and beat the mixture well. Break down all the lumps from the arrowroot, and add that with the sugar to the other ingredients. Mix all well together, drop the dough on a buttered tin, in pieces the size of a half-dollar, and bake the biscuits about one quarter of an hour in a slow oven.

Gingerbread Nuts.—One pound and three quarters of treacle, one pound of moist sugar, one pound of butter, two and three-quarter pounds of flour, one ounce and a half of ground ginger, one ounce and a half of allspice, one ounce and a half of coriander seeds. Let the allspice, coriander seeds, and ginger be freshly ground; put them into a basin, with the flour and sugar, and mix these ingredients well together; warm the treacle and butter together; then with a spoon work it into the flour, etc., until the whole forms a nice smooth paste. Drop the mixture from the spoon on to a piece of buttered paper, and

bake in rather a slow oven from twenty minutes to half an hour. A little candied lemon-peel mixed with the above is an improvement, and a great authority in culinary matters suggests the addition of a little cayenne pepper in gingerbread. Whether it be advisable to use this latter ingredient or not, we leave our readers to decide.

Rich Pancakes.—Six eggs, one pint of cream, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, one glass of sherry, half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, flour. Ascertain that the eggs are extremely fresh, beat them well, strain and mix with them the cream, pounded sugar, wine, nutmeg, and as much flour as will make the batter nearly as thick as that for ordinary pancakes. Make the frying-pan hot, wipe it with a clean cloth, pour in sufficient batter to make a thin pancake, and fry it for about five minutes. Dish the pancakes piled one above the other, strew sifted sugar between each, and serve.

Military Puddings.—Half a pound of suet, half a pound of bread crumbs, half a pound of moist sugar, the rind and juice of one large lemon. Chop the suet finely, mix it with the bread crumbs and sugar, and mince the lemon-rind and strain the juice; stir these into the other ingredients, mix well, and put the mixture into small buttered cups, and bake for rather more than half an hour; turn them out on the dish, and serve with lemon-sauce. The above ingredients may be made into small balls, and boiled for about half an hour; they should then be served with the same sauce as when baked.

Marmalade and Vermicelli Pudding.—One break-fastcupful of vermicelli, two tablespoonfuls of marmalade, a quarter of a pound of raisins, sugar to taste, three eggs, milk. Pour some boiling milk on the vermicelli, and let it remain covered for ten minutes; then mix with it the marmalade, stoned raisins, sugar, and beaten eggs. Stir all well together, put the mixture into a buttered mould, boil for an hour and a half, and serve with custard sauce.

ORNAMENTAL FLOWER-POT STANDS.

FOR concealing the hideous red earthenware flower-pots in which living plants are usually contained, various expedients are already in use; but none of them appear so simple and effective as some which are much employed by the ladies of Paris and other Continental cities.

These flower-pot stands are made of old cigar boxes; if the cigar box happens to be a square one, which is sometimes the case, so much the better; but, if not, the cigar box is easily pulled to pieces, the thin board of which it is composed cut to the required size with a sharp knife, the parts fastened together again with brads as before, and the corners new bound by pasting strips of gilt or colored paper over them. The stand may also be improved in appearance by gluing four small balls of turned wood upon the corners, the lower ones to serve as feet.

The unpolished wood of which cigar boxes are made forms a very agreeable background to this peculiar method of decoration employed, which we are about to describe. Holes are bored through the sides of the box with a gimlet; and, if desired to render the pattern more intricate, smaller ones can also be bored with a bradawl, and through these holes wool is worked with a needle. In this manner a great variety of rectilinear patterns may be formed; all others being, of course, impossible; and by selecting the colors with judgment admirable effects may be produced. It is usual to conceal the larger holes by small bosses or rosettes of wool, and fastening them on the inner side at the completion of the work. In Paris we have seen the cigar box work

further enriched by the addition of silver-plated or brass-headed nails, and other simple ornamentation readily suggests itself.

CONTRIBUTED.

MR. GODEY: In reply to your oft-repeated inquiry for household receipts that have been tried, I offer the following series of puddings:—

Bird's-Nest Pudding.—Take eight or ten pleasant-tasting apples, pare and core, leaving them whole; place in a pudding-dish; fill the cores with sugar and a little grated nutmeg. Then make a custard, allowing five eggs to a quart of milk, and sweetened to taste. Pour this over the apples, and bake about half an hour.

Baked Vermicelli Pudding.—Simmer four ounces of vermicelli in a pint of milk for ten minutes, then put in a gill of cream, a spoonful of powdered cinnamon, four ounces of warm butter, the same of sugar, and the yolks of four eggs well beaten. Bake in a dish without a lining. It is a splendid pudding.

Hunter's Pudding.—Mix one pound of suet, one of flour, one of currants, one of raisins. Sultanas are the best. Chop them a little, shred the rind of half a lemon as fine as possible, six black peppers powdered, four eggs, a little salt, a glass of brandy, and a little milk to make a nice thickness. Boil in a mould or cloth for eight hours. It will keep for six months after it is boiled, if hung up in the same cloth when it is cold, and boiled one hour when it is used.

College Pudding.—Make a paste as follows: Five ounces of flour, one of ground rice, two of sifted loaf-sugar, and six of fresh butter, well rubbed together; moisten with the yolks of two fresh eggs beaten with the juice of half a lemon; knead; then roll out the sixth of an inch thick; ornament the edge by clipping it in notches with a paste-cutter. Spread the bottom half an inch thick with any kind of sweetmeats, jams, or marmalade. Blanch and pound three ounces of sweet and six bitter almonds; mix with them six ounces of sifted sugar and four of dissolved fresh butter; add the beaten yolks of six eggs with two tablespoonfuls of brandy, and the whites of three eggs beaten to a froth. Beat the mixture for ten minutes, pour it over the fruit, and bake in a quick oven for an hour and a quarter.

Trifle Pudding.—Prepare the mould, and fill it with the same ingredients as for trifle, taking care that the wine is well soaked before adding to the custard. Steam or bake thirty minutes. The sides and tops of these puddings may be ornamented with cut angelica, hops, or candied orange or lemon-peel, in any fanciful design you please, and they may be served with any kind of wine sauce.

Carrot Pudding.—Mix in a bowl half a pound of flour, half a pound of chopped suet, three-quarters of a pound of grated carrot, a quarter of a pound of raisins stoned, a quarter of a pound of currants, and a quarter of a pound of sugar, brown or sifted white. Place these in a mould or dish, beat up two whole eggs, the yolks of four in a gill of milk, grate a little nutmeg in it, and add it to the former; bake or steam forty-five minutes.

Economical Pudding.—Take two tablespoonfuls of rice, put it into a small saucepan with as much water as the rice will absorb. When boiled enough, add a pinch of salt; then set it by the fire until the rice is quite soft and dry. Throw it up in a dish, add two ounces of butter, four tablespoonfuls of tapioca, a pint and a half of milk, sugar to the taste, a little grated nutmeg, and two eggs beaten up. Let it all be well stirred together, and baked an hour.

Mrs. J. B.

Editors' Table.

COWPER AND LADY AUSTEN.

THE mental difference of the sexes is happily shown in the interesting article upon Cowper, with which an author in *Blackwood*, in whose style we recognize Mrs. Oliphant, begins a series of papers on English poets. The article gives in the compass of twenty pages a more vivid and, we think, a truer notion of the gentle valetudinarian, both in his strength and his weakness, than any of his large Biographies; but we call our readers' attention to it mainly because of the paragraphs which describe Lady Austen. We venture to recall to such as may have forgotten the details of Cowper's life, that in 1781 he was "a poor invalid recluse, with a shadow of madness and misery about him," whose reputation lay in the future, and who was known to the country-side as a man incompetent for the ordinary duties of life. He was living with Mrs. Unwin at Olney, supported and soothed by her faithful care, when Lady Austen came to spend the summer near by. They were pleased with each other at first sight, and the acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy. In the autumn of 1782 she established herself in the vicarage of Olney.

"Cowper has given a hundred little sketches of their conjoint life. He went every day at eleven to pay his respects to his neighbor; and they always dined together, and spent the rest of the day after that early meal in each other's society. There can be but little doubt that it was the happiest time in Cowper's life. She talked to him, sang to him, told him stories, threw into his monotonous existence all the variety of her cheerful experiences and superior knowledge of life. She had 'infinite vivacity,' he says, in one place; and at another describes an exquisite susceptibility of feeling which makes her altogether charming. He quotes and refers to her in his letters with a mingled pride and admiration. It was as if some brilliant southern bird of brightest plumage had suddenly alighted between those two brown old sparrows in their narrow cage. They were dazzled, delighted, proud of her fashion, her accomplishments, her affection. When he was sad, she told him the story of John Gilpin, which amused him so much that he could not sleep all night for laughing. When his work had all come to an end, and he was, as usual, waiting for some suggestion to work upon, she gave that of the Sofa, and thus laughingly, gently launched 'The Task' into being. All the chains of ice that had been bound about the poet's mind and faculties seem to have been loosed under her influence. He ran over all the gamut of composition, from grave to gay, at her touch; now writing the lamentable yet merry episode of 'Poor Mary and Me in the Mud,' now knelling that dirge for the brave which has made many a nineteenth-century reader aware of the fragile fate of the Royal George. In short, Lady Austen seems to have played upon the poet as upon her harpsichord, swaying his fancy and moving his genius almost as she pleased."

Never was there a better instance of what we have always upheld in these pages as the rightful work of woman. Not to go down into the arena herself, into the dust, and heat, and turmoil, where mere strength counts for so much that she must always be at a disadvantage, but to remain where the decrees of Nature and of Providence seem to have placed her—in

the household, the family, the social circle, or, if these fail her, the dwellings of the poor. If Lady Austen, instead of stimulating Cowper to his work, and directing his intellect into channels of thought and of imagination which his weakened will could neither reach nor follow without her; if she had busied herself in men's work, or even in the honorable toils of authorship, the world would have lost a poet, and Cowper an enduring fame, while her own efforts would hardly have made a ripple in the stream. It is only the select few among women who can scale the heights of literature, but each may be the presiding divinity of a household—may soothe and comfort the sick and weary, help the weakened mind, and, by a quick and happy suggestion, give the impulse to labor that may result in greatness and permanent usefulness among men.

HINTS ON LANGUAGE.—NO. 5.

WORDS WANTED.

SELF-CONCERN is as apt to cling to nations as to individuals, and in either case it is likely enough to originate in some absurd self-delusion. We see an instance in the assertion so often made that certain excellences of the English race are displayed in its language, which alone, we are told, possesses words to express the ideas of home and comfort—a clear evidence, as we are led to understand, that those who speak this language are pre-eminent for their domestic virtues. One can imagine a French or Italian writer retorting the argument with much force. "It is evident," he might say, "that the communities of English race are devoid of *bonhomie* and of *esprit de corps*; that they have no *connoisseurs* of the fine arts, nor even any *amateurs*; they have no *bon ton*, and, of course, no *beau monde* and no *élite* of society; in art, they know nothing of *chiaroscuro* or *mezzo tinto*; they have no *belles lettres*, which is not surprising, as they have among them neither *littérateurs* nor *savants*; their forts have no *chevaux de frise* and no *abatis*; and their railroads have neither *dépôts* nor *termini*. Their poverty is evident, from the fact that they have no *millionaires* among them; and their dullness is apparent, from the circumstance that they do not understand *badinage*, and never make *bon mots*."

By the time our critic had arrived at this point, we should probably be willing to surrender at discretion, and to admit him and his nation to a share in those "comforts" of "home" which we had been disposed to monopolize, on the strength of an over-hasty inference. But, pursuing the subject a little further, and with more seriousness, we shall see that the great number of foreign words which are in frequent use among writers and speakers of the English language afford evidence of a real deficiency, not indeed in ideas, but in capacity of expression. This remark does not refer to those Latin, French, and Greek words which have been incorporated in the English speech, and which constitute a great part of its wealth and power, but to those which are still regarded and treated as foreign terms, which retain their original pronunciation or syntax, which give rise to no English derivations, and, in place of adding to the actual riches of the language, serve rather to disclose its poverty. Besides those terms which have been already quoted, take, for example,

such words and phrases from the French as *ennui*, *empressment*, *éclat*, *fracas*, *tout ensemble*, *début*, *régime*, *récit*, *bivouac*, *ricochet*, *échelon*, *débris*, *embonpoint*, *boudoir*, *coterie*, *chaperon*, *finesse*, *sobriquet*, *façade*, *crevasse*, *jet d'eau*, *coup d'œil*; from the Italian, *bravura*, *libretto*, *fiasco*, *virtuoso*, *lazzaroni*, *cicerone*, *chiaroscuro*, *alto rilievo*, *basso rilievo*, *prima donna*, *setto voce*, *con amore*; from the Spanish, *rancho*, *adobe*, *cañon*, *siesta*, *armada*, *camarilla*; from the Latin, *formula*, *nebula*, *alumnus*, *tumulus*, *genus*, *stratum*, *arcenum*, *ultimatum*, *erratum*, *verbatim*, *vis*, *alias*, *vice versa*, *sine die*, *sui generis*, *ex officio*, *de facto*, *pro rata*. These are but a few of the many foreign words which are frequently used in common speech and writing among us. Every one of these expressions indicates an actual want of the English language, which has really no other way of denoting the exact idea thus signified, except it be by a circumlocution. The German and other Teutonic tongues supply the place of such words by native compounds, which those languages frame much more readily than the English. The French and the other languages of Southern Europe borrow largely from each other and from the Latin; but they, so to speak, adopt and naturalize the borrowed words, making them conform to the genius and pronunciation of the language into which they are introduced. They do the same with English words, and amuse us, while they spare their organs of speech, by converting "roast beef" into *rosbif*, and "beef-steak" into *bifték*. We have seldom the courage to do anything of the sort. A few foreign words do occasionally put on an English or half-English orthography. *Deshabille* is sometimes spelt and pronounced "dishabille," *cañon* is often spelt "canyon," *etiquette* is occasionally reduced to "etiquet." But these are rare instances. For the most part, as has been said, these foreign terms retain not merely their original pronunciation, as far as we can give it, but also the syntax of the languages of which they are devoid. The plural of *tableau vivant* remains, as in French, *tableaux vivants*; *arcenum* has in the plural *arcana*, *nebula* makes *nebulae*, and *genus genera*, as in the original Latin. As to the pronunciation, its correctness will depend upon the chance of the reader being conversant with the language from which the word is taken. If he is not acquainted with it, what he will learn from the dictionaries will often be little better than a caricature of the true utterance. To one, for example, who is not familiar with French, a "pronouncing dictionary" can give only a very remote idea of the way in which such words as *ennui*, *naiveté*, *coup d'œil*, and *débutant* should be pronounced.

As the majority of readers understand no language but their own, judicious writers will eschew foreign words whenever their use can possibly be avoided. They will follow the precept and example of Cæsar, who is declared by one of the most eminent writers on Roman history (Professor Mommsen) to have been "in the department of language the greatest master of his time," and who enjoined that "in speech and writing every foreign word should be avoided, as rocks are avoided by the mariner." The best writers of English, it may be added, from Addison to Irving, have followed this rule, and have managed to express their ideas in their native tongue. We should remember that the conceptions of the mind are infinite in number and variety, and if every conception is to be expressed by a distinct word, it might be said with perfect truth that all the dictionaries which were ever compiled would not contain them. In practice, however, we are accustomed to allow one word to denote many shades of thought, according to the context, and we must often be content to em-

ploy a circumlocution when a single word cannot be found to express our meaning. To resort to words from another language, except, perhaps, as technical terms in a scientific treatise, evinces either a defective mastery of our own tongue, or a lack of that inventiveness which other nations possess. Why should our railway companies compel the public to speak of a "depot" with a mongrel pronunciation, half French and half English? Why should an American diplomatist be known by the outlandish designation of a *chargé d'affaires*, to the great perplexity of members of Congress, whose education in foreign tongues has been neglected? And why must ordinary English readers continually stumble over such expressions as *attachés*, *employés*, *cartes de visite*, *vis inertie*, *pro tempore*, *viva voce*, *zollverein*, *conversazione*, with often a dubious conception of their meaning, and a still more misty notion of their pronunciation? If English words are needed, as seems to be the case, for the precise meaning which these exotic terms express, our scholars ought to have sufficient talent and taste to supply the want. N.

A HOUSEHOLD DISCOVERY.

A CORRESPONDENT of a scientific paper, the *Builder*, announces a singular fact. He has had occasion for several years to examine rooms occupied by women for manufacturing purposes, and he has observed that while the workers in one room would be very cheerful and healthy, the occupiers of a similar room, who were employed on the same kind of work, were all "inclined to melancholy, and complained of pain in the forehead and eyes, and were often ill and unable to work." The only difference which he could discover in the rooms was that the one occupied by the healthy and happy workers was wholly whitewashed, and that occupied by the melancholy workers was colored with yellow ochre. As soon as the difference struck him, he had the yellow ochre washed off, and the walls whitened. At once an improvement took place in the health and spirits of the occupiers. He pursued his observations and experiments, not only in large manufactories, but also in small apartments and garrets; and he invariably found that the occupants of such quarters, when these were colored yellow or buff, were less healthy than their neighbors in whitened rooms, and that when the yellow hue disappeared, the low spirits and ill health went with it.

He did not, apparently, extend his observations to other colors, which is to be regretted. But it is something to know what may be in many cases the cause of the despondency and megrims which come upon people so unaccountably. The young husband who brings his happy bride home to their pleasant cottage is surprised to find her in a few days depressed and drooping. She cannot explain the cause of the dejection, which troubles her and perplexes him. Anxious fears bewilder his mind. What a relief if he only knew that it all came from that elegant buff wall paper which seemed to make the winter sitting-room so warm and cosy. Or the children of a neighborhood return from school pallid, and complaining of headaches. The school-building is spacious and airy; the teachers are kind; the studies are not too hard, nor the hours too long. No one suspects that the origin of the trouble is that brilliant yellow wash, with which the trustees, in their liberality, have made the walls of the school rooms resplendent.

It is only of late that the importance of light, air, and drainage for the healthfulness of our dwellings and public buildings has come to be fully understood. And now we seem to have a new element introduced, that of color, which requires equal attention. It is

not to be supposed, however, that white is the only hue of health. Nature herself teaches otherwise. She hangs over us, at all seasons, a roof of blue, flecked with gray. She spreads under our feet in summer a carpet of green, and only during a few months of winter, in certain latitudes, covers the landscape with whiteness. The whole subject is one of great interest, and our natural philosophers who may investigate it, and ascertain the influence of the various colors on health, will do a good work, and make some valuable additions to the laws of sanitary science and household management.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

SOME MEMORIES OF GOOD WOMEN.—A series of "Memories of Distinguished Authors," by Mrs. S. C. Hall, supplies us with some agreeable reminiscences, furnished chiefly by the graceful pen of Mrs. Hall, of three noble women, eminent for many excellences. It is deserving of notice that in each case the traits which are dwelt upon most earnestly are not their intellectual powers, but their kindness, courtesy, and domestic virtues.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

Thus of Maria Edgeworth, we are told that the library in which she wrote became the general sitting-room of the family. "It was the room in which she did nearly all her work—not only that which was to gratefully and instruct the world, but that which, in a measure, regulated the household—the domestic duties, that were subjects of her continual thought." As to the manner in which she performed her duties of hostess, Mrs. Hall tells us: "She was an early riser, and had much work done before breakfast. Every morning during our stay at Edgeworthstown she had gathered a bouquet of roses, which she placed beside my plate at the table, while she was always careful to refresh the vase that stood in our chamber; and she invariably examined my feet after a walk, to see that damp had not induced danger; 'popping' in and out of our room with some kind inquiry, some thoughtful suggestion, or to show some object that she knew would give pleasure. It is," adds Mrs. Hall, "to such small courtesies as these that we owe much of the happiness of life. Maria Edgeworth seemed never weary of thought that could make those about her happy."

MISS OPLE.

Another of these pleasant memories relates to Amelia Ople. Of this sweet-tempered Quaker authoress no one will be surprised to learn that "her bounties were large, and her charities were incessant." But it is not generally known that in "conjunction with Mrs. Fry, another of the earth's excellents, she conceived the idea of reforming the internal management of hospitals and infirmaries;" and that, as a result, a project was actually set on foot, in 1829, of an institution for the purpose of educating a better class of persons as nurses for the poor. In society, Mrs. Ople was charming, not merely for her agreeable manners and lively conversation, but especially as being "a good listener," an amiable accomplishment, without which, we are told, she could never have been so universally popular as she was.

MRS. FRY.

Of Elizabeth Fry's labors for the improvement of what was then the most wretched class of all—the women in English prisons—the world already knows much; but it is interesting to learn that these labors were steadily carried on "amidst the admirably performed duties of domestic life, followed, as years advanced, by trials that the world calls 'bitter.'" If there are to be found anywhere, women of the Mrs.

Jellyby stamp, who in their philanthropic or literary labors neglect the claims of their domestic or social circle—a point about which there seems more doubt in real life than in novels and satires—it is certainly not in the illustrious class to which the names of Edgeworth, Ople, and Fry belong that they are to be sought.

EXTRACT from an address of Mrs. Annie Wittemyer, of Philadelphia, before the conference, "On the Claims of Preventive and Reformatory Schools for Girls upon the Sympathies and Benefactions of Women:"

"1st. As a defensive measure. There is a community of interests in human society, an interdependence of necessities that bind us all in a common compact. As in the human body the hand may not say to the foot, 'I have no need of thee—suffer thou alone,' but the disease of one member involves all the other members; so, in the social system, the degradation and moral disease of any one class implicates and endangers all other classes.

"We may look with apathy upon the vicious tendencies of the age, and the increase of crime in our midst, but the effect will be none the less fatal. Startling revelations of the nearness of the most abandoned and dangerous classes, and their power over life and property, are being heralded over the land daily. Less than two years ago a steamer crowded with passengers left Cincinnati for Louisville. The ladies' cabin was filled with richly-dressed, cultivated women. Doubtless not one among the brilliant company thought of the poor, degraded 'firemen' below deck, whose faces, besmeared with dust and soot, were as black as the coal they were shoveling. But nevertheless they were fluked with them in a common fate, and the men below held the balances of life and death. In their filth and drunkenness they sat down upon the floor with a pack of cards. A tallow candle afforded the needed light. They saw it not, but death played with them and won the game. In a row that followed the candle was overturned and set fire to a bale of hay: the flames spread to other bales and to the coal oil with which the boat was heavily laden. A fearful explosion ensued, and in a moment the steamer was a blazing wreck.

"There is no safety anywhere. There is no defence against the criminal classes but in preventive measures. Society may trample them down and try to crush them out with its iron heel of justice, but it will tread on scorpions that sting unto the death. The foundations of human society must be laid in virtue and purity to be secure. Bars and bolts will not protect us. Massive doors may be unlocked by very little keys; so our strongest bars and bolts may be drawn back by very little hands. But there are other and more important interests to consider. There is nothing so dear to a true woman as the sanctity of her home and the purity of her household. Other things may be valuable, but to her these are priceless; 'more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold.' And a woman is just so much less than a true woman who does not hold the sanctity of her home and the purity of her children dearer than life itself. But we look out upon society to find the air thick with pestilential influences, so that we may as well think of sending our children into a smallpox hospital before vaccination, and expect them to escape infection, as to think of sending them out into our streets and highways, where the atmosphere is reeking with social miasma, and expect them to resist the corrupting power of moral contagion.

"It is important then, as a defensive measure, that we purify the moral atmosphere around us. And the inherent love of purity in her nature will lead every true woman to engage heartily in this work."

A NEW "SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES" will open on September 20, at No. 1899 Logan Square, Philadelphia, under the charge of Miss S. A. Scull and Miss J. Pindell. Both of these ladies have had a long experience in teaching, and from personal acquaintance we can testify to the thoroughness of their attainments and the high character which they preside. The prospectus of the new school is very promising, and its terms moderate. We wish and expect for it great success.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "By the Sea"—"Harry Allison"—"Found Dead"—"The Tear"—"Floating on the Waves"—"A Wreck in a Woman's Life"—"Old Trinity's Dead"—"September"—"A Christmas Tribute"—"Charade, Library"—"Whisperings of the Sea"—"Words"—"Going to Narragansett"—and "On Safely Passing the La Chine Rapids."

The following are declined: "Star of My Love, Queen of My Heart"—"Amo"—"Our Tan Terrier"—"Poor Tom's Trials"—"Clide Clifton"—"Rain in Summer"—"Caught in Her Own Trap"—and "The Dream is Past."

"A. C. G. Memory." You sent no stamp for a reply.

"Benó Bush." We wrote you a letter addressed Hamilton, Ohio. It was returned to us by the post-master as not called for.

"Pearl Braxton." Will the author write to us?

NOTICE.—Manuscripts must in all cases be accompanied with the name and address of the authors, and stamps for their return, if not accepted. The utmost care will be taken and all possible expedition used with regard to them; but it must be understood that the editor is not responsible should a MS. be mislaid or lost.

Health Department.

BY DR. CHARLES P. UHLE.

WOUNDS AND INJURIES.

(Conclusion from last month.)

Poisoned wounds must be treated in accordance to the peculiar nature of the virus. A bee sting or wasp sting is usually easily relieved by the application of some stimulating remedy, as spirits of ammonia or camphor. Turpentine is also an excellent application. In those cases in which the system becomes affected, immediate recourse should be had to internal stimulants, as brandy and water or any spirituous liquor. If the insect has passed into the throat, and swelling and impending suffocation ensue, the application of leeches to the neck and throat is usually attended with relief.

Wounds from the bite of a dog or the human subject should be treated upon the same general principles as ordinary contused or incised wounds. The parts, however, should be freely bathed and cleansed with salt and water, to remove any saliva and other matter that may have been deposited, and a poultice of bread and milk, and laudanum applied.

Snake bites are sometimes received by children, and it is an unfortunate thing to happen, for there is not a remedy known that is in any ways reliable or successful in their treatment. The first thing that should be done, and the best as far as the parts are concerned, is to constrict the limb as tightly as possible above the wound, and then to cut away the flesh for a considerable distance around the parts, including, of course, the bitten parts themselves. This should be immediately followed by draughts of whiskey, diluted with water, or other alcoholic stimulant, in quantities large enough to produce considerable intoxication. The wound, also, may be washed in whiskey, and this is about all that can be done.

Poisonous spiders and other insects also at times inflict wounds upon children; and the best thing to be done under the circumstances is to bathe the injury freely with spirituous liquor, and administer the same internally.

One thing that mothers should guard against in

the attention to the little injuries of children, is the tendency of doing too much, and in this way doing actual injury. No error is more common in the experience of domestic practice than this. It should always be remembered that it is nature that heals an injury, and not the attention, however assiduously it may be applied, that is given it. Only such attention, therefore, as is calculated to assist in the healing process should be resorted to, and then everything will result satisfactorily. It is a very common practice among certain classes of people in every instance of injury or considerable abrasion of the skin to resort to sticking plaster as a remedy peculiarly adapted to their treatment. This they melt by the aid of heat, plaster it on a piece of rag, and bind it over the injury. A more barbarous and empirical course of proceedings could hardly be hatched up by the most ignorant and uncivilized race of human beings on the face of the earth. If a farmer should plant a hill of corn, and then in his eagerness to protect it from harm should carefully lay over it a couple of gravestones, he would be doing for the good of his corn just what people are doing for the good of an injury when they plaster on this abominable mixture. It is just as much out of place, except when the wound is disposed to inflammation, as a dose of peppermint would be for the earache, and it annoys us to see any one make use of it.

Another error is, on the opposite, the habit of doing too little, for fear of hurting the child, or making the injury worse. This is sometimes pardonable, but then it is best at all times to give things every advantage that is possible, even though it is accomplished with a momentary pain or inconvenience.

Literary Notices.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

GOLDEN GRAINS. By Emilie M. Kiehl. The value which attaches to this book is due to a photograph of the author, which serves as a frontispiece, and which shows the reader a lady of more than ordinary personal attractions. The poetry would be more properly denominated "chaff," as it is commonplace in sentiment and idea, and faulty in construction.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

HAREM LIFE IN EGYPT AND CONSTANTINOPLE. By Emmeline Lott, late Governess to his Highness the Grand Pacha Ibrahim, son of his Highness Ismael Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt. The author says of her work: "It was reserved to an humble individual like myself to become the unheard-of instance in the annals of the Turkish Empire of residing within those *foci* of intrigue, the Imperial and Vice-regal harems of Turkey and Egypt; and thus an opportunity has been afforded me of, Asmodeus-like, lifting that impenetrable veil, to accomplish which has hitherto baffled all the exertions of Eastern travellers. The object of the following work is to disclose to European society 'Life in the Harems of Egypt and Constantinople.' It has been my aim to give a concise yet impartial and sympathetic account of the daily life of the far-famed Odalisques of the nineteenth century, those mysterious impersonifications of eastern loveliness."

THE SOWER'S REWARD. By the author of "Mary Powell." A quietly told English story, whose scene is laid in the south of France, and which makes us acquainted with many pleasant localities and agreeable people.

EDMOND DANTES. *A Sequel to the "Count of Monte Christo."* By Alexander Dumas.

THE IRON MASK. Fourth Series of "The Three Guardsmen." By Alexander Dumas.

From HENRY C. LEA, Philadelphia:—
THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. Assisted by L. Minis Hays, M. D. July, 1871.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFPELFINGER and LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE SECOND, called *Frederick the Great*. By John S. C. Abbott, author of "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte," etc. With illustrations. A career like that of Frederick the Great savors more of romance than reality. So full is it of events and incidents that Carlyle has found a history of it sufficient to fill six volumes of over five hundred closely-printed pages each. But such a work is too voluminous for general reading. Mr. Abbott has condensed into a volume of over five hundred large octavo pages the most interesting and important features of his life and reign. It is a book which will give the reader a tolerably accurate knowledge of Frederick the Great, and supply him with the main facts concerning Prussia at a period when it was just being transformed from an insignificant principality into a nation of rank and importance; when, in fact, the foundations were being laid for the power and magnitude which it has since assumed.

REINDEER, DOGS, AND SNOWSHOES. *A Journal of Siberian Travel and Explorations, made in the Year 1865, 1866, and 1867.* By Richard J. Bush, late of the Russo-American Telegraph Expedition. With illustrations. This record of travels is not undertaken in the interests of science. The writing of the volume was not even contemplated at the time of the expedition. But the many incidents which naturally belonged to journeyings through Siberian wilds, the new scenes, the strange, uncouth people, and the many objects of interest which came under the observation of the traveller have, aided by the urgent solicitations of friends, seemed to justify him in making public his adventures. The pictures are none of them fancy sketches, but are most of them copied from drawings made by the author. The book is an entertaining one, and deserves a place in the department of travel in every library.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. Compiled from Family Letters and Reminiscences by his Great-Granddaughter, Sarah N. Randolph. Says the author of this book: "I do not in this volume write of Jefferson either as of the great man or of the statesman. My object is only to give a faithful picture of him as he was in private life—to show that he was, as I have been taught to think of him by those who knew and loved him best, a beautiful domestic character." In this volume are given copious selections from his correspondence, among which are many letters never before published.

THE ISLAND NEIGHBORS. *A Novel of American Life.* Illustrated. By Antoinette Brown Blackwell. This is not a sensation novel; it is not even a sentimental one in the common acceptance of the term. It is a pleasantly told story of a quiet family's summer at the seaside. The story will not absorb the reader, but the delineations of character will interest him almost more than he is aware. There seems a breath of the salt sea breeze wafted through the story, and there is a naturalness about the semi-sailor and semi-farmer characters of the "island neighbors" which strikes us in pleasant con-

trast with the people which one usually finds in books of this sort. The story is well and forcibly written, and does credit to its talented lady author.

THE STUDENT'S ELEMENTS OF GEOLOGY. By Sir Charles Lyell, Bart., F. R. S., author of "The Principles of Geology," etc. The "Elements of Geology," a work by Sir Charles Lyell, having possessed an exceeding popularity, he has revised it, before issuing a seventh edition, and presented it to the public in the form now before us, and with a modification in its title. He has endeavored to simplify as far as was consistent with the magnitude of his subject, so as to bring the work down within the comprehension of the general reader; though its reading should perhaps be prefaced by the study of some still more elementary work.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION. *A Novel.* By Charles Reade. Part I. We have always been one of Reade's most ardent admirers. There is always an originality in his plots and a boldness and terseness in his style that have seemed to place him far in advance of most English novelists. His last and, in some respects, his greatest effort possesses all the author's best characteristics, but is marred, in our opinion, by grave moral blemishes, which render it unfit for family and general reading. It is only Reade's matchless powers of delineation and expression which have saved it from universal denunciation by the press. The story is a shocking and outrageous one, both in incident and morals, and the broadest charity will not sanction the use of the motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," in regard to it.

A LATIN GRAMMAR FOR BEGINNERS. By William Henry Waddell, Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of Georgia. The design and plan of this work are identical with those of "A Greek Grammar for Beginners," by the same author. The book is intended to be committed to memory from cover to cover. It is not only designed for use in the school-room, but for lower classes in colleges.

FOR LACK OF GOLD. *A Novel.* By Charles Gibbon, author of "Robin Gray," etc. An entertaining story of English life.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

JAMES GORDON'S WIFE. *A Novel.*

ALMOST FAULTLESS. *A Story of the Present Day.* By the author of "A Book for Governesses."

Two volumes belonging to "Appleton's Library of Select Novels," a library composed of works selected with judicious care from English publications.

From DODD & MEAD, New York:—

DODD & MEAD'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL ANNUAL for 1871. Containing much valuable information for superintendents, library committees, teachers, and Sunday-school workers generally.

From LORING, Boston, through W. S. TURNER, Philadelphia:—

THE BOSTON DIP, and Other Verses. By Fred W. Loring. These verses present a rare mixture of the comic, humorous, and sentimental, which cannot fail to amuse the reader. A correspondent of the New York Tribune declares them to be worthy of "Thackeray in that fresh, earnest, enthusiastic stage of his literary career which he depicts in 'Arthur Pendennis.'"

From WILLIAM GAMBLE & Co., Nashville:—

ACUTE DISEASES, and their Homeopathic Treatment. By J. P. Dake, A. M., M. D., formerly Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in

the Pennsylvania College of Homeopathic Medicine, at Philadelphia. This is a new, revised, and enlarged edition of a medical work intended for family use. In addition to the usual matter are included directions for the treatment of injuries received by accidents and from poisons.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

OCTOBER, 1871.

EMBELLISHMENTS.—The steel plate for this month gives our subscribers an idea of the happy times enjoyed by the young people at this season of the year in "Nutting." The children of our public schools anxiously look for the day when the privilege is given them to gather the nuts in the park. It is one of Philadelphia's great days. Tens of thousands of people and horses and vehicles can be seen assembled together on that occasion. Bands of music enliven the scene, and with watching the enjoyment of the happy children the day passes away pleasantly.

On the colored fashion-plate is displayed in an artistic manner suitable designs for walking dresses, house dresses, a visiting dress, and a suit for a boy. And on the extension sheet will be found later styles, from which choice can be made to suit all tastes. Besides the fashions will be found useful designs for folding articles of dress that they may not be injured by being packed up.

On the second side of the extension sheet are displayed a melange of articles of every kind suitable for ladies and children.

A plate of children's fashions is also given.

In addition to all these we present our subscribers with a colored plate of fancy but useful work; directions for working which will be found in the work department, along with many other useful articles.

IOWA.

MR. L. A. GODEY.—I write to you in order to request you to let your subscribers know through your magazine what a cheat — is. Of course when you advertised for them you only inserted their advertisement, and now when I inform you that they are perfectly worthless, I hope you will let the public know, and save numbers from losing five dollars for nothing; for it is of no manner of account, it is a perfect cheat. I wrote back to them that I wished them to return my money to me, that I would give them three weeks to do it in; if not, I would write to all their places of advertising and ask them to let the public know what cheats they were. They wrote back to me that they did not propose sending my money back, that they sent me just what I bought. Now I think it a duty you owe your subscribers, several of them having requested me to write to you. I will write to the —, —, and other places. Hoping you will give your attention to this, I remain your friend as ever, Mrs. —.

We publish the above to show what mistakes people make in their search after cheapness. A good article of the kind the writer refers to would cost from fifty to seventy-five dollars, and yet she supposed she could get an article to be of service for five dollars. So it is with magazines. For the difference of a few cents each number people will take a cheap magazine and be deceived, as the lady was with the article she bought. We may as well mention that it was a sewing machine.

SCOTT MONUMENT.—At a fancy ball given in London, at which all the royal family assisted, to complete the Scott monument, the whole amount raised was \$2500. More than that is cleared—yes, even double that amount—at almost any public ball during our winter season.

We publish a few notices occasionally to show the estimate in which the press of the country holds the LADY'S BOOK. We could fill the Book monthly with such notices. Forty-two years of faithful service have given confidence to subscribers, and we know they would appreciate us even without the notices; but when a person has purchased a good thing he likes to be confirmed in it by the approbation of others.

GODEY is on our table, and a gem it is, too; such a one as none but Louis A. knows how to get up. It is the oldest ladies' magazine in the country, and never has there a magazine existed that has so well sustained an untarnished reputation as GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. Forty-seven years ago we remember Louis A. Godey as chief clerk in the *Daily Chronicle* office, on Third, near Chestnut Street, where William S. Heysham and ourself were mailing clerks, and what might be called general devils of the publication office. L. A. G. was then demoniated the "ladies' man" of the house; and the high character of the LADY'S BOOK, from its inception, a few years later, to the present day, shows how well he has sustained the *sobriquet* applied to him in youth.—*Wabash Democrat*.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Its contents, by way of literary matter, is of the highest order, and by the best American authors, and for this reason GODEY'S may truly be classed as the only ladies' magazine in America.—*Record*, New London.

GODEY, which confesses to having passed its forty-first birthday, comes with fashions lighter, more airy and graceful than ever. The work departments are so full, and directions so minute, that any one with ordinary taste can construct a toilet both becoming and economical.—*Herald and Free Press*, Norristown.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is on our table. It looks as sweet and as pretty as twenty-five years ago, when a boy we sat next the editor in St. James' Church. *Tempora mutantur*, but the LADY'S BOOK, always far ahead of competitors, preserves its unvarying freshness and beauty. It is the beau ideal of magazines, free from *outré* caricatures of fashion so often seen in other books of the kind, a mirror of the *beau monde de dames* of Philadelphia, and one that should grace the table of every lady desirous of an acquaintance with the most recherche (though not the most gaudy) styles of dress for which Philadelphia ladies are justly celebrated.—*Platdealer*, New Umi, Minn.

For the benefit of our friend of the *Platdealer*, we inform him that we still go to old St. James', this being our thirty-third year.

HIRAM POWERS, the celebrated American sculptor, has recently written an extended letter, reiterating his contradiction of the rumor that he had abandoned the practice of his art to devote himself to agricultural pursuits. Mr. Powers states that he has purchased a house and large garden about four hundred yards outside of the Roman gate of Florence, fronting on the avenue of venerable cypresses called the "Pozzo Imperiale." At this place he has built a new studio where he can be seen as hard at work as ever, and engaged on new and original subjects. In the garden, of about an acre in extent, Mr. Powers has made a collection of American plants and trees, among which can be found the butter nut, the pecan nut, the hickory, the black walnut, and the giant pine of California, all growing and in a healthy condition. Vegetables and fruit trees from the United States are also cultivated, and Mr. Powers says that his efforts to surround himself with objects bringing back the recollections of home and the friends of his younger days have probably given rise to the report that he had become an agriculturist.

ULLMAN has engaged a singer to come over next year and he is to pay him \$2000 a month. Well, if people will pay the prices these foreigners demand, they have only themselves to blame.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for October.—Contents: A Night on the Ocean, beautiful nocturne, by Guckel; Unadilla Island Waltz, easy and popular; O Ye Tears, favorite song, by Abt; Magnolia Schottische, by Ohm; Abide With Me, beautiful sacred song; Triumph March, easy and spirited. Six pieces of sheet music in one number, and furnished for the price of a single piece. Terms 40 cents per number, or \$4 per year. Last three numbers, as samples, for \$1.

Back Numbers.—We will still send, for the present, five choice back numbers for \$1, with 15 cents for postage. This is the cheapest sheet music ever offered.

Favorite Guitar Songs.—Just published, each on a single sheet, price 10 cents, new editions of Then You'll Remember Me, Angel's Whisper, Alice Gray, The Downy Cheek, They Have Given Thee to Another, and about fifty other favorite songs for the guitar. We will send the above five, free of postage, on receipt of 50 cents, and will send a full list on receipt of stamp. Any music published sent free of postage on receipt of price. Address orders for music or the *Monthly* only to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box, Post-Office, Philadelphia.

HACK CARRIAGES.—Can there nothing be done to check the rascality of the drivers of these vehicles? A gentleman was recently charged four dollars for carrying him from the New York depot, West Philadelphia, to the Continental Hotel, when, had he not been a stranger, he could have been taken within one square of the hotel for seven cents.

SENSIBLE DOGS.—A writer on the dogs at Constantinople, says:—

"The profound aversion of Eastern dogs to Western travellers is remarkable. No sooner do you round a corner into view, than the whole fry is in an uproar. While the vilest dressed or undressed Arab, tattered or leprous, may pass within an inch of their noses without comment, the moment that you, an individual clad, you flatter yourself, irreproachably, loom out of the obscure, these dogs protest against you. No mad bull in the matter of red cloth, could show more marked antipathy. That which exasperates them most, however, is the sight of a man in full evening dress. They haven't a shred of reverence for it—proof positive of degeneracy of breed. A friend of mine, after some evening solemnity on board a neighboring hospital boat, took it into his head to go ashore and study moonlight effect among the palms. We accompanied him, but these canine Philistines picked him out at once, and—well, seriously injured his ceremonial vestments."

Sagacious dogs again, say we. The sight of a man in "full evening dress"—that means the swallow-tailed coat—exasperates them almost to madness. Very likely they take him for an undertaker, prepared to bury them.

A QUESTION about pews in the British Parliament. Will they sit together in heaven?

"Mr. Beresford Hope, who opposed the pew system, said that when he was a young householder he went to the person who let the pews in a chapel of ease situated near his house, and chose the best pew of the lot. But then, unluckily, he let out that the pew was for his servants. 'Not for your livery servants, surely?' 'Yes.' The reply was, 'If livery servants sit in that pew, no ladies or gentlemen will sit near them.' Mr. Beresford Hope thought, however, that the feeling that it was proper certain people should sit in certain places was a laudable and natural one; and in this respect he was supported by Mr. Birley, who said that, though he was against the present system of appropriating pews, the class feeling in this matter was not altogether on the side of the rich. The poor liked to worship together in families as well as the rich. Mr. Birley was of opinion that in many cases the separation of families conducted rather to flirtation than edification."

TYPOGRAPHICAL BLUNDERS:—

In an English newspaper reprint of Dr. Holmes's admirable lecture on "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," the author is made to enunciate a profound but melancholy truth: "We have *prejudicial* intellects as nearly achromatic as the organ of vision," when the fact is that the author wrote "*judicial* intellects."

A few years ago the *Atlantic Monthly* published a poem containing the lines:—

"Well, well, I think not on those two
But the old wound breaks out anew."

The New York *Leader*, in reprinting the poem, made the verses read as follows:—

"Well, well, I think not on those two
But the old woman breaks out anew!"

Imagine the poet's surprise and disgust.

Lady Macbeth says, in the celebrated murder scene in that tragedy: "Infirm of purpose, give me the dagger." A country paper, printing the quotation, murdered it thus: "Infirm old porpoise, give me the dagger."

A clergyman in the west seeks damages of a journal, which published a report of his lecture, "Mind and Matter," under the head of "Wind and Water." It is alleged by his enemies that he is likely to recover, if the old English law be sound, that the greater the truth the greater the libel.

A Georgia editor explains that the title he gave an article was "a cut and dried affair," and it was the types which made it read, "A cut and dried apple."

A NEW HAVEN paper has the following:—

"Correction.—In the article upon Yale College, in our last issue, for 'alum water,' please read '*alma mater*.' This is not bad. But this, from a Belfast paper, pleases me better: 'Poor Billy.—In a telegraphic report of the close of the sitting in the Tichborne case yesterday, the following sentence occurs: 'Even Billy, he complained of the excessive heat, and the court adjourned.' We presume 'Even Billy' should be 'Eventually.' I do not think the luckless telegraphist meant any irreverence, although the judge trying the Tichborne case is Sir William Bovill."

AN Oregon paper protests that in speaking of the cantata of "Esther," it really didn't mean to say Haman was a bold, excellent man; it wrote him down only a bold, exultant man, and it apologizes to Haman, his heirs, and assigns, for the sad misprint.

"On the contract for one hundred concerts in America, Nilsson cleared \$120,000, and Max Strakosch \$20,000."

This is \$1200 for each night of performance. As Miss Nilsson usually sings three songs, this would be \$400 a song. We respectfully ask, is not this too much? If the price of tickets were reduced to \$2, this would give her \$600 each performance, and that, we think, fully good pay.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The current number is lively and interesting, as usual, especially to ladies who take an interest in making their own and their children's dresses. There is also much of value to housekeepers. The fashion-plates and diagrams are numerous, and the directions for their use copious. In the literary department are some very good things. A very pretty song, "The Charity Child," opens the number. The excellent publisher of this magazine never was more successful than at present in satisfying the public.—*Inquirer*, Philadelphia, Penn.

DOES A FOX REASON?—A case is mentioned where a fox was chained up, and near him were some chickens out of reach of his chain. Some corn was thrown to him one day, and that not being a luxury he appreciated, he picked off some of the grains, and threw them within reach of his chain. The chickens drew near to get the corn, and he pounced on the chickens.

If a woman were to change her sex, of what religion would she be? A he-then.

THE New York *Tribune* has the following to say of "rejected" communications:—

"A great majority of all people who know how to read and write—besides many who certainly do not know how to write—are possessed, at some period of their lives, with a morbid impulse to contribute to the newspapers. They are persuaded that any man can write a leader, if he chooses, and that the faculty of saying what the people want to hear, in a style suited both to the subject and the audience, comes by nature to all graduates of a district school. It is an amiable hallucination which repeated failures and rebuffs are rarely able to dispel. We remember the case of an anonymous correspondent who must have sent at least fifty articles, intended for the editorial page, and on occasions of public excitement sometimes to send two in a single day. Not a line of his copy ever got into print, but he persevered, and no doubt he is pestering some newspaper now. The young persons who believe they have a mission to write verses, the women who want to support themselves by selling "compositions" to magazines, and the scores of people with bees in their bonnets who visit editors' offices with ponderous essays on incomprehensible subjects, are still more serious afflictions than the mere amateur publicists. Now, more than ninety per cent. of the articles offered for acceptance at newspaper office come from these different classes of people. They write for their own benefit, not for the editor's. Their contributions are not wanted; on the contrary, they are a nuisance. We cannot see upon what ground an editor is expected to expend time and trouble taking care of rubbish that is left on his premises against his wishes."

The above article is peculiarly adapted to those who send articles to magazines. When most things have been tried and failed, then women take to writing stories. They send a long letter about their difficulties. Most of this class state that it is a first effort, but all wanting to know how much will you give. Now, once for all, we do not judge an article by the letter, and therefore a long epistle is useless, and damages the writer.

BEGGING-LETTER IMPOSTORS now-a-days exhibit an amount of skill in the manner of their importunities which raises the concoction of their letters almost into an art. Not discouraged by their frequent want of success, nor by the fact that the paper basket is often the recipient of the details of their woes, they adopt and act upon the motto "Try again," till people really begin to feel that perseverance such as theirs deserves the success which sometimes rewards it.

We are all in the habit of saying, and of hearing it said, "If such energy had only been displayed in a respectable manner, what good results might have been attained!" In saying this, we forget that there are persons who seem to be incapable of exercising ingenuity in the pursuit of any but the most crooked ways; but that in these they will toil with an energy which no good object would ever cause them to exhibit, however desirable such an exhibition might be.

A CORRESPONDENT thus speaks of Queen Victoria's court breakfasts in Buckingham Palace Park:—

"On these occasions the queen walks about very smiling and chipper, with a white cap that looks like a French *bonnet* over her head, and the widow's weeds a thought lightened by a suspicion here and there of white lace or crape. The breakfasts take place in the afternoon at half-past four o'clock, and the ladies attend in a costume gotten up expressly for the occasion. They gossip and chatter in groups on the sward, while the gentlemen, in uniform, and stars, and garters, quiz them in a highly aristocratic way, or discuss politics in the arbors. The little Princess of Wales, in particular, is very lively and popular on these occasions, and has a sprightly air which neither the well-known propriety and haughtiness of her royal mamma, or the indifference of her big lazy husband seems to have dampened."

ANCIENT GRAVESTONES.—In the old cemetery at Pemberton, N. J., are to be found gravestones bearing date 1749, and so crumbled as to be illegible. One of later date bears this inscription:—

"Stop! passing stranger, learn thy awful doom:
Ah! why that solemn and dejected air?
Is death so awful that thou fear'st the tomb?
Or life so sweet that thou wouldst not leave its care?
The man who fears his God dreads not the grave;
Nor 's life so sweet when future bliss is sure;
Religion is the only power can save—
'Tis that alone can heavenly joys procure."

This reads more like a sermon than an epitaph, and contrasts strongly in its solemnity with the more cheerful, and certainly more practical, advice a departed spouse is made to give to her husband on her tombstone:—

"O Johnny, my husband,
Don't weep for your Lou;
I am happier here
Than I could be with you.
Your sorrows and troubles
Will vanish with life,
Be kind to our children,
And get a new wife."

There is nothing to indicate how far "Johnny" followed this advice, and we shall not offer any conjectures. Here is a confession which young women who disfigure themselves and destroy their health may read with profit:—

"Here sleeps a proud and stylish lass,
Who dearly loved her looking-glass;
Tight-lacing killed the thoughtless maid,
And laid her in an early grave."

The rhyme of this is as questionable as its the grammar of the following:—

"Poor Martha Shiel has gone away:
Her would if her could, but her couldn't, stay;
Her had 2 bad legs and a baddish cough;
It was her 2 bad legs that carried her off."

That the satire which has always made the disciples of Esculapius its object sometimes finds a voice "e'en from the tomb," is proven by this inscription in an English burial-ground:—

"Here lies Dr. Chard,
Who filled the half of this churchyard."

But that death comes without doctors, we are reminded by what we are told on the tomb of one John Proctor:—

"Here lies John Proctor,
Who lived and died without a doctor."

THE New York *Galaxy* has the following on Wednesday Presents:—

"Our remarks on wedding presents have been productive of much correspondence, containing incidents, hints, and criticisms. One correspondent tells us of a lady who, considering herself not called upon to contribute more than a pair of imitation saltcellars to a silver wedding, bravely wrote PLATED in large letters on the card accompanying the case. Another narrates how a gentleman, having nothing better (?) to offer a bride than a valuable picture, sent it, with a quasi-apologetic letter. A third holds that the Emersonian theory may be carried too far. 'Fancy,' he says, 'all a bridegroom's verse-making acquaintance inundating him with their productions—literally inundating, when we consider the wispy-washy character of such performances! A misogynist might parody a well-known saying, and suggest that this would add to the horrors of marriage. Lord Chesterfield, when told that a certain poet intended to write his epitaph, politely observed that it was a temptation to commit suicide; but would the prospect of being epithalamized by some of our bards—say the author of "Katherine"—be generally regarded as a temptation to commit matrimony?"

A CRUSTY old bachelor says that "love is a wretched business, consisting of a little sighing, a little crying, a little 'dying,' and a deal of lying."

RENTS IN PARIS.—The question of the rents is now a great and awful one amongst the Parisians, and has involved itself in a complication as inextricable as the brain of an unpaid landlord or an insolvent tenant could ever have fabricated. The decree now is that every tenant who has suffered loss or inconvenience during the sieges can bring his case before a *juge de paix*, and his three quarters of unpaid rent will be reduced or their payment postponed, according to the settlement of his suit; but as not only shopkeepers—to whom this decree seems especially to be directed—but also workmen, clerks, journalists, literary men, lawyers, doctors, actors, artists, teachers, and pretty well everyone else, have sustained inconvenience and losses, and are more in a position to require lower rents than to begin paying old ones off, it bids fair to be some time before these claims can be brought to an end. Indeed, it has been made out that, seeing the number of *juges de paix* and the number of tenants, and supposing each claim were to occupy but half an hour's examination, it would take seventeen years and five months to reach the end of the list! Everyone who desires to take advantage of this decree must enter his name at the *mairie* of his *arrondissement*. Those whose rents are under 600 francs were to do this before July 1, and the numbers that flowed to the *mairies* were enormous. At the fourteenth *arrondissement* alone more than 23,000 persons entered their names.

A SCHOOL teacher asked a new boy "who made the glorious universe?" but the boy couldn't tell; so the teacher got a rawhide and told the boy if he didn't tell he would whip him. The boy looked at the whip and snivelled out: "Please, sir, I did; but I won't do it again!"

Another school boy was asked, "Who made the glorious hills with which this village is surrounded?" The reply was, "He did not know as they had only lately moved in the place?"

MISS E. STUART PHELPS, writing in the *Independent*, thinks a reason for the mental inferiority of woman is to be found in the amount of intellect that is wasted upon the preparation and preservation of her dress. Taking this for her text, she goes on in the following impetuous style:—

"I once saw a young lady ride the whole way from Portland to Boston in the cars without once leaning back against the cushioned seat, so that she should not tumble her black silk sash. A barber told me that he 'curled a young lady' once for a ball, and she had two hundred and forty-seven curls when she was done. 'And I began at ten o'clock in the morning, and I never got through with her till nine o'clock at night!' Doctor Dio Lewis tells of a being who put four hundred and twenty-five (I think) yards of trimming upon one single dress. Four hundred and twenty-five yards! Conceive of the Hon. Charles Sumner or Professor Longfellow in four hundred and twenty-five yards of trimming! Imagine the speech on San Domingo or the Psalm of Life written in a black silk sash tied in a snarl to the author's coat tails, he pausing at every classic metaphor, or at the close of each moral stanza, to see if he had tumbled himself behind. Fanny Brown-Sequard at a consultation in two hundred and forty-seven curls. Picture him timing the pulse of a dying man with one hand, and tightening his hairpins with the other."

After contrasting very rascally the apparel of woman with that of man, she concludes by saying that the *use* of dress is his, the *fuss* is hers. And even about the beauty she hesitates, for though man is not a graceful being, yet in this cultivated year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one, his very stove-pipe hat and sack coat yield the field to the unparalleled, and unapproached, and unapproachable deformity of woman's attire.

NEXT month our advertisement for 1872 will appear. New novelties will be announced.

ANY person who has seen Mrs. Waller in that most dismal tragedy, "The Duchess of Malfi," will appreciate the following:—

"I was an orchestra once for ten minutes, and afforded great satisfaction. Let me tell you all about it. It was in Troy some years ago. Mrs. Waller, the excellent tragedienne, was playing that child of the Dismal Swamp, 'The Duchess of Malfi,' and a dark and desperate piece it is. After a series of awful disasters the unhappy duchess very properly goes out of her head. She is confined in a madhouse, and one act of the play transpires in this madhouse; and during entire scenes the groans and cries of the demented are heard outside.

"To do this accompaniment in shape, the manager had the orchestra, all able-bodied Dutchmen, who were usually in the music-room playing penny-ante when not 'rung in,' at this mad juncture gathered in the green-room under the stage. A hole was bored in the ceiling above, and a string attached to the prompter's desk was depended through it. In solemn conclave sat the Dutchmen—one with the string in his hand—and as the prompter tugged it each one for himself sent up a dismal howl that lifted the hairs of the listeners in front. One night, during the 'Duchess of Malfi' run, I strayed into the green-room and enjoyed the wild beast show, as I called the howling musicians. Between one batch of howls and another quite an interval occurred. During this interval one by one the sufferers dropped out. I was perched under a gaslight, deep in some novel of that period, when the string commenced to wriggle violently. All the demented were gone, the wails of the damned were expected. I let one or two awful shrieks, thinking it might help 'em up stairs, or bring the stray howlers back on duty.

"One pair of lungs wasn't enough; the string kept thrashing up and down, when my eyes lit on the biggest brass tooter I ever saw, left by one of the renegades. No sooner seen than I tackled it. I lost sight of the string; I lost the power of hearing with my first blast. Mrs. Waller said, as she knelt on the stage above me: 'Hark! hear ye not, how sighing on the wind comes the wail of the lost spirits?' She paused for the wail. I did my level best, and lifted her six inches off the boards with my first blast. That seemed to inspire me. I ignored the stops that might have cramped my great achievements, but bidding farewell to all my fears of ruptured blood vessels, or total deafness, or future punishment, I let out that was most within me, and have never had a stomach-ache since. But the audience—they roared, and the manager cursed, and Mrs. Waller flew down the green-room stairs. There I was absorbed in my tremendous performance, oblivious of all beside the success of my musical efforts. The manner in which my orchestral essay was received closed my career as a feminine wind instrumentalist."

I HATE A FOOL.

I HATE a fool like pizen,
Bad as I hate a thief,
And hate a liar, for they all
Bring other folks ter grief;
I hate a nosing gossip,
Whose nasty, pryin' snout
Pokes inter people's business,
Ter ferret su'thin' out.
I hate their pizen scandal,
No matter how it's fixed—
With guesses, lies, and hearsays
Benevolently mixed,
And dealt out free as water
In long November rains—
And may the king of brimstone
Reward 'em for their pains.

I allers hate a drunkard,
A loafer, and a fop;
And hate a kid-glove dandy,
Whose brains are soft as pop;
I hate deceit and fawning,
And hate like all possessed
A snarling, jawing temper
That gives nobody rest.

SALLY GERUSHA STOKES.

"I CAME near selling my boots the other day," said Scuttle to a friend. "How so?" "Well, I had them half-soled."

GLOVES.—In some northern countries there exists a custom for brides, on their wedding-day, to present a pair of gloves of her own manufacture to each invited guest; and woe betide the unlucky bride who neglects a single one, for his or her revenge would follow the young wife throughout her whole life, however distant her home might be. To provide, therefore, for the utmost emergency, a girl begins early in life to lay by dozens and dozens of gloves of her own knitting ready for the eventful day. In most countries it is still customary to give white gloves to menials on a wedding-day, but these need not be worked, stitched, or knitted by the bride's own fair fingers. It is also usual to give gloves at a christening; and abroad, especially in Switzerland, it is the godmother who presents them, rather reversing the laws of gallantry.

The custom of giving gloves at funerals is also very old, though now it is generally restricted to the mourners. Thus, in almost every age and country, the glove has been linked with love, marriage, birth, and death. It has also formed the theme of many a romance and poem; and it has more than once proved a powerful instrument of revenge in the hands of jealousy and hatred: poisoned gloves being at one time but too frequently used as the means whereby to dispose of a hated rival. The Medici knew the fatal secret, alas! too well, and pitilessly employed it to sate their cruel passions.

Cosmetic gloves, with a thick lining of paste whereby to soften and whiten the hands, were also very much favored at one time, and, I believe, may still be had in these days, and are eagerly bought by some ladies, who regularly wear them at night, though where they are to be procured I cannot tell.

But let us return to everyday life and to gloves as we find them. White kid gloves should be especially reserved for occasions of the greatest ceremony; on all other occasions they are out of place, common, and vulgar, and white gloves must never be of any material but kid. Next to white kid gloves, straw-colored are the most dressy, for they look almost white by night, and may be worn when white may not, for *fêtes*, small evening parties, etc. Straw-colored gloves have often played considerable parts in fashionable novels, just as gauntlets did in old romances; and, since Pelham headed the list, every novelist for a long period thought himself compelled to give his heroes and heroines in straw-colored kids. But lavender has now usurped the place of straw, especially with gentlemen, who even have occasionally the bad taste to dance in them. I say bad taste, because every custom must be in bad taste, however fashionable it may be, if it be productive of damage or injury to others, and though gentlemen may not generally know it, lavender kid gloves often spoil their partner's dresses, who frequently cannot wear a second time a dress body after it has been held by hands encased in lavender.

Black gloves should only be worn in mourning, and never at any other time under any pretext whatever. Ladies who are forced to study economy may select useful dark shades for gloves, but never black, black gloves being exclusively reserved for mourning. It was Count d'Orsay, I think, who used to say that the sight of black gloves made him shudder. *Appropos* of Count d'Orsay, it is also said that he used to regularly wear four pairs of new gloves a day, of different quality and color, according to different times and places. Indeed, it is a popular belief on the continent that every English gentleman wears at least three pairs of new gloves a day. I must here confess my ignorance on this point, therefore can neither affirm nor deny it; should it be correct, however, I should say that it must make a tolerably unpleasant inroad into many a restricted income.

As a rule, gloves should always be a shade lighter than the dress with which they are worn—never darker. Dark gloves with light dresses are most offensive to the eye.

To return to black gloves for a moment, I must here remark that abroad, where rules respecting mourning are much more strict than in England, black kid gloves are not allowed during the first stage of mourning. Black kid is shining, and deep mourning should avoid all that shines; thus, black woollen gloves are alone allowed under these circumstances. At the Burgundian court gloves were not allowed at all during mourning. It would appear by that that gloves were considered entirely as objects of vanity, like powder and rouge, which likewise were prohibited during mourning.

For general wear, neutral tans are the best for gloves, and, above all, the Swedish kid glove in its

natural tan color. There is no glove like it for usefulness, elegance, and economy. They may be worn at all hours and with all dresses, excepting evening dresses.

In the event of embroidered gloves or mittens returning into fashion, it will be as well to remark here that embroidery should always correspond with the natural shape of the hand—flowers and symbols, such as two hands united, should be scrupulously avoided. Lines and arabesques are the most appropriate patterns for glove embroidery—lines tend to make the hand look narrow, and therefore are preferred to any other style of working.

The first requisite for a glove is that it should fit well, therefore it ought to be cut according to the hand; in fact, the hands should be measured for gloves as the feet are for boots. In France it has long been customary to measure for gloves, and there are now a few establishments in London which adopt a similar fashion.

The art of cutting out a glove is one especially excelled in by the French, and is most difficult in execution. Indeed, there is an old proverb which says that it takes three kingdoms to make one glove; Spain to provide the kid, France to cut it out, and England to sew it. The French have a particular art in economical cutting, and can cut three pairs of gloves out of the same quantity of kid that an Englishman can scarcely cut two. Consequently French gloves ought to be cheaper than English, but they are not. The Germans, though their kid is rapidly rivaling Spanish kid, and though they sew as well as the English, are quite ignorant of the art of cutting, consequently they are as yet unable to make good gloves.

If a glove is not to disfigure a hand, it should be made of the softest and most elastic kid, that will lend itself to every natural movement of the hand; and the best color, as already stated, is the natural light tan color of the kid itself. In former romantic days young ladies wore gloves the color they wished their hands to be, and tried to imitate the rosy-fingered goddess by wearing rose-colored gloves. But we are more matter-of-fact in these days, and, I think, more natural.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.—It may not be generally known to our readers that water, even salt water, imbibed through the skin, appeases thirst as well as fresh water taken inwardly. In illustration of this subject, we quote the following from a "Narrative of Captain Kennedy's Losing his Vessel and his Distresses Afterward," which was noticed in Dodsley's Annual Register for 1769:—

"I cannot conclude without making mention of the great advantage I received from soaking my clothes twice a day in salt water, and putting them on without wringing. It was considerable time before I could make the people comply with this measure, although from seeing the good effect produced, they afterwards practiced it twice a day of their own accord. To this discovery I may, with justice, attribute the preservation of my own life and six other persons, who must have perished if it had not been put in use. The hint was first communicated to me from the perusal of a treatise written by Dr. Lind, the water absorbed through the pores of the skin producing in every respect the same effect as would have resulted from the moderate drinking of any liquid. The saline particles, however, which remained in our clothes, became incrustrated by the heat of the sun and that of our bodies, lacerating our skins, and being otherwise inconvenient; but we found that by washing out these particles, and frequently wetting our clothes without wringing, twice in the course of a day, the skin became well in a short time. After these operations we uniformly found that the violent drought went off, and the parched were cured in a few minutes after bathing and washing our clothes, and at the same time we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment. Four persons in the boat who drank salt water went delirious and died; but those who avoided this and followed the above practice experienced no such symptoms."

THE "Besieged Resident," an Englishman, says: "The Parisian is not a coward, but his individuality is so strongly developed that he objects to that individuality being destroyed by some stray shot."

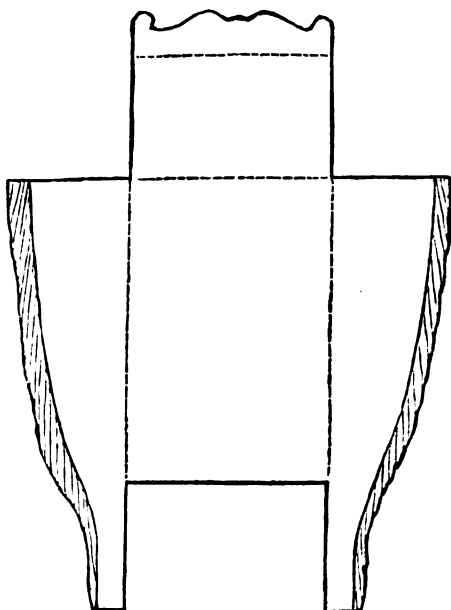
JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

BED FOR A DOLL'S HOUSE.

CUT IN CARD-BOARD.

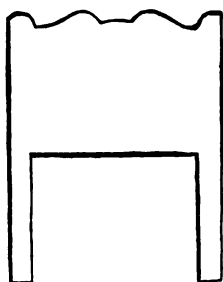
THIS must be made quite large. The back, roof, and curtains can be cut as Fig. 1: for the side curtains cut half through the dotted lines at the back of the card, and also for the top and front; and bend them all inwards, first cutting through the edges of

Fig. 1.



the curtains, as in the pattern. Fig. 2 forms the foot of the bed. Fig. 3 forms the bottom; the dotted lines being all cut on the front of the card, and the sides and ends turned over will make the bottom;

Fig. 2.



the sides and legs can be fixed together by a little gum, also the two ends to the back and front. The curtains, roof, back, top, and front can be fixed together also with a little gum, and pieces of paper on the inside.

If you wish to add a little finish to your bed, you can make a small cornice for the top, Fig. 4. For the front, cut half through the top dotted line on the face of the card, and the other at the back, and bend to the shape of steps, and fix the lesser end on to the top of the bed; then cut two of Fig. 5 in the same way for the two sides, and, fixing them in the same manner at ends of the top, your bed will be complete.

Should you wish to paint this, it should be done before the separate parts are put together, as the moisture would, of course, soften the gum or paste.

With the assistance of colors the effect of the real object can be obtained, and of course makes it more complete. But as it requires more skill to paint neatly, it is not necessary that it should be colored at all; if the card-board is kept quite clean, it makes a very pretty toy as it is.

An English government report upon the working of the telegraph says:—

"Difficulties have been gradually surmounted; and

Fig. 3.

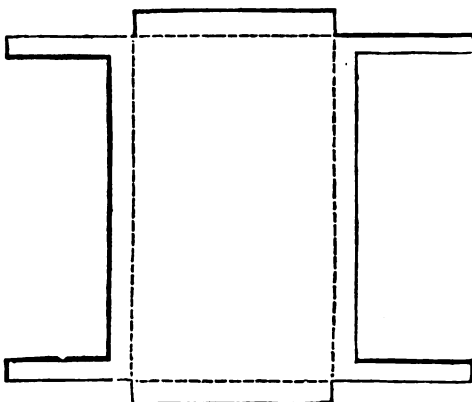


Fig. 4.

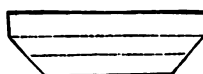
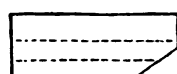


Fig. 5.



the complaints of the public, which, of course, are more freely directed against a government department than against private companies, now amount to about one complaint to every six hundred messages. About one-half of these complaints are for errors which arise on lines beyond the control of the post-office. Mr. Scudamore takes a quiet revenge on one complainant by telling his story. 'I pointed out to him that in six out of seven cases the fault had occurred after or before the message left or reached the government lines. In acknowledging my letter he expressed a hope that Parliament would put an end to such crying abuses as soon as it met.' Of course, the instruments do not always work perfectly, and messages are sent in such curious language that there is sometimes no clue to a very silly and, to the sender of the message, a very obvious mistake. A gentleman telegraphed from London to his brother in the country to send a *hack* to the station. The signal for *h* is four dots, the instrument made three dots, which stand for *s*. When the gentleman got to the station, he found that his wondering brother had sent him a *sack*. Now, if instead of *hack* he had used the word *horse*, the telegraph clerk would have seen at once that the *s* was wrong, and the mistake would have been corrected. A firm in London telegraphed, 'Send rails ten foot lengths.' The signals for *t* and *e* are a dash and a dot, but the instrument made two dots, the signal for *z*, so the message was delivered, 'Send rails in foot lengths.' Here again, if the firm in writing their telegram had written it grammatically, and had not foolishly omitted the word 'in,' the mistake would have been detected and corrected."

HORSEJOCKEYS must be looking up in England:—

"Baron Rothschild, of London, has presented his jockey, Tom French, who won the late Derby races for him, the sum of \$5000, and besides allowed him an annuity of \$1000."

EARLY SPRING FLOWERS.

OUR illustration represents the pretty Snowdrop, "in habit white and plain," the first of all flowers to herald the approach of spring. Long before any other flower it shoots up its slender stem, and displays its white drooping corols, while the spotless snow still covers the shady recesses of the garden; then follows the Crocus, with its varied tints of yellow, white, blue, and striped; the fragrant Hyacinth, the showy Tulip, the Jasmine-scented Jonquil and Narcissus, the stately Crown Imperial, the Iris, the Convallaria, or Lily of the Valley, with its slender stems set with tiny bells, diffusing the most delicious odor. All these, with many others, belong to the bulbous-rooted section of the vegetable kingdom, are perfectly hardy, and are so easily cultivated that the mere novice in gardening



need not fail in growing them; the only requisites being good sound bulbs, a light sandy soil, and planting at the proper season, which is between the 1st of October and before the ground freezes. In DREER'S *New Illustrated Catalogue of Bulbs*, we find the following assortment, which can be recommended for its great variety, the greater part being adapted for either Garden or House Culture. Price, per assortment, \$10; half assortment, \$5 50.

- 12 Choice named Hyacinths, for forcing.
- 6 Mixed double Hyacinths, for garden.
- 6 " single Hyacinths, for garden.
- 6 " Tulips, for garden.
- 6 " double Tulips, for garden.
- 6 " parrot Tulips, for garden.
- 12 Due Van Thol Tulips, double and single.
- 50 Crocus, assorted colors.
- 12 Iris,
- 6 Jonquills, double and single.
- 6 Polyanthus Narcissus, assorted.
- 12 Narcissus, double and single.
- 12 Snowdrops, " "
- 6 Ranunculus, assorted colors.
- 6 Anemones, " "
- 6 Saffron Crocus, autumn flowering.
- 6 Lily of the Valley.
- 2 Lilium Auratum.
- 2 Japan Lilies, spotted.
- 2 Crown Imperials.
- 2 Fritillaria Meleagris.
- 2 Scilla Siberica.

All the above will be carefully packed and forwarded by mail *free* at the price named. Those who wish to make their own selection should send for his catalogue, which contains, besides a full descriptive list of bulbs, winter-flowering plants, Camellias, Carnations, Roses, New Geraniums, Fuchsias, Hardy Flowering Shrubs, Vines, and Creepers, Evergreens, Small Fruits, Grape Vines, Fancy Flower-pots, Bulb Glasses, Rustic Work, and beautifully illustrated with engravings and colored plates of Hyacinths and Herstine's New Hardy Raspberry. Address

HENRY A. DREER, *Seedman and Florist*,
714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

THIS IS RICH.—"The divinity hedging royalty in these days does not amount to much, but such as it is, it renders the life of the Marquis of Lorne somewhat unenviable. The Prince of Wales utterly refuses to receive his sister's husband as a member of the royal family, and at the state ball, recently, gave orders that the marquis should not be admitted at the royal entrance. He was accordingly refused admittance, and the princess declined to enter except with her husband, saying that her place was where he was. The marquis would not take the princess in by the general public entrance, and the result was that they did not attend the ball."

The idea of that fat, bald-headed, dissolute young man preventing a decent man, and that man the husband of his sister from entering except at a certain entrance! If Lorne had cut the Prince of Wales, we would not have wondered at it.

THREE CHOICE AND BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—

No. 1. "BED-TIME." A mother with her sleeping babe in her arms, carrying it lovingly up to its nightly resting-place. An older child, itself almost a baby, is clambering up the stairs before her. This is the picture; and the artist has given it a tender interest that appeals to every mother's heart, and to the heart of every lover of children. In "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," the babe is borne to its heavenly rest; in this to its nightly slumber.

Apart from the subject of this beautiful engraving, it has rare excellence as a work of art, and is a great favorite among picture buyers.

No. 2 "THE ANGEL OF PEACE." This picture represents an angel bearing a lovely child, passing over a sleeping city. The soft light of a crescent moon and the firmament of stars rest upon the city and its peaceful inhabitants like a benediction. It is one of the tenderest and most beautiful creations of art, worthy to take its place on the walls of any parlor in the land.

No. 3. "THE WREATH OF IMMORTELLES." As a work of art, this exquisite picture is beyond criticism. It represents two children bearing a wreath of immortelles to place it upon the grave of their mother. The picture is full of sweet and tender interest, and will win its way to every heart. The original is one of the most charming pictures of the season.

We have arrangements with the publishers of these charming pictures that enable us to send them by mail to our subscribers at \$1 each; or two of them for \$1.75; or the three for \$2.25. Pictures like these cannot be bought of any print seller for less than \$5 each. We recommend all of our readers who desire fine pictures to secure copies of these. Address L. A. GODEY, Philadelphia.

IS A LOBSTER A WILD ANIMAL?—

"At the last Exeter, English, Assizes there was a case on the calendar which usefully illustrated the uncertainty attending the legal definition of a wild animal. The prisoner, a fisherman, was charged with stealing a lobster, by abstracting it from the 'pot' of a fellow fisherman, the said 'pot' being sunk in the English Channel off the coast of Devon. The counsel for the defence raised the objection that the lobster was a wild animal, and therefore a criminal information could not be maintained. The judge ruled that a lobster was not a wild animal, but considerable time was wasted in argument before the legal status of the crustacean was fixed. A still more curious instance of the difficulty has arisen in the same county. A swarm of bees alighted in a lane near the residence of a farmer named Pidsley, who straightway hived them. A neighbor named Llanville declared that the bees were his, and, shaking them out of Pidsley's hive into his own, carried them away. Pidsley sued in the County Court for the recovery of the value of the bees, and the judge, Mr. Serjeant Petersdorf, after hearing all the evidence, said it would be necessary to withhold his judgment till next court, 'there being a variety of points that suggested themselves to his mind with reference to the ownership of wild animals.' The possibility of bees being regarded as wild animals was a new light for the Devonshire bee-masters."

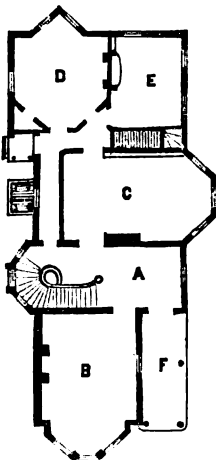
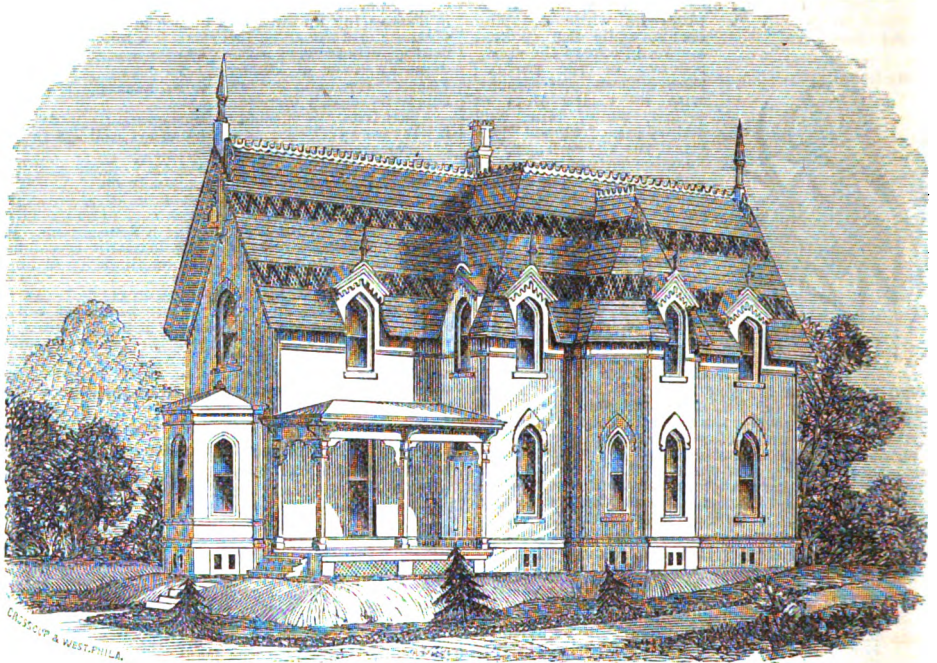
FREIGHT ON LETTERS AND PREMIUM ON DRAFTS.—

Subscribers will please understand that when they send their letters by an express company they must pay the freight, and those who send drafts must pay the premium. We advise subscribers to remit a post-office order or a draft payable to the order of L. A. GODEY. The rates for postal money orders as established by law are as follows:—

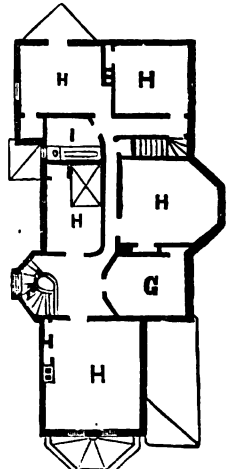
"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum, but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge will be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.



FIRST STORY.



SECOND STORY.

THE above design is in the Gothic style. It is well adapted for a parsonage, and makes a very airy house. Built in a proper situation, it will present a good effect, and add beauty to the scenery. The above was built of frame weather boards, nicely finished inside, at a cost of about \$7000. It contains inside shutters and all the modern conveniences.

We have recently received a patent for a new mode of hanging "pivot blinds," doing away with the bar that moves the slats by the substitution of a small brass bar that runs up the stiles. The whole is moved by a lever upon a master slat. They look very beautiful, and are free to look through, and can be cleaned as easily as tight shutters, and take up less room in the boxes by one inch in its depth. We have these strips manufactured in lengths thirty-six feet long, and builders can cut them off to suit different heights. A large number of them are already in use, as no lady will have those of the wooden strip, hung by little staples, after they have seen these. They are nice, and easily made, and much less liable to get out of repair. When properly made, they close so tight that all air and dust are excluded. All who have seen them agree in giving them the preference over the old method.

First Floor.—A main hall, 9 feet wide; B parlor, 15 by 20 feet; C sitting-room, 13 by 21 feet; D dining-room, 14 by 14 feet; E kitchen, 11 by 14 feet; F front porch.

Second Floor.—G study, 9 by 12 feet; H chambers; I bath-room, 7 by 8 feet.

"A PRACTICAL and intelligent down-East farmer expresses the opinion that the famous Farmers' Club of New York city, which so often sends out its wordy-wise and often ridiculous advice and instruction, is composed of doctors without patients, lawyers without clients, and clergymen without parishes."

We should like to know how many others than farmers compose our Farmers' clubs.

So long has your Book charmed our lonely hearth and blessed our fireside, that it seems as though no other magazine can ever fill its place. M.

"THE New York Evening Mail says that when people give dancing parties they ought not to be so anxious to show their carpets, as to put down their crash. The writer says he was at an elegant reception a short time ago where dancing was perfectly unenjoyable on account of the heavy pile of velvet carpet, new for the occasion."

We can't see the difference, because people now don't dance, and it is as easy to walk over a carpet as over crash.

FRUGAL landlady of boarding-house: "Coming home to dinner, Mr. Brown?" Hearty boarder: "Well, perhaps; if I don't feel hungry."

A BEAUTIFUL smile is to the feminine countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape. It embellishes an inferior face and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual—insipidity is the result; nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceit and grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the line of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinctive character; some announce goodness and sweetness; others betray sarcasm, bitterness, and pride; some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness; others brighten it by brilliant and spiritual vitality. Gazing and pouting before a mirror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward; watch that the heart keeps unsullied from reflection of evil, and illumined and beautified by sweet thoughts.

AN enthusiast upon cranberries writes:—

"The acid of the cranberry is so decidedly beneficial in all bilious affections, by its stimulating effects upon the liver, that attention to its culture should be encouraged. One acre of land, suitably prepared, will yield two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of cranberries. The cranberry is a beautiful evergreen and grows thriftily. It can be kept all winter, and may be so trained to grow from flower-pots as to be beautifully ornamental to the parlor and dining-room through all seasons of the year. They will grow in any ordinary room, without special attention, and the berry will remain on the stem until the flowering for another crop. It flourishes further north than any other berry, ripening on Bushman Island, on the western slope of Greenland, in latitude seventy-six."

SEVERE PUNISHMENT.—The London *Graphic* says:—

"John Bernard, a private of the Royal Marines, was on Tuesday sentenced by court martial at Devonport to eighteen months' hard labor, and to dismissal from the service for throwing down his belt in a contemptuous manner when ordered to take it off by his captain."

PRETTY GOOD DOG STORY.—Boston has a dog story. A dog followed a man to Paris, and becoming alarmed at the attitude of the French people toward canines, started for home, and arrived all safe, having made the journey on foot and alone. It is said that when he arrived in Boston there was not a dry hair on him, and he tasted just as salty as a codfish.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

ADDRESS "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. C. H. M.—Sent pattern July 19th.
I. M. B. & Co.—Sent pattern 19th.
Mrs. A. P. S.—Sent pattern 19th.
Mrs. J. F.—Sent pattern 19th.
G. B. G.—Sent lead comb 25th.
Mrs. B. E. A.—Sent lead comb 25th.
Mrs. E. R. L.—Sent silk by express 25th.
W. H. R. W.—Sent goods by steamer 25th.
Mrs. C. E. J.—Sent articles by express August 1st.
Mrs. J. M. McC.—Sent articles by express 1st.
Mrs. H. K. S.—Sent jet jewelry by express 1st.
Mrs. H. A. F. G.—Sent lead comb 1st.
Mrs. R. C. B.—Sent infant's patterns by express 2d.

Mrs. C. B.—Sent dress goods by express 3d.
Mrs. C. H. G.—Sent infant's wardrobe by express 14th.

Mrs. J. M.—Sent cloak by express 15th.
Mrs. C. P.—Sent bonnet by express 23d.
Mrs. M. C. H.—Sent jewelry 23d.
Mrs. S. E. F.—Sent infant's pattern 23d.
H. G.—Sent lead comb 23d.

Maria.—No metal spoons should be employed in beating or stirring the ingredients of cakes; wooden spoons should be used.

Jane.—To prevent your starch from sticking, sprinkle in a little fine salt when boiling.

M. S.—Use no cosmetic but that of exercise, pure air, and a happy, healthful spirit.

Rebecca.—It would certainly be of benefit to your family that you should understand the making and applying of fomentations, leeches, poultices, warm baths, and similar things.

Mayflower.—We do not pretend to tell your character by the handwriting; and our advice to you is not to believe in those who do.

Flora.—Sapphire is a bright dark blue.

Gertrude.—Guard against reading too much or too rapidly. Read rather with attention; lay the book often down; impress on your mind what you have read, and reflect upon it. By following these rules you will succeed.

Matilda.—We can send you any number of the Book you may require by forwarding to our address twenty-five cents.

Bessy.—Get your father to ask what he means. If he regards you only as a friend, he is preventing you having the chance of other offers.

Molly.—Flirtation is not sufficient ground for divorce. But it is not good conduct on the part of either, and creates a jealousy that causes unhappiness in the household. Be advised and stop it.

Anna.—The hair is more likely to grow if it is not curled or crimped; it should be untied and brushed out with a soft brush every night.

Alice.—You should certainly remove your gloves at dinner.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor the Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

The publisher of the *LADY'S BOOK* has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order, is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the Fashion Editor does not know.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of brown silk poplin, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a single row of fringe; the upper one plaited in the back, and trimmed with fringe. Postillion basque, trimmed to correspond. Brown hat, trimmed with velvet of a lighter shade and feather.

Fig. 2.—House dress of green silk, made with two

skirts; the lower one trimmed with one plaited flounce, with a band of velvet through it; the upper one with a narrow plaiting. Plain corsage; open sleeves. Black velvet jacket waist, cut low square in the neck, and without any sleeves.

Fig. 3.—Visiting dress of heavy purple silk, made with two skirts, each trimmed with a ruffle, with three rows of plaiting above, with a velvet band below them. Black silk cloak, lined and trimmed with lace and velvet. White silk bonnet, trimmed with black lace, purple feathers, and white flounces.

Fig. 4.—House dress of claret-colored poplin, made with two skirts, trimmed with ruffles. Postillion basque, trimmed with ruffle and rows of narrow velvet; open sleeves.

Fig. 5.—Dress of blue serge, trimmed with plaited ruffles of the same and velvet. Black silk overskirt and basque of heavy corded silk, trimmed with lace and velvet. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with blue feather and velvet.

Fig. 6.—Suit for boy of six years old of navy blue cloth, made with a loose blouse, trimmed with velvet, slightly open at the throat, with revers of velvet. Felt hat, trimmed with velvet.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—House dress of black silk, trimmed with white lace; the overskirt is turned back and fastened in the back; plain corsage, trimmed with lappels; open sleeves. The underskirt in front is of crimson silk, and is trimmed with one deep ruffle and five small plaited ones above it.

Fig. 2.—Black silk underskirt, trimmed with bias folds of black and white striped silk. Upper skirt and waist of silk to match the trimming, made very bouffant in the back, and trimmed with a narrow ruffle. Bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with white flowers.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of blue Cashmere, made with two skirts; the lower one plain, the upper one trimmed with velvet. Basque waist, bound with velvet; coat sleeves. Blue velvet bonnet, trimmed with white flowers and blue ribbon.

Fig. 4.—Walking dress of purple silk poplin, made with two skirts, both trimmed with a ruffle and puff of darker silk. Plain corsage; open sleeves, trimmed to correspond with skirt. Gray felt hat, trimmed with purple velvet and veil.

Fig. 5.—Dress of brown and black striped silk, trimmed with three ruffles of black silk, headed by a bias band of the striped silk like dress. Black silk cloak, trimmed with folds of the same and passementerie tassels; open sleeves. Brown silk bonnet, trimmed with feathers.

Fig. 6.—Dress for little girl of white *piqué*, cloak of black velvet, trimmed with silk braid and fringe. White felt hat, trimmed with a black feather and velvet.

MODE OF FOLDING VARIOUS ARTICLES OF DRESS FOR PACKING.

It is of great importance to understand how to fold up articles of dress so that they may not be injured by being packed up. Some general rules may be laid down from which our readers may acquire this useful art. In order to fold up any dress, mantle, or jacket, it should be laid flat on a table or bed, the right side uppermost, and all the seams smoothed down, the flounces, frills, bows, etc., carefully arranged. It is further desirable to have always at hand a sufficient quantity of soft paper to lay between the folds of silk, satin, or velvet articles, to cover the buttons, or fill up any hollow spaces. Care must also be taken to fold each article so that it fits

into the box or basket which is to hold it; so that it may lie perfectly smooth, and not be moved out of its place by being transported.

Fig. 1.—Mode of folding up an out-door jacket. Lay the jacket so that the middle of the front lies exactly on the middle of the back; fold the sleeves over the front, laying paper between each sleeve and over the trimmings.

Figs. 2 to 7.—These illustrations show the process of folding up a waterproof cloak, and strapping it up for a journey. Spread it out quite flat, turn over the sides to the middle, fold in the sleeves, double up the skirt to the required size, and fasten the straps round, leaving the hood outside, as seen in illustration Fig. 7.

Figs. 8 to 10.—Mode of folding a trimmed skirt without train. Double the skirt so that the front forms one edge and the back the other; lay it flat on the table, making the seams of each half coincide with those of the other half; then turn over the flounced part as shown in Fig. 8, laying your hand underneath, so as to keep the inner fold quite smooth, and then turn down the top of the skirt more or less, according to the size of your box.

Figs. 11 and 12.—Mode of folding a tunic or upper skirt. This depends much on the trimming and manner of looping-up. As a rule, the back should be arranged in a double plait, the sides turned over the back, and either the top or the bottom folded in to suit the size of the box.

Figs. 13 to 15.—Mode of folding a jacket bodice. Spread the body on the table, after giving it a shake; smooth out the seams, especially the sleeve seams, following the illustration Fig. 15. Then double the body down the middle of the back, so that the sleeves lie one exactly over the other, as seen in Fig. 14, and making a plait under the arms, lay the body full length into the box.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Black silk walking dress, made with one skirt and casaque, to form an overskirt; the lower skirt is trimmed with four plaited quillings of velvet, finished on the bottom with a band of fur. Casaque trimmed with a band of fur, made Watteau in the back, and finished with velvet bows. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with feathers; pink roses inside the brim.

Fig. 2.—Black felt hat, trimmed with black velvet and feather; black velvet strings fasten under the chin.

Fig. 3.—Hat made of cherry-colored silk, covered with black spotted lace, and trimmed with lace and cherry-colored feathers.

Fig. 4.—Dressing gown for miss of fifteen years, made of blue Cashmere, scalloped and bound with blue silk braid; blue silk buttons up the front.

Fig. 5.—Black silk apron for girl of twelve years, made with a waist; the apron is trimmed with velvet, put on in points, and fringe.

Fig. 6.—Ladies' sacque, made of black cloth, trimmed with fancy gimp and fringe.

Fig. 7.—Horsehair bustle, with drawing-string in the top; it is made of double ruffles, cut in scallops on the edges.

Fig. 8.—Horsehair skirt, made with a flounce around the bottom and steel springs in it; a bustle of two ruffles of horsehair is at the back.

Fig. 9.—Black silk apron, embroidered with silks in gay colors; a pocket on one side, and bow and ends on the other. The apron is finished with fringe.

Fig. 10.—Fashionable collar to wear with an open dress, made of muslin, Valenciennes lace, and pink ribbon.

Fig. 11 is a white muslin cap. It is composed of a square band of muslin, edged with a narrow frill of lace, put on with a heading. The front forms a point, in the centre of which is placed a knot of rose-colored ribbon with a group of four ends. At the back are two long floating ends of similar but broader ribbon, finished with fringe.

Fig. 12.—Ladies' chemise, made of fine long cloth, trimmed with tucks and embroidery; it is made to button on the shoulder.

Fig. 13.—Waved waterfall, with broad plait around it.

Fig. 14.—The front hair of this figure is waved, and has two curls on the top of the head. The sides are combed back over frisettes, and arranged with the back hair into a long drooping chignon, which is surrounded with a cable twist.

Fig. 15.—Muslin and lace fichu, to be worn over a colored silk dress.

Fig. 16.—New shaped linen collar, made of linen, Valenciennes lace insertion, and edging.

Fig. 17.—Sleeveless sacque of white cloth, bound with black velvet, and fastened with a cord and tassels.

Fig. 18.—Opera Cloak of white Cashmere, ornamented with embroidery and a rich fringe.

Fig. 19.—Linen collar, edged with lace, with velvet run through it, to wear with an open dress. Sleeve to match.

Fig. 20.—Linen collar to wear with open dress, edged with narrow lace; the sleeve is made to correspond.

Fig. 21.—Bow, made of violet satin ribbon, and decorated with a black and gold enamelled insect, a white azalea, and a white marabout feather.

Fig. 22.—Little boy's kilt suit, made with skirt of blue and white plaid poplin, with basque waist and jacket of plain blue poplin, trimmed with white braid.

Fig. 23.—Buttoned glove for evening wear.

Figs. 24 and 25.—Front and back of two-buttoned glove.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

(See Engraving, Page 316.)

Fig. 1.—Little girl's dress, made of blue Cashmere, with a fancy apron over it, made of French muslin, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

Fig. 2.—Dress for girl of thirteen years, made of maroon-colored silk, trimmed with fine passementerie trimming, put on in points, and maroon-colored velvet. Basque waist and long open sleeves. Maroon-colored velvet hat, trimmed with small feather and velvet.

Fig. 3.—Suit for boy of ten years, made of navy blue cloth, with short pants; long blouse, with velvet collar and velvet belt. Felt hat to match color of suit.

Fig. 4.—Kilt suit for little boy of three years, made of black velvet, and trimmed with silk braid. Scotch cap of plaid, bound with black velvet.

Fig. 5.—Suit for girl of six years. Dress of scarlet and black striped poplin; sacque of white cloth, trimmed with black velvet. Black velvet hat, trimmed with a feather.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

AMONG the large and varied assortment of fall and winter goods that now fill our stores, and gayly deck the windows, we will endeavor to give a description of some, if not all, there collected.

In silks stripes are first shown. They have black grounds, with double stripes of two shades of a color on them. The stylish almond and darker wood

browns are together in thickly-repped stripes on a smooth black surface, turquoise and sapphire blue are associated, and emerald with bottle green. Repped stripes of a single color on black grounds, ponceau, prune, gray, primrose, and dark green. White stripes on black are still very stylish, and will be very much in demand for autumn suits. Plain silks of all shades of each separate color are also shown in great variety; these are of very elegant and of poorer qualities, and are used for the shaded suits, which will still continue to be worn. These suits require very careful arranging, to make all the colors blend properly. Plain black silks, in all qualities and widths, are, as usual, in great demand. They are dull, glossy, satin-faced, corded, and some few have gay-colored figures on them. Next to silks we see silk poplins, which make a very handsome and useful costume. These are seen in black, and in all the shades of brown, blue, green, purple, maroon, and gray now so much worn. Velvet is generally used for trimming these when the same material is not used, and they make a very elegant costume.

Delaine dresses, now so fashionable in Europe, are among the latest importations. They are intended for general wear and for travelling. The fabric is pure wool, fine, soft as Cashmere, yet with round, distinct threads, like poplin, and has far better body than the delaines which have been in market. The dresses imported are ashes of roses, dust color, and wood browns, with trimmings of the same, boupe and piped with silk of the same shade.

Cashmere dresses will be worn later; serge, and the heavier all-wool, and wool and silk poplins. These goods can be purchased in plain solid colors or in striped goods similar to the silks spoken of. The partiality is more for soft materials than for the heavier goods, which are a weight to carry, without being any warmer than a lighter goods, and are certainly not as graceful looking when made up.

Some innovations in costumes are announced. The corsage and skirt of dresses are of striped fabrics, with sleeves and overskirt of solid color. Again, the entire skirt and basque are of silk, the overskirt and mantle of striped poplin. Basques are also made of a material quite different from the rest of the costume. For example, a skirt and overskirt of pearl-gray Cashmere, with a basque of claret-colored *gros grain*. Evening dresses are also made with bodices of a color in contrast with the skirt. Pink *gros grain* basques are worn with black Chambery gauze skirts, and turquoise blue silk basques with white muslin skirts. The effect is very pretty. The basques are not low-necked, but are cut square and open in front, and are trimmed with a fringed-out silk ruche, and a tulle ruche inside.

The Gabrielle dress, made short, and worn with a flounced skirt, is one of the most *distinguee* models of the season. It requires a skillful hand to cut it so as to make it fit perfectly at the waist, and yet possess the necessary fullness for the skirt; but, when *réussie*, it sets off a neat figure to the greatest advantage, and, falling with puff or *retroussé* of any kind at the back, is very graceful in outline. We see silk dresses made in this way with no trimming but a double piping, *falste*, and satin round the edge, while a few inches higher a rounded basque is simulated by a deep lace border, headed by silk passementerie. To continue the same style, the outline of both bodice and sleeves are merely piped, but both have revers trimmed with rich lace and passementerie. This basque can be omitted or not as fancy dictates; the underskirt is trimmed with *blais* or flounces. The *blais* are perhaps the more novel trimming, especially if of striped of a darker

shade than the dress, but in that case the upper skirt should also be trimmed to correspond. Should flounces be preferred, they must be put in *godet* plaits. One deep flounce is more fashionable than many. It should not be placed so as to touch the edge of the skirt, but an inch or two higher. Sometimes a quilling or a flat *plissé* is placed under the flounce.

Two different sets of trimmings on the same dress are very fashionable. Thus, a dress of heavy black silk, with an underskirt trimmed with a deep fringe, with cable cord headings, put on so as to simulate the outlines of a flounce; the same fringe and cord went round the deep basque of the jacket bodice and the upper part of the sleeve; but the second skirt, the front part of the bodice, and the lower edge of the sleeves were trimmed with a gathered frill and an embroidered border in silk and braid-work. The sleeves which are most *à la mode* just now are those demi-wide and just tightened in at the bend of the arm with a bow, whence they are open and fully trimmed.

A difference in the trimming is also observable in some of the new mantles. A mantle of heavy black silk rep has a square collar and revers; it is loose in front, rounded off, and open at the sides. At the back there are double lappets, jacket lappets over much longer coat-tail lappets. The trimming of this *retement* is alternately of two different kinds, which gives great originality to the *tout ensemble* of its appearance. The collar and revers are ornamented with pipings and narrow loops of satin. This ornament is repeated round the edge of the jacket lappet. The front sleeves and coat-tail lappets are adorned with rich silk embroidery and a handsome fringe of moderate length.

The new *paletots* are, generally speaking, half fitting. There are basques, either real or simulated, at the back, and the trimming is placed on the back seams, from the shoulder to the waist. Ruches of colored silk, with a mixture of black lace, are sometimes used to trim heavy black silk *paletots*, but are not in good taste unless matched to the color of the dress.

Black mohair Cashmere and alpaca suits so much worn at this season show a repetition of the popular box plaited waists, with a difference. Instead of five single box plaits, we have in the back and front three very broad double box plaits. These look exceedingly well in alpaca; and the loose shirred blouse or chemise Russe, of which they are composed, is so easily made, that ladies who have a good-fitting blouse pattern will not need a dressmaker's assistance. Alpaca blouses should have a lining throughout of soft muslin, put in after the plaits have been stitched and the waist fitted. The shoulder seams must be very short, the neck high, and the sleeves coat shape or half flowing. The simple overskirt is long, and caught up by tapes falling from the belt, with a buttonhole in the end to fasten them to a button half way down the skirt. This makes a graceful bouffant drapery. The underskirt has a wide flounce, arranged in broad double box plaits, with a button just below the top of each plait, and another half way down the plait. The flounce is loose below. Cashmere skirts, to be worn with a variety of overdresses, are of solid color, and are no longer trimmed with flounces, but with many bias bands corded at each edge. Overskirts made abroad are straight all around, without looping behind or on the sides. The slightly trained skirts worn in the house and carriage can be easily shortened for a promenade on the street. A loop of cord or a small ring must be sewed on the under side of the dress skirt in each back seam and in the centre of back

widths. The side gores do not need to be shortened. A cord or tape is then passed through these loops, also through an eyelet-hole in the back seam of the side gore, and is tied outside of the skirt in front. The overskirt hides the tapes in front, and the underskirt is drawn up in a puff below the belt, that helps to give the stylish bouffant effect. To decide where to place the loops, measure the length of the train that hangs beyond walking dress length, and put the loops half that distance below the belt.

Suits for boys in pants are made with jacket, vest, and knee pants; the latter fall just below the knee, are simply hemmed at the bottom, or else lined with an inch-wide facing, and are broad enough for the foot to pass through, consequently the opening at the side is dispensed with. Next comes the vest, a garment that delights the heart of "little men." This may be merely a false vest, buttoned inside the jacket fronts; but a regular waistcoat is a feature this season, and is often seen on boys who are still wearing kilt skirts. For chubby little fellows the false vest is still advised. The jacket fits loosely, descends just below the waist, and may be worn without the vest if preferred, the plaited front of the shirt showing instead. Blue black, blue, and dark green cloth are the colors most used for suits; every day suits are of gray or brown, or else black, with irregular dashes of white. Gray cassimere suits for fall have smoked pearl buttons on them.

The youth's overcoat for fall is called the King William. It is a sort of sleeveless sack, with a cape at the back only, but falling over the arm, and hanging like a loose sleeve. It is stylish, and will be comfortable also, as it is doubled on the shoulders, where boys need most protection, as their vests have merely thin cambric backs.

Among novelties for ladies is a Russia leather belt, with a pendant for carrying an umbrella slashed to the side like a sword. The chatelaine bag of leather, attached to a belt of the same, was introduced last year in the pale brown leather then fashionable; it is now shown in russet color, and is worn in the city on morning shopping tours. A pretty and useful novelty is a chain of fine Viennese gilt, supplied with a hook that fastens it to the belt of any dress, while a ring at the other end holds the fan.

Tinted writing paper and visiting cards are restored to favor. These are not of the deep hues that once offended taste, but are faintest tints, mere shadows of color, so delicate and soft that they are used by the most fastidious. Two sizes of paper, the note and letter sheet, are used; these are of slender shape, twice as long as their breadth, so that when doubled across the centre, they will fit the square envelopes now used. Monograms have obtained perfection in quaintly combined antique letters, daintily colored in the centre, the edges boldly raised and gilded as a border. The colors contrast prettily with the tint of the paper. For those who do not use monograms, the first letter of the family name is printed on the paper. Visiting cards are of thick Bristol board without enamel, and tinted to match note paper, each lady selecting a tint, and using it as her own until it becomes associated with her. Cards are long and narrow, those for ladies being larger than the English card used by gentlemen. The name engraved in script is preferred to old English letters at present. Ladies who have regular reception days in each week have the day engraved on the left-hand corner; the name of their hotel, country seat, or number and street of city residence, on the right-hand corner. The new idea for marking clothing and household linen is to stamp them with the monogram of the lady of the house in indelible ink.

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ASKING A BLESSING. Painted by Professor Jordan. Size 20½ by 15½. Price \$3.00.

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I have first a word to say:
Do you know what day to-day is?
Mother, 'tis our wedding-day!

"Just as now, we sat at supper
When the guests had gone away;
You sat that side, I sat this side,
Forty years ago to-day!

"Then what plans we laid together:
What brave things I meant to do!
Could we dream to-day would find us
At this table—me and you?"

"Better so, no doubt—and yet I
Sometimes think—I cannot tell—
Had our boys—ah, yes! I know, dear;
Yes, He doeth all things well.

"Well, we've had our joys and sorrows;
Shared our smiles as well as tears;
And—the best of all—I've had your
Faithful love for forty years!

"Poor we've been, but not forsaken;
Grief we've known, but never shame—
"Father, for Thy endless mercies
Still we bless Thy Holy Name!"

"ISN'T SHE PRETTY?" Painted by the celebrated Lilly M. Spencer. Size 12½ by 16½. Price \$2.50.

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Catarrh

ITS SYMPTOMS, RATIONAL AND SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT.

BY R. V. PIERCE, M. D.

SYMPTOMS.—Indisposition to exercise, difficulty of thinking, reasoning or concentrating the mind upon any subject, frequent headache, lassitude, lack of ambition, or energy, discharge falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, acrid, thick and tenacious mucus, purulent, offensive, &c. In others a dryness, dry, watery, weak or inflamed eyes, stopping up or obstruction of nasal passages, ringing in ears, deafness, hawking and coughing to clear throat, ulcerations, death and decay of bones, scabs from ulcers, constant desire to clear nose and throat, voice altered, nasal twang, offensive breath, impaired or total deprivation of sense of smell and taste, dizziness, mental depression, loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, enlarged tonsils, tickling cough, difficulty in speaking plainly, general debility, and insanity.

All the above symptoms are common to the disease in some of its stages or complications, yet thousands of cases annually terminate in consumption or insanity and end in the grave without ever having manifested one-third of the symptoms above enumerated.

No disease is more common or less understood by physicians.

TREATMENT OF CATARRH.

If you would remove an evil, *strike at its root*. This is the "common sense" or rational way to treat Catarrh. As the predisposing or real cause of Catarrh is, in the majority of cases, some weakness, impurity or otherwise faulty condition of the system, in attempting to cure the disease our chief aim must be directed to the removal of that cause. The more I see of this odious disease, the more do I recognize the importance and necessity of combining, with the use of a local soothing and healing application, a thorough internal use of blood-cleansing and strengthening medicine. If we would successfully treat the disease we *must use constitutional* as well as local treatment.

As a local application for healing the diseased condition in the head

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY

is beyond all comparison the best preparation ever discovered. It is mild and pleasant to use, producing no smarting or pain, and contains no strong irritating or caustic drug or other poison.

It is a powerful antiseptic, and speedily destroys all bad smell which accompanies so many cases, thus affording great comfort to those who suffer in this way. It speedily subdues acute attacks of "cold in the head," thus preventing their resulting in Chronic Catarrh. Its cleansing, antiseptic, soothing and healing properties are truly wonderful.

The Catarrh Remedy Fluid should be applied by the use of

DR. PIERCE'S NASAL DOUCHE,

which carries it high up and applies it to all parts of the affected nasal passages and the chambers and cavities communicating therewith. Three or four packages of the Remedy used with this instrument will do more good than a dozen used in any other manner. The instrument is sold by all first class Druggists at 60 cents, or will be sent by mail from my office on receipt of price.

While the Catarrh Remedy is being used locally, we must not neglect to correct the constitutional fault upon which the disease generally depends, or the Catarrh, if relieved at all, is very apt to show itself again upon slight exposure.

Not only will the cure be thus more surely, speedily and permanently effected, but you thereby guard against other forms of disease breaking out as the result of humors in the blood or constitutional derangement or weakness.

For this purpose I have discovered a medicine that will, better than any other, accomplish the object sought.

To designate this wonderful medicine I have named it

DR. PIERCE'S ALT. EXT. OR GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

It has a specific effect upon the lining mucous membrane of the nasal and other air passages, promoting the natural secretion of its follicles and glands, thereby softening, absorbing and restoring the diseased and thickened membrane to its natural, thin, delicate, moist, healthy condition. As a blood purifier I believe it to be unequalled. As those diseases which complicate Catarrh are diseases of the lining mucous membrane or of the blood, it will readily be seen why this medicine is so well calculated to cure them.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy effects cures upon common-sense, rational and scientific principles, by its mild soothing and healing properties, to which the disease gradually yields, when the system has been put in perfect order by the use of my Golden Medical Discovery. This is the only perfectly safe, scientific and successful mode of acting upon and healing it.

An old proverb says, "what has been done may be done again." In view of this fact, and knowing that I have cured thousands of the worst cases of Catarrh, and have never failed to effect a perfect cure when I have had a reasonable chance, I hereby offer, in good faith, \$500 Reward for a case of Catarrh which I cannot cure. I claim that I CAN CURE ANY AND EVERY CASE OF IT IF MY DIRECTIONS ARE FAITHFULLY FOLLOWED. Why then trifle with this disease, reader? Why put off the use of the sure means of cure which I offer? Do you not know that "procrastination is the thief of time?" Why try to make light of it by thinking that it is only Catarrh? Do you not know that Consumption and Insanity are among the frequent results, and that thereby millions of graves are filled? Do I speak strongly? Can I speak too strongly? Why disgust your friends and associates with the offensive odor of your breath, or by your constant hawking, blowing and spitting, when relief is so easily and cheaply obtained? Is it not a duty that you owe to others as well as to yourself to get rid of this disgusting complaint? Do not think that the disease will in time wear out. On the contrary, it will, unless cured, wear you out. Do not think that you cannot be cured. The world moves and medical science is progressive. Many forms of disease, which would once have been entirely incurable with the means then known, are, in the light of recent discoveries in medicine, very easily cured.

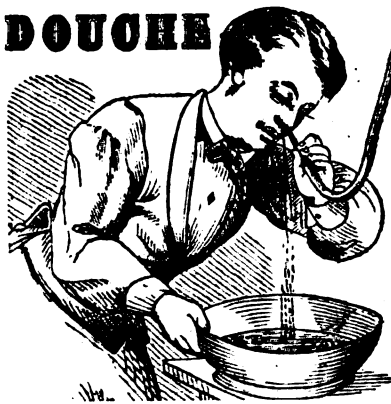
Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is sold by all Druggists at 50 cents per package.

It will be sent, postpaid, to any address, by the proprietor, on receipt of sixty cents.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.,
Sole Proprietor,
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DR. PIERCE'S Fountain Nasal Injector, OR DOUCHE



Especially designed for the Perfect Application of
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This is the only form of instrument yet invented which fluid medicine can be carried high up and perfectly applied to all parts of the affected nasal passage and the chambers communicating therewith, in which sores and ulcers frequently exist, and from which discharge generally proceeds. The fluid is carried up one nostril in a full gently-flowing stream to the highest portion of the nasal passages, passes into and thoroughly cleanses all the tubes and chambers connected therewith, and flows out of the opposite nostril. It is pleasant, and so simple that a child can understand it. Full directions for use accompany each instrument. Price 60 cents. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail receipt of price.

Manufactured by

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.,
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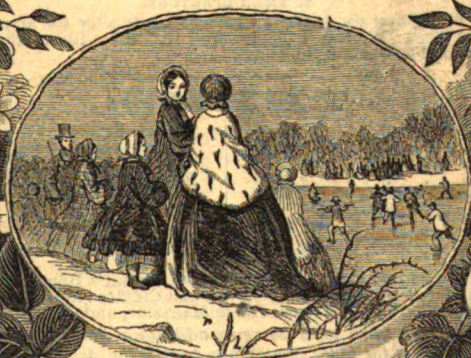
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LADY'S
BOOK.**

EDITED BY

MRS. SARAH J. HALE,

L. A. GODEY.

1871.



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PHILADELPHIA.

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1872.

Volume 84.

1872.

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EDITED BY

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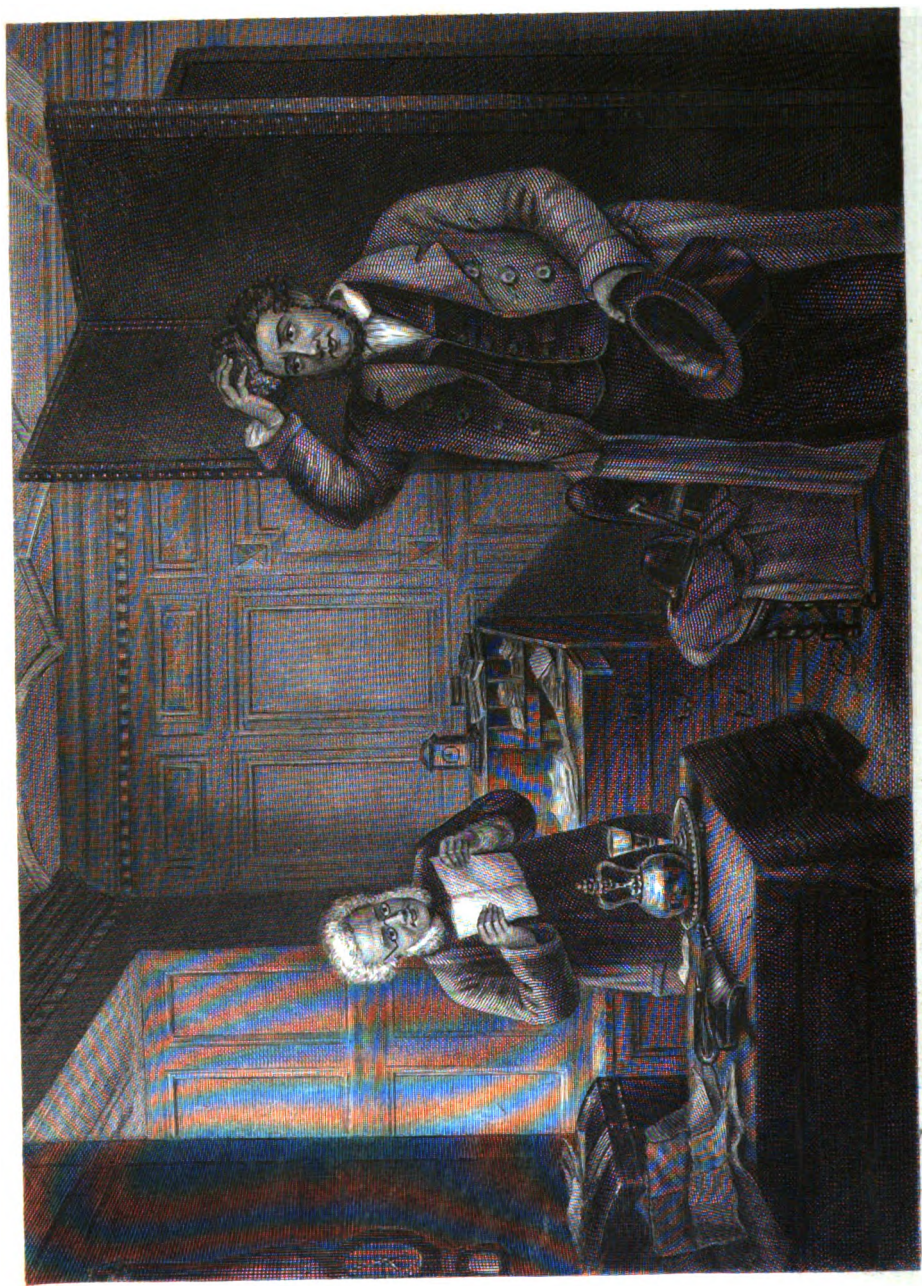
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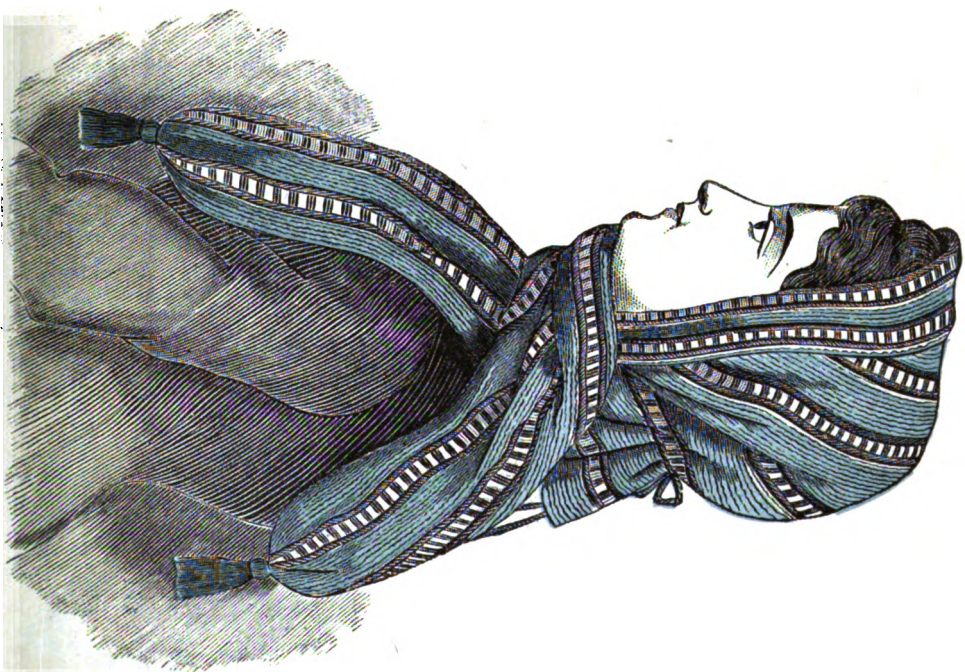
WAITING AN ANSWER.



A BAD DAY'S SPORT.



A BAD DAY'S SPORT.



FASHIONABLE COST

(See Description, Fashion Depart)



Fig. 7.



Fig. 14.



FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.



Fig. 1

For Description of Engravings on this Sheet,
see Fashion Department.



Fig. 2



Fig. 11.



Fig. 12.



F



Fig. 21.



Fig. 22.



Fig. 23.



Fig. 24.



Fig. 25.



Fig. 26.

I'll Watch for Thee.

SONG.

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR.

BY

B. F. PEALE.

As published by J. STARR HOLLOWAY, 811 Spring Garden St., Philada.

With feeling.

1. I'll watch for thee, from my lone - ly
2. Why did'st thou say I was bright - er,

bow'r, Come o'er the sea, at the twi - light hour.
far, Than the bright ray of the ev' - ning star,

Come when the day Pas - ses a - way,
Why did'st thou come, Seek - ing my home,

Come when the Night-in - gale sings on the tree.
'Till I be - liev'd that thy vows were sin - cere.

I'LL WATCH FOR THEE.

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains the melody with lyrics: "Come and re - move, Doubts of my love, Oh! if thy vow, Wear - iest thee now,". The bass clef staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

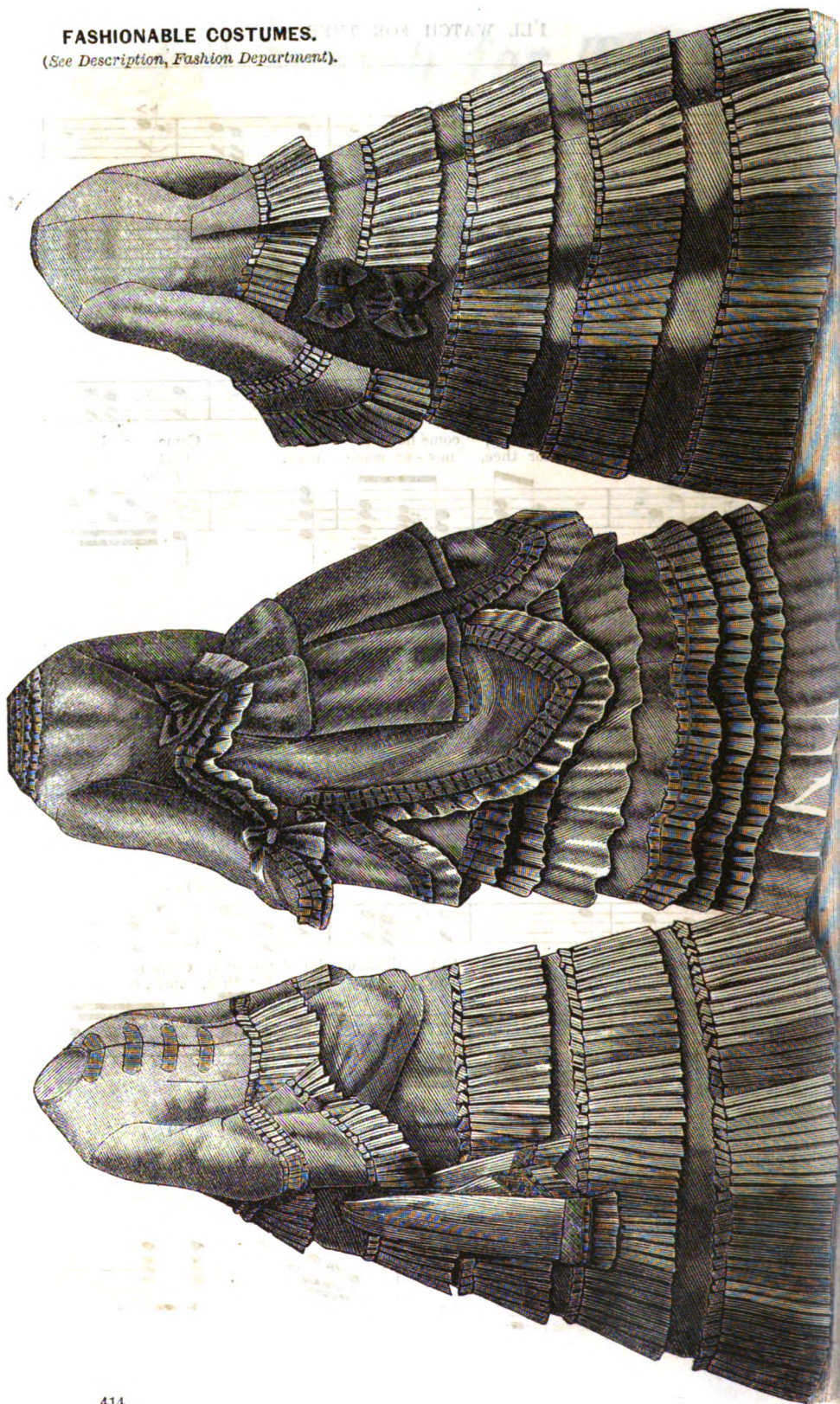
Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains the melody with lyrics: "But if thou lov'st me not, come not to me. Come and re- Oh! if thy Tho' I may weep for thee, nev - er come near. Dolce." The word "Cres." is written above the first measure. The bass clef staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains the melody with lyrics: "move Doubts of my love, But if thou lov'st me not, vow Wear - iest thee now, Tho' I may weep for thee,". The word "cres." is written above the first measure. The bass clef staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains the melody with lyrics: "come not to me. But if thou lov'st me not, come not to nev . er come here. Tho' I may weep for thee, nev . er come". The word "lento." is written above the first measure. The bass clef staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains the melody with lyrics: "me. here." The bass clef staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

FASHIONABLE COSTUMES.
(See Description, Fashion Department).



FLOWERS AND FLOWER BASKET.

(See Engravings, 415, 416, 417, 418, and Description, Work Department.)



Fig. 1.—White Verbena.



Fig. 13.—Forget-me-not.



Fig. 2.—Scarlet Verbena.



Fig. 15.—Inner Bloom of Myrtle.

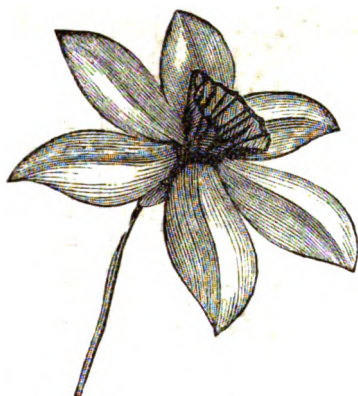


Fig. 5.—Narcissus.

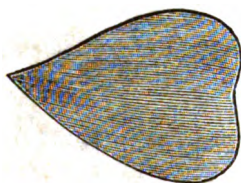


Fig. 12.—Rose Outer Petal.

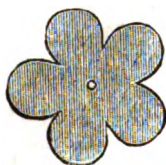


Fig. 14. Myrtle Bloom.

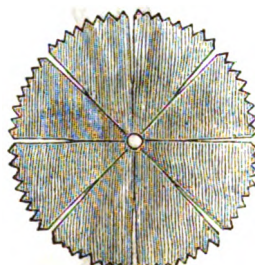


Fig. 16.—Pink Bloom.



Fig. 3.—Syringa.



Fig. 4.—Marigold.



Fig. 6.—Forget-me-not.



Fig. 11.—White Verbena Flower.

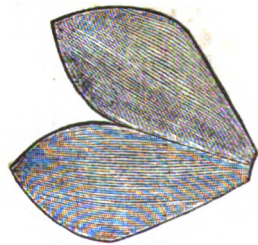


Fig. 8.
Half Bloom of Syringa.



Fig. 17.—Flower Basket.



Fig. 7.—Myrtle.

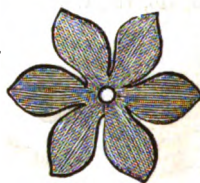


Fig. 9.—Narcissus (open)
in reduced size.

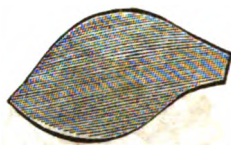


Fig. 10.—Single Flower
Petal of Narcissus.

Fig. 18.—Handle of Basket.

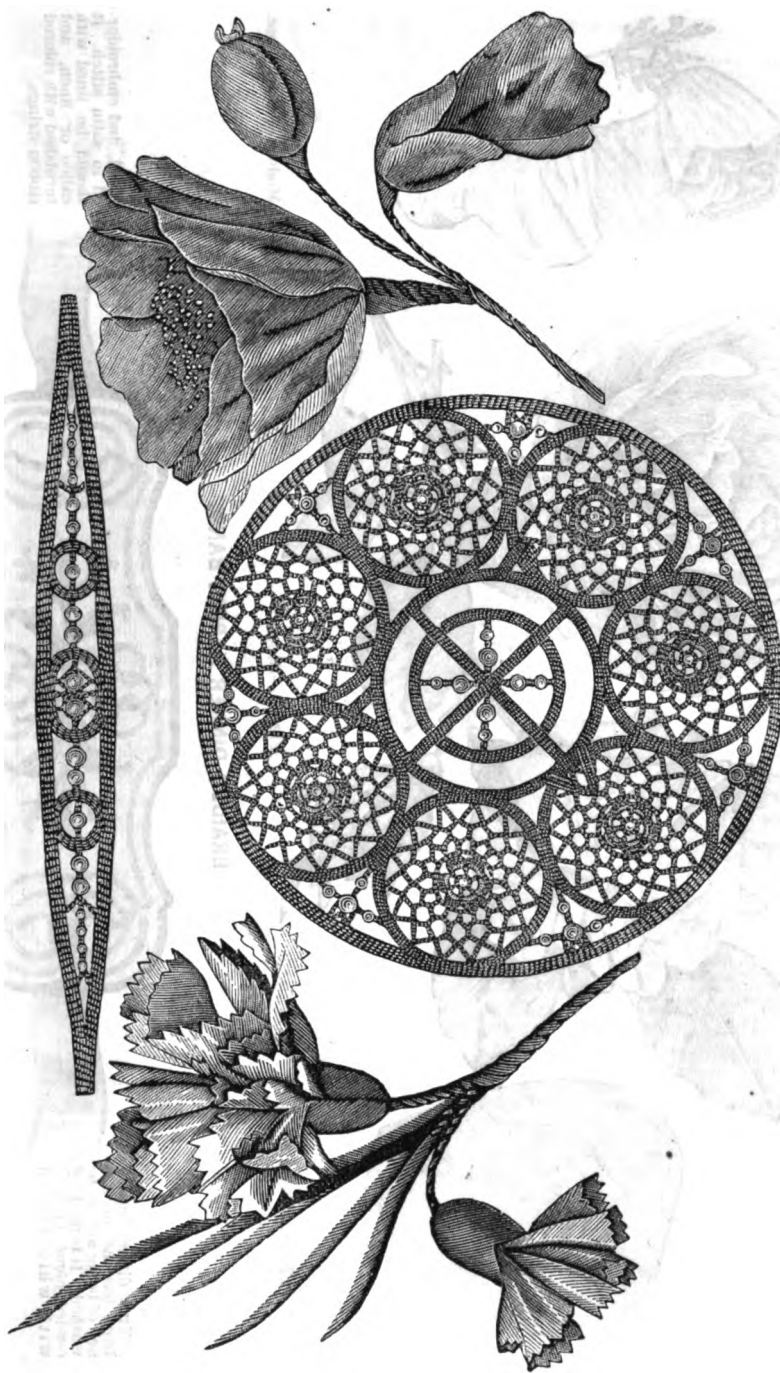


Fig. 21.—Poppy.

Fig. 19.—Basket, spread out Flat, shown from the Bottom.

Fig. 20.—Pink.

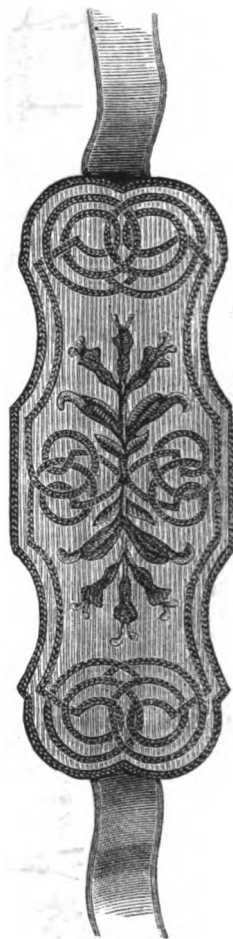


Fig. 22.—Poppy Petal.

Fig. 23.—Rose.

Fig. 24.—Mode of Making Rose.

BRAIDED DINNER NAPKIN BAND.



THIS dinner napkin band has the advantage of being able to be washed. It is made of curved point, braided with white cotton

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GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXXIII.—NO. 497.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1871.

HOW "MAD MARCY" WAS TAMED.

BY MARION HARLAND.

JUDGE MARCY, the professor-in-chief of the law department of ——— University, was a man of stately presence, grave visage, and dignified speech. His wife—"the present Mrs. Marcy," as those who remembered his first spouse styled her—was likewise stately, sedate, and rectilinear in ideas and language. "An admirably-matched pair," said the wiseacres, who had never made a psychological test of the principle that the globular is not the best figure for snug and economical packing. The wonder was, continued the sage gossips—and of gossips, wise and foolish, there is always a superfluity in a college-town—the wonder was that a father so learned and a stepmother so exemplary in all the relations of life should have sent forth into society such a harum-scarum romp as the judge's second daughter, Madeline. Laura, the eldest child, was a pensive blonde, with languishing bronze eyes, a straight nose, low, smooth brow, and a captivating drawl, whom gushing sophomores and classic seniors addressed in trochaic and hexameter as each of the Muses in turn, as Sappho, St. Cecilia, and chaste Diana. She never transgressed the proprieties, kept on amiable terms with her prim stepmother, worked marvellous chairs, and foot-rests, and fender-stools for fancy fairs, and was the "loveliest of created beings" to half the ladies in town, young and old. Dora, Madeline's junior by two years, was a rosy, dimpled darling, all coo, and purr, and smiles, with bewitching shoulders she had a trick of shrugging deprecatingly upon suitable occasions, and pretty hands she displayed in the most artless manner imaginable at the piano, at draughts, and most effectively at backgammon. Chess was "too much for her," she lamented, sweetly and frankly. "She had not brains enough for the

management of castles, and kings, and queens, and she preferred *real* to chess knights," archly but shyly. Madeline played a dashing game, and her father was oftenest her opponent.

"The child has fair, natural abilities," he said, the first time she beat him, who was the ablest chess-player in town or university; "but she has not been trained to habits of diligent concentration." After this he would have her in his study every day for six months to study mathematics under his guide. Mrs. Marcy shook her head dolorously over the scheme.

"There is no such thing as steadiness in her composition, judge. No amount of drilling will repair this radical defect."

The judge began to think as much when, at the conclusion of a serious lecture upon the importance of geometrical calculations as a regulator of thought, and, indirectly, as a balance-wheel to character—pending which his daughter had sat mute and respectful, her head bent over her diagram-book, while she seemed to scribble mechanically upon a blank leaf—she handed him a clever sketch of the *pons asinorum*, with a ragged, lean donkey, whose despairing face was a caricature of her own, vainly essaying the ascent of the steep sides. He frowned at it and at her, declared his course of lessons at an end and herself at liberty to follow the bent of her own tastes, and, when she had gone, examined the drawing in grim amusement.

"She is unique," he said to himself. "It is plain that the mathematical is not her *forte*. Her success in all branches of science and literature will be like her chess victories—a brilliant accident. Poor child!"

Madeline would have laughed at the idea of receiving pity, even from the parent she loved, and whose partiality for herself she more than suspected. The gay, high spirit that had made sunshine even in the shadiest places of Euclid gilded whatever she looked upon. Life was a

glorious holiday—and *hers!* She would make the best of the flying hours, if only because they were fleeting. And possessing a body as sound, and vigorous, and instinct with vitality as was her spirit, her pranks were the theme of every tongue, the boast of her admirers, the text from which decorous censors preached fearful things. Music, instrumental as well as vocal, “came to her,” instead of being taught. Without knowing the name of a note, or learning a rule, she carried off the palm of delighted admiration from all the scientific performers in her circle of musical acquaintances.

“With proper tuition, she could be worked up into a genius,” said a would-be art-critic once in her hearing.

Nobody dared laugh openly at the speech, except audacious Madeline, who further horrified the cautious prophet by turning to the piano and whistling clearly and strongly to an ingenious accompaniment beautiful variations of a popular air.

“Like a veritable mocking-bird!” cried the majority.

“Like a rowdyish newsboy!” muttered the opposition.

The latter would have it that she deliberately planned the outrages upon rule and precedent that continually startled the arbiters of social and maidenly etiquette who kept watch and ward over the old collegiate town; that such straining after effect was not only “in miserable taste,” but betokened a wilful and malicious disregard of others’ feelings and opinions. And when the whisper crept around the shuddering circle that the students, in their familiar talk with one another, not only dropped the ceremonious prefix to her name, but actually dubbed her “Mad Marcy,” the cup of reprobation was full, and mantled with blandest pity for her “poor parents and sisters.” The strangest thing of all was that her defenders and retainers were not confined to the ranks of the frivolous and reckless. The distinguished president of the university was apt to be found oftener at her side, listening with relaxed brow and lips to her lively nonsense, or promenading with her on his arm, feasting his eyes upon her animated face, than in solemn, dutiful attendance upon honored matrons and erudite spinsters. And so through the whole corps of professors down to the young gentlemen of the law school, the most studious of whom sought relaxation and refreshment in her society. With the college boys she was queen paramount, but that was less singular.

“Men are such inconsistent creatures!” sighed the slighted board of condemnation. “How would they relish such behavior as hers in their sisters, wives, or daughters? Yet, after all, you will see that they will be chary of serious attentions to her. She is well enough for an idle hour. In their quest for a life-long partner, she will be passed by.”

Madeline, hearing most of this through officious tale-bearers, did not trouble herself to contradict the prevailing impression. She had had more *bona fide* offers of marriage than Laura and Dora put together, but she had kept the secrets of the discarded swains, and made them her friends forever by this and her sisterly frankness. They never called her a “rattle-pated flirt;” and, when they heard the title applied to her by others, chafed angrily at the reflection that the sex of her detractors put the thought of personal chastisement out of the question.

“It makes my blood run cold to see how free that girl is with the young men,” said Miss Sophie Slayne, one evening, at a large party, as Madeline, escorted by an unmarried professor, stopped to speak to a youth who, leaning disconsolately against the wall, bent his fair brows upon the festive scene in a Manfredish frown.

“I have come all the way across the room to remind you that you are to dance the next set with me, Mr. Toler,” she said, brightly. “It is very ungallant in you to force me to spur up your memory.”

The youth undid his arms from their hard knot—a *la* Booth’s Hamlet—but knitted his forehead yet more darkly.

“Excuse me, Miss Marcy, but I was not aware”—

“That I cared enough for you to take all this trouble?” put in Madeline. “But you see I do. So you are further indebted to me for a pleasant surprise. We are keeping the set waiting. Come! *Au revoir*, Mr. Raleigh! It is too bad that you’re partnerless,” nodding saucily at the handsome professor as she went off.

“Now, do you know,” resumed Miss Sophie to her crony, with awful emphasis, and raising her voice as the music struck up, “I no more believe she had an engagement to dance with that young man, Toler, than I believe that I had? He is rich and very clever, they say, and she is angling hard for him. He has been very attentive to her for some time past, and some true friend has warned him that he was in danger of committing himself, or he has gone as far with her as he cared to, and tonight he has avoided her in the most marked manner, as you must have seen. But it isn’t an easy matter to shake her off, as he will find out to his cost. You saw how she threw herself at his head. How can a woman who so far forgets her self-respect and the dignity of her sex expect respectful treatment at the hands of the men with whom she associates?”

“She will tame down in time. She means no harm,” ventured the crony, timidly.

Miss Sophie turned upon her sharply.

“Nothing but death will ever tame that creature! Disgrace would not. She has grazed it often enough to establish that point. Her

friends may thank their stars if she doesn't go clean over the precipice some day, as many a madcap has done before her. Such coarseness and trifling are sure indications of a vulgar, depraved nature."

"Oh, do be careful!" whispered the fellow-gossip, in an agony. "I tried to caution you by speaking as I did. Professor Rileigh must have heard you. He gave you *such* a look as he moved away."

"I am glad he listened." But, in spite of her doughty tone, Miss Sophie looked scared. "It may serve as a warning. He has been hovering around the poison-flower as giddily as any of them lately. I should have thought a man of his sense would not so demean himself. He may as well understand the position he has assumed in the eyes of the community by his absurd infatuation—if he is infatuated. Men are such hypocrites, you never can tell whether they are in earnest or not."

"If he is really in love with her, he will never forgive us," said the weaker-minded tattler. "That is, if he should marry her."

Miss Sophie sneered. "Marry her! I can set your mind at rest on that head. There is about as much likelihood of her becoming Empress of France as Mrs. Rileigh. He may divert himself with her for awhile, but Frederick Rileigh knows too well what is due to himself and his family to run the risk of bringing this hoyden into it. His father was a member of Congress for years, and is very wealthy and aristocratic, the leader in every public enterprise in his State, and his wife, I have heard, is an elegant woman. One of the sons is an eminent clergyman, one a rising lawyer. Frederick is the youngest. He marry Mad Marcy! It would be equivalent to disinheritance, my dear."

"I was sure you would not misunderstand me, Rob," Madeline was saying to her partner, looking up in his face with a cordial smile. Miss Sophie would not have scrupled to call "wanton." "I could not bear to see you so unhappy. And people were talking about it. I was afraid they would say that we had quarrelled, especially as you did not come near me. I wouldn't, for the world, have our names joined in such a connection as that. For we are better friends than ever before. I wish I could make you feel this as I do. *Balances!* Miss Vass is waiting."

In his abstraction, Toler, although thus prompted, made a blunder in the figure, which Madeline instantly covered by another so ridiculous as to excite the amusement of the whole set.

"You are too good," said the rejected lover, gratefully, when the fun had subsided, and they were again side by side, awaiting their turn. "Too forbearing with my churlish, sulky mood. I am not worthy of you. But I would have tried to make myself so. No, I

am not beginning a fresh persecution," for Madeline's gesture was admonitory. "I promised to accept your decision as final, but it is not easy to submit. I wish," with a forced laugh, "that you would marry some good fellow out of hand, and end my misery by putting yourself beyond my reach. It would be like curing the toothache by drawing the tooth."

Madeline's laugh was peculiarly infectious, and it set off a dozen others now, like a merry chime of differently-toned bells, although no one else guessed at the cause of her mirth. Even the woe-begone swain could not resist the influence of the musical peal.

"Now you begin to look like yourself and to talk sensibly," commented Madeline, taking his arm for a promenade. "I do think that would be the surest and quickest remedy for your fancy. I don't mean any disrespect to your attachment, but people do get over these things sometimes, and are none the worse for the experience. I have been wanting to tell you something I have not confided to another human being, not even to my father. I can trust you, and I feel as if it were your right. I wish I had been perfectly frank with you last night, but you took me by surprise. Don't look astonished, for Miss Sophie Sayne's eye-glass is upon us. I have been engaged to Professor Rileigh for a month. Miss Sophie, you have the faculty of collecting the most agreeable people in your neighborhood. Haven't you a snug corner here for two more of the same sort? Where is the professor? I trusted him to keep you safe until I came back. He is down upon my tablets for the next waltz. If he thinks I am going to follow up all my recreant knights as I did Mr. Toler here, he is mistaken."

"He is quite able to take care of himself," retorted Miss Sophie, meaningly.

"Without your help? So it would seem," Madeline remarked, looking over her tablets. "Don't go, Mr. Toler. If he isn't up to time, I'll press you into service."

"That's the way she manages to have a string of beaux at her heels!" snorted Miss Sophie, in a rage, when the professor, looking cool and lofty, made his bow in season to his partner. "Was there ever such a brazen face and tongue?"

"Walk home with me, if you are not too tired," requested Mr. Rileigh, parting with Madeline at the door of the dressing-room; and, answering with a bright glance, she equipped herself accordingly, allowing her sisters to ride home without her.

"Excuse me if I shamble slightly in my gait," she laughed, when they were in the street. "I have on a pair of borrowed overshoes at least two sizes too large for me. I hope I shall not lose them altogether on our way."

"Were you really engaged to dance with

Robert Toler to-night, or was your reminder to him an invention of your own to bring about an interview with him?" asked the professor, abruptly, without noticing what she had said.

She laughed again, joyously and innocently as a child.

"Pure invention, of course. I thought you would guess as much. I wanted to comfort him a little, he looked such a knight of the rueful countenance. He had the blues horribly, and you know I am mother confessor to half the boys in the university."

"Toler is no boy, but a man of three-and-twenty, with a man's desires and hopes, and a man's weaknesses," said the other, decidedly. "A man who has, moreover, the credit of being very much in love with Miss Madeline Marcy. Rumor says, also, that his suit is not discouraged by her. You may find the office of comforter an awkward one. What ailed the sweet youth this evening?"

"I won't have you make fun of him, Fred." Madeline was stung by the coarseness of the irony, but answered, sportively: "He is a good friend of mine, who does not whine over trifles. We all have our ups and downs in this world, our shadows as well as our sunshine. I hope I did help him over a rough place. If so, I am content."

"You must confine your ministrations of mercy within a narrower circle in future," pursued the lover, uncompromisingly. "The work costs you too dear. I cannot have your name banded from lip to lip again as I have heard it this evening. Nor must Mr. Robert Toler or any other sighing swain have it in his power to boast of favors so freely bestowed as to cheapen their value. The puppy deserves a horsewhipping for his sentimental foolery."

"Fred, I don't understand you!" The great dark eyes were full of genuine wonderment as they met his in the moonlight. "You can't be jealous of Rob Toler?"

In a calmer mood, he would have perceived and been mollified by the implied compliment. His irritation laid hold of another part of the sentence.

"I am jealous of no one, only of your good name, Madeline, which is likely to suffer through your heedlessness and vanity. It is not strange that care for that should move me to strong language."

"It is strange, however, that, knowing me as you do, you should attach any importance to a wallflower's gossip," Madeline was moved to reply. "I take it for granted that you heard nothing worse than a spiteful fling from Miss Sophie Slayne at 'Mad Marcy.' I, who have been used to that sort of thing from my cradle, am not likely to take it to heart as you seem to do. Dear Fred, is it worth while to make ourselves miserable because a cross old maid cannot live without scandal?"

Her coaxing tone might have won him from

his angry purpose had her reasoning been less pertinent. He would not confess that he had behaved like a pettish school-boy; had acted less from rational conviction than from an impulse of wounded vanity and childish dread of the world's opinion, with an active spice at the bottom of all of the jealousy she had considered so absurd.

"It is the height of folly and imprudence to give needless occasion for scandal," he said, attempting the argumentative in his turn, but only succeeding in being dogmatic. "Your carelessness in this regard has given your best friends more trouble than you dream of. No one can afford to defy public opinion."

"Tell me what you want me to do, Fred. I do not understand generalities."

Her quiet tone emboldened, not warned him.

"I object, in the first place, to your familiar bearing to all young gentlemen. It provokes invidious remarks, besides awakening in the minds of the silly and conceited presumptuous and insulting expectations. I particularly dislike your intimacy, or flirtation, or whatever it may be termed, with Robert Toler. The fellow is in love with you, as I said just now, and you are fostering his passion. I have a decided aversion to being played off against him or any other man, and *vice versa*. I have excused much in your conduct that would have been culpable levity in another woman, in consideration of your high spirits, your youth, and the early death of your own mother. But the defects of which I speak are grave. I would have my betrothed wife above suspicion."

Madeline's worst enemies never denied to her the virtue of an exceptionally sweet and generous temper, but there was passion as well as pain in her exclamation.

"Suspicion!" Fred, you must not use that word in speaking of my father's daughter. Your heart and conscience will tell you by and by, when you are less angry, that you have been unjust to me in what you have said; have distrusted and misjudged me cruelly—you will never know *how* cruelly. For love's sake, I could do and dare everything. For the sake of expediency—to quiet false and venomous tongues, to escape envious criticisms—I will do and risk nothing. I have never flirted with Robert Toler, and this he knows, if nobody else believes it. You, at least, should credit it. A one-sided compact is worthless. If I trust you, you must also trust me."

She had struck at the root of his uneasiness. He was afraid to trust his reputation, his honorable name in the keeping of this hare-brained romp. Her beauty, her wild, witching grace of manner, and her sprightly conversation had beguiled him first into love, then into the declaration of a passion his judgment told him all the while was unwise, out of keeping with the dignity of his character and position. He was vexed with himself that, knowing and ac-

knowledging this, he was yet as completely fascinated by the wayward rattle as was the "puppy" he affected to despise.

"The question is," he was so insane as to say, "whether I have a reasonable foundation for such trust, whether your antecedents are not such as would rather discourage than invite it!"—

She stopped him there.

"You should have thought of that before you asked me to marry you. But, since the sober second thought has come to you, I thank you for the open expression of it. Remember, I told you from the first that, while I would do my best to please you, I was doubtful of success. Look well before you leap next time. Here is the ring you exchanged with me for mine." She pulled it off and gave it to him. "If you will return mine, there will be nothing to remind us of our short-lived comedy of errors."

Her light tone lashed him to frenzy. He threw the ring she had returned into the muddy street.

"I call Heaven to witness that this is your work, not mine!" he said, in a thick voice. "The work of a heartless, unprincipled coquette, who can laugh at the offering of an honest man's love, jest at the wreck of his happiness! This will come home to you with terrible force one day, if there is justice in heaven or upon earth. A comedy! And I have been chief jester! I was a fool to put myself in your power!"

"As you like," responded Madeline, coolly. "Here we are at home. It is too late to ask you to come in, I suppose. Good-night!"

He dropped the ring he had worn silently into her hand, without touching it, and still without speaking, bowed, and walked away before the door was opened.

Madeline went straight to her father's study, where the fire always burned late. It was midnight, but he was still there, busy at his desk. He nodded consent as her slight pause at the door asked if she might enter, and did not look around again until a light tinkle caught his ear.

"Don't meddle with the fire, daughter!" he said, in alarm. "I allow no one to stir it excepting myself."

"I have not touched it, papa."

She was crouching upon the rug in the full glare of the red grate, and something in her attitude—her fixed gaze into the cavern of fiery coals, or the droop of her head—attracted his attention.

"Are you very tired, Madeline?"

"Very," she said, with emphasis, yet trying to laugh, as she arose to her feet. "I was never so weary before. And it is a bitter night, bitter!" She kissed him "good-night!" and left the room.

"The child looks pale," thought the great

juror, going back to his notes. "A sudden chill, probably. I must speak to Mrs. Marcy about it in the morning."

He forgot it when the morning brought the "child" down to breakfast, rosy and vivacious, a marked contrast in appearance and conduct to her jaded sisters, who sipped strong tea, and moaned of headache and *ennui*. The little incident of her visit to his study never occurred to him again. He certainly did not associate it with the communication which Professor Rileigh laid before the board of trustees at their next meeting. He had received an appointment to another college, one in his native State, which he wished to accept. He desired that his resignation should take effect so soon as they could supply his place to their satisfaction.

Miss Sophie Slayne "dropped in" upon the Misses Marcy that evening. Laura was placidly crocheting in the front parlor, with a moustached senior watching her languidly, graceful motions. Dora was exhibiting her pretty hands on the piano, with an enamored junior to turn over the music, which was thin, flashy, and fashionable. Through the folding-doors Madeline was visible, deep in a game of chess with her father.

"I wonder you can look so comfortable and innocent!" was the beginning of Miss Sophie's attack. "Yes, I am talking to you, Miss Madeline, who are playing the dutiful daughter so properly! Do you know the whole town holds you responsible for the loss of its fairest ornament—the rich and handsome professor? They say you jilted him, flirted with him in the most outrageous manner, fairly drove him out of his senses and"—

"Out of town!" supplied Madeline, with a wicked little laugh. "That is a mistake, Miss Sophie. Check to your queen, papa! This is the second time I have cornered her. Beware of the third."

"Do you mean to say?"—continued Miss Sophie, confronting her victim, maliciously—"can you look me in the face and say that you don't know why our Admiral Crichton has 'left us all lamenting'?"

"If you refer to Professor Rileigh, I believe it is because he is wanted elsewhere."

A beleaguered knight achieved a daring leap for his life under Madeline's fingers.

"And because you don't want him here, eh?" tittered the gossip.

"I! Oh, yes I do! He is a prime favorite of mine. I am breaking my heart secretly over the prospect of his departure."

"Pity some kind friend doesn't hint as much to him! It might change his purpose."

"No!" Madeline shook her head positively. "It would have no effect. I told him myself it would be the death of me, but he didn't seem to see the necessity of my living. I wish you would entreat him not to leave us, Miss Sophie."

I don't know anybody else who has more influence with him."

The professor's aversion to the scandal-monger, and his open avoidance of her on all occasions, were so well-known that the quartette in the front room laughed in a well-bred, yet amused way, and the judge looked up with an air of annoyance at the repeated interruptions to his game. Even the hardy veteran could not mistake or disobey the meaning of this movement, and retreated to a safe distance. Under her eyes, Madeline won the game, and was jubilant over her victory. Raked by a battery of curious and unfriendly regards, she held on her dizzy way during the days that preceded and followed the brief formal farewell call made by Frederick Rileigh upon the family, her father and stepmother included, never over-acting her part, yet never flagging in the sight of others. She had no confidante. To Robert Toler she only said :—

"The professor and I have agreed to disagree, Rob. Forget what I told you, with everything else foolish in our intercourse, and you will do me the only favor I ask in this connection."

Eighteen months from the night in which she had dropped the ring, yet warm from Frederick's hand, into the scarlet cavern of coals, brought her sister Laura's wedding-eve. Rileigh's successor had fallen an easy prey to her classic charms and found favor in the dove-like eyes. Madeline—hereafter to be "Miss Marcy"—was first bridesmaid.

"I have not 'gone off,' as the English girls say, a bit," she said to herself, when she was dressed for the ceremony. And to make sure of the reassuring fact, she turned the gas-burner so as to throw a stronger light upon her face. "I do not look more than my two and twenty years, I flatter myself."

Straight and pliant as a reed she stood in her flowing white draperies, her scarlet sash and the carnations in her hair hardly brighter than her lips, the fine oval of her face untouched by time or sorrow, the quick blood mantling her cheeks as she gazed at the comely picture in the glass. She fully justified at that instant the enthusiastic admiration she had inspired in the breasts of Rob Toler and his *confrères*—excused Fred Rileigh's temporary infatuation.

"I am glad, yet I should not have expected it," she continued, a wave of softness flooding the tell-tale eyes. "It has been a long time. A long time and a fierce fight."

She turned to go to the bride's dressing-room when she espied a package of irregular shape lying on a table near by. It was her bouquet-holder which she had sent to be mended a few days before, the chain having been broken.

"Done up in a piece of newspaper, as I live!" she ejaculated, in disgust. "I must give M. Bluet a lesson in the niceties of white or tissue wrapping-paper and pink twine."

Undoing the parcel with dainty fingers, a name caught her eye, and she unfolded the fragment with eager care, smoothing it out upon the marble top of the stand with fingers almost as cold. "*Fatal Accident!*" was the heading of the article in which she read the regrets of the editor and the community at large over the misfortune that had plunged a highly respectable family into the depths of affliction and quenched prematurely the light of a useful and honored life. "A carriage containing the ex-Honorable Edgar Rileigh and his son, the brilliant young professor, Frederick Rileigh, Esq., of ——— College, had been upset by a pair of unmanageable horses, and hurled down an embankment. The elder gentleman had escaped with a few bruises. Professor Rileigh had been extricated from the ruins of the vehicle in a dying condition and horribly mutilated. As we go to press," continued the reporter, "the heart-rending news is brought us that he has just breathed his last. We deeply sympathize"—

Madeline read no further then. She folded the paper when she had looked at the date, seen that it was a month old, and that the journal of which this was a part was published in her former suitor's birthplace. She laid it away in a drawer and locked it up from other eyes. Then she put her hands to her temples to still the beating that was taking her senses from her, and tried to think.

"Why has this been kept from me? It could not have been accidental. Everybody hereabouts must have heard of this—he was so well-known—and this item must have been copied into our papers, although it escaped my eye. Who dared fear the effect of the disclosure upon me? Have people known my secret all the while I believed I was hiding it? A month ago! And all this while I have never dreamed— If he had loved me as I did him, his spirit would have come to me—would have spoken to mine. For now he knows *all!* Fred! Fred!"

She stretched her arms to empty air in the stifled cry. For one moment her brave soul bowed and shook in the tempest of memory and despair. The next, she had turned her back upon the past, said to sorrow, "Not now. I have a life-time in which to mourn;"—to pride, "To-night I need you more than ever, my best of helpers."

Dora, who was the other bridesmaid, shed a sun-shower of becoming tears during the ceremony. Mrs. Marcy's stern eyes were wet at the anticipated parting with her favorite; even the judge was visibly moved, while aunts, cousins, and the great host of bosom friends who had rallied about Laura at this, the supreme moment of her life, wept more or less copiously. Madeline's head did not bow except slightly during the prayer; her eyes glittered, and her teeth gleamed in a play of radiant

smiles she seemed to strive, but ineffectually, to restrain within the bounds of conventional decorum.

"You actually laughed at the very moment in which they were pronounced man and wife," said a sentimental miss, reproachfully, afterward. "I could hardly believe my own eyes."

"I could not help it," Madeline declared. "Miss Sophie Slayne was weeping into her laced handkerchief by mistake, and just then recollecting herself, snatched it away from her eyes and pulled from her pocket a plain one she had brought along for use."

"It would have been more complimentary to me—at least, would have looked better, had you not seemed so happy at getting rid of me, Maddie," regretted Mrs. Laura Foster, as her sister helped her on with her travelling-dress.

"And how ridiculous it was in her to insist upon everybody calling her 'Miss Marcy!' interjected Dora. "Absolutely childish!"

"I thought you were pleased at marrying Charley Foster, Laura," said Madeline. "I love you quite as well as if I had whimpered."

"I know it, dear," conceded the newly-fledged matron, with amiable condescension. "And your spirits have never been tamed by love or sorrow."

One wet, windy evening, six months after Laura's marriage, Judge Marcy read his newspaper beside the study fire, the lamp-light falling softly upon his strong features and the massive head covered with silver hair. He was not a man whose mien invited familiarity, yet while he read, a slight figure glided unheard in at the door behind him, cast her arms about his neck, and a face, all tears and smiles, like a meteor seen through a mist, came between him and the *Evening Gazette*.

"Papa, papa, he is alive and he loves me! Help me to bear it!" cried Madeline, hysterically, clinging to his breast as she would have done to her own mother's. "He wants me, too! Read!"

She put a letter into his hands, and sinking to her knees at his feet, leaned upon him, watching his countenance as he perused the sheet she had given him. Mystification, intense and unmingled, was the reigning expression until he reached the bottom of the first page; then the rugged lineaments softened into pity and sympathy. Surprise and perplexity followed, and the last leaf concluded, he put his hand gently upon the head resting against his knee.

"My dear child! I am very sorry for all this. I heard of the accident when it occurred, but had no idea it was so serious!"

"Papa, I read that he was killed! And I have believed it all along, and I loved him better than I did my own life!" A great sob finished the sentence.

"Poor girl! Did you speak to no one of it?"

She shook her head. "How could I? I thought my right to mourn him had been taken from me."

The judge mused, more and more gravely, his hand fast in hers.

"My daughter," he said, gently, at last, "I honor you for your fidelity. I grieve with you at the thought of what you have both suffered. But did you understand all that Rileigh says in this letter? That he is a hopeless cripple. 'A useless, distorted hulk,' he calls himself. He has been chained to his bed for six months, and is just able to creep out into the open air upon crutches. His very handwriting is evidence of his feebleness. I should not know it for his."

Madeline had the letter, and was passing her fingers lightly and lovingly over it.

"Who can wonder at it?" she said. "His right arm was shattered."

The judge caught at the word. "And a man needs a whole strong right arm for the support and defence of a wife. Dear," his voice trembling slightly, despite his iron will, "a father may surely hesitate to consign his best beloved child to such a fate. In asking you to be his wife, he would bind you to years of wearisome drudgery, of care and toil and wearing demands upon strength and patience. You are not fitted for the position of nurse to this or any other man."

"Papa, don't oppose me in this. I shall marry him in any event, for I am of age, but don't send me from your house without your blessing. My arm is strong, and my spirit not only willing, but yearning, to enter upon the blessed service you call wearisome. He does not say 'Marry me,' you see; only that he loves me; that he has loved me through all, and that he longs for me every hour. If he cannot come to me, I shall go to him—be to him feet, hands, head, everything. God is very good to have kept him alive for me. I am so thankful for this, and that he needs me, I cannot be as sorry as I should be for what has happened. I shall write to him this very night, papa, and I want you to do the same. This is no time for foolish hesitation or girlish reserve, for," with a prideful tenderness very pathetic to the listener, in the reiteration, "he needs me, you see, papa!"

SOCIAL opinion is like a sharp knife. There are foolish people who regard it only with terror, and dare not touch or meddle with it; there are more foolish people who, in rashness or defiance, seize it by the blade, and get cut and mangled for their pains; and there are wise people who grasp it discreetly and boldly by the handle, and use it to carve out their own purposes.—*Jamson*.

CHATTERBOXES.

THERE are always certain members in a circle of friends notorious for their incontinence of speech—some who cannot keep facts, thoughts, or intentions anywhere within bounds, but whose minds must work in public, and whose thoughts run out into the public highway as fluid and as worthless as so much spilt milk. Even in a family reticent by nature we generally find the exceptional chatterbox to make up for the reserve of the rest; and, perhaps, by the law of compensation which governs so large a portion of our lives, the more reticent the rest, the more unreserved the chatterbox. Now, it seems rather a hard thing to interfere with the right of free speech where no harm is intended, and which no malice prompts. It seems, too, less human, less Christian, than might be, to demand that close guard should be kept over all one's words, and that one should live, as it were, under a perpetual sense of suspicion and an unending system of police. Why should we be obliged to keep things dark? And why may not such of us as desire it build a small side arbor of Truth of our own—nothing so startling and universal as the famous palace which brought so much dismay to its occupants, but just a little home of our own, where we may live in full view of our friends and enemies both, live under glass, uncurtained, and with speaking tubes carrying our private talk to the four quarters of the globe? We have no evil intentions to any one. We have no desire to betray a secret, to retail scandal, to make mischief. All we mean is to be above board, and we confess that we do like to talk freely of our affairs, and to make no mysteries where there are none to make. And we cannot quite understand till after many severe lessons, many hard raps on our knuckles, that we are unwise, and perhaps more, in thus using open ledgers for our private accounts, and taking the public at large into our confidence. True, as we argue in self-justification of our self-revealing babble, we have nothing in our lives that is disgraceful, nothing that could possibly damage us if made honestly known to the whole world, and therefore we do not mind speaking out and telling our affairs to the four winds. Any one may repeat what we have said; granted they repeat it just as we have said it, and neither add nor take away.

And herein lies the whole question. Granted they repeat it just as we have said it, without addition or omission, without fringes, gaps, or embroideries. But that is just what they do not do—what, indeed, is next thing to impossible to do. No one is absolutely literal in narration—not so much of evil design as of inability to be exact—and the things we tell in one form never travel from mouth to mouth in their original integrity. Grey is made into black, a slight curve is drawn as an acute angle,

a "fancy" is translated into a positive assertion, and suspicion is rounded off as detection, proof, reality; while the numbers and dimensions of everything are doubled, and oughts are heaped up after units as if they were of really no value whatsoever in the arithmetic of facts. No one wants to deceive, perhaps; let us take it as absolute that no one does; but people can only work with such materials as they possess, and, as accuracy is one of the rarest mental qualities in existence, if not the very rarest of all, mistranslations are necessarily the rule, and literal fidelity the exception. And when this is the case, we need not draw largely on our imagination for the "likelihoods" of the result. Wherefore, if for nothing else, the almost certainty there is that what we tell to-day to one will be repeated with mistakes to-morrow, ought to deter us from talking too openly even of our own substantially unimportant affairs.

If to be a chatterbox on our own matters is unwise, to say the least of it, what can we say of the incontinence of speech which deals with other people's business—the unbridled babble which must tell out all that is known, and which can no more keep a secret than it can square the circle? In every society of friends, and almost in every family, there are, as we have said, examples of these babblers. Not by any means ill-natured people are they. Probably they are singularly the reverse, and would not hurt a hair of even an enemy's head; yet the horrible mischief they do! They are like children striking lucifer matches among gunpowder, like boring worms in a ship's timbers, or any other image you may choose to supply for yourselves which shall best express the damage done by creatures working innocently with dangerous elements.

These babblers by nature never foresee. They seem to be wanting in certain mental faculties, of which perception of the law of consequences is one. They never know the lines of relation existing among their friends, but open the sluices into their neighbors' gardens, and let out waters which, had they had the faintest idea of the irreparable damage to the flower-beds and the orchards resulting, they would have run some amount of personal risk to have prevented. Yet, as it is, they tell things with a fine, free, unembarrassed conscience which simply destroy, or at best hurt for life, those against whom they have no kind of ill will, but on the contrary, perhaps, for whom they entertain a real friendly feeling. And they can no more read signs than they can understand the lines of relation; so that even winks, hints, efforts to lead the conversation into other channels, and the like, which their sharper-sighted friends may improvise, are all lost on them, and they go on like the boring worm riddling the ship's timbers till they come to the ocean—like the child playing

with fire among the gunpowder till they set the place in a blaze—when they weep, and say, Who would have thought it? And they are sure they meant no harm; and people are very ill-natured to lay the blame on them; and why were they not warned in time, and not allowed to do so much mischief? If any one has courage enough to advise the poor chatterbox to try and learn the art of silence, he or she may probably, in the first anguish of conscience at having done so much harm, promise faithful things for the future. "I will never open my lips again," says the contrite chatterbox, firmly intending at the moment to keep the promise thus made, and to be as wary and reticent for the future as he or she has been loose-lipped and talkative in the past. If there is any power at all in the brain belonging to the babbler, this promise is kept for a time; and then the sight is good for laughter, if but a sorry one for honor. As excessive as was the chatter, so is now the reserve. A babbler under the self-imposed penance of silence will scarcely commit himself to an opinion on the weather, and looks as if mysterious mischief lurks in the question, "How is Mrs. A. to-day? I heard she was ill; do you know anything about her?" Before conversion the babbler would have poured out a flood of hearsays, all retailed as mathematically proved propositions; but with the fervor of prudence on his or her soul, do you think such a transparent trap will be entered? Not a bit of it! The chatterbox shuts up those loose-hinged lips as if they were never to open again; a look of wise reserve comes like a shadow over the round-eyed, fatuous face; those round light eyes themselves speak volumes, but the lips refuse a word; in the silent nod is the gravity that was in the nod of Lord Burleigh, but nods go for little if the tongue wags not with the head. Mrs. A. is indisposed—of a surety, yes; but, no! wild horses shall not get it from the chatterbox in contrition of what name or nature her disease is supposed to be. Who knows what may not come of indiscreet confidence respecting the attack of bronchitis, the fit of rheumatism, the dangerous pleurisy with which she is said to be afflicted? Speech may be silvery, but the chatterbox prefers for the moment the gold of silence, and leaves you to take your change out of it as you best like to have it. He is not going to spread about reports; he will not be the medium of false communications; he *has* heard the nature of the complaint stated, but he does not know it for certain of his own knowledge; and, taught by experience, he says with tragic dignity, the immense evil done by indiscreet talk, he declines to enter on the subject; and so, perhaps, gives you the impression that there is something to conceal, a mystery—and mysteries are disreputable—about the most ordinary event of life. This is the chatterbox when contrite; and in his con-

trition he manages to do as much harm as in his more normal state of unintentional offending. This state, however, soon passes, the strain being too great to be kept up for any length of time; and then the fluid thought flows over into the public highway as usual, and all the world shares the confidence and the knowledge possessed by him.

But, bad as this characteristic of fluid talk is in friends, it is far worse when it belongs to one of the members of the family. For in this case there is no kind of guard that can be placed before those loose-hinged portals; no care can be taken to conceal things from the babbling sister, the confidential brother; consequently everything leaks out, with or without additions, and the most delicate family affairs become the common property of every passer-by. And here comes in one of the innumerable difficulties of moral education. As secrecy is in general so closely allied to deception, it is scarcely possible to teach it to children—at least, if you have any regard for their after truthfulness. Yet they must learn discretion, and especially that phase of discretion we call reticence. If children are brought up as they should be, about the knees of their parents, they must see and hear a good deal which it is advisable not to talk about out of doors; but how to repress that deadly infiction—the frankness of the *enfant terrible*—and not substitute in its place slyness, knowingness, and nascent cunning? We ask the question, and we cannot give the answer; for, we own, one of the things which we have never yet settled to our own satisfaction is the amount of reticence that should be taught a child—the amount of frankness and open speech that should be repressed. One of the most lovable of all qualities is that sweet candor which conceals nothing because it has nothing to conceal, and which is transparent because it is pure; yet also one of the most hurtful and contemptible of characteristics is that babble which knows nothing of self-restraining dignity, that want of caution and reticence which tells everything there is to tell, and keeps no sacred place anywhere, such as belongs to the chatterbox left as nature made him, and not improved by cultivation. This is but one, however, of the many problems with which the conduct of life is beset; and when we have solved them to the satisfaction of a perfect wisdom, we shall have attained that for which we are striving, but which appears as yet beyond human reach. At all events, we cannot be wrong in trying to repress the disposition to chatter overmuch. All great things are done in silence, and all noble thoughts are shaped and worked in the stillness of the soul. When once the seed is taken out of the ground and handled to show where the tender sprouts are starting, there is an end to all hopes of future fruit; and when the waters run out, the current is all the

shallower for the outpour. So that we have to find a mean between looseness of speech and that amount of reticence which is surly rather than discreet—between undignified chattering and undue secrecy—and, when we have found it, to preserve it as a precious treasure.

DOUBTS.

HAVEN of rest! between my heart and thee
A mist hath come;
Departed bliss of yesterday I see,
And only mourn.

Departed joys, the buds of promise fair
Which in my heart
Held carnival, of bubbles light as air
Have proved a part.

How can I see the skies and sunshine bright,
While o'er my life
Appalling clouds obscure each ray of light,
And all is strife?

Hope striving 'gainst despair; which will succeed
I cannot tell,
And yet "He will not break the bruised reed"
I know full well.

Ah, me! Where is my faith? Where is my trust?
Doth God not say
His grace will be sufficient for the just,
He is the way?

And truth and light, to guide the wanderer o'er
The stormy sea
Which intervenes 'twixt this and yonder shore,
Guide *even me*?

How can I doubt the all-sufficient hand
Will rule my fate,
E'en though my barque *is* tossed upon the sand
By storm and hate?

The self-same waves that washed me to the shore
May, when the tide
Flows in and out again, bear safely o'er,
My fate decide.

For have I not a pilot at the helm
That knows the way,
Will guide with patience to that sunny realm
Within the bay?

Then why do clouds of dark distrust obscure
The welcome sight
Of rest within that happy land secure,
Where all is light?

The mingling of our joys and sorrows here
Within the glass,
Presented to our lips, may there appear
Infinite grace.

Father in heaven! help thy erring child
Roll back the scroll,
Remove the stormy waves of passion wild
That o'er me roll.

And plant within my breast secure, serene,
Unfaltering trust,
Give grace sufficient for life's trial scenes,
Oh, make me just!

INDUSTRY, economy, and prudence are the sure forerunners of success. They create that admirable combination of powers in one, which always conduces to eventual prosperity.

EFFIE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"You will come and eat your Thanksgiving dinner with us, will you not? I should be pleased to introduce you to my family, and we want you to feel at home in Webster."

"Thank you! I shall be pleased to come."

"Good-bye, then, till to-morrow. We shall see you at church, and you must go home with us." And hospitable Mr. Greynaught took his gray head and good-humored face out of the office of the new doctor, and walked homeward at a pace that did not promise much for fees, if his bodily ailments were in question. Half an hour later, seated at his own table, he answered the questions of his wife and two blooming daughters in this wise:—

"Yes, I called on the new doctor, and invited him to dine with us to-morrow. He is younger than poor Smiley, of course, but not a boy either; about thirty-four or five, I should judge, tall and dark, very pale, and looks like a hard student; full of new-fangled science, too, I suppose, for his office is a perfect library and museum."

Mrs. Greynaught, without speaking, looked up with a wistful earnestness, that was oddly copied on the faces of the two girls. The old gentleman glanced from one to the other, and answering some unspoken appeal, said:—

"No. I have passed my word that no further experiments shall be tried. There is no suffering, and she pleaded so hard to be left in peace now, that I have promised she shall not even see Doctor Murrell."

Mrs. Greynaught sighed softly, but no answer was made to this enigmatical speech, and in a few minutes conversation flowed freely again, and the new doctor was described and discussed with eager interest. All Webster was talking on the same subject. Calls, professional and unprofessional, kept the office well filled all day, for the thriving village had but one physician, and everybody wanted to see the gentleman who had succeeded the kind old doctor who had felt the pulses of the oldest inhabitants, and been followed to the grave by every man, woman, and child able to walk there.

Opinions varied. Some favorable, some unfavorable comments were made; and in the quiet of his room, Doctor Murrell, too, thought over his new position. Many of his new friends interested him strongly, but his mind turned often to his first caller, Mr. Greynaught, and he felt glad that his invitation to a Thanksgiving dinner was the first he received, as its acceptance was an unanswerable excuse for declining the many succeeding ones.

In answer to a cautious mention of his name to a gentleman who had visited him later in the day, he had been informed that Mr. Grey-

naught was one of the leading men in Webster, a retired merchant, who now passed his time in amateur farming and gardening, having a house, grounds, and greenhouse that were the pride of the county. He had married late in life, a lady much younger than himself, and had three daughters, all young and at home. Some further revelation was evidently arrested by the arrival of a number of visitors, and Doctor Murrell was curious to know what was left unsaid, as his informant of so much had hitched his chair closer, and commenced in this wise :—

"Rich and respected, and with one of the happiest homes in the county, still Mr. Greynaught has one great trouble, with which *you* will doubtless soon be made acquainted." And here the interruption came, and Doctor Murrell had no clue to the hearty genial old gentleman's affliction.

He was by no means an inattentive listener to the eloquence of the minister the next morning, but his eyes would wander to the pew where Mr. Greynaught sat, with his fair wife beside him, and two dark-eyed, dark-haired girls, enough like their father for even a stranger to notice the resemblance.

Introductions followed the meeting on the church porch, and room was made in the ample family carryall, by the host taking a seat beside the driver, leaving Doctor Murrell with the ladies. It was no novelty to them to converse with refined and educated friends, for Webster was not far from New York, and the hospitable doors of their home opened often to crowds of summer visitors, but they one and all admitted in their rooms before dinner that this new arrival was something to be valued and admired, even in the busy metropolis from whose heart he had drifted to Webster. Conversational powers such as he displayed are not granted very often, and so easy and natural was his voice and manner that it was only when his words were recalled that the listeners realized the vast fund of information and observation from which they must have been drawn.

The favorable impressions of all were increased at dinner time; and while the guest gave pleasure, he certainly also experienced much in the intercourse with ladies of taste and culture, and the cordial hospitality of his host. Several times he caught himself wondering what trouble could cloud this happy home, and if he had been mistaken in thinking he heard Mr. Greynaught had three daughters. It seemed an answer to his unspoken thoughts when Mr. Greynaught said :—

"The ladies will excuse us, doctor, while we step into the library and try a box of cigars I opened to-day, a gift from a good judge of the article, so I think you will find them excellent. I want a word with you."

They had smoked some moments in silence, when Mr. Greynaught said :—

"What I want to say to you, doctor, is an apology for what you might otherwise consider a professional slight. I have a daughter, Effie, the eldest of my children, who has been for seventeen years a deformed cripple, partly owing to a fall when only eight years old; partly due, I think, to an unsuccessful surgical operation. I have spared no expense, no trouble in efforts to cure or relieve her, and have twice spent a winter in New York for her treatment there, but no good has resulted. Indeed, so much has been done, and so vainly, that she implores me now to let her rest, and has exacted a promise that I will not consult another physician. I consented the more readily, as she is now free from all pain, and seems happy. You are not hurt that I do not consult you?"

"Certainly not," was the reply. "Still, if at any time I could be of service, it will be a pleasure to me to try to alleviate the sufferings of one so afflicted. It is very sad."

"Sadder than you can realize. A brighter, happier child you have never seen than she was before she fell from a swing and injured herself, and now she is as cheerful and happy as ever I would see her; really more contented, I think, than Mary or Lola."

"Is the mind at all affected?"

"No; a clearer, more active intellect is seldom seen. She is morbidly sensitive about her appearance, but so long as we allow her to be invisible, she is happy. Sometimes I coax her to let me drive her out, but she comes home so weary that I think the effort does her more harm than good. Her room overlooks the garden, and has a door leading out to the porch, so in pleasant weather she will walk there if she is sure of being unseen. You would be surprised to see what mountains of brain work the wee thing accomplishes. German, Latin, and French are all familiar to her, and she is now threatening a course of Italian."

"Without a teacher?"

"Oh, I help her, but she soon leaves me behind. But, come, we will have some music."

The young ladies evidently expected this demand, for when the gentlemen entered the parlor, the piano was open, and sheets of music were scattered about as if recently examined. Doctor Murrell's quick eyes noticed one peculiarity in the handsome drawing-room—a heavy curtain falling from an alcove, evidently hiding an inner room, which must have overlooked the garden. Seeing his eyes wander there, Mr. Greynaught said :—

"Effie's room, where, when her door is open, she can enjoy the conversation of our visitors, and remain invisible. She is very sensitive about her appearance, and sees only a few old friends, never any strangers. Come, Mary,"

he added, in a louder voice, "give us the last fashionable abomination on the piano."

The young ladies were both good performers, evidently well drilled, and possessing taste and love for music, and an hour passed pleasantly in music and singing, but Doctor Murrell was rather startled to hear his host exclaim:—

"There! Good girls! Now for *my* musical treat. Effie!"

There was no spoken word for answer, but after a moment there stole out from the folds of the heavy curtain a low, dreamy melody, like some of Mendelssohn's inspirations, so subtle and sweet that it was like the echo from some angels' choir, and one doubted the power of a modern piano and feminine fingers to produce the effect. I cannot describe it. I could as well paint a sunset in words, or describe the whispering of birds in pen and ink, as to try to give any idea of Effie Greynaught's playing. It was her solace in her sore afflictions, her companion in lonely hours, her comfort in pain; it was all to her that society, attention, pleasure, and excitement are to other young girls. She did not know one written note of music from another, but no melody was too complicated for her ear to catch, or her fingers to master, and the execution was simply marvellous, unless one considered how much of her young life was passed in mastering difficulties of fingering that would have made her well-taught sisters throw aside their music sheets in despair.

Doctor Murrell listened in amazement and delight, ignorant even as he was that this was genius untaught, save by its own inspiration, yet recognizing how far above and beyond mere piano playing it was. The prevailing tone of the music was sad, but sometimes grand chords swelled up, and there was a triumphant ringing measure, but nothing lively, until Mr. Greynaught asked for some opera selections, varied by her own caprice. Then a very imp of merriment seemed to possess the piano as the rapid variations followed one brilliant theme after another. It seemed but a short minute of pleasure when a sweet voice from the inner room said:—

"Two hours, papa. Doctor Murrell must be tired?"

Involuntarily the doctor cried: "Oh, no, indeed!" and then stopped, not knowing if conversation was allowed with the invisible performer.

"You are very kind to say so," was the reply, "but I will not tax your patience or politeness any further."

A few words of warm thanks from the doctor was an opening for a conversation in which all joined, and that musical voice from behind the curtain so frankly and freely sustained its part that the odd sensation caused at first by its invisible owner gradually became lost in

the interest and pleasure excited by the tenor of her words. Without any pedantic display, it was impossible for Effie Greynaught to converse without giving evidence of a thoughtful, studious life. Shut out from out-door amusements, often deprived of the power to sew or knit by pain, she had found her books and music such companions as they can never be to the free and happy. Many a dreary day had been shortened by mastering some new difficulty in a foreign language, puzzling out a geometrical problem, or translating a Latin verse, till it was surprising, even considering her peculiar life, to find how much she had learned and remembered. Her almost morbid sensitiveness about her appearance kept her from ever joining any social gathering, but there were many gentlemen of deep culture and noble intellect who recalled with pleasure their conversations with the crippled daughter of Mr. Greynaught while visiting at Webster.

The hours passed so swiftly that Doctor Murrell could scarcely credit his eyes or his watch when he found it was nearly midnight, and he bade his entertainers good-night with a keen desire to accept their warm invitation to "come again soon, come often, and try to feel at home at Myrtle Hill."

He found, however, that his days were not to be passed in visiting. It was an unusually sickly season at Webster, a damp but warm winter having set in, causing fevers and rheumatic affections to prevail to an extent heretofore unknown in the village. Day after day added to the list of patients, and although there was little to alarm, little to tax his skill and knowledge, he found his time fully occupied, and his nights scarcely long enough for necessary rest.

Doctor Murrell was a great-nephew of the old doctor who had preceded him, and, when he stepped into his uncle's practice, he inherited also his house and comfortable fortune, while apart from that he was a wealthy man. He had studied medicine because he loved it, and with that love and ample means at his command, he had made such progress as many men scarcely gain in a lifetime. Three years he had passed in Paris, studying so closely that he found his own health required relaxation, then home again, with a French diploma added to the one already taken in Philadelphia. In New York he had practised amongst the very poor, giving time, skill, and money freely; and when he came to Webster, it was but to remain until another physician wished the position, and left him free to seek wider fields of usefulness. It had been a life of peculiar loneliness that had wedded Alan Murrell so closely to his profession. He stood literally alone in the world from his seventeenth birthday, when he had followed a widowed mother to the grave. What of his wide philanthropy, his pure, noble life, his

ready sympathy, and gentle courtesy were due to her loving guidance none knew but himself, but that they were firmly implanted in his nature, all who knew him were ready to admit.

November was past, and December's cold was aiding the doctor in his work of healing, when, having a leisure afternoon, he turned his horse's head in the direction of Myrtle Hill. At the gate, meeting one of the men who worked on the place, the doctor dismounted, and gave up his horse. Strolling up the wide avenue, he looked toward the house, and in the window of the room he knew from its position to be Effie's, he saw a head and face that almost arrested his steps with surprise. He thought at first it was a child, but a second glance convinced him that it was a young girl, apparently about seventeen or eighteen. She was not looking towards him, so he walked still more leisurely to look at her. It was the face of an angel. Waves of curling hair fell over the shoulders, a complexion fair as an ivory miniature, large blue eyes, and delicate features, in perfect keeping with the shower of golden curls. Only the head and face were visible.

"Some visitor of that poor crippled girl. She sees some old friends," thought the doctor. "It is no one in Webster. Perhaps some visitor for the Christmas holidays. I never saw so lovely a face," and here his mental observations were cut short, for the young lady saw him, and a curtain fell in an instant before her face.

The call was a pleasant one, and the sweet voice of the crippled girl joined the conversation, but no mention was made of the beautiful visitor; and Doctor Murrell felt a disappointment he would not have cared to confess, that he did not again see the exquisite face at the window.

The winter wore along, and Webster became a lively little village, where the doctor was a social favorite. Mary and Lola Greynaught met him frequently at the evening gatherings of the young folks, for, student as he was, he was fond, too, of society.

But let his engagements be ever so numerous, no week passed without a visit to Myrtle Hill. The gossips wondered if it was Mary or Lola the doctor was courting, and various young gentlemen of Webster wondered also if their hopes were to be blighted by his advent. They knew how attractive the younger ladies were, but Doctor Murrell had no such keen appreciation of their merits. He thought only of that sweet voice heard from behind the folds of the curtain that shut Effie from the world; of the music, now sad, now gay, now grand, now full of wonderful intricacies, as if the instrument was possessed by very imps of mischief. Of course, he was not in love, he told himself, with a monster of deformity so hideous that she hid herself from all the world;

yet often he caught himself dreaming of her wit, her intelligence, her varied information, the sweet tones of her voice, and thinking sadly of her infirmities and of how sweet such intercourse of mind would be for life, only to ponder again sadly of the affliction that so isolated her.

It was the heart of summer, when the air was heavy with heat, and Nature was in holiday dress and mood, when, one morning, Mr. Greynaught drove to Doctor Murrell's office door.

"Effie is sick. Can you come at once?"

Not five minutes later they were driving towards Myrtle Hill.

"What is the trouble?" asked the doctor.

"She has been weak and languid for days past, but to-day has had fainting fits in a quick succession that alarms us. She knows you are coming, and, to our surprise, makes no objection to it."

The patient lay upon a wide lounge when Doctor Murrell entered the room, and all but her face was covered by a snowy counterpane; but the face, once seen, never forgotten, was the fair vision he had seen at the window, but now white and still, the violet eyes closed, and the sweet mouth partly open as if the breath came painfully and troubled.

I am not writing a medical treatise, so it will suffice to say that the present illness proved of no great moment, an exhaustion from the intense heat and a weakness of constitution; but the barrier once passed, Effie no longer secluded herself from the doctor, and he learned something of her affliction. He knew before that she had studied far more than even the average of male intellect undertakes, but even then he was surprised when he saw her room. Evidences of her taste and love of beauty were scattered everywhere. The choice library, the grand piano, he was prepared for; but the dainty trifles of needlework, the exquisite little fancy articles, the pretty feminine pursuits he had not expected to find.

It was but a few days before the illness for which he had been called in yielded to his remedies, and Effie was in her usual health. Then he saw the deformity, a contraction of the muscles that drew the figure into a sitting posture. For seventeen years the poor girl had not stood upright, though, looking in her face, it was hard to believe twenty-five summers had passed over her head.

Gradually, cautiously the doctor questioned her, and became convinced that, terrible as the deformity was, it was not incurable, yet he shrank from the thought of the suffering that must precede the cure. Day by day the struggle in his mind grew more painful, till he could bear it no longer, and he spoke to her father.

The old gentleman shook his head. "I have promised to try no more experiments," he said, sadly.

"Mr. Greynought," said the doctor, "I will be very frank with you. There must be months of suffering, of constant care, of loving ministrations, but I am convinced it will end in a cure. The long cramped limbs can be straightened through much suffering. In these months your child will need loving, skilful care, such as only"—He paused, then said, hurriedly: "I love her! I love her! Give her to me, and trust her cure to a husband's unwearied devotion and care. Day and night I will watch her, that the strain of pain may not be too severe; no pains that love may take, no resource that science may afford, shall be neglected. Oh, sir, she is dearer to me than my own life! Give her to me, and, God helping me, I will cure her!"

This was not all. I cannot write the long pleading that won him his crippled bride, for Effie refused to so burden his life, until by the guidance of her own love she understood his. She had loved him so hopelessly that she did not dream it was love that wrapped him so closely in her heart, and, when she thought of a lifetime passed by his side, she dared not grasp the blessing, for the very love that forbade her to burden any other life by her infirmity. Yet in her own self-denying love she read his heart, and knew that even were his hopes disappointed he would be happier as her nurse and husband than alone and free.

It was a very quiet wedding, and only when another physician was installed in Webster were the young couple united. The same day they left Myrtle Hill and the little village, left New York, too, a week later, and sailed for a home in Florence.

Winter came and passed. Spring, summer sped away, and another winter was before them, when, one morning, Doctor Murrell came into his wife's room with papers in his hands.

Was it Effie who sprang to meet him? Effie! That slight, graceful figure, straight as his own; that face radiant with health and love? Were the bitter days, indeed, over at last?

He threw his arm caressingly around her, and said:—

"Tell me, love, if you are well to-day?"

"Yes," she said, wondering a little at his grave tone.

"You have never thought me cruel, Effie, when you passed through such fiery suffering to your cure?"

"Never."

"Every pang you felt was a knife at my heart, little one."

"I know that," she said, caressing him.

"I think you are entirely well," he said, "and we may go home again. Do you know what day this is at home, Effie? See! here are the New York papers, and by the dates you see that this is the day the president appoints for Thanksgiving. Two years to-day,

darling, since I first heard your sweet voice. I can never forget Thanksgiving Day, Effie."

"Can I ever forget how truly you have made the day one of heartfelt gratitude for me?" she said, and, folding her hands on his breast, she said in a low tone a prayer from her heart, that he echoed as he kissed away the tears in her eyes that softly fell to baptise Effie's Thanksgiving.

SILENT LOVE.

BY LOTTIE ACTON.

I HIED me from the city's din,
From constant toil and care;
From scenes I long had learned to love,
And think them wondrous fair.

From fashion and its foolish whims,
From splendor and its wealth,
Where dissipation rules each hour,
And steals away the health.

I hied me to bright fields of green,
To forests' rustling trees,
Where sweetness filled the evening air,
And floated on the breeze.

Beside a babbling brook I strayed,
And listened to its song,
As lightly o'er the mossy stones
It tripped its way along.

Upon its banks I threw me down,
And soon was lost in thought;
The music of the dancing brook
Into a voice was wrought—

A voice I knew, I hear it now,
Sweet as the flowing stream;
I hear it in my daily walks—
I hear it in each dream.

I opened wide my eyes and looked
Toward heaven's starlit skies,
And there, between the leafy trees,
Two stars looked like her eyes.

My heart was beating fast, so wrapt
In thought of her was I;
I cared not for the whirl of life—
I loved, and yet must die.

Not leave the world, but live from her
Who owns my loving heart;
Ill fortune guides my honest work,
And bids us keep apart.

A leaflet from a tree above
Near to my face was fanned;
I picked it up, I know not why,
And held it in my hand.

I looked, and there within its heart,
A little drop of dew,
Glittering in the moon's pale light,
Presented to my view

A face more lovely than the blush
Of rising sun at morn—
'Twas hers I love, ah, me! what's life
With tend'rest heart-strings torn?

Silent tears fell down my cheeks,
I dried them one by one;
I knelt upon the ground and prayed:
"O God! Thy will be done."

DESDEMONA vs. JULIET.

BY W. S. B.

JACK entered the room with an abruptness that startled me, dozing in my chair over the Xenia of Goethe, and, seating himself uninvited, began regarding me with that look which says as plainly as words, "I have something to tell you. Why don't you ask me what it is?" That something of importance, something about which he wished me to question him, filled his mind, I was certain; but knowing, moreover, if I waited he would tell me of his own accord, I sat still.

At length he did, by tossing a paper to me, explain himself. "Read that, Smith."

I opened it, expecting he had made his will, and remembered me handsomely, when, behold! 'twas nothing but a concert programme:—

GRAND CONCERT.

To be Given by the Pupils of Detourvous' Seminary.

AT HICKORY HALL.

JUNE 29.

"Well?"

"I have tickets."

"Well?"

"This is the 29th."

And he persuaded me to go. On our way to the hall Jack explained to me that this concert was but the prelude to the commencement exercises of Detourvous' Seminary, which would be held on the following day and evening, the day being taken up with examinations, and the evening with the speeches of the graduating class. The reason the exercises were held in Hickory Hall, instead of at the seminary, which was further up town on Eglise Street, was because the hall would accommodate a larger audience; but even that would not contain all the spectators comfortably, for, arriving there, we found it crowded from stage to entrance.

Jack sank into a chair by the door, and gave up to fate. To stand was to see nothing, but to sit was to see less, and I choose standing from necessity. And there, I am confident, we would have remained had not an usher come along, whom I seized by the arm, telling him of my distress.

"Sir," I said, "I want a seat."

A look came over his face of doubt as to my sanity in expressing a wish that was apparently so futile, and he said, with a wave of his hand:—

"They are all full, don't you see?"

I have two eyes in my head, and his question insinuated a doubt of that fact. With doubts I can deal, and so repeated my want with emphasis:—

"I must have a seat."

At this moment it seemed to dawn upon his mind that perhaps I was King of the Sandwich Islands, or minister *extraordinaire* from Hohen-

zollen Sigmaringen, and he wavered a little from his first assertion.

"Well," he said, slowly, "there is a front seat that was reserved. If you want to go up there, why?"—

I did. It was just exactly what I wanted, and I took Jack by the arm and walked him up to the front. The "rosebud garden of girls" into which we plunged looked up as if they doubted, and shook their heads at our right of intruding among them in that way. But when we were seated in a corner close by the stage, I took out my note-book, and began writing as diligently as any reporter to a daily paper. On seeing which, they had a little buzz among themselves and quieted. We were reporters. Oh, yes!

When the musical members came out, arranging themselves in a semicircle on the stage, need I say all degrees of beauty were there represented, from the barest, baldest, primary conception to the most elaborate and finished idea? I need not say it. You have seen the same thing yourself.

"Look!" said Jack, poking me with his opera glass. "Look at that pretty girl—the second one from us."

I did look, but did I see the pretty girl as Jack said? Yes; and, more, I saw my Desdemona.

Let me stop here to tell you who my Desdemona was. Two years ago I was going from Boston to Chicago, when at Bradley an accident happened to the train, by which we were delayed twelve hours. Against Bradley I have nothing to say. As far as it goes, it is an accommodating place; but, as there are only two houses, a railway station, and a hotel, there is no hope of diversion.

Having discovered this, I looked among my fellow travellers for some kindred spirit with whom to commune. Standing about on the platform, each with his or her bundle grasped with an energy of despair, they looked as though they expected some train might come suddenly along and they would not be ready. No train would come before midnight; of this the conductor assured them. A young lady, who was busy arranging her shawls and bags into the most compact form possible, turned to him and inquired how far it was to Chester. She was beautiful; so beautiful I thought Desdemona had survived the pillow and the cruel Othello, and was there before us.

"Two miles," said the conductor.

"Are there conveyances?" asked Desdemona, in a sweet voice.

There were none, but she would walk. Having friends in Chester, she would go to them while waiting.

Mentally I determined I would go to Chester also, for a walk of two miles with this lovely companion was a chance for happiness not to be neglected. But how to introduce myself,

not to be thought impertinent, was the wonder of my mind, and I solved it by determining to become for the time a Spaniard. True, I did not understand the Spanish language; but perhaps she did not, and, in that case, I could string something together to sound like talk. But perhaps she did! Well, that was only a possibility, and I do not trouble myself about uncertainties. I had Spanish cigarettes in my pocket, and one or two of my old chum Rafael Hurtado's cards. Would not these do?

Desdemona tripped lightly from the platform, and picked her steps daintily along the dusty road. Examining my weapons, to make sure they would not miss fire, I followed and soon overtook her.

"Good-day, senora!" with my best bow.

"Good-morning, sir!" and a cool inclination of her head.

"Will la-belle senora tell me am I good in the way of Chester?"

"Yes, sir."

Then there was a pause, while I lighted a cigarette, until Desdemona again spoke:—

"I see you are a foreigner, sir. From Spain?"

"No, senora; from la belle Cuba. Will the American senora smoke?" offering her the cigarettes.

Desdemona laughed. "Oh, no, sir! The ladies here do not smoke. They do in Cuba, I suppose. And are not the Spanish ladies very lovely? I have heard so much of their beauty."

"Si, senora; but not the pale, delicate loveliness of la belle American."

She shook her head, with one of those bewitching ways that quite dement young fellows just loosed from college.

"Oh, you Spaniards! You are more flattering and deceitful than mankind in general. I cannot believe you."

"Oh, si! but I love the senora."

At this the beautiful Desdemona grew enraged. "Sir!"

"What you call the friendship, senora, the friendship for the race," looking very innocent of having said anything out of the way.

"Oh!"

A man, who had been walking behind, passed, and, walking rapidly, was soon out of hearing. I thought my companion seemed to recognize him, but neither spoke, and I concluded there was a mistake. Desdemona resumed:—

"I have always wanted to see a Spaniard."

"Si, senora."

"I thought they must be different from other people. More graceful and polite, you understand, than a—a—a Russian or German."

I was flattered and delighted. Desdemona spoke in a guileless, winning way which was enchanting, for she evidently did not suspect the deceit I was practising upon her. I puffed my cigarette with great gusto.

"And will the senora care to know who I am?" I asked, handing her a card.

She took it, and read: "Mr. Hurtado?" with an inquiring arch of the eyebrows.

"Si, senora."

"Well, I will keep it, to show to my friend, and tell her of my Spanish acquaintance."

"The senora is vara good."

But she did not offer me her card, or to tell me her name. Our long walk drew to a close, and, at our parting near the Chester Hotel, she said:—

"You will have a long time to wait."

"Si, senora. The train will go by the midnight, and, then, will you querido amigo mio?"

"I was going to say," she continued, "if you would like to come to my friend's house this evening, and make one in a game of whist, I shall be happy to see you."

My heart tumbled quite head over heels from very joy at her invitation, and I assured her, in most broken English, of my delight, hinting delicately at not knowing her name.

"But I can not tell how to find the senora."

"Ah, true! At No. 12 State Street. You can remember that number, can you not?"

The polite and graceful Spaniard could ask no more. "Si, senora."

The day dragged along. I was in no mood for the enjoyment of anything but the reflection of Desdemona's evident pleasure in my society. Had she not invited me to her friend's house, to pass the evening in her company? I pictured to myself how our intimacy would progress, and the blissful matrimonial ending which was inevitable; how I would confess to her my deception; and she, dropping her head upon my shoulder, would say she forgave the *ruse* which made me known to her. Thinking thus, what could I do but wander from one room to another, blaming the lagging hours? 8 o'clock, P. M., was in the future, and the future invested with uncertainty.

An examination of my vocabulary of foreign words showed the sum total to be, of Spanish words, sixteen; some long ones of which I did not know the meaning, some short ones that were of little use. A small stock upon which to depend for an entire evening's conversation. Yet did I not have much upon which to rely in her willingness to believe me to be what I professed? There was really no drawback, no hindrance, to an evening of perfect enjoyment, and I looked forward to it with great satisfaction.

At the supper table I noticed the man who had passed us in the morning. I had seen him several times during the day—at dinner, on the piazza, in the halls—but now my attention was attracted more particularly toward him, sitting a few seats above me on the opposite side of the table, by hearing him ask if there were any doubt of the train going at midnight.

Hearing his question, I looked at him, for it

implied he would be a fellow traveller. He was well looking and well dressed, and appeared like a man with whom it would be pleasant to converse. I did not speak to him then, however, but was thinking and wondering whether he had overheard my conversation with the lady sufficiently to suppose me a forger. If he had, I wished to have nothing to do with him, for I did not care to keep up the deception. If he had not, I would like to converse with him, if only to beguile the tedium of the night ride. Later, when I was sitting outside smoking, he passed me, walking back and forth in the fast coming gloom and twilight, and I addressed him :—

"Will you smoke, sir?"

"Si, señor."

I did not faint, nor did the earth open and swallow me up. The earth has a way of keeping closed at such times, and, however devoutly we may pray for it to open, it does not, and it did not then. To wish this man a thousand miles in one direction, and myself a thousand in another, was equally useless. He was avenging justice, come in the shape of a live Spaniard, to punish me for palming myself upon trusting feminine nature as his countryman. Then he *had* heard me talking with Desdemona, and had waited until now for his revenge. My bewildered head spun round like a top. Not visibly, but in feeling, it made as many revolutions per minute as a Lama's prayer-mill, and with equally little success. What to say—what to say—what to say was the one idea left to me. Calling up a feeble smile, I extended the cigar case, with the only sentence I could remember :—

"En prueba de mi afecto a mi amigo?"

His answer surprised me :—

"I do not understand you."

Why didn't he? I had spoken in good Spanish, if the words were not applicable. Then he added :—

"But you speak English?"

"Si, señor. I asked if you were my countryman."

"I am not a Spaniard."

I was relieved. "No?"

"I said not."

"But you answer me in my language."

"For the same reason you answered the young lady in that way this morning," and he walked away, looking very complaisant.

Now, he imagined I would be so startled at his last remark all disguise would be thrown aside. He was mistaken. The discovery that he was not a Spaniard made his sneer almost painless. "John Smith," I soliloquized, "you are no fool; show to this man you think he is one. Make him believe you are a Spaniard, and his last remark in expressing a doubt of it is expressing an untruth, and is therefore insulting."

A son of Hibernia, sitting on the steps, like us awaiting the delayed train, here rose from his lowly seat and took a chair in front of me. That is, he got into it on his knees, resting his elbows on the back, and his chin on his hands, beaming down upon me with his red Irish face.

"Good-evening to ye, mister!"

I did not want to talk to him, and shook my head.

"Non entendez."

"What do ye say?"

I settled down into my chair, and shook my head savagely.

"Non entendez! Non entendez!"

He went away, muttering to himself.

The gentleman with whom I first conversed had stood regarding this move, but again resumed his sentinel pace before me. My spirits rose, for I believed he was convinced of my foreign birth. At the end of half an hour he drew a chair beside me and sat down. His first remark was depressing :—

"I don't believe you are a Spaniard."

The suddenness with which he spoke, and his assertion, quite deprived me of sense. I was bankrupt for words.

"Why?" I gasped.

"Because your manners are American. I have watched you all day, and your actions have been inconsistent. You carried out the deception this morning with the lady very well, I will not deny, but since then you have read English books and papers, swore at the servants in pretty plain talk, and now, when a man says to you a simple good-evening, you tell him you do not understand him. That you have some object in this assuming, I do not doubt. What that object is, I do not care; only, tell me plainly, are you a foreigner?"

What could I say but what I did? "No."

He gave a chuckle of satisfaction.

"Now, may I further ask what is your name?"

"First tell me yours."

"Jones."

"And mine is Smith."

Though he had gained the victory, and was inclined to triumph, still he was civil and pleasant. But I was vexed, and had little to say. How could I talk to him, when I knew he was thinking me a fool? No, I could not talk, but sat there enduring the very sociability for which I had longed at supper-time, until the great hall clock struck eight, and I was released. I would plead an engagement, and get away from him, first, however, having my revenge by leaving him in an uncertain state of mind bordering on distraction. Rising, I said :—

"Sir, I must leave you, as I have an engagement. There is my card," and I handed him the remaining one.

RAFAEL HURTADO.

ST. JAGO,

CUBA.

Looking at it, he said : " I do not understand this."

" Well, sir, perhaps you will understand one thing, which is, that the next time you insult me, you may be made to suffer for it." Then I fled from him.

He cried after me, in a derisive tone, as I hurried down the street : " Stick to it to the last, old innocence !"

I found No. 12 State Street, and my ring at the bell was answered by a servant, who showed me into a parlor, where a young lady sat reading. She rose at my entrance from her seat by the window, and, saying she would call her friend, passed out, leaving me alone.

While I stood wondering if her friend had any name, or having one, if I should be enlightened regarding it, Desdemona entered, and, wreathing my face in smiles, I advanced toward her.

" Good-evening, Mr. Smith !"

Do not after that talk to me of cannon balls shot unexpectedly into unlooked-for places. A cannon ball discharged at my ear at that moment would have been the song of the siren in comparison with those four words. How did she know my name was Smith ? I had just gone through one trying ordeal, and came forth conquered. But then my conqueror was a man, and the humiliation was not so great as to have my beautiful Desdemona, on the very brink of what I had looked forward to as a pleasant evening, declare she had discovered my imposition. It was almost unendurable.

" Good-evening, Miss—Miss—Miss"—

" Jones."

" Miss Jones." Thinks I, these Joneses are a terrible set with whom to have dealings.

She motioned me to a seat, busying herself in drawing out a stand, and placing cards for the promised game of whist.

" How is Jennie Fay ?"

Now there was a question to put to a man in my position. How the dickens did she know Jennie Fay ? Jennie was one of my Boston friends. I devoted a great deal of time to Jennie ; indeed, she was one of my admirations. And now, fair Desdemona, *alias* Miss Jones, knew all about her. Oh, dear !

" Miss Fay is well."

" Jennie is a great friend of mine," smiling and shuffling the cards as she stood by the table, very intent on them, and not looking up, though a little laugh played about her

mouth. " Jennie is a great friend of mine. We are constantly together, and that is the way I know you. Seeing you walking with her frequently, I inquired your name."

" Yes, ma'am," very meekly, and wondering what would next come.

Desdemona opened her blue eyes, round and wide. " Why, I declare, what a mistake ! It is my Spanish friend, Don Rafael Hurtado"—

" Si, senora."

" And not Mr. Smith ?"

" No, senora."

" And, of course, do not know him ?"

" Alas ! no, senora."

" But, see," she said, drawing a couple of cards from her pocket, " you made a mistake and gave me two cards this morning, and one is Mr. John Smith's."

I am positive at this point I heard a feminine giggle behind the folding doors at the further end of the room.

" But—oh—senora !"

The door into the hall was opened, and a gentleman walked into the room. It was my late antagonist. I was horrified, for he advanced directly towards us.

" Why, good-evening, Mr. Smith !"

Desdemona interposed. " You mistake. 'Tis Don Rafael Hurtado, from Cuba."

Before I could reply, the folding doors were thrown open, and behind them I saw a group of people—more Joneses, I suppose—all grinning, and laughing, and pointing at me. I groaned, and fled ingloriously out of the parlor, through the hall, past the footman—even he was grinning—and into the street.

Three windows were thrown up, and three heads were thrust out. From the first, Mr. Jones' ; from the second, Miss Jones' ; from the third, some other Jones'. They were all laughing. Desdemona cried :—

" Addio bellissima carissima querido amigo."

I renewed my speed, venting my anger by a loud defiance. It rolled from my mouth, and floated back to them on the wings of the night.

Shortly after this, I sailed for Havana, remaining there two years, and had not been North at all, until a day or two before I went to the concert, as I was telling you, when I again saw Miss Jones. I had confided to Jack the terrible events of that evening, and therefore asked him if she would know me.

" What !" he said. " With those great whiskers, and your hair so much darker ? No. You are changed beyond recognition. Give yourself no uneasiness."

The seat behind us was full of young ladies, evidently misses belonging to the seminary. Turning to one who seemed sociable, I asked :—

" Can you tell me, miss, who that lovely young creature is in white tulle and lace ?"

The one sitting second from this end of the stage?"

"La, sir," she simpered, "that's Jule Davison. She ain't very lovely."

I think that young lady will become a connoisseur in female beauty. She certainly displayed a talent for discrimination at an early age.

Then my Desdemona's name was Juliet. Here was her Romeo sitting at her feet, and she did not recognize him. An examination of my programme showed Juliet would both play and sing, and I anxiously waited her performances. While in this state of expectation, the young lady to whom I had spoken, reaching forward, placed a small bouquet in my hand.

"Will you please throw it to some of the singers? I do not like to do it," she said.

I formed another opinion of her. She would, indeed, become celebrated. A woman so well calculated to understand the wants of man would become a famous Florence Nightingale. Under this impression, I thanked her, saying:—

"I will do it with pleasure, Miss Nightingale."

At that she simpered, and giggled, and poked her companion.

"I think he's a funny man."

It made no difference to me what she thought. I was in dreamland. All the other music was a blank, until Juliet's singing aroused me to consciousness. And how she did sing! She leaned far back, and tossed the notes from her mouth like balls. She clasped her hands imploringly, shrugged her shoulders, rolled her eyes, twisted, and writhed, and trembled. Shaking the notes fiercely, she flung them from her, satisfied with their punishment, while she raved on, screaming and crying in an unknown tongue. Yet none offered her help. Could it be she was without friends in the city? Pity is akin to love, and I pitied her. She leaned further back, clasped her hands lower, shrugged her shoulders higher, concentrated all her forces in one crescendo, and rolling her eyes beseechingly toward the pianist for him to continue, she stopped.

As soon as she recovered her breath, she repeated the trills and whirligigs backward, until, pitching upon a note that suited her, she stopped to play with it like a cat with a mouse. She shook it, she slammed it, she banged it, she compared it with a note an octave higher, and liking that one better, she sawed away on it for dear life.

She looked at the people in the gallery to see how they were affected, but they took it very coolly, so coolly that she released it and came racing down the scale after the other one, but could not find it, and rushed down another octave, couldn't find one there, and went down another flight, and another, and another, while I trembled, thinking how my watch had run

down, when I pulled out the main-spring, and fearing she would fly off her balance in a similar way. But she didn't. She wound herself up again with a chromatic scale that sounded like cog-wheels, and, making a low bow, sank gracefully into her seat.

I, who had been spell bound, now released from the enthrallment, wrote hastily on my programme an assertion of her loveliness and my affection, and twisting it about the stems of the flowers, threw them on the stage. They fell at her feet. Raising them to her exquisite nose, the odor revived and refreshed her, and she looked around for the donor. Our eyes met. She smiled. I smiled. She bowed in acknowledgment. I bowed, intimating, in pantomime, to look at the note. She found it, opened it, but could not read it, for, not daring to write it in Spanish, and not wishing to put it in English, I had written: "Du bist so schön. Ich würde gerne mit dir bekannt werden. Wann werden wir wieder beisammen sein?"

She looked at me and shook her head; looked at the note and puckered up her eyebrows; tried to look wise, but could not, and despaired. During the remainder of the evening, once in fifteen minutes, the following brilliant movements were executed.

Juliet would look down at me sitting at her feet. I bowed and smiled. She closed her eyes slowly, and opened them with equal languor. I bowed again. Then she would raise the bouquet, and suffer the perfume to steal gently up against the Schneiderian membrane.

I was enchanted, and passed rapidly through all the stages, from surprise and discomfiture at first seeing her, to adoration and the grand passion, so that, when the concert was over, and we rose to go, I was very much in love. Passing slowly near the stage, so near I could touch the hem of her trailing dress, I addressed her in heart-thrilling tones:—

"Could you not read the note?"

She looked surprised—it could not have been displeased—and shook her head. I was hurried on, but looking back, saw Juliet gazing after me. Was she sorry at our parting? Would she go home and sleep with the note clasped in one white hand under her pillow?

Yes, she would. I knew what her feelings must be. I alone of all that throng. To have met only to have parted. But I would seek her, become acquainted with, and know her. And most unexpectedly a way was opened. Going along slowly in the pushing crowd, Jack told me there would be a private *soirée* given at the seminary the following evening, after the speeches of the graduating class, to which only a very select few were invited—merely friends and relatives.

"You must get me an invitation, Jack," I said.

He promised he would do his utmost; in-

deed, would have given me his were it transferable, or taken me with him would it have admitted two. But he had a friend among the students, and in hopes of obtaining for me the desired right of entrance, left me, and I returned alone to my rooms.

An hour, two hours passed, and at length he came, with success written on his face. He told me his friend was a friend of Juliet's, and would use her influence to induce Juliet to send me an invitation, but all rested on her willingness to own me as a cousin or a brother, as I must be a relative of some kind.

How fortunate I had given in my note on the bouquet my right name, and she could say I was her cousin John Smith.

Jack thought there was no doubt of my getting the card. Neither did I; and after deciding we would not attend the examination of the classes the following day, but reserve our energies for the speeches and *soirées* of the evening, I retired to dream and wait.

The card was to be sent through the post-office, in Jack's care; and at nine o'clock, thinking to get it, I went to the office. There was nothing there. At ten o'clock there was still nothing. At eleven o'clock, nothing. At twelve, nothing. Wishing a bouquet for Juliet that evening, I went with Jack to order one, when, going down the street, who should we meet but my college chum, Rafael Hurtado, arm-in-arm with our old professor, Henri.

Rafael had but just come in town, and we told him of the *soirée*. He knew about it, and was going. Would he go with us? No, he had an engagement, but he would see us the next day.

"Do not fail," I said, as we separated, "and I will introduce you to a lovely lady."

"All right."

And we parted.

One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock, four, five, six, all came and passed, bringing me nothing. Had she forgotten me? Oh, agonizing doubt! I was in despair. I was wild. At seven o'clock I went again to the office and made a last frantic appeal to the boy in attendance.

"There must be a note for John Smith. You have overlooked it. It is there."

He looked again. "Is your name Smith?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, there is nothing here for you."

I went away. But a bright thought occurred to me. Was she going to keep it and give it to me herself at the hall? Of course! How much better and surer!

Hastening to the hall, we found a crowd had already collected about the doors, waiting for them to open; but we elbowed our way in among them, to be first, and secure the best seat. I became fastened between two women—a woman of bone, and a woman of muscle; Barnum's fat woman, and a slab, a broom-

handle, a knitting-needle. When the doors were opened, they carried me with them, and I found myself, sitting six seats from the front, pinioned fast between them, with Jack on the end of the same seat. Then the woman of muscle became loquacious, and inquired if I had friends among the performers. To which I replied with dignity I had one. Old lady grew inquisitive and asked who that one was. I told her it was probably no one with whom she was acquainted, though she might have heard of her great beauty.

"But what is her name?"

"Her name is Miss Davison."

Old lady quieted a moment, but presently resumed. "How long have you known her?"

"Madame, for years. She is a very great friend of mine."

Old lady asked no more questions. Probably thought I was engaged to the young lady, and it would not do.

The graduates came upon the stage. Juliet, among the first, looked about the hall for me, but failing to see me, seemed disappointed. Then she saw some one on the other side of the house, to whom she bowed, and at once I was jealous. What right had other men to be bowing to her? At last she did see me, and fluttered her fan, smiled, bowed, and seemed pleased. I waved my handkerchief. Old lady thought it was the fashion and waved hers.

Juliet read the salutatory. At her ending, I threw her my flowers. She hung over them in adoration, caressed them, pressed them fondly, burying her nose in their fragrance.

The long evening passed, the last speech was made, the diplomas awarded, and the audience were leaving, when I rushed forward to the stage and told her I had not received my invitation. She was surprised.

"Did you not get it? I left it at the office as I came to the hall, for there was no opportunity earlier in the day."

"But is it necessary for me to have the card to gain admission? Can I not go in with you?"

"No, the orders are very strict. 'No one to be admitted without a card.' But you have time, if you hasten, to get the card and return to the hall, if you wish to go with me."

I rushed frantically out of the hall, around the corner—people thought I was mad—and up the street to the office. *It was closed!* There was a light inside, and I shook and rattled at the door until a man came, and opening a little window, put out his head.

"If you don't go away from there with your racket, I'll shoot you. Leave!"

"But there is a letter here for me that I must have."

"Well, you can't have anything out of here to-night. It is past office hours. Be off."

I was off, running back to the hall. *Juliet was gone!*

I went home in a frenzy, and paced the floor until I was exhausted, then found relief in the forgetfulness of sleep.

Early in the morning Jack came into my room and tossed an envelope on the bed beside me.

"There is your card, old fellow. It came too late."

When I opened it, two cards and a note dropped from it. The note was as follows:—

"MR. JOHN SMITH—SIR: The presence of my future husband, Rafael Hurtado, at the *soirée* this evening, will render the services of another escort unnecessary. We will be married next week, and I enclose you cards to the ceremony. With many thanks to you for your attention, both now and two years since in Chester, I remain, respectfully,

MISS DAVISON.

Detourvous' Seminary, June 30, —."

Ask me no more. No, I did not go to the wedding. Did I ever find who that piece of muscular Christianity was? Yes. It was Mrs. Davison, Juliet's mamma.

SEPTEMBER.

BY A. E. P.

THE gladsome summer time
Has swiftly passed and gone;
Autumn, with quiet footsteps,
Comes creeping on.

The distant hills, so bright and blue,
On which we love to gaze,
Half hidden from our sight they seem
In the dim haze

Of a sweet September morn.
Oh, dreamy day! Oh, golden day!
An earnest of the time to come
When we're away.

And what a vision greets the eye—
The bending trellis, o'er which the vine,
With purpling clusters, rich and rare,
Doth cling and twine;

The gathered grain, the ripening fruit,
The gleaming golden rod,
That bends and sways in every breeze
With friendly nod;

The hedgerow, glistening in the sun,
With gay autumnal hue—
Each tender leaf and floweret
Seems born anew,

As if to bid thee welcome,
Oh, rare September day!
Dawning so calm, so sweet,
To only fade away.

As year by year the varied seasons roll,
And every earthly charm goes fleeting by:
Though life itself be but a passing hour,
Why should we sigh?

There's One who in the hollow of His hand
Doth hold the sea;
Though but of sparrow-worth,
Yet He will care for me.

CARL ELLIOT.

BY WILL C. STILLMAN.

ON a bright afternoon in September, 18—, a small party of young people might have been seen upon the croquet ground in the rear of Mr. Elliot's large white house on one of the pleasantest streets in the thriving town of B——.

Lena Huntington and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert had been invited to spend the afternoon and take tea with Clare Murray, who had for two weeks been a guest at the Elliots'. The four composed the croquet party, as they selected their mallets and balls, and made preparations for the game.

"What time did Carl say he would be here, Miss Murray?" inquired Lena Huntington.

"He said at noon that he would come up early, just as soon as he could get away from the office; but, this being a busy day, he might be delayed. I've no doubt he'll be here as soon as possible. These business men never know beforehand when they can be at liberty."

James Herbert, busily engaged in putting down the arches, called out:—

"I stopped at the office as I came past, and he told me not to wait for him, but to go on up to the house, and get to playing, and he would be along shortly. We'll have time for one game, any way, for he'll want to fix up a little after he gets here. So, come on, ladies; everything is ready. Black leads, Miss Murray."

Clare Murray was a bright, black-eyed little brunette, scarcely twenty-two years of age, of slender form and a pretty face, and with a certain queenly bearing which only increased the admiration of those who knew her best, but conveyed the idea of haughtiness to those who had but a passing acquaintance. She laughed such a quiet, satisfied little laugh as she made an unusually successful stroke, and her neatly-slipped little foot would come to the ground so spitefully when her ball went wide of the mark.

Lena Huntington was about the same age, but rather taller, and was dressed in deep mourning. Hers would not be called a pretty face, but it would bear studying. Although she tried to be lively with the rest, there was a touch of sadness in her manner. She had buried her father but a few months previous, and seldom went into society; but Carl, for many years almost a brother, had persuaded her to make one of the party that afternoon.

James Herbert and Carl Elliot were college chums, and he and his wife Lizzie, also an old schoolmate, were among Carl's most intimate friends.

The last player had passed the return stake, when a merry voice rang out from the front yard:—

"How's croquet? Who's ahead?"

"Oh, there's Carl!" exclaimed Lena Huntington; and a chorus of voices added:—

"Hurry up! We've been looking for you this long time."

"I'll be there in a few minutes," came back the reply, and the players resumed the game.

"Lizzie," said Lena Huntington, as the two stood leaning on their mallets, watching Clare's skilful playing, "I wonder if Carl cares any more for Miss Murray than for any other friend. I have been told that they are engaged, and I see she wears an engagement ring. Do you know anything about it?"

"No," replied the other, "I know nothing about it, and have seen them together so little that I have had no opportunity of forming an opinion for myself. I mean to keep my eyes open this afternoon. James used to suppose that their long and frequent letters meant something, but lately he is inclined to think there has been nothing but a very strong friendship between them."

"Lizzie, it's your play," called her husband, and the conversation was interrupted.

"Lena," said James, in an undertone, coming to her side, "has Carl ever said much to you about Miss Murray?"

"Yes. He has spoken of her so frequently, and in such complimentary terms, that I am curious to know what there is in it. I like her appearance, don't you?"

"Indeed, I do. I have known her several years, and think she has few equals. Allowing me to judge, if there is any woman on this earth calculated to make Carl Elliot happy, she is the one. Why under the sun he don't see it in that light, too, is a puzzle to me. When we were at school, he used to tell me a good deal about her; and when he would sit up till long after midnight to write to her—as he frequently did—after studying hard all the evening, I used to think that, if he had not already won her, he was at least making an effort in that direction. Since my marriage he doesn't talk to me as he used to about such things, and, when I speak of her, he tries to avoid the subject."

"Look at her now, as she walks over to her ball," said Lena. "Don't you think, James, she is the least bit proud?"

"Yes," he replied. "And perhaps she thinks Carl isn't quite good enough for her. She will be fortunate to find a better husband than he will be to the woman he marries."

"Indeed, she will," said Lena. "Carl has a noble, generous heart, and almost any girl might well feel herself honored by an offer from him."

"There, there, chum! That will never do at all for you, an old married man, to be conversing with young ladies on the sly. What was he saying, Lena? Something sweet? Don't believe him."

The speaker was Carl Elliot—the oldest son

in the family—a fine-looking young fellow of about twenty-four, a young man almost universally admired, and who had not an enemy in the world. He was of medium height, strongly, though not heavily, built, and was tastily dressed in a light fall suit. Sauntering along to Clare, who was sighting her ball for the home stake, he playfully pulled the ribbon that fastened her hat, and said:—

"Well, little girl, how have you got along since I left you this noon? Awfully lonesome, I suppose?"

"No, indeed," she saucily replied. "Do get away! You do bother me so!" Then, with a quick rap, her ball flew to the stake, and she exclaimed: "I'm out! It's your turn, Mr. Herbert."

While the others played out the game, she and Carl stood under the old apple-tree near by and looked on, and many were the admiring glances the players cast that way. After a little Mrs. Herbert whispered to her husband:—

"James, aren't they happy? I haven't seen such a look of perfect contentment on Carl's face in a long time."

"He does look happy, that's a fact, but why shouldn't he be? He has enough to make him contented, I'm sure. Here he is blessed with one of the pleasantest homes in town, a wealthy father, surrounded with friends, and is getting a good salary. What more can he ask for, unless it be a nice little wife, and I'm not sure from present indications that he will be long without that blessing, too? Both of them ought to be happy."

And Carl did seem to be happy, as he stood there looking down into those bright black eyes so trustingly turned up to his, and toying with the charms hanging from Clare's watch-chain. And she looked the perfect picture of contentment, as she gayly chatted with him, while her little white hand rested upon his shoulder, or playfully pulled his dark brown whiskers or moustache. But "every heart has its own bitterness," and they had their sorrow, although none of their friends on the lawn suspected it.

Could you have watched Carl when Clare's face was turned away from his, you could not have failed to notice a hungry, longing look in those large gray eyes, and an expression about the mouth denoting anything but happiness. And as he walked over to the croquet box to select his ball and mallet for a new game, the look of pitying sorrow which Clare sent after him would not lead you to suppose that her heart was entirely free from trouble.

Several years before the time at which they are introduced to the reader, Carl Elliot and Clare Murray spent two months or more in the same family, and it was nothing out of the usual course of events that they became warm friends. Carl was at that time a slender boy of

seventeen; and although in their romps and sports, whenever mere physical strength was the point in question, he almost always came off second best, there was a kind of fascination about the little black-eyed girl which captivated his boyish heart, and when they separated, young as they were, a correspondence was begun.

Just after Carl had passed his twentieth year, they met again, spending a week or two together; and he found that the little girl who once filled his youthful eyes so completely had matured into a lovely and accomplished young lady, and the mere fancy of his earlier years ripened into a stronger, deeper attachment—a something very like love, although he hardly realized it at the time.

The following summer, three years before the opening of our story, Carl visited her at her beautiful home on the Hudson. Since their last visit together, the correspondence had been carried on with increased interest on both sides; and all through the year, notwithstanding their separation, and his almost constant association with other young ladies, Carl was conscious that his attachment for his friend was constantly increasing.

During the early part of his visit, as he kept discovering new phases in her character, each one calculated to increase his respect and deepen his regards for her, he determined to offer her his heart and hand.

So one bright evening, after they had returned from a delightful drive up the river, as they sat in the parlor, where the full moon sent its beams in through the large bay-window, Carl took her in his arms and told her that old, old story—old, yet always new, and always so hard to tell.

Clare was surprised and grieved; for, having for so many years regarded Carl as a dear friend or brother, she had never for a moment dreamed that his feelings towards her could be any other than those of a brother for an only sister. She kindly but firmly told him that, although she loved him dearly, yes, better than any one else in the world, she could not give him her whole heart, and knew he would be satisfied with nothing less. She wanted to always consider him her dear brother, but told him she could not then, or ever, give him the one little word he so much wanted. Thinking that he would forget her sooner, she suggested that perhaps their correspondence had better be discontinued, for a time, at least; but Carl would not entertain the thought for a moment; and after his return home, letters passed between them as frequently as before. Letters just as frank and cordial as ever, but containing never a word about that which was uppermost in at least one heart. That was all dropped as though it never had been, although Carl still cherished a hope

that in time the wish of his heart might be granted.

During the year both Mr. and Mrs. Murray died quite suddenly, and when the estate was settled, so little was left for Clare that she was obliged to do something for her own support, or be dependent upon friends. She at once secured a position in a Western academy, which she filled until a short time before she came to B——.

At one time during her first year at the West, when she was nearly worn out with her duties, and almost discouraged, Carl again offered her all in his power to give, but she returned him the same answer as before, and he had replied: "I can wait and hope."

About the time she left her school, Mrs. Elliot, knowing nothing of the state of affairs between Clare and her son, invited the former to make her a visit of two or three weeks.

Before accepting the invitation, Clare wrote Carl, informing him of her recent engagement to a gentleman in the place where she had been teaching, and added: "I remember, dear Carl, that not so very long ago, you said you would rather hear of almost anything else than that I had given another the promise I could not give to you. The fact that I have given my heart to another does not alter my affection for you in the least. Much as I would love to see you and all the others, I cannot think of accepting your good mother's invitation if you would rather not see me so soon after learning what I have just written. Be frank and tell me so, if you would prefer not to see me now."

Carl, knowing that there must be a first meeting, and believing that the sooner it was over the better it would be for both, seconded his mother's invitation, and Clare came.

They tried to meet as if nothing had happened, but there was an indescribable something in the manner of each which showed that all was not as it used to be.

The croquet party was on the last afternoon of Clare's visit, and during the two weeks Carl had not, by outward manner or by a single word, given her the least glimpse of the great struggle going on in his heart, except once when she had caught him with that longing look in his eyes. Seeing so little of the old love for her, Clare began to believe that he was learning to feel towards her as she had wished him to at first, and prized his friendship the more he controlled the stronger passion. Still, with all her heart, she pitied the noble fellow starting in life with so bitter a disappointment, and often wondered who would fill the place in his heart she might have occupied.

After this digression, let us return to the croquet-ground. The game was just finished when Mrs. Elliot's tea-bell summoned the players to the cosy dining-room, where, with

appetites well sharpened by their open air exercise, they did ample justice to a bountifully spread table.

After tea the ladies repaired to the parlor for music and visiting, while James and Carl took themselves off to the library to chat over their cigars. Before they were aware, a couple of hours had gone by, and their conversation was broken in upon by little fingers pulling Carl's whiskers, and Clare's sweet voice whispering in his ear:—

"Come, Carl, Miss Lena is putting on her things, and you ought to go down home with her. It has grown quite dark out, and it would be too bad for her to go alone."

"That's a fact, Clare," said Carl, rising, and going into the hall. "Wait a minute, Lena, till I find a cap, or something else, and I'll walk down with you. You'll excuse me, won't you, Jim?"

"Good-by, Miss Lena," called Clare, as they went down the walk. "You'll be back soon, won't you, Carl?"

"Yes, in about fifteen minutes, if the mail is distributed."

"Be sure to bring me a letter."

"All right!"

Clare was alone in the parlor when Carl returned a half hour later, and handing her a letter from her Western lover, he dropped down upon the sofa and watched her while she read it.

As she folded and returned it to the envelope, a long drawn sigh reached her ears, and turning, Clare found Carl's eyes fixed upon her with that same, far off, hungry look she had seen once before. Quickly seating herself upon a hassock at his side, she gently laid her hand upon his and said:—

"Don't, Carl. You must not feel so."

All the pent-up feelings of the weeks since he knew that even hope must be given up, burst forth at the touch of that little hand, and taking it in both of his, he exclaimed, while his whole frame trembled with emotion:—

"O Clare! Clare! You don't know how hard it is to give you up! I cannot do it!"

"But you must, Carl. I thought you had already. I am so sorry I came! It has only awakened your old love for me. I almost wish you had never known me."

"Clare, don't say that," said Carl, controlling his voice. "I thought I had better control of myself, but my will is not as strong as I supposed it to be. I am glad you came. Your visit has done me good, and I would not have missed it for anything."

"You are not as strong as I thought you were, Carl, and not as strong to-night as you will be to-morrow."

"I did not mean that you should know anything about my real feelings towards you, Clare; but you cannot know how you have grown into my very being until it is almost im-

possible to tear your image from my heart. I have so long imagined you as the mistress of the pleasant home I have hoped some day to have, that it takes all the beauty out of life to take away the hope of one day calling you by that dear name, 'wife.' No one can ever fill the place that you occupy in my heart."

"Probably not, just now," replied Clare. "But I hope that by and by you will find some one who will satisfy you better than I ever could."

"I never expect to," said Carl. "I shall be very careful how I lose my heart again, Clare. Did you doubt my love for you?"

"No, indeed. How could I? But I would not cheat you by giving you a part of my heart for all of yours. You deserve a better wife than I could have been to you, Carl, and I know you will find the right one by and by." Then, looking at her watch, she added: "It is getting late. Come to the piano, please; I want you to sing me a good-by song before I say good-night."

Taking his seat at the instrument, Carl played a short prelude, and then sang, in a rich, mellow voice, these sweet "Words for Parting," by Mary Clemmer Ames, which he had set to music:—

"Oh! what shall I do, my dear,
In the coming years, I wonder,
When our paths, which lie so sweetly near,
Shall lie so far asunder?
Oh! what shall I do, my dear,
Through all the sad to-morrows,
When the sunny smile has ceased to cheer,
That smiles away all sorrows?"

"What shall I do, my friend,
When you are gone forever?
My heart its eager need will send
Through the years to find you, never.
And how will it be with you
In the weary world, I wonder:
Will you love me with a love as true
When our paths lie far asunder?"

"A sweeter, sadder thing
My life for having known you;
Forever with my sacred kin,
My soul's soul, I must own you;
Forever mine, my friend,
From June till life's December;
Not mine to have or hold,
Mine to pray for and remember."

Rising to his feet, he gathered Clare in his arms, and, pressing one long, clinging kiss upon her lips, exclaimed:—

"God bless you, Clare! Pray for me! Good-night!" and hurriedly left the room.

Passing over a space of five years, we find Lena Huntington the wife of Edward Elliot—Carl's younger brother—one of the most extensive merchants in a rival Western city. Carl, at the head of a heavy publishing house in the same city, made his home with them. Doing a flourishing business, he was already ranked among the wealthy men. He confined

himself closely to business during business hours, and spent his evenings in his well-filled and luxuriantly-furnished library, or in chatting with Lena in her cosy little parlor. His acquaintances found him a prompt, energetic business man, perfectly at home on business topics, but very seldom saw him anywhere else; and, when they did occasionally meet him in society, he was far from being social.

Lena, remembering that he used to be the life of the circle in which he moved, sometimes coaxed him into the parlor of an evening when she had company, but he usually managed to get back to his books or his writing as soon as possible. Hoping to interest him in other things, and draw him out of the quiet life he was leading, Lena and her husband often tried to induce him to go out with them; but, to all their arguments and entreaties, he replied:—

"Society has lost all the charms it ever had for me. And as I give no pleasure to others, and find no enjoyment for myself, in going out, I might better stay at home and take care of the house."

It was a cold evening in January, and Carl sat in the large easy-chair in his library, with a daintily perfumed note in his hand. He was not reading it, but sat dreamily looking into the open coal fire before him. The note had been received some days before, and was an invitation to a small party for that evening.

"Lena had just been in, urging him to go, and her last remark before leaving the room, 'Please do go with us, Carl. Mrs. Brown will be very much disappointed if you are not there. Her sister is a fine singer, and she is quite anxious to have you meet her,' had carried him back to the last time he and Clare sang together. He wondered where she could be, for during five years he had heard from her but once, and that once very soon after her visit in B——."

When Edward came in to tell him they were ready, and the sleigh was at the door, he had in memory gone over many a pleasant hour spent with Clare in those days when he had hoped for a much brighter life than he had ever realized, and likewise forgotten all about the party.

"Come, Carl," said Edward, "Tom has just brought up the sleigh."

"I guess on the whole, Ed, I won't go," replied Carl. "I'd much rather sit here and read. You can excuse me in some way to Mrs. Brown."

"No, sir! That won't go down. Just put on your things and come along. You haven't been out with us once this winter," replied Edward.

"Please don't say no, Carl!" said Lena, coming to his side. "There won't be so very many there, and we'll come home early. Please go! I know you will. Won't you?"

"You little witch!" laughingly exclaimed Carl. "Are you back here again? If I'll go this once, will you promise not to tease me to go anywhere again for three months?"

"I don't like to promise that, Carl; but, if you won't go on any other consideration, I'll promise."

"Well, then, little sis," said he, rising and patting her cheek, "to please you, I'll go. I will be ready in a few minutes."

As they entered Mrs. Brown's elegant drawing-room a half hour later, a young lady had just seated herself at the piano; and the hostess, after cordially welcoming Carl, said:—

"Mr. Elliot, my sister is just about to sing her favorite piece—a queer thing she has picked up somewhere—and as soon as she finishes I want to introduce you."

As Mrs. Brown turned to greet other guests, Carl carelessly glanced at the little figure seated at the instrument with her back towards him, and stooped to hear Lena's whispered "What dear little hands she has!" Then, as she, to him, well-known words:—

"What shall I do, my dear,

In the weary world, I wonder,"

sung in a clear, sweet voice, reached his ear, he started, turned pale, and gazed nervously at the singer.

Lena, too, looked surprised, and whispered:—

"You used to sing that, Carl; but I never heard any one else sing it before."

"I never heard but one other sing it before," he replied, and hastily added: "Make some excuse for me if Mrs. Brown inquires where I have gone. I'm going into the conservatory for a little while."

"Mrs. Elliot," said Mrs. Brown, addressing Lena, "allow me to make you acquainted with my sister, Miss Murray. Where is your husband and his brother?"

"Good-evening, Miss Murray! I am happy to meet you," said Lena. "Mr. Elliot was here a moment ago, Mrs. Brown, and Ed can't be far off." Then, turning again to Miss Murray, she said: "Your face is very familiar some way, Miss Murray. May I ask if your first name is not Clare?"

"It is," replied the young lady. "And I am strongly impressed with the idea that I have seen you before, but I cannot tell where. What did I understand your name to be?"

"Elliot," replied Lena.

"Elliot! Carl Elliot's wife?" exclaimed the other.

"No; not Carl's, but Edward's—Carl's younger brother. Perhaps you will remember me better as Lena Huntington."

"Lena Huntington!" exclaimed Clare, in surprise. "Can it be possible? And Edward Elliot's wife! I supposed that you married Carl."

"No; Carl has never married. And how is it that you are still Clare Murray? I thought,

too, that you were married two or three years ago."

"It's a long story. I could not tell it here, even though you cared to hear it. Where is Carl now? You know we used to be good friends," said Clare. "I have known nothing of him for a long time."

"He was here a few minutes ago," replied Lena. "He is in business here in the city, and makes his home with me. You would hardly know him. He has changed very much since you saw him last."

"We won't be missed for a little while," said Clare. "Let us go into the conservatory."

Just as they reached the door, Mrs. Brown called Lena to come and give her opinion of a painting her husband had recently purchased.

Turning to Clare, Lena said:—

"You look flushed and tired, dear. Go in there and rest; I'll be back in a few moments."

Carl, who had been sitting on a couch, with his head resting on both hands, overcome with emotions awakened by the familiar song, was not aware of her presence until Clare, recognizing him in spite of the changes five years had made, placed her hand upon his shoulder, and said, in a low, sweet voice:—

"Mr. Elliot! Carl!"

Hastily springing to his feet, Carl exclaimed:—

"Excuse me if I am intruding!" Then, as Clare raised her eyes to his, added: "What! Can it be true? Do I see Clare ———? Mrs. ———?"

"No," she replied; "not *Mrs.* anybody. Only little Clare Murray. Don't you see it's me, Carl?"

"Yes, I see it is Clare. But how is it that you are Clare Murray still? I supposed you had been married these three years."

"No, Carl; my lover married a richer bride, and left me fancy free. You would not care to hear the story."

"How is it," asked Carl, "that I have not heard from you during these five long years? I have written time and again, but never received a word in reply, except one letter the week after you left B——."

"I might ask the same question," replied Clare. "I have not received an answer to a single one of the many letters I have written you, and have often wondered why it was. It is all plain now, however. I am so glad to meet you again, and hope our old friendship may be renewed. It can be, can't it, Carl?" she asked, in the old winning way.

"Clare," said Carl, coming nearer, and taking both of her hands in his, while the old love shone in those large gray eyes which looked down into hers, "have I waited these five long years to receive only friendship from you? My darling, can't you give me what you know I want, and have wanted so long?

You won't find me the same Carl I was a few years ago, but the same love for you is in my heart, and just as warm as it was then. Will you take it now, Clare?"

Putting his arm about her, he drew her to a seat beside him on the couch, and dropping her head upon his breast, she looked up into his face and said:—

"Yes, Carl, I will. I know the worth!"

But her lips were sealed with kisses, and the sentence was left unfinished. After a little, Carl said:

"Do you remember this ring, that I have always worn on my right hand? You know I used to say I would remove it to my left after I was engaged."

"Yes," replied Clare, "and I remember the last evening we spent together, five years ago, I placed it on your finger and told you not to remove it or allow any one to take it off until you saw me again. How long did you keep it on?"

"It never has been off since that evening, my little pet. Now you must take it off and let me put it on your finger—it used to fit. Tomorrow I will replace it with one more to my fancy. Some one is coming!"

"Excuse me for interrupting," said Lena, as she entered the room; "but Mrs. Brown wants some music, and sent me to hunt up Clare."

"Will you and Lena sing with me, Mr. Elliot?" said Clare.

"Shall we, Lena?" asked Carl.

"Oh, I suppose we'll have to," she replied.

As Carl turned the music, Lena missed the ring from his finger, and in the interlude, whispered:—

"What has become of your ring? I never knew you to have it off before."

He said nothing, but following his glance, she saw the heavy band on Clare's engagement finger, and the happy look in his eyes assured her that Carl Elliot's long cherished hopes were at least partially realized.

The rest is soon told. Lena no longer found it necessary to almost drag Carl away from his books, for he seldom spent an evening in the library. The following summer, after a quiet wedding, and a pleasant visit to the friends in B——, Carl Elliot and his bride were nicely settled in a richly-furnished mansion near Lena's home, and the latter has often been heard to say:—

"How Carl has changed! I always thought that a loving wife would bring back his cheerful ways and happy smiles."

LOVE is the great instrument of nature, the bond and cement of society, the spirit and spring of the universe. Love is such an affection as cannot so properly be said to be in the soul, as the soul to be in that; it is the whole man wrapt up into one desire.—*South.*

A CHAPTER.

BY L. S. C.

THANKSGIVING DAY! Linnette Lyle opened her eyes to the dreamy consciousness of this fact. The merry sunshine was struggling through the silvery foliage of icy trees, flooding the doors and windows of cot and castle, which Jack Frost, to indulge his artistic taste, had depicted in silver sheen upon the window panes.

"It must be late already. Dear me! I do believe I have overslept myself, and everybody's coming here to-day," cried she, springing out on to the chill carpet, and huddling her clothes up to the register in shivering haste.

"Jude! Judith! Wake up! It's dreadful late." And the little curly head was thrust into the next room, where in deep slumber lay the elder sister. No response came from Judith, but the light breathing that betokened her entire oblivion to all terrestrial matters. Across the room pattered the little feet, one stocking half on, the other hiding within its depths a dimpled hand. Putting two rosy lips to the upturned ear of her sister, Linnette cried: "Thanksgiving!"

Judith awoke with a start, and opened two eyes as brown as Miss Linnette's, which looked chidingly into the laughing face above, as their owner said:—

"O Lin, how you startled me!"

"Did I? Well, I'm sorry, but remember the day. Everybody will be here before we know it, so hurry up," and Miss Lin went dancing out of the room, to plunge deeply into the mysteries of the breakfast toilet.

Judith lay gazing at the frosted windows; one white hand hid in the heavy mass of auburn hair, that, 'mid its glossy splendor, suggested thoughts of gold which lay concealed, yet half discovered, beneath the brown surface. She did remember the day, and in the artfully woven maze of ice-work read a story. Read of two devoted lovers, gathered with friends to celebrate Thanksgiving. How bright that morning had been! How beautiful the flowers that decked the maiden's auburn tresses, flowers offered by the hand of love! And then she heard a manly voice saying, softly: "Next Thanksgiving I will crown you with orange blossoms, my Queen Judith." The flush of happy bashfulness came back to the cheeks, but it quickly faded, and the lips were compressed as if in resolution.

"Yes, it was all very well," she murmured, half-aloud; "but often the sun shines brightest just before it sets. To think how happy we were in the morning, and at night!"

"Jude, are you ready? I am going down," interrupted Lin.

"I will be shortly. Do not wait for me,"

responded the sister, hastening to make up for squandered time.

"Please bring down grandma's cap when you come. I cannot wait for it," and away went Linnette, singing.

"Grandma's cap" was one of the never-omitted orders of the day. Every year upon Thanksgiving morning a nice white lace dress cap was presented to grandma, the workmanship of some member of the family. This year it was Linnette's first attempt, and truly did her credit, although at bashful seventeen she had not courage to present it, so that it devolved upon Judith.

"Grandma, here is your cap, wrought by Lin this year. See! is it not pretty?"

The aged dame, robed in a morning gown, and viewing through her glasses the people passing and repassing in the already busy street, took the snowy cap from Judith's hand, and, after due inspection, replied:—

"It is, indeed, very pretty; most too nice for old grandmother, I fear. Come here, Linnette, and let me kiss those little fingers that have been so busy for me. You'll not regret your kindness, for the measure ye mete to others shall be measured to you; and when these sunny curls are gray, and those bright eyes dim, even through glasses, some one will work lovingly for you, with just such little fingers as these." The trembling, faded lips pressed kisses upon the red-tipped fingers and cheek, where a teardrop lay.

"Indeed, grandma, you think too highly of my poor gift. It is not half so nice as"—

"It is just as nice as it could be, and my little pet must comb grandma's hair and arrange it for her before dinner."

"Come, mother! Lin! breakfast is ready," called Mrs. Lyle, pressing a good-morning kiss upon the lips of both daughters, and caressing the gray hair of her parent, who at seventy-two was yet sprightly.

"Dood-morning!" said a little lady of five years, as they entered the breakfast-room.

"Good-morning, Miss Jin! Enthroned upon father's knee as usual, I see," returned Judith, taking the little one in her arms for a hearty kiss.

It was a very cosy, chatty breakfast, and when it was over, each received his or her allotted task to assist in the preparation for that grand reunion of friends—Thanksgiving dinner.

New England hearts beat faster and warmer upon this national holiday than all the rest of the year beside. Their hearths are lit by a ruddier glow; their hands extend to all in a heartier welcome. The Lyle family was from New England, but had located at the national capital during the war. They brought their household gods with them, and to-day looked forward to a grand celebration, for all the scattered members of the old homestead had pro-

mised to spend this Thanksgiving with "mother."

So North, and South, and West gave back to the gray-haired matron her treasures. Tears traversed the wrinkled cheeks, as she looked into one after another of those long absent faces. It was such a meeting as only they can understand who have been parted for years, and, clasping each other's hands, feel the next separation will be between some of them forever. All were glad and happy, however, long before the late dinner hour arrived.

Judith, when she could escape without being missed, stole away to the cheery dining-room. There the snowy cloth was already laid, and alone she sat watching the fire blaze and crackle in the great Franklin stove, which they had bought in lieu of their Yankee fireplace, that defied transportation.

Judith was not a dreamy disposition, but she was inexpressibly sad to-day, and wanted some one to talk with who told no tales, so she chose the fire. True, it roared, and flashed, and leaped in a manner that spoke poorly of its capacity for keeping a secret; yet Judith knew that long before it reached the opening of the great chimney, and sought the outer world, it was silent. So she talked to the fire, and tried to soothe the aching of her heart.

"He was very unjust to me," she soliloquized, "and all for so small a matter. How many changes one short year can bring! Last Thanksgiving Day he was here in this very room. Here he put the flowers in my hair during the morning, with those words of deep affection, and in the evening— Well, may be I was wrong, but the idea of his becoming jealous of Harry Mead, who draws his very breath for Linnette's sake! Still he did not know that Harry had been talking of her, that his earnest tones and all else were but gratitude for some trivial favor I had promised to persuade her to grant him. It is strange, at least, how all things should have occurred as they did. I was standing just where I am now, and Harry leaned on the mantle-piece talking to me. He was begging one of the forget-me-nots in my hair to keep in remembrance of the favor I had promised him. I did not assent for a long time, but at last I took out a small spray, and, giving it to him, said, laughingly: 'See you keep it carefully hid from curious eyes.'

"The truth was, I feared if Oscar saw it, he would be displeased. I had not the confidence in him I should have had. Well, it matters not now. I little dreamed then what was in store for me, as Harry, taking the flowers, pressed his lips to my hand, and replied, with usual gallantry: "'Fair lady, thy favor shall stand as watchman to my heart,'" and thus I seal my lips."

"Just then we heard a step, and looking up, I saw the stern face of Oscar in the doorway.

I know I flushed guiltily, and Harry made a rather awkward excuse to leave by the side porch. I began some confused apology to Oscar for the scene he must have witnessed, but he stopped me abruptly by saying:—

"You need not explain. I saw it all."

"But you do not understand. Harry Mead does not care a straw for me. We"—

"I should not think he did," was the quietly sarcastic rejoinder.

"I felt he was unjust, yet I did not answer hastily, but simply continued:—

"We were talking of Lin."

"It was for Lin he wanted the flowers, no doubt, which you gave with such words of caution. It was for her sake he kissed your hand, and uttered those professions. Of course, I do not doubt he was thinking of Linnette all the while."

"How well I remember his manner and the angry pride it roused in me! I replied, quickly:—

"If you question my veracity, that is sufficient. I hardly think we are suited to each other."

"There was a moment's silence. He looked at me steadily, and I met his gaze. At length he said, more gently:—

"Judith, forgive! I do not really doubt you, but I have an exceedingly jealous disposition." He attempted to take my hand; but stepping back, I replied, haughtily:—

"We may as well understand each other at once. I will never marry a man whose jealousy is so great that he can condemn me for appearances, without waiting to hear the reality. I must be trusted, or I cannot trust. No one truly honorable themselves would thus doubt another they profess to love."

"What am I to understand from all this?" he questioned, gravely.

"That you are at liberty to select some one better worthy your confidence."

"He stood before me one moment, then, extending his hand, said simply: 'Good-by!' and was gone. I have not seen him since."

She stood silently looking into the fire, when a voice at her side asked in low tones:—

"Is there a welcome for me upon Thanksgiving Day?"

She did not need to look up to know that Oscar Wells stood at the hearth.

"The same welcome we have for all our friends upon this day." The brown eyes met the gray in steady gaze.

"No more than that?" His voice was husky.

"No more than that from me," she answered.

"O Judith! is there no forgiveness?"

"Forgiveness, but not installment."

"This is final?"

"This is final."

He bowed his head upon the mantle-piece, and only the ticking of the little round clock

disturbed the silence, until, lifting a face sternly pale, Oscar said :—

"Good-by, Judith! We may never meet again. Perhaps I deserved this; but if in after years you ever think of me, remember my sin was loving you too well." He kissed the hand he held, looked into the relentless brown eyes, and passed out into the cold.

"Oster! Oster!"

Little Jin's eager cry arrested the gentleman's steps; and looking out of the window, Judith saw the baby arms clasped around his neck, and heard the little one plead between her sobs that he would not go. She saw him kiss the upturned face, and smooth the golden hair. She felt he was telling the child he would be back by and by. But little Jin did not know as she did, that he meant many years. At last the child came in, smiling through her tears, but he was gone.

"Oh, see, Jude, Oster gave me!" The chubby fingers held up for the sister's inspection a little gold dollar.

Jude caught up the child, and pressed kisses on the hair and face. Strange her lips should touch the very spots where his had so recently rested.

"I love Oster, don't yoo?" questioned the little one, innocently.

"O Jin!" cried Judith, and, burying her face in the dress of the astonished child, shivered with pain.

"Don't cry; yoo shall have a tiss." The baby hands patted her cheek softly.

Judith took the kiss, and with it her wonted stateliness.

After sixteen years' absence in California, Uncle Joe came home to Thanksgiving, bringing with him his particular friend, Doctor Falmouth, a physician in easy circumstances, who intended locating East.

As the doctor was completing his toilet, preparatory to joining the company below, little Jin, who had been walking round and round the room, stationed herself in front of him, with the plump little hands clasped behind her, and sagely remarked :—

"God sees us in the dark toset as well as in the sunshine."

Doctor Hugh Falmouth paused, and looked curiously at the child.

"Who told you that?" he asked, a merry twinkle coming into his black eyes, as he noted the serious expression upon her baby face.

"Jude told me."

"And pray who is Jude?"

"Yoo'll know when yoo see her. She's very nice," and Miss Jin went quietly away, while the doctor indulged in a hearty laugh.

"That's a smart child, Joe," he exclaimed, as soon as she had quitted the room.

"Yes. She reminds me of what Judith was when I left the States. But I presume she has

become like all other young ladies by this time."

"Oh! Excuse me, miss! How exceedingly awkward! I trust you are not hurt?"

Doctor Falmouth, going down stairs, had mistaken the door of the parlor, and opened that leading into the dining-room, just as Judith was passing with an urn of hot tea. The door, opening suddenly, had struck the vessel, and some of the liquid fire was thrown out on to her hand.

"I am not seriously injured," she replied, sitting the urn upon the table. "It is only a slight scald." But the hand testified to the doctor's practised eye that the scald was by no means as slight as she would have had him think.

"This must be attended to immediately, miss, or you may have some trouble with it. Is there a dredging box handy?"

She replied there was, and requested a servant to bring the desired article.

"Fill it with wheat flour," ordered the doctor.

It was quickly brought, and taking his handkerchief, Doctor Falmouth held it under the little hand, while he covered the scalded place thickly with the flour. This done, he gently bound it up, and bade her give it rest until the morrow.

"Well, I declare! You and the doctor closeted already!" cried Linnette, bounding into the room. "Indeed, Judith, I do not believe you even waited for an introduction."

"I introduced myself very unceremoniously, and made, I fear, though unintentionally, a serious impression," smilingly replied the doctor.

He had certainly made a favorable impression, and the week he spent with them only served to increase it.

Harry Mead joined them at dinner, and it was soon apparent to all that he and the Linnette were victims of Cupid. Poor Lin! Everything went wrong, and her numerous blunders kept the dinner party in a merry mood.

"Doctor Pudding, will you have some more sauce?" politely inquired she.

"Not any. Doctor Pudding is supplied," returned the M. D., mirthfully.

"Now I did not say that," pouted Lin.

"Oh, yes you did!" chorused several voices.

"Well, you are to blame anyway," she retorted, turning to Doctor Falmouth. "With your tricks, I don't know in troth what I'm about. Faith! you've teased till you've put wit and wisdom to rout."

"Bravo! We will hear *that* with instrumental accompaniments after dinner," cried Joe.

The stars were looking in at the window when Judith sought her pillow; and although it was then late, they became pale before advancing day ere sleep visited the weary eyes

that wandered restlessly from earth to heaven, as the mind reacted the morning interview, repeating solemnly: "It is final!"

"Be ye, therefore, ready also; for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not." Judith closed her Bible with a shudder. She had often read those words before, but never had the meaning come to her so forcibly as this morning. She sank upon her knees beside the window in reverential awe. A strange uneasiness oppressed her, and she prayed fervently, "Deliver us from evil."

It was a cold, bright morning in early spring. A high wind prevailed, and neighboring shutters slammed in chorus with creaking signs. Hats, caps, and shawls seemed suddenly endowed with invisible pinions, and gave their owners no slight exercise. All day the wind increased, and at night blew quite a gale. Doctor Falmouth was expected home to tea with Mr. Lyle.

Judith stood at the window in anxious expectation; the morning's foreboding was not yet dispelled. Presently, through the gloom, she saw three men approaching. They stopped before the house and lifted something, which they bore between them very gently up the steps. A sudden terror seized the young watcher. She hastened to the door, and throwing it open, met Doctor Falmouth face to face.

"Father?" she questioned, excitedly.

"He is hurt, but I trust not seriously. Be careful how you break the news to your mother," was his hurried reply as he ordered the men to carry their burden into the sitting-room.

No one had thought of grandmother, who sat knitting in her easy chair before the glowing grate. They carried the insensible man into the room without the slightest premonition, and laid him on the sofa.

With a feeble cry the old lady tottered to his side, kissing his cold hands, and calling him in vain to answer. The shock was too great for her. She sank fainting on the carpet just as the doctor entered, in company with Mrs. Lyle, Linnette, and Judith. He was saying, hurriedly, "A blind from the third story of some house blew off and struck him. Merciful heavens!" he added, as he caught sight of the old lady. "How thoughtless! The shock has stunned her."

That night no one slept in that stricken house. Even little Jin seemed aware some terrible calamity threatened them, and sat in one corner, her brown eyes wide awake, watching all unheeded the strange proceedings. The grandmother lay unconscious for some time, and when at length brought to herself, they found her mind wandered. Linnette was left in charge of her, while Mrs. Lyle and Judith, with Doctor Falmouth and two other physicians, worked over Mr. Lyle.

Morning shone, clear and bright, before their labor ceased, yet they failed to bring him to consciousness. Doctor Falmouth never left his side till the sufferer had passed through the dark valley. Then, as Judith entered the room, he put his arm about her and said, softly:—

"Be brave; it is over."

Summer found Judith Lyle the head of a stricken family. The shock of her son-in-law's death had opened to grandmother the gates of second childhood, and she now dwelt an aged babe among them. Mrs. Lyle became a nervous, emaciated invalid, and Judith assumed the entire charge.

With his usual foresight, Mr. Lyle had deeded the homestead to his wife some time before, so they were not wanderers. But when the business was settled, it showed they could not long live in idleness. So with all the other trouble, Judith had to devise some means of support. Doctor Falmouth was an ever-ready right hand to her, with good judgment, liberal purse, and unfailing kindness to recommend him.

Six months passed rapidly, and with winter came the necessity of action. Judith called Linnette into her room one night, and drawing the curly head on to her shoulder, said:—

"Lin, we must be doing something to earn a livelihood. I see no better way than renting the spare rooms and teaching music. Do *you* think you could take care of mother and grandma through the day, and keep the rooms in order, while I go out to teach?"

There was a pause before Linnette replied, hesitatingly:—

"You know, Jude, I am eighteen, and father said I might be married when I was a year older, but under the circumstances, Harry thinks we had better not wait. It would make one less for you to take care of, and Harry says we will board at home if mother does not like to have me leave. All he wants is the right to support me, and I think the plan advisable myself."

Judith could hardly have been more astonished, and great opposition was raised by all at first, but ere long it was settled that Harry should wed Linnette in a quiet way as soon as spring came, and remain with them.

Still this did not relieve Judith, so when Doctor Falmouth called one afternoon, and found her alone in the dining-room, she asked his advice concerning her future course.

"Linnette's marriage will not change matters so far as the *rest* are concerned," she said, musingly. "Jin must go to school, and to meet *all* the demands, I see no better way than what I have mentioned. Do you?"

Her eyes sought his for answer, but he was looking steadily out of the window, while he knotted and unknotted the cord of the curtain tassel.

"Do you, doctor?" she repeated.

"Yes, I know of something *I* think *decidedly* better, but whether it would meet *your* approbation or not is the question."

"Well, what is it?" she asked.

"Get married."

"This is scarcely time for jesting." There was reproof and pain in the eyes that met his.

"I am not jesting, Judith. By Jove! I was never more in earnest."

"And do you think I would marry for anything but love?"

"Do you not love any one?"

Her eyes fell before his searching glance, but only for an instant. She replied, frankly:—

"Yes, but I shall never marry the man I love."

"Why?"

"Because two years ago the words of separation were pronounced between us, and the next year ratified."

The silence that followed was broken by Doctor Falmouth, who, taking both of Judith's hands in his, and looking into her face, said:—

"I love you!" She started and turned pale.

"I love you with all the devotion of my nature," he continued, regardless of her agitation, "and came here to-day with the intention of asking you to become my wife. I dared to hope a reciprocal affection. I find I was wrong. Still, knowing *all* I now do, my purpose and my wish is unshaken. Judith, can you find that within your heart which will permit you to take the place I offer?"

"Doctor Falmouth, I respect you and prize your friendship above that of any other, but my heart is already beyond my disposal. You surely would not ask me to yield a hand that only represents esteem."

"I am willing to risk winning your love," he replied, firmly.

"But would you not be very jealous?"

"Of you? Never! My confidence is too great. O Judith, you do not know how much I love you! Is there any hope for me?"

He leaned toward her pleadingly. One moment and she answered:—

"I must have time to consider. Good-night!"

Three weeks later Judith stood again in the cosy dining-room, alone with Doctor Falmouth. The night they parted, he to hope and wait; she to battle and pray, little Jin had been taken with measles. The doctor was summoned, and from that time till within two days, Judith had watched beside her little darling with Doctor Falmouth. Together they had fought against the threatened death, together they had conquered; and now that little Jin was out of danger, they met with the old question yet unsettled. A fierce conflict had been raging within that woman's heart, and she stood pale but tranquil before her wooer.

"Well?" was the doctor's only word as he

took her hands. He also was unwontedly colorless.

"If *you* are *satisfied* with the little I have to give, take it."

He did take it with a fervent "Thank Heaven!" and before Linnette became Mrs. Mead, Judith wedded the doctor. Their happiness was brief. June roses bloomed above the early grave of Doctor Falmouth, and upon the marble tablet at the head of the new-made mound, it said: "Killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol."

He had been toying with a small revolver belonging to a friend, when it was accidentally discharged, and he fell dead, shot through the heart. So Judith Falmouth dug another grave, and laid away one whom she fondly respected.

Five years seem but a trivial span when we view them through the concave lens of time past. Yet the five years that elapsed between the parting and meeting of Oscar and Judith were rife with incidents to both. It was again Thanksgiving Day. Judith awoke without being called, and hastened to complete the surprise she had planned for the rest.

She determined they should once more enjoy a pleasant Thanksgiving dinner as of old, though her heart beat fast as her busy fingers put the last stitch in grandma's cap. This would be the first Thanksgiving they had celebrated since she gave Oscar his final dismissal. Secret letters had passed between herself and Uncle Joe, so that she was not surprised to see a carriage stop before the house and a gentleman alight. She hastened to open the door, exclaiming:—

"Welcome, dear uncle! thrice welcome!"

"And what do you say to the friend *I* have brought?" cried a merry voice, as little Jin appeared on the porch, closely followed by Oscar Wells.

This was a surprise *some one else* had planned for Judith, and little Jin was satisfied with its success. Judith said nothing, but stood there, a great joy in her brown eyes. Uncle Joe, with a wink to Jin, considerably passed in to greet the others, only saying as he left:—

"Do him justice, Judith. He is as noble a fellow as ever lived."

"Is there a welcome for *me* upon Thanksgiving Day?" How familiar the voice and words!

"There is a welcome for *all* our friends," she replied, with a touch of the old pride.

"And for *me* there is a heartier welcome than for *all* the rest together! I see it in your eyes, Judith; for *now* I am not blinded by jealousy. Tell me, is it not so?"

Stooping down, he kissed the blushes again and again.

"I do not permit such"—she began.

"There! there!" he cried, drawing her gently into the well-remembered dining-room. "We have outgrown the childish days of false pride;

both have suffered enough. I know you better now, thanks to the ready pen of my unfailing friend. Little Jin has informed me of all the past. Poor darling! how you have suffered! I, too, have had my mete. Now we will see which has grown wiser." He stepped back a pace, saying, earnestly: "I love you with all the devotion of old, but you must come to me freely," and he opened his arms for her reception.

Strange, that looking into the depths of his gray eyes, she found herself within his sheltering embrace.

"Home at last to Thanksgiving! The day is well worthy its name," whispered Oscar, folding her closely.

THE CROSS.

BY M. F. ANDREWS.

It was at my feet—it had fallen there
From my weak hands—the clinging cross;
And the heart could only mourn in prayer,
For it had known such grief and loss,
That I might not have to lift again
That weary weight from the broken sands;
I could not help the quivering pain,
I could only wait with my wounded hands.

But there it lay in the narrow track,
And the night and the storm were coming on;
Oh, how I wished that I might go back!
Oh, how I wanted the burden gone!

If I could only weep, or pray, or die,
It would be such a rest, it seemed to me.
"O child! poor child!"—some one was nigh;
I heard a voice, but I could not see.

I held my breath, for the words were low,
And sadly sweet, with a piteous thrill;
It might be the Master—I did not know—
That whispered so softly and gently: "Be still!
When the earth life is o'er, the rest will come,
But these trial hours must first be met.
I have watched you long from My higher home;

Did you think I would ever forsake—forget?"
And the silent sorrow I take with tears,
It is my work to suffer, bear;
It may be days, it may be years,
But, "Thy will be done," I say in prayer

AUTUMN—red-leaved, sweet-scented—comes to us in regal robes; her face bright, smiling, and rosy; her breath warm and delicious; her tears cool and refreshing. She is a jolly, whole-souled creature, chasing the leaves in mad glee, hurling them here and there—now high, now low—tinting them yellow and brown, tipping them scarlet and crimson. She bids nature don a cheery robe and ruddy smile. By and by she will call tiny flakes of white snow from their home in the sky, and envelope this gorgeous array in bridal purity. She will whistle and bring forth thousands of diamonds on trees and flowers. She will smile to see her work, and in so doing call forth a perfect rainbow of beauty.

PONDROUS PAPERS—NO. 9.

WE had got well out of the valley onto the first bit of level rode, and we was ridin' along quiet like, when Miss Carrie speaks up, and says she:—

"But how could they hear each other, Mr. Delesther?"

"Who hear each other, Miss Skinner?"

"Why, that Indian prince and princess that you and Miss Spencer told us about. How could they hear each other when he was five hundred feet above her?"

"Well, now, you seem to forget that this happened 'Long ago in the days of fairies,' and the Echo Spirit helped him call her, and she probably answered through her fairy gold-pipe."

"Oh!" said Miss Carrie.

Miss Spencer told me afterwards that she had composed the story—her part of it—when she heard some one describin' the valley sayin' that it looked as though it had dropped down from its original place, but that was long before she ever saw it herself. So I guess Mr. Delesther made his up on the spot, right out of his own head, jest to see what we'd say to it.

But, there! if I tell you all our adventures as we went home, I'm ruther 'fraid it will string my papers out too long, so that you'll git tired of me; and I might as well say we got safe home, and Mrs. Fanham was real pleased with her hoop skirt and LADY'S BOOK, and it wasn't more'n half an hour before she had her hair fixed up after a pattern in the fashion pictures. And then she went right to work ripin' up her dresses so as to make 'em over fashionable. She did fly round for a spell as narvous as a railroad, when it goes racketing, and panting, and murdering along, and don't care for the consequences.

I subscribed for some magazines, besides buying some books that Miss Spencer said would be interesting. So I've read considerable this year, and I like the stories pretty well; but there's one thing that I find fault with, one thing that I would like to tell the folks that make stories. So I hope they will be kind enough to read the followin' extract from my papers, if I do ask it, that shouldn't: Why do some of you story-writers make your heroes smoke cigars and pipes, also drink wine? And why do you make your heroines say they love the "fragrant smell of tobacco; it is so home-like?" I ain't fashionable, and when heroes "light a weed and puff a cloud," I feel as though they wasn't settin' a good example for young men to read about or imitate. Now, I ain't in fun. I'm right down sorry that you uphold smokin' and chewin', and I jest wish you wouldn't. Mr. Wilkie Collins makes his hero try to stop smokin' because his ladylove says it is a bad habit, and I am glad Mr. Collins found such a brave girl to write his story

about. There! I won't preach no more, for a word to the wise is a plenty.

After I'd been to home a few months, I got a letter from Miss Spencer; and, as it tells somethin' of her life, I guess you'd like to read it. She's willin' I should send it to you, 'long as I haven't used her real name in writin' about her.

MISS SPENCER'S LETTER.

"DEAR MRS. PONDROUS: I promised to write to you if anything happened that would interest you. And though nothing has *quite* happened yet, still there is something coming in my life that I wish to tell you of, and that is my wedding-day. I know you will be surprised, but I am going to marry Mr. Delesther. (Oh, law, now! I wasn't a bit surprised. J. P.) He asked me to marry him before we went to Yo Semite, and I answered: 'No, I do not love you.' But he begged me not to make that my final answer, but to give him a chance to win my love. He *quite* frightened me when he finished my story of Illala as he did; and then the next day when he came so near falling from the ladder, as we were going up to see the Nevada Falls (All through Carrie's jostlin' about so in her tantrums of fear. J. P.), I was frightened yet more to find I really did care for him, I had been so determined I would not. A few days after we got home, I brought out my great scrap book to paste in a wonderful receipt. The book was an old ledger my father had given me when I was eight years old. I told Mr. Delesther how long I had had it, and he seemed much interested, and said he must look at it from the beginning, so as to see the changes I would make in my selections of literature as I grew older. At the bottom of the first page he found an advertisement. He put his finger upon it and asked: 'Why did you save this?' and then he read:—

RUNAWAY.—From the subscriber's house, on the 17th inst., my bound boy Curtis ran away without cause. And this is to forbid any person harboring or trusting him on my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contracting after this date.

MARTIN HAND.

"Oh! I must tell you about him," said I, eagerly. 'Nobody could blame him for running away, for Mr. Hand treated him badly, whipped him fearfully the night before he left. And I always felt that he would not have had that whipping if he had not been so kind to me, and you may be sure I shed many tears when I pasted that scrap in my book. I well remember the 16th. It was very cold, and the sky was covered with heavy gray clouds that threatened snow; and when my father came to dinner, he said he wished I would go to the field and help him gather in the potatoes, so as to get them under cover before the snow fell. So my mother tied on my hood, wrapped a shawl around my shoulders, and sent me off

with my basket. I worked hard, trying with all my little might to keep up with father as his hoe rolled them out; but the wind was cold, and the snow coming on before we expected, my fingers became almost numb, and I really suffered, though I worked away, loving father too much to complain. Once as I stopped a moment to wrap my hands in my shawl, and so get a bit of warmth, Mr. Hand's boy came by, and, with a pitying look, said: 'Let me pick the potatoes, and you go in and keep warm.' I thanked him, but was in doubt about accepting the favor, but father said:—

"Go in, Hilda. I will pay the boy for taking your place."

"I don't want any pay," said he, beginning to work briskly, while I was loth to leave my unpleasant task for another to do.

"Your feet will be cold," I said, for he had no shoes.

"Your hands *are* cold," he answered, smiling to see how I had covered them under my shawl.

"Then, prompted by a desire to give pleasure to this boy, as I had heard he was cruelly treated by Mr. Hand's family, I half-whispered, 'Come to our house to-morrow, and I will give you my picture of Christ being carried into Egypt.' And then I ran home, half-glad that I was going to give him my greatest treasure, and yet sorry to part with it.

"The next day, when it was nearly dark, I went into the shed for wood, and who should stand at the door but Mr. Hand's boy, Curtis.

"Why didn't you come before?" I asked. 'I've had the picture ready for you this long time.'

"I couldn't come. Mr. Hand fastened me into his barn as soon as my work was done, but I got a board off and crept out, and now I'm going away—way off somewhere, but I wanted that picture to take with me."

"Oh, dear!" said I. 'Do let me tell papa, and he will give you some shoes.'

"No; Mr. Hand would be angry with him if he should help me in any way. Nobody must know it but you, though I think I have a right to go. I know I am not bound to him, as he pretends."

"Then I went and gave the picture into his hands, and he looked so utterly lonely and miserable that the tears came into my eyes. He said 'Good-by,' and was soon out of sight behind the willows.

"I have never seen him since, but we heard a few days after he left that Mr. Hand whipped him and shut him in the barn because he helped my father, that I might not stay in the cold.

"Then Mr. Delesther said: 'When you saw how utterly lonely and miserable he was, the tears came into your eyes, and you put up both your little hands, and pulled down his head and kissed him. God bless you!'

"O Mr. Delesther! how did you know?" I

cried, my cheeks growing hot with a sudden conviction.

"He wrote with his pencil a word in my scrap book and handed it to me. I glanced along the words: 'RUNAWAY.—My bound boy, Curtis Delesther.' I could not speak or lift my eyes.

"Hilda," he said, "you kissed me then, and I loved you. I have loved you always. You have always been the one little woman in all the world to me. I kept trace of you till I came to California; here the memory of you kept me right when many men went wrong. When I had made my little fortune, I went back East to find you, but only learned that you were in California yourself with your uncle, your father and mother being dead, poor child! I returned and found you at Sacramento, and though the streets were flooded by heavy rains, I intended to call upon you in the morning after my arrival, but before morning came, the water rose suddenly, and even floated off some of the lower houses, from which the people were rescued by boats—"

"And it was you who came with the boatman and saved little Katy and I when the whole river seemed pouring in upon us! I thought when I first met you here that I had seen your face before. And I have never thanked you!"

"The mere knowledge that I had saved you was reward enough for me, though I should have made myself known to you the next day, if I had not been hurt shortly after seeing you to a place of safety. That, and working in the rain that fearful night, brought on sickness from which I did not recover till you were gone—lost to me again for a weary time. I should have found you sooner, but I was told that your uncle's name was Richmond, instead of Richome. Seeing your name in the paper as a teacher brought me here."

"Now, Mrs. Pondrous, I have not written all we said over my old scrap-book (for I carried it away after awhile, without our having turned a single leaf), and I *cannot* tell you all, only enough so that you may know how it came about; that I have come to believe in him, and love him as truly as he loves me. But I *know*, after writing this letter, that I should never be a good hand to write a love story, for the same reason that I never could keep a journal. Whenever I tried to write out my own daily life, I felt as though somebody was looking over my shoulder, so I never tried it more than a week, and that read as though it were somehow up on stilts.

"Now what do you think Curtis calls me? What name of all others but Illala! He thinks it teases me, but I am sure I am very 'glad and willing to 'broder his moccasins,' and I have begun him a pair already, that he may be convinced of it. We mean to come and see you when we are married, so look out for us.

I am just longing to see my motherly Mrs. Pondrous, and till I come, you have the love of your true friend,
HILDA SPENCER.

I jest laid down the letter to wipe a sort of blur from my spectacles, and I was thinkin' of her words, "Look out for us," so I naterally cast my eyes along the rode that comes between the hills, thinkin', "Well, this letter has been a long time a comin', and maybe they're on the rode now." And sure enough, there they were, lookin' as though they come right out of the red sunset that glowed so fair behind 'em. There was my dear little Miss Spencer that was, but who is now Mrs. Delesther, and the most lovin' little wife in the world, and he the proudest of husbands. So now as I've got company to 'tend to, I can't git no more time to write, so I guess you won't hear from me again till I take another tower.

JANE PONDROUS.

WOMAN'S LAUGH.

BY GEORGE ADAMS.

I've pondered over every sound
Whose echoes thrill the soul,
I've searched those melodies profound
Whose numbers round me roll;
But sought in vain the magic spell,
Which bids each care depart
When ripples from fair woman's lips
The joy which fills her heart.

There's music in the summer breeze
And the glad water's flow,
I hear amid the forest leaves
An anthem, soft and low;
But when from woman's ruby lips
Is borne upon the air
Her overflow of happiness,
She reigns unrivalled there.

The ocean's wild, majestic tone
Resounds from chime to chime,
The noble organ fills the soul
With harmony sublime;
But these must ever yield the palm
When woman's heart sets free
From love-lit eyes and teeth of pearl
A flood of ecstasy.

That laugh can glid with joy the clouds
Of sorrow, toll, and pain;
Can cause the deserts of the heart
To blossom o'er again;
Can melt the fetters of the world—
Its coldness and its pride;
Can lift the veil from fortune's face,
And cast her frown aside.

That ringing laugh the echoes wake
O'er earth, and sea, and air;
It links the mingled songs of time
With angel voices fair;
Call this no more a "vale of tears,"
While gushes, full and free,
From woman's lips, and eyes, and soul
That heaven-born melody.

WHEN thou prayest, rather let thy heart be
without words, than thy words without heart.

MURIEL POLLOCK—MILLINER.

SHE was only a poor milliner, but she had had her little romance like the rest of us. Seeing her on the street, in her threadbare black alpaca and faded checked shawl, one would scarcely have considered her a romantic figure. Nor was she, for she was round-shouldered and stooping from her work, and her face was as faded as her shawl. Yet it had been a pretty face once, a fair face once, with changing rose flushes of color, and bright brown hair, and happy, sparkling, sky-blue eyes, and bewildering little smiles.

Even now, though the color and sparkle were gone from the face, and the gloss had left the brown hair, and the blue eye had lost its brightness, something still remained of the smile which had turned Edwin Beckworth's head years ago, a faint gleam of the old radiance, which occasionally made people wonder if the little milliner hadn't been pretty when she was young.

Very pretty, indeed, she had been, and at one time, poor as the widow Pollock was, Muriel's bright beauty had made her almost the belle of T——. More than one of the rich farmers' sons had laid their hearts and prospective farms at her feet, but she had refused them all. At last, however, her own time came, and with it Edwin Beckworth. His father was the great man of T——, and there were not wanting those who accused Muriel of ambition.

Ambitious she may have been; thoroughly in love she was also. Her affection was apparently returned, but—it is no new or strange story—Squire Beckworth made objections, while his son made protestations, and the objections proved the stronger.

Edwin Beckworth left T——, and did not return for years. With the memory of his last passionate words in her brain, with the feeling of his last kiss still on her brow, it did not seem so hard to Muriel to wait. She trusted him so entirely that, though as the years dragged along the letters became fewer and shorter, she invented all kinds of excuses for him, and believed in his love and truth all the same. But after a time the letters ceased completely. For a year she did not hear a word from Beckworth. What that year was to her Muriel Pollock never gave any sign. She grew after a time shy of going to the post-office, for the clerk knew her face, and began to eye her with an impudent grin of confidence. She aged a great deal, and people said how like an old maid she was growing, but she never spoke of her disappointment, for so the general tongue of gossip already styled it. She never even mentioned Beckworth's name.

Another year went by. There were rumors about the village, which some remnant of delicacy prevented the gossips bringing to Muriel's

ears. One sunshiny day the certainty came that could not be concealed from her. She met it on the open street.

It came in the shape of a lady, very young, very handsome, very brilliant, attended by Beckworth himself. The old family carriage met the two at the depot, and carried them up to the house. On the road it passed Muriel on the sidewalk, plodding along through the dust. It was an open carriage, and its occupants were sitting full in the pitiless summer light.

Muriel stopped short and looked. Not at the lady, though a vague sense of her beauty, and manners, and wealth seemed burning into her heart all the time, but at the man, the man she had loved, the man who had promised before Heaven to be her husband. He did not mean it, he was far enough from wishing it, but an inexplicable power made him likewise turn and look at her. As he met the question in her eyes, he grew suddenly hot and red.

"Drive on!" he cried, fiercely, to the driver. The order was unnecessary. They passed the slight figure in the shabby dress as he gave it

After that event Muriel's romance is told. She settled down into a milliner, very neat and rather tasteful, but too crushed in spirit to be even a noted one. She had no relatives. Her mother had died; her one brother, a bright lad whom she tenderly loved, was brought stiff and cold to her door, killed by a single blow from a horse's hoof. After that she never lifted her head.

Silent, shy, desiring nothing so much as to be unmolested and unnoticed, she moved like a shadow through the streets of her native town. Occasionally in the summer she saw the spirited grays and stylish carriage of the Beckworths dashing past her, and Edwin Beckworth (now ruling in his father's place) leaning back on the velvet cushions, with the absorbed look which had become habitual to him of late.

Another woman, noting this look, might have thought: "He remembers me still." But Muriel only wondered, sighing to herself, "Is it his wife's extravagance which makes him look so unhappy?" and sometimes, perhaps, with a throb of the old strong emotion which yet smouldered somewhere, a flickering flame among the dead ashes of her heart, "He might have been happier with me!"

Very likely he might. Anyhow, his beautiful young wife was extravagant. "Horribly, recklessly extravagant," the country people whispered, shaking their heads. "Really, rather careless of money," her city friends said; "but probably the estate could bear it." The estate seemed to bear it. Perhaps the squire made enough money at his profession to supply any blanks. Be that as it may, though there were mysterious innuendoes afloat at one time, nothing came of them, and they soon died away. So the years passed on.

It had been a cold, blustering day; it was a windy, disagreeable night. Muriel had remained late over some work. When she shut the door of the shop behind her, the clock in the old stone tower was striking ten. The strokes fell distinct, resonant, mournful on the air in a temporary lull of the wind. The moment they ceased, the blast, as if it had been in forced silence until then, and was just released, tore up the street like a madman. The little milliner held her shawl closer, her teeth chattering.

"Ugh! what a night it is!" cried a voice beside her. It was a hearty voice, and there was no reason why it should not be, as its owner was, decidedly, what is called a hearty person. She was a short, stout woman, with a naturally red face, much redder from her exertions in the wind, and a smile like a fat sunbeam.

"Mrs. Baxter!" exclaimed Muriel.

"Jest so, my dear," responded the hearty voice. "Here! give us your arm," drawing the shivering form closer hers, and wrapping arm and shawl together. "Good gracious, how cold you are!"

"I'm—not—so—very cold!" gasped Muriel, through her chattering teeth, and shivering all over as a confirmation of her words.

"What are you a-shivering for then? Come along! I've just bin to your house for you?"

"What for?"

"You, of course. It's a tollerable long story, but, as the wind has died off a little, I'll tell you. You see, yesterday Baxter was a-comin' up through the White Pineries, just outside Squire Beckworth's place, when Jinny stopped—stone still. This wind's begun agin. Hold on tight, Muriel. Well, it's generally something when Jinny stops that way, so he didn't waste time a-whippin' and coaxing her, like some does—when, law sakes! the hoss knows more about it than they does—but he just gits out, and, sure enough, right in that dumb critter's road was a man—dead drunk he thought at first. But anyhow you know what kind of a night it was yesterday—dark as a pocket, and blowin' like—like this one now. Hold on tight. Why, I can hardly git the words out of my mouth, they go so fast. Well, he just boosts him up into the waggin, and drives home; and, come to find out, the poor critter was as sick as he seemed drunk. Oh! oh! just ketch a hold on it!" This last exclamation referred to Mrs. Baxter's bonnet, which, like riches, had taken to itself wings, and flown away. After an exciting chase, it was recovered, and, the wind lulling again, Mrs. Baxter resumed her story. "Well, you see, then, all we could do was to put him to bed. I sit up with him last night, and ran over to your house to ask you if you'd mind, as an accommodation and charity to a sufferin' feller critter, sittin' up with him to-night, for Mary Ann has bin so poorly lately I'm real tuckered out."

"Of course. I'd be glad," put in Muriel, as well as a new blast of wind would let her.

"Well, that's neighbor-like. Come along! Oh, no, you sha'n't!" Just then the wind made another strong demonstration on the bonnet; but Mrs. Baxter, resolutely holding on to it, put her head down like a cart horse going up a hard hill, and made straight for her dwelling.

It was but a little distance, yet both of the two were thoroughly chilled before they reached it. Habbakuk, nodding over the fire, rose up sleepily, and, in answer to his wife's questions, said "the doctor had been there," and "*he* was sleepin' like." He trailed off into a yawn at the end of his speech, and stood rubbing his eyes, waiting for commands. A meek, red-haired, six-footer of a husband was Habbakuk Baxter, entirely under his wife's control, and slavishly satisfied with his servitude.

"Well, you may go to bed, then," said Mrs. Baxter. "I have brought Miss Pollock home with me to watch. Don't set yourself a-fire with that candle, or drop the grease on your clothes. Come up stairs, Muriel, this way!"

The host obediently departed, holding the candle in a way to justify his wife's worst apprehension, for he appeared to be trying how long a stout garment can bear contact with flame without combustion. Mrs. Baxter led the way to the sick man's room. It was rather a large room, furnished comfortably enough, and the man was lying on the bed. On a small table close by the bed was placed a kerosene lamp, the shade skilfully arranged to throw all the light into the sufferer's face.

By this light Muriel looked at the sleeping face. Sleeping, but not composed, for the heavy black eyebrows contracted, and the muscles of the mouth twitched every now and then, as if with painful thought. It needed his stentorian breathing to make one believe him asleep.

"Poor fellow!" murmured Mrs. Baxter, arranging the shade more uncomfortably than before, if that were possible. "Poor fellow! I'm afraid he ain't prepared for his departure, if so be he has to depart."

Most likely he was not prepared in the good woman's sense, for the face on the pillow, though with a certain dark beauty of its own, was unmistakably a dissipated face. Muriel drew back from it, little as she knew of the world, and even while she thought pityingly of the young man, loved perhaps by some tender heart, who was dying here among strangers, she wondered, idly enough, if he had ever wounded any woman's faith as Edwin Beckworth had wounded hers. Mrs. Baxter roused her from her reverie by giving some simple directions, and leaving the room to warm up some coffee. Muriel took off her wrappings, and, having in her turn arranged the shade

rather more successfully than Mrs. Baxter, she sat down by the bed.

"Edwin Beckworth!"

With difficulty Muriel smothered a scream. The tone was one of wrath, of reproach, of bitterness, which nothing but revenge could utter. It seemed like the demoniacal echo of her thoughts, for Heaven knows *she* wanted no revenge.

"Edwin Beckworth! Edwin Beckworth! But I'll hunt you down! I'll hunt you down! O que Dieu prende"—then the speech faded into muttered, unintelligible French imprecations.

Muriel sprang to her feet, her hand on her heart, and looked at the speaker—rather, she stared at him. Her eyes ached afterward with the intensity of that look. The man's hand was raised, clutching fiercely at the empty air; the dark, handsome face was convulsed with contending passions. Muriel could not decipher them, but she felt they were all horrible. She began to be frightened.

There was a footstep in the hall. Mrs. Baxter was coming with the coffee, thinking, innocent woman! how glad Muriel would be to see both it and her. The little milliner's fear took a new direction. She dreaded lest the sick man's mind should wander off in Mrs. Baxter's presence as it had in hers. Instinctively she felt he held in his possession some shameful secret concerning Beckworth. As instinctively, with all her poor little power, she set herself to guard it. So she almost choked herself swallowing the hot coffee, praised it (under the circumstances she would have called wormwood delicious), and hypocritically suggested Mrs. Baxter must be tired.

"Well, I must say I am rather beat," answered Mrs. Baxter, cautiously replacing the coffee cup, and speaking in an ear-rasping whisper, supposed to be the tone of voice least calculated to disturb sick people. "So I *will* go. Looks kinder horrid, don't he?" eyeing the sleeper. "Like as though he might go off suddin' any time. Them sick, like him, they say, do go off suddin'—often dead of night, too. I should think you'd be scared." With this comforting suggestion, Mrs. Baxter began to make leisurely preparations to retire.

"Beck!"

"Good Lord!" cried Mrs. Baxter, starting.

The sick man had half sprung up in bed. Muriel desperately put a cup to his lips. Some of the hot coffee was in it, but Muriel did not know. It might have been poison, and made little difference in her action at that moment. The sick man drank it, whatever it was, and sank back on his pillow, leaving the interrupted word unfinished. Muriel guiltily glanced at the cup and put it away.

"Beck!" commented Mrs. Baxter, in the ear-rasping whisper, but her hard features working. "His sweetheart, most like. Well,

I had a daughter Beckie once." The rasping whisper softened. She laid her hand for a second tenderly on the sleeper's tangled black hair, then picked up her shoes with a little sigh, kissed Muriel, and left the room. She dropped the shoes in the hall, and spent some time searching for them, meantime dropping various other articles of apparel she was carrying, but finally gathered up everything, and mounted the staircase in safety.

When the bang of a door announced the fact that she was in her own apartment, Muriel gave a great sigh. With a wild glance about her, she crept to the door and sprang the bolt. Then she trimmed the fire and sat down by the patient's side. The wind sobbed, and moaned, and tossed the rickety windows in indignant passion. The man on the bed tossed restlessly in his sleep, throwing his hot head from one side of the pillow to the other, gesticulating furiously with his left hand—always his left—breaking out into inarticulate exclamations; never for an instant losing his expression of anger and misery, never for even an instant subsiding into the peace of a dreamless sleep. His words were all in French, and Muriel knew—though her sole acquaintance with French was through "Fasquelle's Grammar," and consequently the spoken language was only a perplexity to her—that they were all of evil import. Once only he used English. Sitting up in bed, and driving the hand he held always at his breast deeper into his nightdress, as though grasping something tightly, he threw the other from him, with a sweep of scornful triumph.

"Ah!" he cried. "Ah! my friend, it was a pretty game, was it not, and well played likewise? But you could not escape *me* and *this*!" He hit himself hard on the breast with the free hand, then broke into a hideous laugh of exultation and malignity, but in the very midst of it wandered off, and fell back on the bed.

It was something pitiful to see how the girl watched him, and tried to collect her little stock of French to make something out of the mutterings which followed. "If I could *only* understand!" she murmured, clasping her hands unconsciously.

They were very thin, poor hands, pricked and callous on the forefingers with the needle, yet they still retained the delicate beauty of outline Edwin Beckworth used to praise, years ago, when he had covered them with kisses. Perhaps the girl remembered that time, for she glanced down at them with a faint smile. Then a curious change passed over her face. She rose abruptly, took a sheet of paper from the table, folded it—her hands trembling, but not her lips—and went up to the bed. A sudden fiery red dyed her pale cheeks, but she did not draw back. Taking the sick man's hand, she drew it gently from his breast. She then saw that he held, tightly clenched, a little bundle of

papers in it, as he had probably held them since Habbakuk Baxter found him stretched senseless in the wet grass under the pines. Bending down, Muriel tried to draw this bundle of papers from the detaining grasp. Had it been iron, she might have succeeded better.

The girl drew back a second, then took the cup of cordial from the table. She lifted it to the patient's lips. The man opened his eyes, and glared at her. It was such a horrible blank gaze, that in her fright she recoiled hastily. But that which was in her mind to do admitted of no recoiling. Slipping her arm about the sick man's shoulders, she supported him, while, with the hand of this arm, she grasped the patient's left hand in a clasp like steel.

"Here! drink this," she said. "It is good." Her voice, in its persuasive gentleness, was an odd contrast to the fierce grasp of the detaining hand.

The man was only half conscious, but he felt the grasp as he tried to drink. Muriel held the cup carefully wrong. Instinctively he tried to raise his hand to take it—the left hand first—but she held that tight, then the other.

One swift clutch of her other hand and the bundle was Muriel's. He missed it instantly, and stretched out his hand, quite regardless of the cup. Muriel let him catch the useless paper, and he sank back on the bed, satisfied after an oath and a weak blow at her.

She picked up the pieces of the cup from the bed, and carefully wiped the quilt, lest the liquid should soak through and wet the sick man. Then she sank down by the bed, the paper clasped to her breast, as white and powerless as the man from whom she had stolen it. She never could remember much of the rest of that night. She attended the sick man's wants with mechanical fidelity; she believed he was quieter than before, but she did not know. She recalled nothing clearly.

One thing was branded into her very soul; one consciousness made all else dim and unreal. She, Muriel Pollock, was a thief! She had stolen property from the helpless hands of a sick man. Muriel had been educated in the old Puritanic school. Whatever we may say of the theology of the early New England divines, it cannot be denied that they implanted a sturdy morality in the souls of their disciples. Wrong was wrong, and right right. To these men the lines were drawn sharp and clear, and nothing was more plainly shown than that evil should not be done that good might come of it.

To Muriel, brought up in a belief like this, excuses were impossible. A theft was a theft to her; she could not moralize on the motive. So to-night she crouched down by the bedside, living over again that foolish past time, that happy, beautiful time when Edwin Beckworth and she planned their lives together, blaming herself for loving him, bitterly remorseful for

what she had done, and most remorseful that she had not the slightest thought of undoing it again.

The night ended at last. Escaping from Mrs. Baxter's thanks, and apologies, and inquiries, and pressing invitation to stay to breakfast, she left the house and walked across the fields to Squire Beckworth's. It was a handsome, stately old house, which had been for more than a century in the Beckworth's hands. There was a modern lawn before it, and a modern greenhouse at one side. Behind the house the land rolled off gradually in great green waves toward the dark background of the prairies; the drive wound about the house through an avenue of ancient oaks. In the gray of the morning, the first red flush just tinging the outer edge of the east, the old house looked hard and forbidding. Muriel looked at it through a mist of tears, for she remembered how, years ago, Edwin had pointed it out to her from that very hill. "There is your home, my darling," he had whispered. The sound of his voice was in her ears now.

Remembering that she had no time for recollections—how worse than vain now!—she drew her shawl closer around her (for the morning was chilly) and hastened up the avenue. When she rang the bell, she started back at the sound it made—but there was no need of fright, for no one came. She rang it again, and after a few moments a servant, still yawning and half dressed, opened the door.

He eyed Muriel anything but pleasantly. He was thinking mournfully of an interrupted dream, and internally swearing at those low people who came at such hours. When she asked to see his master, he lifted his brows in a way that spoke volumes, but his face changed when the little milliner looked at him, her own face flushing with indignation. Half-amused and half-crestfallen, he told her that his master was in the study, and had told him to bring the visitor, whoever it might be, in there.

"Take me there, then," said Muriel, and something in her eye made him cover the smile that stirred his lip with his hand, while he tried to convert it into a cough.

"Poor relation, most likely!" thought the worthy servant, who was a stranger in the town. "There's always trash like that hanging on to rich people. Looks seedy, but rather tolerable up." This while he led Muriel through the hall. "My master's in there," said he, indicating the study door with his thumb. "Just open the door and walk in."

"Will you please open the door for me," said Muriel, lifting her head.

Again the servant opened his eyes with unutterable meaning, but further reply was prevented by the study door opening itself, and Edwin Beckworth's coming out.

"What's this, John?" he said, sternly. "You refusing—Muriel—Miss Pollock!"

He started back, and actually reddened in his surprise. As for Muriel, for one second the long richly carpeted hall seemed to rise and fall, and swim curiously about her, Edwin Beckworth's face staring at her out of a great blur; then she grew all at once quite cold and still; her voice amazed herself, it was so calm.

"Yes, it is I, Mr. Beckworth. Pardon me for troubling you, but I have important business."

"It is no trouble," answered Beckworth, trying to collect himself. "On the contrary, an unexpected pleasure. Will you walk into the study?" He held the door open for her, and ushered her in with that high bred courtesy for which all the Beckworths were noted.

James looked at the door when it was shut, and almost whistled. "Well, this is a game!" he said, finally. "This is a game!" The door was thick, and Mr. Beckworth was a lawyer, so having made these profound remarks, he took his way down stairs, meditating, with his hands in his pockets.

Meanwhile, his master, on the other side of the door, which James would have given a month's wages to look through, had handed his visitor a chair and taken one himself. Then he inquired, courteously:—

"Can I do anything for you, Miss Pollock?"

"Nothing," said Muriel, hastily, her voice trembling slightly, it was so many years since he had spoken to her! "Nothing at all. I—I would have sent it by some one else, but I did not dare to. It is a matter of business." What consolatory idea Muriel attached to that phrase I do not know, but she fell back upon it with visible relief.

"A matter of business!" said the lawyer, blandly, looking a little relieved himself. "Ah, yes! I should be most happy—anything I can do"—

"No, no—you—misunderstand me, Mr. Beckworth," interrupted the little milliner, evidently agitated. "I—I came merely to bring you this." She handed him the packet.

He took it, tore it open, glanced hastily over the different papers inclosed, his face growing white, and turned to her.

"And you know this?" he said.

"I have not read it," said Muriel.

He lifted his head, and the soul in the lawyer's eyes looked into the soul in Muriel Pollock's. Then Beckworth rose hastily and walked up and down the room. Muriel sat in silence, her hands clasped loosely in her lap, her head bent a little.

The simple patience of the attitude perhaps reminded Edwin Beckworth what a long and useless waiting he had made of this woman's life. He walked up to her and stood looking down in her face—the face that had faded, waiting for him.

"I was never worthy of you, Muriel," he said, at last.

"I don't know about that," said Muriel. "I never thought so, but I can't stay any longer; only tell, oh, please tell me, Mr. Beckworth, that man can't do any harm to you now!"

"Tell me, then, how—how you got these papers."

In a very few words Muriel told him, reddening very much when she spoke of the theft, and then growing perfectly white again.

"No, he can't harm me, I think," said the lawyer, when she finished, "but, Muriel, don't you ask to know how I *was* in that man's power?"

The little milliner put up her hand involuntarily.

"No, please don't. I don't want to know—Oh, let me go!" The little figure in the shabby dress was trembling violently.

"You know it was wrong," said Beckworth, eyeing her with a certain kind of remorse. "Don't tremble so, Muriel. Tremoulin would tell you that in his ravings. I won't make any apologies to-day for what's past between us. It's too late for that. I was a villain and a coward, but you know that without my telling you, but you have seen my wife. I was mad about that woman. Muriel, if you want revenge, and that sort of thing, you can have it, for I'm mad about her now. She is extravagant; I must have money; she married me for it, you know. I'll do her the justice to say she was perfectly frank about it, too." There was a bitter pain in his face as he spoke, which, to look at the composed hard features of the man, would have seemed impossible. "I must get money somewhere. Don't be frightened, Muriel; hear me out. This Tremoulin was cashier of the bank of which I was president. The bank crashed. Tremoulin had stolen some money; he was made responsible for everything"—

"Mr. Beckworth, why tell *me* this? I don't want to hear it."

"Then, you sha'n't. He hated me ever afterward, and I knew it. This," touching the packet with the tip of his finger, "would have been ruin. Muriel, you have saved me. What shall I do for you?"

"Throw that into the fire," said Muriel.

He tossed it into the bed of coals. It smouldered, caught, blazed up in a shower of sparks. In a moment there was left only a shriveled heap of ashes. Beckworth stirred them idly. Muriel looked at him, her old love, the hero of that beautiful, noble, ignorant time when thoughts are dreams and life is happiness; the man whom, now that the dreams and happiness were both faded forever, though hero no longer, she still loved. She looked at him with a great fear and a great longing in her heart, but they were both wholly for him. She rose and he turned.

"Mr. Beckworth," she said, "I thank you, and I hope"— The words died on her lips.

What were words to the tumult in her breast? What could she say to him? how implore him to flee as for his life from those slippery paths on which he had so nearly slid down to destruction? how show him that clean hands and a pure heart were of greater worth than any riches? how persuade him to be the man God meant him to be, when He gave him talent and will, both so fatally perverted? She felt so weak, so powerless to reach and move him! Her eyes looked up at his, full of dumb pain and pleading. He took her hands.

"You needn't be afraid, Muriel," he said, genuine emotion in his voice. "That sort of thing is quite out of the question. I was too frightened the first time I tried it to ever want to try it again. I hate the memory of it. And, Muriel"—he hesitated, dropped her hands, turned abruptly, came back again—"Muriel," he said, hurriedly, "I can't thank you for what you've done to-day. I sha'n't try to. You can never forgive me; I can't forgive myself, but I shall never forget this. Muriel, I believe you are the best woman I ever knew, except my mother. She will thank you some day, perhaps, for what you have done to her son."

A sudden bright flush for one moment carried Muriel Pollock's face back into her girlish beauty. The eyes that looked up into Beckworth's were the eyes tender, soft, and bright which had looked into his so shyly ten years ago.

"That is quite thanks enough," she said, a certain dignity and even grace in her manner. "Good-by, Edwin Beckworth! You have had a punishment that was worse than the pain you caused me. I forgave you long ago any wrong you may have done me. God forgive you what you have done to yourself, and bless you!" Not looking into his face, she hurried away.

He took a step as if to retain her, then turned back and sat down, his head on his hand. He looked old and worn as he sat there, a man weary with the world and himself. At last he rose with a heavy sigh that was like a groan, looked at his watch, and left the room for his wife's chamber. She called, "Come in!" to his knock, and entering, he found her standing before her dressing-table. A very handsome woman was Mrs. Beckworth, and she was looking even handsomer than usual this morning, in a bewitching little white dressing sacque, trimmed with lace and rose-colored ribbon. Her magnificent hair fell in rippling profusion down her shoulders below her waist; one white ringed hand was parting those waves as she half turned toward her husband. His eyes rested on her with a kind of pride, mingled with some bitterer feeling, and his lip curled in a half scornful, half melancholy smile.

"Well?" said Mrs. Beckworth, turning round again and beginning to brush her hair.

"How do you feel this morning?"

"Very well, thank you! What do you want with me?"

"To see you," answered Beckworth, with another smile.

"Well, you have seen me, so if that is all, perhaps you will let me ring for Susan and finish dressing."

"Lucille, I wonder if you have any heart?"

Mrs. Beckworth put down the brush, her brows contracting slightly. "Edwin's scenes" were very rare, but very unpleasant to her.

"Edwin," she said, more quietly than before, though she looked slightly bored, "don't be tiresome. We settled that kind of thing so long ago. I *must* dress, whether I have a heart or no. Go away now like a good boy—and you can kiss me first, if you will be very sensible the rest of the day."

She turned her face up to his. He looked at it, the miserable man, who knew in his heart that beautiful face was no more his than the veriest beggar's in the street, to whom she might toss a penny and a pitying smile.

"I shall be sensible," he said, calmly, "which means not sentimental, I suppose. I shall be more than that—I shall be very good-natured, for I shall go to the city and bring you back something I saw there after I've finished a little business which I have here."

Her eyes sparkled. "What! Not the bracelet I saw there yesterday?"

"That exactly! Am I not *very* sensible—or a most wretched fool?"

"Very sensible, indeed; only don't be tragic in your conclusions. But since you are so good-natured, I will be good-natured too." She held her cheek up to him smiling.

Beckworth caught her in his arms, held her tightly to his heart for a second, and then released her so suddenly that when he was gone she exclaimed, brushing her face meantime with the tips of her fingers, "It is tiresome to have one's husband so much in love with one. He might really be a little less of a bear."

The bear, meantime, was riding swiftly across the fields in the direction of the Travelers' Rest. Mrs. Baxter admitted him after some delay. On his inquiring for the sick man, and mentioning he knew him, the good woman wiped a tear from her eye.

"Ah, Squire, if you'd only come a bit sooner! He spoke your name, and that was the last word he said!"

"Then"—

"He is dead, squire."

Lawyer as he was, for a moment it was all Beckworth could do to keep from showing his immense relief. It was only relief for a moment. Then a feeling of half pity for this life which he had thwarted in the beginning, and which death had rendered unsuccessful even in revenge, stirred in his heart.

He put a few commonplace questions, and

followed Mrs. Baxter up stairs. He would not run any risks now; the great one was safely put out of the way. So, assisted by the hostess, who seemed to regard him, in his double character of lawyer and acquaintance, as a kind of heir to the scanty effects of the dead man, he looked them over.

The examination revealed nothing of importance, and, except a watch, nothing of value. At its conclusion, Mrs. Baxter walked softly up to the bed, and bent over the motionless form lying there.

"He held this to the end," she whispered, indicating a piece of paper which fluttered in the death grasp of the hand, "and he didn't know nothing either. Would you mind lookin', squire, if it be anything important?"

The lawyer looked, first at the hand, then at the quiet features from which had now faded earthly passion and hatred, over which something, even of the mysterious and solemn peace of death, had fallen like a benediction. Beckworth drew a long breath, and turned away.

"Let it stay with him," he said. "It is of no importance." And so it remained untouched, and he held it even in his grave.

When, a few days after, Squire Beckworth knocked at the little yellow door which had for the last ten years borne the sign of Muriel Pollock—Milliner, he found it had been taken down. After repeated knocking, a sorrow-faced woman, flour on her arms, and two children, eating bread and molasses, dragging on her apron, came to the door and informed him that "Miss Pollock had left!"

The whole village soon knew this also, but neither he nor the neighbors ever discovered any traces of the little milliner.

No man can improve in any company for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

THE study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity. It is delightful at home and unobtrusive abroad.

MARRIAGE is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship, and there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and he must expect to be wretched who pays to beauty, riches, or politeness that regard which only virtue and piety can claim.—*Johnson.*

CALUMNY.—Take a great, illustrious revenge on your calumniators, by seeking to do better; constrain them to silence by your excellence; this is the true road to triumph. If you take the other—if you plead your cause, justify yourself, or make reprisals—you open for yourself a store of woes, and you lose the tranquillity which you require for your work, and the time in disputing which should have been consecrated to labor.

ROSE LEAVES, NO. 6.

BY JOHN S. REID.

WHO are the angels? Sons of God,
Or only myths and ideal dreams?
Like visions of the lunar beams,
Evanescent as the morning cloud;
First heard of at creation's birth,
Then seen in Eden's bowers of bliss,
When life was pure, and happiness
Alone was known upon the earth.

In every age, in every clime,
Mankind have dreamed of islands blest,
Where angels dwell in peaceful rest
Secure above the storms of time.
In Judah's land they were well known,
From Mamre's plain to Sinai's hill,
As heralds of the eternal Will,
Who makes the heaven of heavens His throne.

Unfelt to touch, yet known to sight,
In years immortal ever young,
Radiant in beauty, as when sung
The Pleiades their song of light;
Swift as the lightning's rapid wing,
And strong in might, and great in power,
Yet gentle as the dewy shower
Which falls unseen at early spring.

In dungeons deep, where prison bars
Obscure the sun, and night and morn
Are found as one, angelic forms
Have lamp'd the gloom, like evening stars
When seeming weary with the day;
At eve they sought their lone repose
In human homes, and supped with those
Where mortals dwelt, the sons of clay.

And when the great, the expected morn
Was ushered in on Bethlehem's plains,
Lone shepherds heard the glorious strains,
And saw each bright immortal form,
First at the manger and the grave,
Where slept the Lord of Glory, then
Their steps were found, like sons of men
Who came to worship, or to save.

And when the last of earth will come,
And seas and skies shall fly away,
Angels will herald in the day,
And guard heaven's great eternal dome.
Then the loud trump will sound afar,
And they who sleep shall rise again,
All glorious as the golden grain,
Or morning's bright and brilliant stars.

LIFE may change, but it will not fly till the appointed hour; hope may vanish for a time, but it is deathless; truth may be veiled, but it endures; and love may be repulsed, but it returns.

PAYMENT OF DEBTS.—Paying of debts is, next to the blessing of God, the best means in the world to deliver you from a thousand temptations to sin and vanity. Pay your debts, and you will not have wherewith to purchase a costly toy or a pernicious pleasure. Pay your debts, and you will not have anything to lose to a gamester. In one word, pay your debts, and you will of necessity abstain from many indulgences which would certainly end in the utter destruction both of soul and body.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

HOOD WITH LONG ENDS, KNITTING AND CROCHET.

(See Plate Printed in Blue in Front of Book.)

Materials.—Three and a half ounces of white single Berlin wool in long skeins, one ounce of blue Shetland wool, half an ounce of black single Berlin, three long wooden needles, No. 10, without knobs, three ditto, ditto, No. 5, and a bone crochet hook, No. 11.

THIS hood, which partakes somewhat of the nature of a cloud, is very easy of execution, being all done in plain knitting. It is worked, as will be seen from detail Fig. 1a, lengthwise,

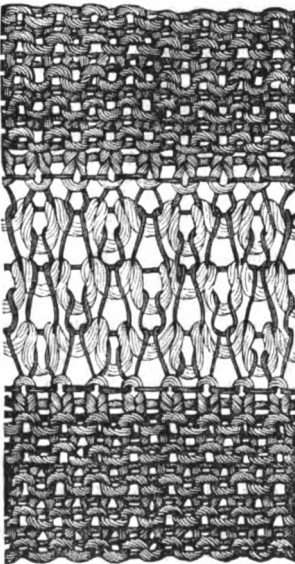


Fig. 1a.—Detail of Hood.

and for the front edge, on which afterwards a crochet edging is laid down, such a number of stitches must be cast on the No. 10 needles, with white wool, as will measure, when knitted, 60 inches. Usually on this sized needles 6 stitches may be reckoned to the inch, which would give 360 to be cast on for the whole length; but, as scarcely any two people knit quite alike, it is better to work 12 or 18 stitches for a few rows, and compare them with the inch measure, so as to be able to calculate the exact number required. In our model, close white stripes, knitted with the fine needles, alternate with more open ones of mixed blue and white, for which the larger needles are to be used. If preferred, pink or Ponceau Shetland wool may be substituted for blue.

The stripes are all knitted plain, backwards and forwards, each white stripe consisting of

14 rows, and every mixed one of 7 rows, of which the 1st, 3d, 5th, and 7th are knitted with the Shetland wool, and the three intervening ones with the white Berlin.

The hood is commenced by a white stripe, and in order to form the shape of the ends, as shown in engraving, for the first half of the depth a stitch must be increased at the end of every row, either by knitting twice in the last stitch, first from the front and then from the back, or by taking up the loop under the last stitch, and knitting it before the stitch itself; and in the last half, a stitch must be decreased at the end of every row by knitting 2 together.

The whole depth of the hood consists of 9 white and 8 mixed stripes.

At the conclusion of the 6th white stripe, to form the pointed part of the hood which hangs down in the neck, the 80 centre stitches must alone be knitted backwards and forwards, continuing the stripes as before, and decreasing a stitch at the beginning of every row, so that in 80 rows they will all be used up and the piece brought to a point. The sloped sides must then be sewn together on the wrong side, and the point finished with a white wool tassel three and a half inches in length. The 3 white and 2 mixed stripes still wanting to complete the depth of the hood at the sides, are to be knitted with the remaining stitches, on each side separately, and after being completed and cast off, the edges of these pieces next the back are to be sewn together, for a certain distance, to close the neck.

The entire outer edge of the hood is to have a flat crochet trimming laid down upon it, which will conceal the joins and fastenings off. For this, make a chain with the white wool of the necessary length (it will be seen by the illustration that the trimming goes up to meet the hanging part of the hood behind); about the same number of chain as of knitting stitches may be reckoned to the inch, but a trial should first be made. For the 1st row, work a treble (thread once over the needle) in every stitch. For the 2d row, with the black wool, * make a dc., putting the needle through the middle of a treble (not between two of them), 2 ch., miss 2 trebles, and repeat from * the whole length. A similar row is to be worked on the other side of the chain stitches, and completes the trimming. In case one of the brighter colors is used instead of gray, the same in single Berlin must be substituted for black in these edgings. After the trimming is tacked on, the lower ends of the hood are finished with white wool tassels five inches long.

WARM CLOUD WITH HOOD (KNITTING).

(See Plate Printed in Blue in Front of Book.)

Materials.—Four ounces of white single Berlin wool in long skeins, one ounce of Ponceau ditto, three long wooden needles No. 10, without knobs.

THIS wrap consists of a straight scarf, one end of which, after encircling the face, is thrown over the shoulder, as seen in the illustration, and, for greater warmth and protection to the head and throat, it is drawn in at the back by means of a cord.

The scarf is knitted lengthwise, according to detail Fig. 1, in close white stripes of plain

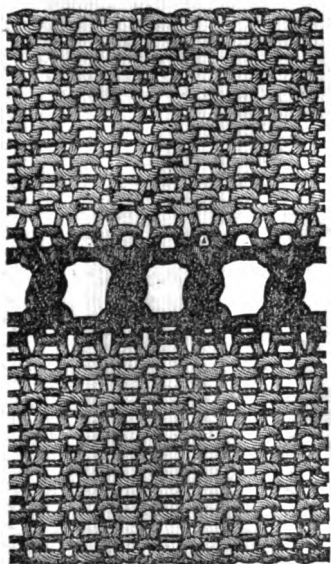


Fig. 1.—Detail of Hood.

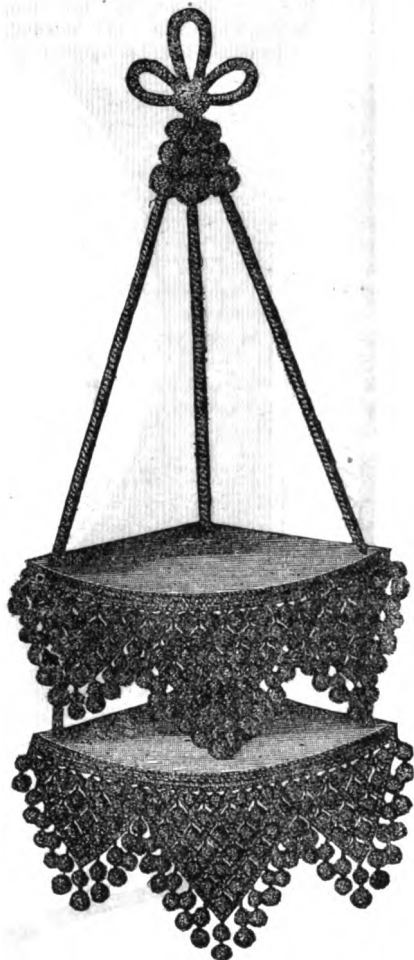
knitting, separated by narrow open ones of Ponceau. Such a number of stitches must be cast on as will measure, when knitted, fifty-five inches; the exact number cannot be given, as it depends on whether the worker knits tightly or loosely; the best way is to try twelve or eighteen stitches, knitting them backwards and forwards for a few rows, and then comparing them with the inch measure, as recommended for the hood with long ends.

The scarf is begun and ended with a white stripe of 23 rows of plain knitting, and 9 of these stripes form the width of it. Each white stripe is separated by a narrow open Ponceau one, worked as follows: *1st row.* Purl. *2d.* * Over, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, repeat from *. *3d.* Purl. Then re-commence the 23 plain rows with white wool. The ends of the scarf are gathered up together and finished with white wool tassels five inches long. For the drawing-string of the hood, make two lengths of chain stitches, each measuring half a yard, and run them through the second open Ponceau stripe from the edge, so that they can

be tied together in a bow at the back. The ends of these strings, which hang down behind, are also to be finished with white wool tassels.

ETAGERE.

WITH lambrequins done in crochet and ornamented with worsted ball fringe. This consists of two three-cornered brackets, ornamented with lambrequins in crochet, and balls made of red wool. The straight sides of the brackets are eight inches long; the front part, which is rounded off, measures thirteen inches from corner to corner. To make the lambrequins, cast on a foundation thirteen inches long in cro-



chet of unbleached netting cotton. *1st row.* Treble stitches, instead of the 1st treble stitch, 3 chain stitches. *2d.* To return scallops in chain stitch of 17 stitches and 1 plain stitch, caught into the 10th stitch of the preceding row. *3d.* 1 chain stitch, turn the work, go on with plain stitches, observing to put 3 plain

stitches into the middle stitch of each scallop, and to pass over the stitch at the bottom of the scallop. There should be 15 scallops. From this point, carry each succeeding row as far as

complete the point by crocheting backwards and forwards, and then take up the loose stitches on the one side, and crochet plain stitches into them. For the next point, fasten

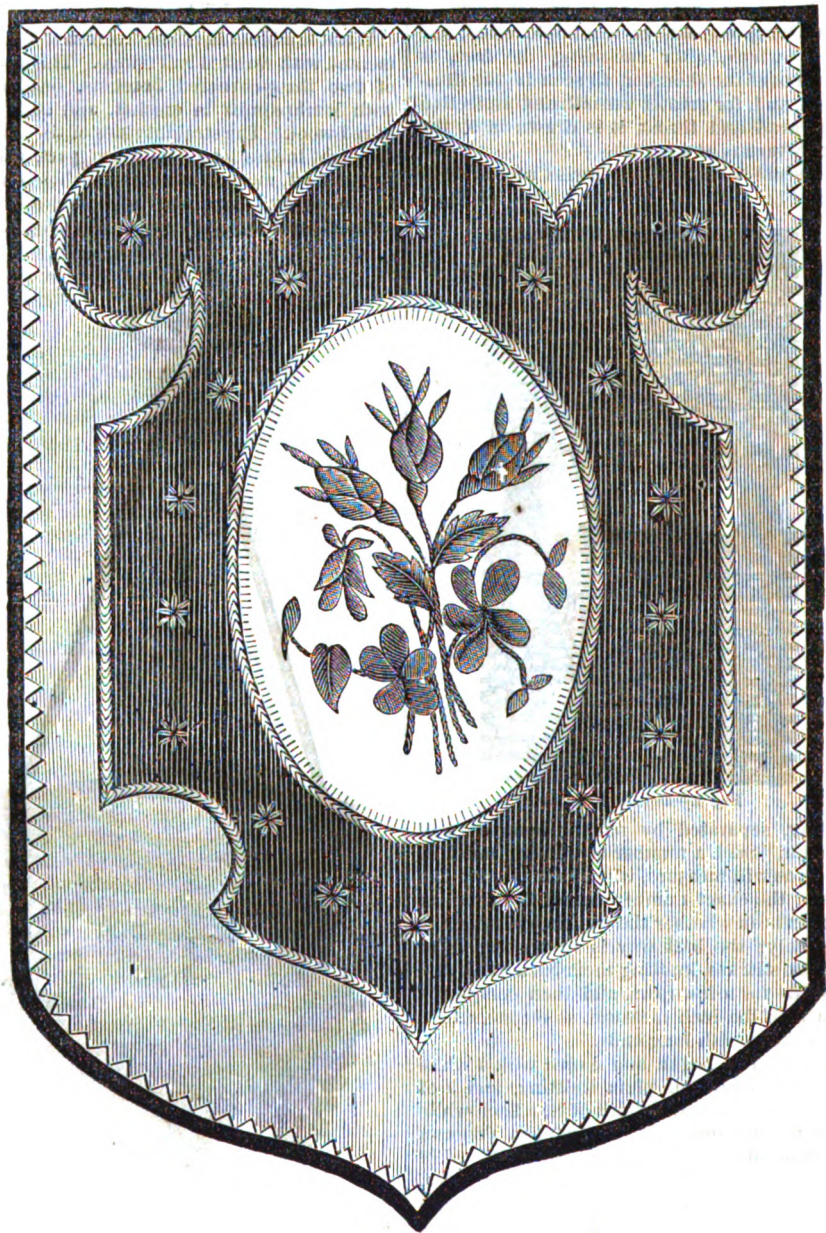


Fig. 1.—Candle Screen.

the middle of the last scallop, then turn the work and proceed. 4th. Like 3d row. 5th. Like 3d row. Then finish off each point of the lambrequin separately. Fasten the thread on to the middle stitch of the 4th scallop, and

the thread on to the middle stitch of the 10th scallop, crochet 5 scallops in chain stitch, and finish off the point like the former one. Crochet the 3d point like the first. Make the balls of Berlin wool, and attach them to the lambre-

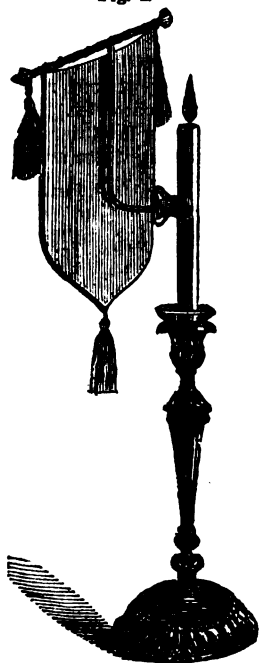
quins and along the edge, as indicated in the plate. Fasten the work to the brackets; pass 3 red cords through the wood, making a knot underneath each bracket; tie the cords together at the top, and make a bow with a tassel of worsted balls as a finish.

CANDLE SCREEN.

(See Engraving, Page 462.)

THE frame is of walnut, gilt, bronze, or any white wood. The banner is given in full working size in Fig. 1. It is worked in *appliqué* on

Fig. 2



scarlet cloth. A frame can be made without a place for light, to be used as a screen between the gas and a person sitting at a table.

FLOWERS AND FLOWER BASKET.

(See Engravings, Pages 415, 416, 417, 418.)

Materials.—Middle-sized gold thread; crystal and gold beads; Roman pearls in two different sizes; silk paper in three shades of pink, dark red, gold yellow, two shades of violet, etc.; fine flower wire, etc. It materially assists workers to have the natural flowers to copy from.

THE flowers are arranged in the basket in natural moss. The foliage, calix, seed pods, stamina, etc., are better bought at an artificial florist's, as they are sold by the dozen, do not cost much, and are much neater made by experienced hands than they can be by amateurs.

Figs. 1 and 11. *White Verbena*.—The little petals are of white paper, cut out to the size

and form of Fig. 11, and must have a line marked with a crochet hook in the centre of each petal. The middle of the flower is composed of a little knot of yellow silk, twisted round the top of the wire, which should be the fine green-covered wire sold by florists. Fig. 1 shows the grouping of the flowers.

Fig. 2. *Scarlet Verbena*.—The detail of this flower is the same as that of the white verbena. It is cut out of paper, sold under the name of Dahlia paper. Each little blossom is finished with a yellow knot.

Figs. 3 and 8. *Syringa*.—The half of the bloom is shown in Fig. 8. The whole four leaves are cut out together in white letter paper. The bloom should be double, and pasted together. The points for the open blooms are bent outwards, those of the half-open blooms are bent inwards. The stamens are of white cotton, touched at the top with a little gum, sand, and yellow powdered ochre. The flowers are easily arranged over the twisted wire stalks.

Fig. 4. *Marigold*.—A brown stamp pistil is required for the flat middle of the flower. Two rounds of yellow paper, graduated in size, are cut up like fringe for the flower, and pointed at each tip, then a fine knitting needle must be drawn along the centre of each petal.

Figs. 5, 9, and 10.—A knot of yellow silk paper, taken double, is fastened as the inner part of the flower calix on a wire stalk, and this is then inclosed by a strip of yellow paper, half an inch wide, folded in quite small folds, which must have on one side a narrow edge painted over with scarlet; also the centre is touched with red. The flower-leaf parts of the narcissus—of which Fig. 10 gives one in the full size, after the small Fig. 9—hang together in the round, and are to be cut out in a flower circle of good white silk paper; each flower-leaf is then to be folded together sharp along the middle at the back, and then opened; the side edges are drawn over the scissors to give them a slight curve towards the outside. A little gum and a small calix hold together the flower-leaf circle.

Figs. 6 and 13. *Forget-me-not*.—Thick blue paper is used for cutting out this flower to the size shown in Fig. 13. It is slipped over the wire, and fastened like the verbena with a yellow knot.

Figs. 7, 14, and 15. *Myrtle Blossom*.—The blooms, in graduated sizes, are cut out of white paper, and put over stamens of cotton, just tinged at the top with gum and yellow ochre; a few of the little green buds, which can be purchased ready-made, will give an excellent effect.

Figs. 17, 18, and 19. *Flower Basket*.—This pretty and tasteful basket will do as well for a card as for a flower basket. The entire basket is shown from the bottom, flattened out, in Fig. 19. The framework must be made by a tin-

man. The outer ring of the bottom, to which three little feet are attached, is four inches and a quarter in circumference. On the cross middle rod is a ring two inches and three-quarters in circumference. Round the four and a quarter inch ring are placed seven other rings rather larger than the centre ring on the cross lines. These rings are bound together with an outer ring, to which the handle, shown in a reduced size in Fig. 18, is attached. All the foundation is worked over with beads; one gold and three crystal are threaded together, and twisted over the wire very evenly. The centre of the basket is filled up by two pearl beads threaded on the gold cord; these must be fastened over the foundation wire before covering it with beads. The opening at the edge of the seven rings is filled in a similar way. The two wire rods of the curved handle are seventeen inches long; the three rings of the handle are three-quarters of an inch apart in the middle. The filling-in of beads and gold

stitched over with black thread, makes the middle of the flower; long stamens of black cotton, gummed at the tips, and touched with poppy seed, go along the same. Round these are placed the leaves, cut out of scarlet paper, and twisted in a cloth, as described for the carnation. These leaves must be gummed with the side edges over each other. The upper part of the stalk should be twisted over with green wool.

Figs. 12, 23, and 24. Rose.—Fig. 24 shows the way the centre part of the rose is made; Fig. 12 the outer leaves, which are gummed on the outside.

TEA CADDY OR TOBACCO BOX.

This is a convenient little thing to make for a fancy bazaar. We should recommend its being made for a tobacco box. You require a frame of cane (any upholsterer can make the frame by the engraving if you are unable to do

Fig. 1.

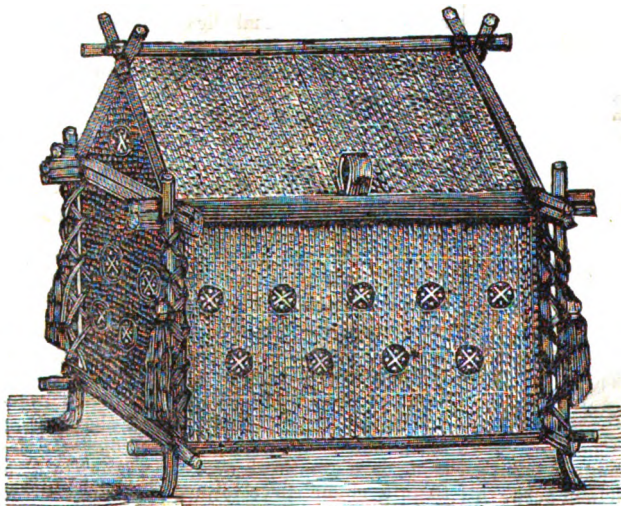
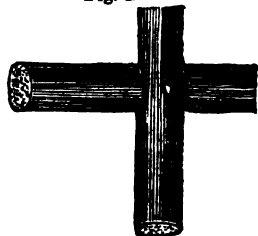


Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



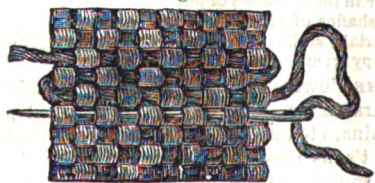
wire will be easily seen in the design; the seven side rings of the basket are filled up with crochet. The pattern is so simple, and every stitch is shown in Fig. 19, so that there will be no need to explain the way it is worked.

Figs. 16 and 20. Pink.—Two parts, cut to Fig. 16, are required for this flower, which is folded in eight folds, and cut into tiny points at the edges. Each part must then be laid in a piece of soft rag, and twisted tightly, so as to get all the stiffness out of the paper, and give it a natural appearance. A green calix is drawn over the outer part of the flower when it is fastened to the wire stalk. It should be cut down as far as the opening shown in Fig. 16, and the folds mark the other part.

Figs. 21 and 22. Scarlet Poppy.—A little wadding, covered with yellowish-green paper, and

it, though a sharp strong knife and some brass tacks are all that are required). The three engravings (Figs. 3, 4, and 5) illustrate very clearly the manner in which the frame is put together. The top is made quite separately from the bottom, and pieces of ribbon are fast-

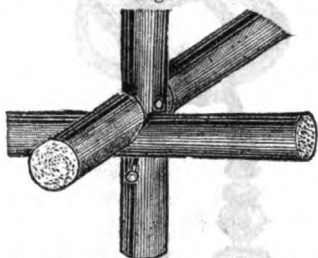
Fig. 2.



ened to the two parts to form hinges. Our model is nine inches and a half long, seven inches wide, including the frame work and the

corners, and about six inches high, *without* the lid. The other materials required are four green tassels, card-board, plain white canvas, or gold canvas (which is coarse gold perforated card-board), some black and any shades of wool; also red and green crochet silk, gold beads, some fine silk cord. Fig. 2 illustrates the manner of working the canvas; it is worked entirely with loops of wool, then darned through with the different colored silks, working several rows of each color to form a stripe. The mode

Fig. 5.



of working is simply plain darning with the wool, this must go up the canvas, then cross the canvas by darning with silk and taking up the wool. It would save much trouble and look better to work a plain star or stripe in one or two colors upon the gold canvas. When the work is finished, mount it on card-board, line through with black silk. If meant for a tobacco box, you must line through with thin sheet gutta percha, which will prevent the tobacco becoming too dry. The pattern on the sides of the box is composed of medallions in black; the pattern on the medallion is a large cross-stitch and knots all round. It is the best plan to cut these medallions in black velvet, and gum them on to the work, then embroider the edge with silk.

KNITTED WOOLLEN UNDERSLEEVES.

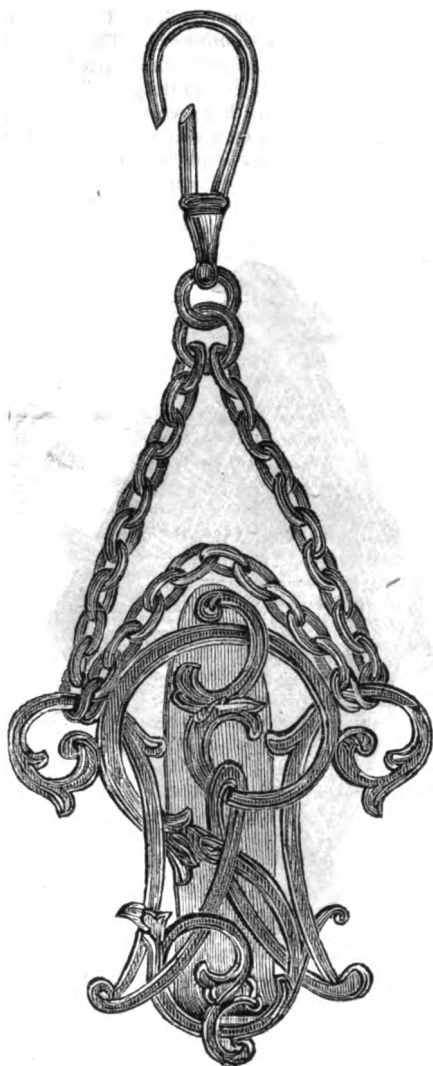
Materials.—Two and a half ounces of pearl-gray or violet single Berlin wool in long skeins, and a little black ditto, five steel needles, No. 14, and two ounces of black seed beads, as large as will pass through the stitches of the knitting.

THESE sleeves are warm and comfortable to wear under a *paletot* or mantle, or with the open bell sleeves when out of doors. They



may be knitted in a pretty shade of pearl-gray, bright violet, or, indeed, in any color preferred. The part next the hand is plain, that is, with-

out beads, knitted in ribs of 1 plain, 1 purl, and, if greater warmth around the wrist be desired, can be turned in to half its depth, thus making it double. Begin by casting on 52 stitches, equally divided on the four needles, and knit as before directed for 60 rounds, but after the 30th, increase as follows at the under part or seam of the sleeve. In the 31st round



Waistband Hook for a Fan. (See page 467.)

knit the 1st stitch again from the back, and do the same in the last stitch of the round. Then follow 5 rounds without increase, purling 2 stitches instead of 1, between the original two first plain stitches of the round, and the same at the other end. 37th round. Increase at the beginning and end again, in the same manner as before, and now you will be able to knit the second stitch of former round plain, and purl

the next, thus carrying on the rib, and the same at the end. Five rounds without increase. Increase again as before in the 43d, 49th, 55th, and 60th rounds, the last two having only 4 rounds between them; and whenever the number of stitches will admit of it, beginning additional ribs next the seam on both sides. You will now have increased 12 stitches in all, and should have 64 on your needles. The pattern with the beads now commences. They should be chosen as large as will conveniently pass through the stitch of the knitting, and must be threaded on the wool. For greater convenience, this should be done on a second ball, and the remainder of the first kept for the lower part of the other sleeve. Having joined on the wool with the beads, proceed thus: *1st round.* * 1 purl, 3 plain, in the centre stitch of which

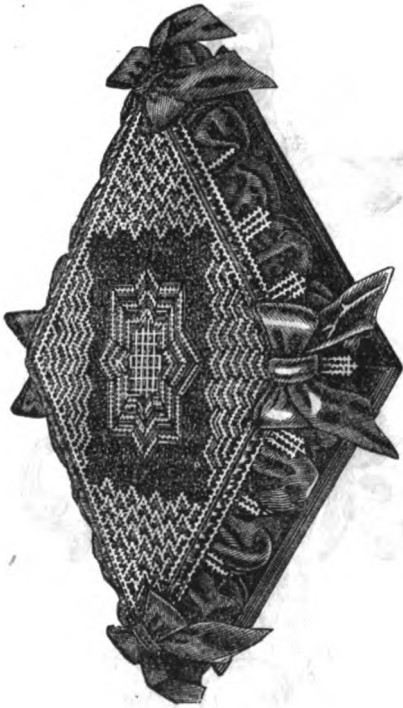


Fig. 1.—Handkerchief Case. (See page 467.)

pass down a bead, and bring it through to the front of the stitch when knitting it; repeat from *. *2d* (without beads). * 1 plain, 1 purl, repeat from *. A plain stitch will, throughout the pattern, come over the bead, and care must be taken not to allow it to slip to the back. *3d.* 2 plain, putting a bead on the 1st, * 1 purl, 3 plain, with a bead as before on the middle stitch; repeat from *. *4th.* Like *2d*. Then recommence at the 1st round, and repeat these four rounds 18 times for the depth of the sleeve, making 72 rounds and 36 rows of beads. Cast off loosely, and at the upper and lower edge of the sleeve, with black wool, crochet the following as a finish: * 1 dc. in the 1st

stitch, 4 ch., 1 dc. in the 2d of these 4 ch., pass over 2 stitches of the foundation, and repeat from *.

CORD AND TASSELS.



FOR looping back curtains of silk, of the same color as the curtains.

WAISTBAND HOOK FOR A FAN.

(See Engraving, Page 465.)

This hook for a fan is quite a new invention, which will be found very useful for balls and theatres. It is worn on the waistband of the

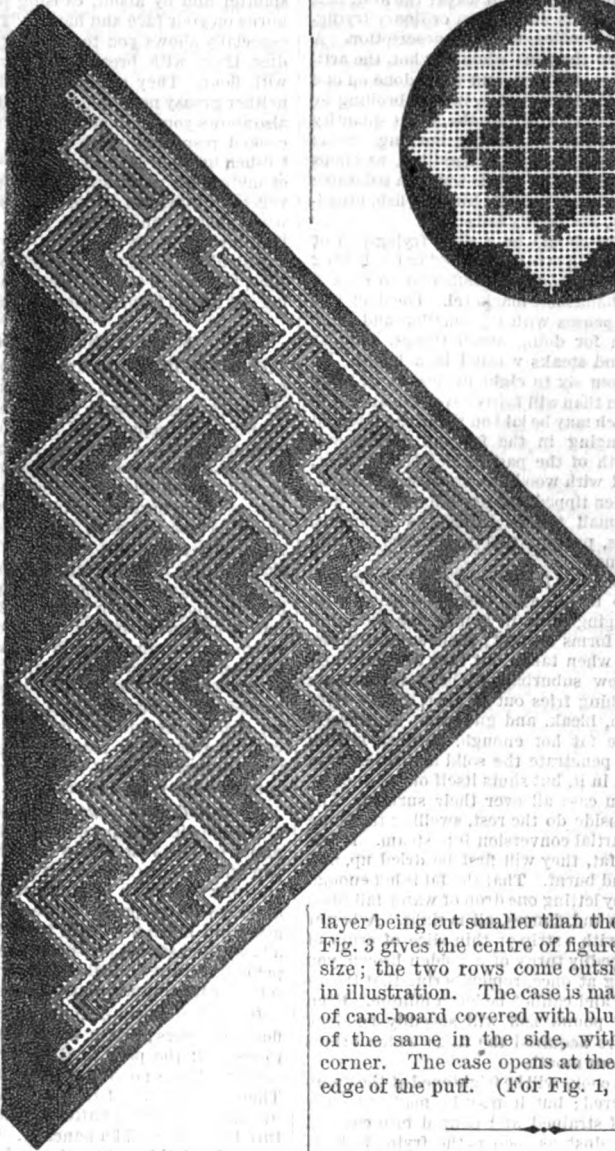
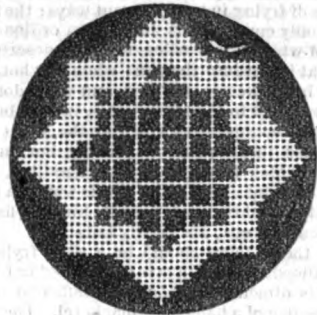


Fig. 2

HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

This case is made of perforated card-board. Fig. 2 gives one of the corners in full working size. The card is put on as there shown, each

Fig. 3.



layer being cut smaller than the preceding one. Fig. 3 gives the centre of figure in full working size; the two rows come outside of it as seen in illustration. The case is made up on a piece of card-board covered with blue silk and a puff of the same in the side, with bows on each corner. The case opens at the top around the edge of the puff. (For Fig. 1, see page 466.)

dress; the fan is drawn through the metal loop of the hook by means of the circle fastened at the lower end. Our pattern is made of open work silver, with the initials M. S.

CLEAN paper, torn into small pieces, and put in a case, makes excellent sofa cushions.

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NETTED SPONGE BAG.—Net twelve stitches with coarse crochet cotton on a piece of the cotton, with mesh about three-eighths of an inch wide. Net twelve rows to form a square. Run a piece of cotton into the centre stitches, and continue netting round twenty-four rows. Run a piece of tape through the last row. Tie the ends in a knot.

Receipts, &c.

THE FRYING-PAN.

EVERY well-appointed kitchen should have the means of frying in two different ways; the first, that commonly employed, is done in an ordinary frying-pan, of which it is needless to give a description. A little fat is put into the pan; when it is hot, the article to be cooked is laid in it, and when done on one side is turned to the other. It is, in fact, broiling by means of contact with hot iron, the slight quantity of grease just serving to prevent burning. Some things, which can stand rough handling, as chops and steaks, may be cooked in this way to a palatable condition; but the more delicate kinds of fish, bread-crum cutlets, etc., are mostly failures.

For these, there should be a deep frying-pan or dish, allowing the things to be plunged in the boiling fat. Its dimensions should be sufficient to cook a fish the size of a handsome mackerel. The deep pan by no means dispenses with the smaller and shallower frying-pan for doing small things, such as kidneys, eggs, and steaks wanted in a hurry. Its depth may be from six to eight inches, as no more fat need be put in than will fairly cover the article to be fried, and which may be laid on the wire-bottomed strainer for plunging in the fat and taking out. The handles, both of the pan and of the strainer, should be tipped with wood. A small wire basket, also with a wooden-tipped handle, will be found useful for frying small tender things, as whitebait, smelts, gudgeons, parsley, and vegetables divided into small portions.

In a common shallow frying-pan, small tender objects are apt to break and become sodden with grease. By plunging them in boiling fat, their outside is set, and forms a crust; their substance becomes firm, and when taken out they are crisp and dry. This is how suburban Parisian restaurants make such relishing fries out of poor, coarse river fish—dace, roach, bleak, and gudgeon. It is necessary to have the fat hot enough, because boiling grease does not penetrate the solid articles of food that are plunged in it, but shuts itself out at once by forming a brown case all over their surface. The natural juices inside do the rest, swelling the thing fried by their partial conversion into steam. If left too long in the fat, they will first be dried up, and then scorched and burnt. That the fat is hot enough may be known by letting one drop of water fall upon it; if it splutters and dances, all is right. A better way is to try it with a strip or thin slice of crum of bread. If it speedily turns of a golden brown, you may begin frying at once, remembering that things do very quickly, and cannot be left a minute. Even a three or four pound fish will speedily be done enough, and have acquired the tinge which brings the water into your mouth.

Inexperienced cooks will be frightened at the quantity of fat required; but it may be made to serve several times, if strained and poured into covered jars, to keep out dust, as soon as the frying is done. Of course, fat which has once fried fish will be reserved for fish alone; the same of fat for vegetables and sweet things, as fritters, pancakes, etc. Good frying fat can be obtained from the top of broths and soups when cold. To clarify it, boil and skim it, and then pour it off, leaving in the vessel any sediment or liquor there may be at the bottom. Sweet pork lard makes excellent frying fat; butter is more expensive and, as well as oil, will be saved for meagre days by those who observe them.

From what has been said, it therefore results that to really fry well, you must, first, have plenty of fat; secondly, you must let the fat get hot enough before commencing operations; thirdly, you must wipe the surface of things to be fried quite dry before putting them in, otherwise the steam, suddenly generated by the moisture immersed in the fat, will cause it to splutter and fly about, causing perhaps unpleasant burns on your face and hands. This mode of frying especially allows you to smear the things with egg, dust them with bread-crumbs, or simply rub them with flour. They come out nicely brown and dry, neither greasy nor indigestible. Frying in this style also allows you to do many things which could not be cooked respectably in a shallow pan, as well as to freshen up yesterday's remnants—small birds, slices of underdone meat, small or sliced potatoes, young vegetable marrows, sliced turnips, lumps of cold fish when shapely and not too much broken, artichoke bottoms and many others.

A shallow frying-pan is incomplete without a fish-slice, which will also be useful in handling and taking out things from the deeper utensil.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Pork à la Mode.—An excellent mode for very large pork, such as portions of the shoulder, loin, or spare-rib, of the very largest bacon hogs. Put the joint, rubbed with pepper and salt, into a pot having a close-fitting lid, with whole onions, celery, carrots, sage, parsley, and knotted marjoram, or thyme, a glass or two of wine, and enough water or broth to keep all from burning. Stew gently for three or four hours. Place the pork in the centre of a dish; arrange the vegetables round it. Strain the gravy, skim off the fat; thicken, season, and dilute it, according to your judgment, and pour it boiling hot over the pork. When removed from table, trim it into a handsome lump; put it on a smaller dish; warm up the remaining gravy (without the vegetables) and pour it over the pork. You will thus have a handsome dish to present cold. This is one approved way of dressing wild-boar (with the skin and fat on). If we indulge mutton with the honors of venison, there is no reason why pork should not be treated as wild pig—a kind of game well worth securing, when it falls in your way.

Scrambled Pork (A good dish).—Freshen, by steeping, some nice salt pork; cut it into mouthfuls, and partly fry it. Just before it is done, break into the pan with the pork from six to twelve eggs; break and mix the yolks with the whites, and stir them quickly with the pork. If the pork, while frying, has given out much fat, drain it off, before serving, into a basin, and save it for shortening crust, etc. Mealy potatoes (baked, boiled, or roasted) are usually served with scrambled pork.

Pork Pancakes.—Make a light batter with milk, flour, and eggs; add a little yeast, and give it time to rise. If the pork is salt, freshen it by steeping; cut it as thin as possible, and fry it until done enough. Then dip it in the batter and fry it again, pouring over it a spoonful of batter. When fried on one side, turn it as you would a pancake. Cold boiled or roast pork, sliced thin, will not require any previous frying, but may be fried at once with a due allowance of batter.

Potato Haricot.—Cut into pieces beef, mutton, or pickled pork, and season them with salt, pepper, and chopped onion; peel, and slice potatoes, and put them into a stone jar, in layers, with the meat; tie over the jar, set in a saucepan of water over the fire, and stew for about an hour after the water begins to boil.

Raised Rabbit Pie.—Make a raised crust; cut the meat from a fine young rabbit, season it, and add half a pound of fat bacon, the yolk of four hard-boiled eggs, sliced, and tomato-sauce to color it. Pack the meat tightly, and bake it gently for an hour and a half. To be eaten cold.

Scotch Broth.—To four pounds of mutton, put one gallon of water in a saucepan; a teaspoonful of pearl barley, two carrots sliced, two turnips sliced, two onions cut small, three carrots grated, the white part of a large cabbage chopped very small, and a small quantity of parsley. Season with pepper and salt. Boil very gently for three hours and a half, and then serve.

Vegetable Stew.—Put two ounces of butter into a deep stewpan; peel one onion, slice it thin, and put it on the fire till lightly brown (stirring it now and then), and half a pound of vegetables, as turnips, leeks, celery, carrots, etc. Do not peel them, or throw away anything, but wet them well, cut them in a standing direction, put them into the stewpan, and fry ten minutes longer; add a pound and a quarter of peas, and fill up with two gallons of water; let it simmer for three hours, or until the peas are in a pulp; mix half a pound of oatmeal with a pint of water, make it into a liquid paste, and pour it into the stewpan, stirring it with a spoon; add three ounces of salt, half an ounce of brown sugar, boil it ten minutes, and it will be ready for use. A little mint, bay-leaf, thyme, marjoram or winter savory, is an improvement, as is also soaking the peas in soft water.

Onion Sauce.—Mash boiled onions to a purée by squeezing them with a spoon through an earthen cullender. Return them to the saucepan, season with pepper and salt, and make all smooth with a little butter and milk, or cream. Make the sauce quite hot, pour it into a hot sauceboat, and serve.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Puff Crust.—Suppose we begin with a simple puff cake. Just moisten a pound of flour with water, add a spoonful of salt. Work it into a soft paste, and leave it for half an hour. Then roll it out about half an inch thick. With your knife spot its surface with little dabs of butter, fold it in two, roll it out again, dab it with more butter, roll out again, and so on, repeating the operation four or five times. All this should be done expeditiously, and immediately before setting into the oven. The more butter is used (within certain bounds), and the more frequently it is folded and rolled, the lighter will be the crust. Meat and other substantial pies should evidently have a more solid crust than apple, cherry, and other fruit pies. With this puff crust, you may either make plain puff cakes, cutting them out with a wineglass or tumbler (in default of more ornamental cutters made of tin); or by putting a spoonful of marmalade or jam into each before baking, you convert them into tarts. By laying a tin circle, like a half dollar, in the middle of each, before baking, you make a hollow for the reception of oustard, cream, or jelly, after baking. For puff crust of a far superior quality, take a pound of flour, heap it in the middle of your pastry-board (which may have three of its sides guarded with a wooden edge), put into it a tumbler of water, a saltspoonful of salt, a lump of butter as big as a walnut, and two egg-yelks; the whites will serve to glaze your crust. The water will be gradually added with the right hand, while the ingredients are mixed together with the left. That done, make it up into a lump, and let it rest for half an hour. Then dust your board with flour and spread out the paste with your rolling-pin.

Take three-quarters of a pound of butter and spread it on the paste, but only in the middle, so that about half of its surface is covered with the butter. Fold the paste so as to inclose the butter; roll it out with the pin, making it twice as long as it is broad. Then fold it in four as you would a napkin, namely: put 1 upon 2, 4 upon 3, and then 2 upon 3. Then roll out again. That is called giving it "a turn," or "a roll." Give six turns or rolls in all. Not longer than five minutes after the last roll, employ your paste for the purpose required, otherwise it may turn out heavy. The temperature, *i.e.*, the consistence, of the butter is of considerable importance. Too hard, it will not easily mix with the flour; in a running state, it will leak out at the edges at every roll. In winter butter is easily warmed; in summer it may be plunged in cold pump water. Some cooks use ice.

Economical Cake.—One pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter or lard, half a pound of currants, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, the whites of four eggs, half a pint of milk. In making many sweet dishes, the whites of eggs are not required, and if well beaten and added to the above ingredients, make an excellent cake, with or without currants. Beat the butter to a cream, well whisk the whites of the eggs, and stir all the ingredients together but the soda, which must not be added until all is well mixed, and the cake is ready to be put into the oven. When the mixture has been well beaten, stir in the soda, put the cake into a buttered mould, and bake it in a moderate oven for an hour and a half.

Rusks.—To every pound of flour allow two ounces of butter, a quarter of a pint of milk, two ounces of loaf sugar, three eggs, one tablespoonful of yeast. Put the milk and butter into a saucepan, and keep shaking it round until the latter is melted. Put the flour into a basin with the sugar, mix these well together, and beat the eggs. Stir them with the yeast to the milk and butter, and with this liquid work the flour into a smooth dough. Cover a cloth over the basin, and leave the dough to rise by the side of the fire; then knead it, and divide it into twelve pieces; place them in a brisk oven, and bake for about twenty minutes. Take the rusks out, break them in half, and then set them in the oven to get crisp on the other side. When cold, they should be put into tin canisters to keep them dry; and, if intended for the cheese course, the sifted sugar should be omitted.

Cracknels.—Mix with a quart of flour half a nutmeg grated, the yelks of four eggs beaten with four spoonfuls of rose-water, make into a stiff paste with cold water; roll in one pound of butter, and make the paste into cracknel shapes, put them into boiling water, and boil till they swim, then take out and put them into cold water; when hardened, lay them out to dry, and bake them on tin plates.

THE TOILET.

How the Hands may be Preserved White and Soft.—In the first place, perfect attention to cleanliness must be remembered when any employment compels a person to make much use of the fingers; in the next, the soaps used must be such as are mild and emollient. The kind of soap is a great consideration, and any trouble in procuring good soap is well repaid, for the ladylike appearance produced by soft white hands is undeniable, and by using good soap even chaps and chilblains may be in a measure, if not entirely, prevented. Soaps containing an improper proportion of soda make the skin rough and dry, and the use of soda or acids has the same effect. Sand soap or pumice-stone will remove roughness, and is especially useful to ladies who do much needle-

work, as they—but especially the pumice-stone—will remove the roughness on the forefinger of the left hand, caused by the needle; but in using either sand or pumice-stone, care must be taken that the nails are not scratched. Warm water cleans the hands more readily than cold, but they should be afterwards rinsed in cold water, otherwise they soil sooner again, and too frequent washing discolours the skin instead of improving it. When washed, the hands should be carefully dried with a rather coarse towel. Friction produces circulation and improvement in appearance; but to preserve this, cold winds and rain must be guarded against by warm gloves and muff. Stains on the fingers from ink are removed by the application of spirits of hartshorn. While washing the hands, drop the hartshorn on the fingers, rub and wash them until the stain is removed, which will be very quickly, especially if immediately applied. Stains from fruit, especially walnuts, may be removed by rubbing the fingers immediately with salt and then washing. If the hands become warm while working, wash them in warm water, and puff them with violet powder; and if the hands are habitually moist the same plan may be adopted, as cold water tends to increase the moisture. After washing the hands and well drying them, the almond tablet may be rubbed over them lightly, and the application will be found to produce a very agreeable sensation of softness to the skin as well as whiteness.

The Hands and Face in Hot Weather.—After a journey or long walk on a warm day, it is most refreshing and beneficial to bathe the face and hands in very warm water, and from the face it will remove the unpleasant redness and heat in a very short time, and impart a cool and delightful sensation. The application of cold water to the face and hands when heated from fatigue or exercise is very injurious to the skin, producing redness and eruptions that are seldom if ever removed. By the addition of a little spirits of wine or gin to the warm water, sunburns will be more likely prevented than by the simple application of hot water, but after a hot walk the face and hands should be bathed for at least a quarter of an hour, the hot water added as the water gets cold. After great fatigue, if a bath is not at hand, to the foot bath may be added a few drops (sixty) of the tincture of arnica, and all fatigue will be speedily removed if the feet are allowed to rest in the bath about a quarter of an hour, and the hands and arms be also bathed in the same way. After rowing or driving, ladies will find these directions very useful.

SWEETMEATS.

Ginger Drops.—Slice about an ounce of candied orange-peel into small pieces; put it with an ounce of sifted sugar into a mortar; beat both together until they form a smooth paste, when should be added half an ounce of pure pounded ginger and half a pound more sugar; then pound all this mixture, and add sufficient water to dissolve the sugar. Put all together into a saucepan, boil it to a caramel, and drop it in small pieces on clean writing paper. These form an excellent stomachic.

Caramel for Sugar Baskets, etc.—Put half a pint of water into a pan, the white of an egg, and one pound of finely-sifted loaf sugar. Whisk all these ingredients together until they boil, taking off the scum as it rises. Allow it to boil five minutes. Let it pass through a strainer, after which put it again on the fire to boil, until it reaches caramel height (which may be known by taking out some of the syrup on a spoon handle and plunging it quickly into cold water; if sufficiently done, the syrup will be

quite crisp). To make a basket, or any ornament: When the caramel is sufficiently cool, take a portion up into a spoon, and run it expeditiously in threads over the mould, which should be previously well oiled.

To make Barley Sugar.—Take a portion of syrup, made as the above receipt dictates, and put it into a saucepan with a spout or lip to it. Add also some grated lemon-peel, and boil together till it reaches caramel heat, skimming it carefully as it boils. Have ready a marble slab well buttered, and pour the syrup along it—as much as is required for making it the usual thickness—twisting it at the same time, to assume the same appearance as seen at the shops.

Ginger Candy.—Mix together half a pound of sifted loaf sugar, half an ounce of pounded ginger, and one drachm each of pounded cloves and cinnamon; after which add a half wine-glassful of boiling water. Put this mixture on a fire, and boil slowly until it arrives at candy height. Pour it on a greased slab or tin, and as it hardens, cut it into squares. After, put them before the fire to harden, and then away into a tin box.

Barley-sugar Drops, to be made as directed for barley sugar, only drop them in small pieces on a marble slab, instead of long sticks. When cold, cover them with some pounded sugar, to keep them quite dry, and put them away in papers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Poison for Flies.—A good poison for flies may be made by boiling quassa chips in water into a very strong decoction, and then sweetening the liquid with treacle or sugar. This fly poison may be used with safety, as it is not injurious to human beings.

Copying-ink.—An excellent copying-ink, for the purpose of taking impressions of a letter by means of a copying press, may be made by adding glycerine to common writing-ink. The glycerine serves to keep the writing moist for a considerable time.

Ivory Ornaments.—The French way to clean and preserve the color of ivory ornaments, brooches, earrings, card-cases, bracelets, chains, etc.: Place the articles to be cleaned in a basin of cold water, and allow them to remain in it twenty-four hours. Take them out of the water, and lay them on a clean soft towel, but do not wipe them; they must dry by the air, and any water that remains in the carving of the ivory should be blown out; if allowed to settle on the ivory, it would destroy the color.

Cocoa-nut Paste.—Procure two large-eyed cocoanuts, crack them, and keep the milk; shred the nuts into small pieces, and add one pound of moist sugar and the milk. Put all together into a saucepan, and boil gently over a slow fire until the nut is perfectly soft. Keep stirring it occasionally, so that it may not burn to the saucepan; then turn it into a flat dish, and allow it to cool.

To Repolish Tortoiseshell.—When by wear, tortoiseshell articles have lost their polish, the polished surface may be restored to its original condition by carefully rubbing with powdered rotten-stone and oil. The rotten-stone should be very carefully sifted through the finest muslin. When all scratches on the surface of the tortoiseshell are thus removed, a brilliant polish may be given to it by applying gentle friction with a piece of soft leather, to which some jeweller's rouge has been applied.

Balsamic Vinegar for Sick Chambers.—Take of each of the following ingredients: Rue, sage, rosemary, lavender, cassia, one ounce; two cloves; powdered camphor, two ounces; strong vinegar, half a gallon. Allow these to steep for a week.

Editors' Table.

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

PERHAPS few of our readers know how old is the celebration of our National Thanksgiving. Washington, in the first year of his administration, in 1789, inaugurated as a day of praise and rejoicing for our whole people the last Thursday in November, before set aside only in a few commonwealths. His proclamation, which we published last November, is a model of its kind. The observance was evidently in accordance with the feelings of our people, and has grown at last into a custom. For twenty-five years the separate States have celebrated the last Thursday in November, and the National Government has at length taken up the matter.

We have long endeavored to secure the celebration of this great festival upon the same day in every American State and Territory, so that it might be a National Holiday. In 1863 the Southern States could not be reached. Application was made to President Lincoln, who issued a proclamation, the first since that of Washington from the representative of the nation, and appointing the same day, the last Thursday of November. His example has been yearly followed by his successors.

But one thing is wanting. It is eminently fit that this National Holiday shall rest upon the same legal basis as its companions, the Twenty-second of February and the Fourth of July. As things now stand, our Thanksgiving is exposed to the chances of the time. Unless the President or the Governor of the State in office happens to see fit, no day is appointed for its observance. Is not this a state of things which calls for instant remedy? Should not our festival be assured to us by law?

We hope to see, before many months have elapsed, perhaps before our next Thanksgiving, the passage of an act by Congress appointing the last Thursday in November as a perpetual holiday, wherein the whole nation may unite in praise to Almighty God for his bounty and love, in rejoicing over the blessings of the year, in the union of families, and in acts of charity and kindness to the poor.

The influx of foreigners into our country is prodigious. Not only by the natural increase of population, but by immigration, our numbers are growing, and our Western wilderness is fast shrinking before the pioneers of civilization. To bind together the discordant nationalities into one American brotherhood, what strand so potent as Thanksgiving? A community of praise and of kindly offices will soon establish a community of feeling and of language. Let every one who claims the name of American, wherever he may be—in the old world or the new, on the land or the sea—unite to commemorate the day. It will be stronger than laws or armies to make our nation one.

There will be no lack this month of special topics for thanksgiving. Each one's memory will suggest a multitude. Our harvests are abundant. We have enjoyed the fruits of summer and the plenty of autumn—poured upon us with a liberal hand. We have been untroubled by war or pestilence. We have seen the bonds of union gradually reknitting. We have seen the completion of one great railway and the undertaking of another, to traverse the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And, last but not least, we have seen the conclusion of a treaty

between our country and the motherland, honorable to ourselves, healing the sore division that might have led to war, and affording to the world an example of dignified and cordial reparation of a national injury unexampled in the history of diplomacy. For these, and for the many private blessings lavished upon us by the Divine Ruler, let us rejoice and give thanks upon this pleasant anniversary.

HINTS ON LANGUAGE.—NO. 6.

ERRORS OF THE EDUCATED.

To expose the mistakes of contented ignorance is hopeless. There is no cure for these but a general improvement in education. There are, however, errors which well-instructed persons sometimes fall into, from mere habit or thoughtlessness. Such errors, like the "fears of the brave and follies of the wise," have only to be brought home to the consciousness of those who commit them to be discarded at once.

A very common mistake, even with good writers and speakers, is the substitution of *had* for *would*, before the adverbs *rather*, *sooner*, *better*, *lief*, and some others. "I had rather stay than go," instead of "I would rather." "I had as lief take one as the other," instead of "I would as lief." The origin of the error is evident enough. The two words *had* and *would* have the same contracted form when combined with a pronoun. "I'd rather" may be a contraction of either "I would rather," or "I had rather." This contracted form is that which we almost always use in common speech. Even when we are inclined to lengthen it, we rarely give the full pronunciation. We say "I 'ud rather," leaving the verb doubtful to the listener's ear, and perhaps to ourselves. When driven to write it, we feel naturally inclined to take the shortest word, without much regard to the strict grammatical meaning of the phrase. That the expressions "I had rather" and "I had as lief" are incorrect, will be made evident by simply converting *rather* into its synonym *more willingly*, and *lief* into the corresponding *gladly*. Yet it must be admitted that these incorrect forms are warranted by such high authorities, from Shakspeare to some of the best writers of our own day, that they are entitled to be regarded, if not as established idioms, at least as tolerated solecisms.

As regards the Shakspearian use of this form of expression, it may be noticed that though *had* is ordinarily found before *rather*, yet when the order of the words is reversed, the proper verb is used. Thus we read in "King Henry IV.":—

"I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."

But in "King Henry VI." we find:—

"I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burden of dishonor home."

The confusion of *lay* with *lie*, and of *set* with *sit*, is among the most common errors of speech, though well-educated persons are usually able to avoid it in writing. Every one who is familiar with the idiom of our language knows, or ought to know, that *lay* and *set* are what are called transitive verbs, and that *lie* and *sit* are intransitive. In other words, the two former can take a noun after them in the objective case, and the two latter cannot. We say, "Lay the

book down;" "Set the post up." To say, "Lie the book," or "Sit the post," would be ridiculous. The error usually committed is in the opposite direction—the transitive verbs being used in an intransitive sense. Many persons, not deficient in education, would say, "Some of the children are laying on the grass, and the others are setting on the veranda." That the error prevails in the very highest circles of society and of scholarship cannot be doubted when we find it allowed to mar the effect of one of the finest verses in Byron's well-known apostrophe to the ocean:—

"Man's steps are not upon thy paths: thy fields
Are not a spoil for him; thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashed him again to earth—there let him lay."

Any one who desires to avoid this error has only to consider whether the word *remain* can be used instead of any of these words, either *lay*, *lie*, *sit*, or *set*, so as to make sense, or, rather, grammar. If it can, the verb is intransitive, and should be either *lie* or *sit*, as the case may be; if it cannot, the verb should be *lay* or *set*. Instead of "the book was lying on the table," or "the child was sitting on the veranda," we can say, in good English, "the book, or the child, was remaining," etc. But we could not, in place of "lay the book on the table," say, "remain the book," etc.

The distinction between *lie* and *lay*, *sit* and *set*, has come down to us from our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. They used the verbs *licgan* and *leccan*, *sittan* and *settan*, with precisely the same meaning which we give, or ought to give, to our words derived from them. How does it happen that we find a difficulty in observing this distinction, which was so clear to our rude forefathers? The answer may be that we are not mere Anglo-Saxons. Our language and blood are partly Norman. When the Norman-French conquerors began to learn, and at the same time to modify, the Anglo-Saxon speech, one of their chief difficulties must have been that of comprehending and maintaining the precise distinction between words of this sort, nearly alike in sound and sense, and differing chiefly in a nicety of grammatical construction which foreigners would be apt to disregard. If such is the true explanation of this modern confusion of words, it shows how the erroneous habit may have come to prevail in that higher class of society to which Byron belonged by birth and education, and which was in a great part composed of descendants of the Norman gentry.

Perhaps a like account may be given of the persistency with which many well-educated, as well as most uneducated, persons use the objective pronouns *me*, *her*, *him*, *them*, after the various tenses of the substantive verb *to be*, in spite of the injunctions of grammarians. The habit of saying "It is me," "it was him," is so universal and so fixed that some modern writers on English philology have been disposed to regard it as allowable, and to lay down the rule that the personal pronouns may be used in the objective case, as *predicates* after the substantive verb. A writer of high authority, Dr. Latham, inclines to this opinion. In French, it is well-known, the rule prevails. For "It is I," "It was he," the French would write, not *c'est je* and *c'était il*, but *c'est moi* and *c'était lui*, *moi* and *lui* being pronouns ordinarily used objectively, like *me* and *him*. It is not unlikely that in this mode of speech also we may see the influence of the Normans upon the English language.

Possibly to the same cause we may ascribe the general disuse, in ordinary speech, of *whom* as the objective case of *who*. Instead of "the man whom I met," almost every one would say, "the man that I met," or, more briefly, "the man I met." Both of these modes of expression are in accordance with grammatical rules. Not so is the equally common form of interrogation, "Who did you meet?" "Who were you speaking to?" Here *whom* would be correct, and yet would seem so stiff and "bookish" that many who know the right would yet pursue the wrong way deliberately. A little alteration of the phrase, in such a case, will often make it more satisfactory in every way, as, for example, "Who was the person you were speaking to?" The French interrogative pronoun *qui* (*who*), is the same in the objective as in the nominative case, and the Normans would have been much inclined to disregard the inflection of the English word.

In whatever way these errors of speech may have originated, the probability is that with the extension of instruction and reading they will gradually disappear. Those who use them, either from habit or to avoid an appearance of pedantry or formality, will do well to bear in mind that though some of them are tolerated as idiomatic exceptions to the strict rules of grammar, and are countenanced by the practice of very eminent writers, the judgment of the great body of grammarians is against them all. The tendency of language is towards regularity, and expressions which infringe the established laws of syntax are not likely to hold a permanent place in the written or spoken dialect of any educated people.

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A WORD ABOUT CHRISTIAN NAMES.

A WRITER in an English periodical gives some curious information respecting the Christian names found in the baptismal registers in Great Britain. It appears that two-thirds of the children christened in that country bear one or other of the following twenty-five names, which are given in the order of their frequency: Mary, William, John, Elizabeth, Thomas, George, Sarah, James, Charles, Henry, Alice, Joseph, Ann, Jane, Ellen, Emily, Frederick, Annie, Margaret, Emma, Eliza, Robert, Arthur, Alfred, and Edward.

Among the less frequent names, some are bestowed in honor of distinguished personages, or in memory of noted events. Among these are mentioned such names as Regina Alexandra, Prince Albert Edward, Alma Eugénie, Alma Inkermann Sebastopol, and the like. Some indicate the religious feelings of ignorant or whimsical parents, as, for example, Hosanna, Selah, and Mahershalalhashbaz. Others are rude jokes, suggested by the surname, such as Sea Gull, Green Leaf, Royal King, Shooting Gallery, and Tempest Sleet. There are some strange compounds, such as Paramount Pyc, Charming Nancy Wiltshire, Giddy Edwards, Illustrious Sarah Hendry, Perfect Sparrow, and Original Bigot Peele, which are both odd and unaccountable.

There is one consideration which should always be present in the minds of parents when they are selecting a name for their child. It is that the name is to be the property of the child, and should be given with sole reference to its future benefit and satisfaction. Common sense and common affection should therefore teach them to choose such a name as will not be disagreeable or injurious to the child, either from its absurdity or for any other reason. That worthy gentleman, Mr. Frederick Sweet, had a good enough name of his own, and there is no evident reason why he should not have bestowed it on his eldest. But Mr. Sweet was of martial instincts, and

an ardent admirer of the first French emperor. As a consequence, his mild-tempered son, Napoleon Bonaparte Sweet, is compelled to bear through life the name of a man whom, from his reading of history, he has learned (whether rightly or not) to abhor as an unscrupulous usurper. When the father of the late Mr. Pease was providentially saved from a great peril, it was highly proper that he should be grateful; but there was no reason why his gratitude should induce him to punish his new-born son, by inflicting on him the name of Preserved Pease.

There is often a singular thoughtlessness about this subject on the part of very intelligent and affectionate parents, who would be shocked to have it supposed that they could willingly do anything to cause injury or annoyance to their children. But experience confirms what the poet tells us, that mischief is often done as much by want of thought as by want of heart. Not a few persons have suffered severely, in their feelings and in their fortunes, from the effect of a ridiculous cognomen, unthinkingly imposed upon them by parents who would sooner have endured any evil than have wittingly brought it on their children.

BRAIN WORK.

THE question whether severe exercise of the mind in study or literary labor is injurious or beneficial to the health is one of great interest, especially to parents and teachers. The subject is carefully examined by an English medical writer, Doctor Elan, in a recent work, entitled "A Physician's Problems." The conclusion to which he arrives is that, in the case of a grown person, the more the mind is exercised, either in study, composition, or professional labor, the better it will be, in ordinary cases, for the general health, provided that due physical exercise is taken, and that proper diet and hours of sleep are observed. With these precautions, it is hardly possible to exert the mind too much. The number of distinguished scholars, authors, lawyers, natural philosophers, and divines who have attained great age, while devoting themselves to great mental toil almost till their last hour, is remarkable. It includes, indeed, most of the very eminent names in all those classes.

But with children the case is very different. There is an unanimous consent of the authorities in declaring that hard brain work is likely to be injurious to young persons. The explanation of the difference is simple and intelligible. All mental excitation induces an increased flow of blood to the brain. In persons of mature age, whose tissues are thoroughly formed and firmly set, the blood-vessels of the brain are strong enough to withstand this increased flow, and, in fact, the brain is benefited by it. But in children the feeble tissues may give way before any unusual and long-continued influx. If an actual "lesion" or rupture of them does not take place, the vessels or cavities may be permanently distended and overloaded. The result is that the mental faculties and bodily health are both injured. The bright, cheerful, active child becomes a dull, mooping invalid, and often rushes into an early grave.

These suggestions are certainly important, and well deserve the consideration of all whose duties bring them in connection with the training of the young. They may also serve to relieve the anxiety of persons who may fancy that they themselves, or some of their grown-up friends, are overtasking themselves with mental labor. According to the evidences which are cited, this would seem to be a result little to be feared. Any bad symptoms which are observed in such cases are to be ascribed, not to undue strain of the mental faculties, but to neglect

of the just demands of the body. Let these be attended to, say the authorities, and then the more the mind is exercised, the greater is the likelihood of good health and long life.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

WE make one or two extracts from an article on Shakspeare, in the *London Quarterly Review* for July:—

"One characteristic stamps Shakspeare as an Englishman of the time of Elizabeth: the prominence given by him to his female characters, their variety, and the important part assigned to them in his dramas. It has been said that if Shakspeare paints no heroes, his women are heroines. Imogen, Hermione, and Desdemona stand forth in shining contrast to their faithless, wavering, and suspicious husbands. Shakspeare's women are strictly real. Their very infirmities, like the tears of Achilles, are not a foil, but an ornament to their perfections; their failings spring from the root of their virtues. The women in Shakspeare suffer as they suffer in the world and in real life, because in following the true instincts of their nature they fall sacrifices to the experience, the selfishness, the caprices of the stronger sex. With the exception of Lady Macbeth, there is no female character in Shakspeare which comes near the atrocities of Iago or Richard III. Even Lady Macbeth has steeled her nature above that of her sex in admiration and devotion to her husband. Look out upon the world, and the same is going on every day; woman complying with the law of her nature, and man transgressing his.

"The woman's nature and instincts are never lost sight of by the poet. If faith, love, constancy, purity, are beautiful even in the abstract, they are more beautiful still in the concrete. * * * It is in this exhibition of mortal strength and weakness, whether in man or woman, that Shakspeare excels, even in his less complex characters; whilst in the impersonation of a character of more complex elements, such as Cleopatra, he is supreme. What must that imagination have been that could conceive, or that power which could so perfectly delineate, three such types of womanhood as Juliet, Desdemona, and Cleopatra!"

VILLAGE HOMES FOR LITTLE GIRLS:—

"Prince Teck and his wife, the Princess Mary of England, have entered on the very princely and Christian work of providing country homes for little girls. A cluster of cottages is to be erected at Addlestone, in Surrey, costing about \$1500 each. Ten children, young enough to be bent to better ways than those to which they were born, are to be placed in each cottage, and the whole of 'Princess Mary's Village Homes for Little Girls,' as the community is to be called, will be under the care of a matron."

ENGLISH SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES:—

"The Episcopal Lord Bishop of Quebec has purchased the Lyvermore Place and other property in Plymouth, N. H., to the value of \$47,000, for the purpose of establishing a young ladies' Episcopal seminary of the highest order in the States."

WHAT MEN ARE DOING:—

"In our land there are to-day 400,000 more of its citizens engaged in manufacturing and selling intoxicating liquors than there are in preaching and teaching in all religions and in all sects in our country. Our 40,000,000 of people pay \$12,000,000 per year for the support of God's ministers, and \$1,000,000,000 per year to put into their mouths an enemy to steal away their brains, and embitter their lives."

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING:—

"Nine-tenths of all the school-teachers in Massachusetts are women."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "How Uncle Henry Dyed his Hair"—"Our Broken Household"—"The Old Man's Story"—"A Tribute to Miss Mary Madeline Bower"—"Life"—and "The Might of Will."

The following are declined: "Pearl Braxton"—"Too Sure of Himself"—"Leoline's Love"—"Soll Deo Gloria"—"To L. B."—"Mrs. Hemmings' Niece"—"Twilight Musings"—"No Man Can be Good to All"—"Nellie Grandby"—"The Little Beggar Boy of Rag Alley"—"The Angel's Warning"—"Woman and her Work"—"The Bridal Day"—"The Lover's Farewell"—and "The Governess."

"Mattie M., Plattsburgh, Mo." You sent no stamp for a reply.

"Aunt Edith's Story." No letter, no stamps.

"Little Babes." No stamp.

NOTICE.—Manuscripts must in all cases be accompanied with the name and address of the authors, and stamps for their return, if not accepted. The utmost care will be taken and all possible expedition used with regard to them; but it must be understood that the editor is not responsible should a MS. be mislaid or lost.

Literary Notices.

FROM MENAMIN & RINGWALT, Philadelphia:—

AMERICAN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PRINTING. Edited by J. Luther Ringwalt. This volume, full and complete in every respect, has been prepared in "the belief that it will fill an important vacancy, as a book of reference in printing offices, as an assistant and instructor to every apprentice, journeyman, and amateur printer, and as an attractive addition to the libraries of all who are interested in the art of printing. Special attention has been given to the inventors, implements, history, statistics, and processes of printing in the United States; as will be seen from the abstract of specifications of American patents relating to printing, the numerous descriptions and illustrations of American presses and all other American implements, and the large proportion of the historical and biographical divisions which is devoted to the inventors and the early and distinguished printers and type-founders of this country." It is a handsome volume, profusely illustrated, and one without which no printing office will be complete in future.

FROM LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

FOLLE-FARINE. By Ouida, author of "Strathmore," etc. "Folle-Farine," though less objectionable than many of Ouida's works, still belongs to the same class of pagan literature. Light and airy in style, displaying erudition, abounding in classical allusions, rich in color, and voluptuous in idea and expression, it is cynical in tone, and without religion or morality.

ROCKSTONE. By Katherine S. Macquoid, author of "Forgotten by the World," etc. A pleasant English story, essentially English in its character. The book is creditably illustrated.

FROM WILLIAM B. EVANS, Philadelphia:—

LILLIAN; or, *Did She Do Right?* By Martha Farquharson, author of "Elsie Dinamore," etc. An American novel of average merit, from the pen of one who has already given several pleasant stories to the public.

FROM PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

SIX NIGHTS WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS; and *Other Temperance Tales*. By T. S. Arthur, author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," etc. This is

one of the handsomest books upon our table for the month. Its print is large and clear, and its binding is not only substantial but exceedingly elegant. The volume itself is a reprint of one of Mr. Arthur's earlier works, a work written when the question of total abstinence was first convulsing the whole country. It is a book that has been the instrument of great good, and we are glad to see that it is again brought before the public that its influence may be again felt.

HORACE TEMPLETON. *A Novel*. By Charles Lever.

FROM STODDART, & Co., Philadelphia:—

ORANGE BLOSSOMS, *Fresh and Faded*. By T. S. Arthur. A beautiful volume in outward appearance, it contains no less beautiful truths within. The motto of the volume is, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes." So he treats of the little things that mar the happiness of married life, and points out to the young, the inexperienced, and the thoughtless how to avoid those little things in themselves and their actions, how to regard them in others, in order to preserve intact that harmony which should pervade a newly-established household. Of Mr. Arthur's reputation as a writer in the interests of morality and virtue, nothing need be said.

FROM HENRY C. LEA, Philadelphia:—

THE HALF-YEARLY ABSTRACT OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Being a Digest of British and Continental Medicine, and of the Progress of Medicine and the Collateral Sciences. Edited by William Domett Stone, M. D., F. R. C. S. (Exam.). Vol. LIII. July, 1871.

FROM CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELTINGER, Philadelphia:—

A COMPLETE DICTIONARY OF POETICAL QUOTATIONS. Edited by Mrs. Hale. 1871. This reprint of an old favorite will be universally welcomed. Mrs. Hale's compendium has been pronounced by competent judges to be the best of its kind ever issued in America. Whether this be so, it is not for us to judge; but its wide circulation, and the many testimonials to its worth received by the editress, forbid us to doubt that this new edition will be as popular as its predecessors. Pp. 576.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC WORLD: *August, 1871*. An admirable monthly devoted to photography. Each number contains an illustration. This month there is a picture to which we would call special attention, a woman's head and figure, called "Just as I Am." The resignation and devotion in her face are beautifully portrayed. Miss Drinker is one of our most distinguished artists.

FROM HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELTINGER and LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION. By Charles Reade. We have received two editions of this book; one a neatly printed, bound edition for the library, the other in paper cover for general reading. This story is in many respects a remarkable one, though it is the least pleasing of all of Reade's literary efforts. Its plot is bold and decidedly original, its language is plain even to coarseness, and its characters are almost without exception such as will excite the dislike or disgust of the reader. The story ends abruptly, almost weakly, as though its author had almost at the last moment changed his plan, and either had

not dared commit some literary atrocity he had contemplated, or else had become tired of his work, and so finished it off in a hurry.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY LORD BROUGHAM. Written by Himself. In three volumes. Vol. II. This volume resumes the history of Lord Brougham's life and times in the year 1812, and carries it on until 1825, embracing accounts of all the important political events during that period, and histories, descriptions, and incidents of notable personages.

THE COUSIN FROM INDIA. *A Book for Girls.* By Georgiana M. Craik, author of "Mildred," etc. With illustrations. This is the second of the series of "Books for Girls" promised by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." This story satisfies all the expectations which have been raised by Mrs. Muloch-Craik's promise to furnish a series of suitable books for juvenile reading.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. With illustrations by George Cruikshank, John Leech, and H. K. Browne. We have received two more volumes of the "Handy volume" edition of Dickens's works, the first volume containing "Oliver Twist" and "Christmas Stories;" and the second volume, "Domby and Son." This edition is a very neat and compact one, suited for the library. A volume will be issued every fortnight until the whole is complete.

SARCHEDON; A Legend of the Great Queen. By G. J. Whyte Melville, author of "The Gladiators," etc. A well-written semi-historical novel of the times of Semiramis.

MY HEROINE. A Story. An English story of no particular merit or demerit, but which will entertainingly fill an idle hour.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

JOHN JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL. This is an offset to "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal," published about a year since. It tells the other side of the story, and tells it effectively, and even sentimentally. If one had time to analyze this story, there might be another moral than the one in reference to flirting deducted from it. The domestic troubles of Mr. and Mrs. Jerningham arose from that lady's flirting. But that flirting was only a natural sequence of the idleness which she partly chose and partly had forced upon her. "She found her lonely hours were dull," contains the pith of the whole matter.

From J. W. SCHIRMERHORN & Co., New York:—

SCHOOL HOUSES. By James Johannot. Architectural designs by S. E. Hewes. A valuable book, giving architectural designs and elevations for the erection of school houses, together with suggestions and directions for their internal arrangements, light, heating and ventilation, furniture, apparatus, etc. The volume should be in the hands of every school superintendent. The appendix contains a chapter on "Graded Schools," and discusses the merits of the town system *versus* the district system, the comparative incompetence of district officers, and other matters of like interest.

From WOOLWORTH, AINSWORTH, & Co., New York, through CENTRAL NEWS COMPANY, Philadelphia:—

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT; Its Officers and their Duties. By Ransom H. Gillet, recently Register and Solicitor of the United States Treasury Department, Counsellor-at-Law, etc. This volume "is

not designed to give minute information to all who hold public office. Its object is to enable the rising generation to understand the structure of our government, what offices are employed in its practical operation, and their general duties." It should be in the hands of every man and woman who wishes to be informed as to the construction and practical workings of our government.

From THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND PUBLICATION HOUSE, New York:—

SELF-DENIAL FOR THE PROMOTION OF TEMPERANCE A DUTY AND A PLEASURE. A Sermon by the Rev. J. P. Newman, DD., Chaplain of the U. S. Senate, and Pastor of the Metropolitan M. E. Church, Washington, D. C.

IS ALCOHOL A NECESSARY OF LIFE? By Henry Munroe, M. D., F. L. S.

Two excellent temperance tracts, which should be widely circulated.

REVIEWS, PAMPHLETS, ETC.

From THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY, New York:—

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE: *July, 1871.* Among all its later rivals, this grand old magazine holds its own. Age and ability are doubly imposing when united, and one feels a real literary pleasure in finding the pages once filled by Christopher North as fresh and vigorous as ever. One of *Blackwood's* articles for June—"The Battle of Dorking"—has been for some time in every one's mouth. We notice the book reviews as extremely well done. May the brown covers long continue to appear from their wrappings as the months roll by!

From WILLIAM L. KINGSLEY, Editor:—

THE NEW ENGLANDER: *July, 1871.* This excellent quarterly is especially interesting for July on account of two articles—one by Mr. Kingsley on the Roman Catholic Church life during the French Revolution, and the other by Prof. Dwight upon Yale College, which we commend to all teachers in colleges and universities.

From PROF. JOHN M. LEAVITT, Editor:—

THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY CHURCH REVIEW: *July, 1871.* The most noteworthy article is one upon Laud, in which the writer boldly maintains the archbishop's cause against his enemies. For most of us Lord Macaulay has settled the question, but it is well that the other side should be heard.

From DOCTOR JOHN P. GRAY:—

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF INSANITY: *July, 1871.*

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MANAGERS OF THE STATE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

Doctor Gray and his fellows are doing a good work, which will some day be appreciated. The magazine is exceedingly interesting, and the report shows how much practical good has been effected by the skill and kindness of the physicians.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA: 1871-2.

We are glad to see that this, the first and largest institution for the medical education of women, is prospering. The career of medicine seems fairly open to our sex. Communications should be addressed to Mrs. F. H. Cleveland, M. D., 1800 Mount Vernon Street. The college re-opens October 5th.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

NOVEMBER, 1871.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.—Everybody can see the beauty of the steel plate in this number. Look at the fashion-plates and at the large number of engravings on the extension sheet! A colored plate of hoods. A well-executed wood-cut of "A Bad Day's Sport." Twenty-four engravings illustrating the art of making paper-flowers. Numerous embellishments in the work department. Altogether over one hundred engravings in this number. Can this be beaten?

GODEY has come to us radiant as this sweet autumn weather that is crowning earth and sky. Of all the worthies, GODEY has a feminine beauty and grace that grows upon our kindest regard, a real old friend, who, in all the years of our acquaintance, has never disappointed our high esteem. We can commend it to all of our early readers as the *ne plus ultra*.—*New Era*, Greenville, Tenn.

ADVERTISEMENT FOR 1872.—See the second page of cover. Besides the announcement contained in that advertisement, we will state that we have many other new things on hand. We have a fine collection of stories that will be published during the year. The Book is sustained by a more talented and popular corps of contributors than other publications of the kind.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The last number is fresh and vigorous, and exhibits all the vivacity of youth, though the magazine is in its forty-first year. We don't quite recollect the birth of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, but have been familiar with its pages largely over a quarter of a century, and whilst one and another periodical has been born, attained its zenith, gone into a decline, and we have chronicled its death, GODEY "still lives!" The secret is, that GODEY'S MAGAZINE has never lost the freshness and fire of youth. It has always led, and never been thrown into the shade by a rival, but that is where it has generally put all rivalry.—*Herald*, Fredericksburg, Va.

CLUBS! CLUBS!—It is time now to commence to make up your clubs. All the terms at which copies will be furnished can be found on the second page of the cover. The difference between the club price of the LADY'S BOOK and that of other magazines is only a few cents, and for that small difference you get about one-third more reading and engravings, and far more expensive engravings, than a lower-priced magazine can afford to give. Ladies, you will find very little trouble in getting up a club. We see no reason why we should not have ten or twelve subscribers in every post-office town in the United States; and but for the fact that there are so many borrowers, we no doubt would have that number.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is on our table, as lively and interesting as ever. Godey never sends out his best numbers at the beginning of the year, but they are all excellent. Choice stories, splendid engravings, and charming fashions, are the interesting features of the number before us.—*Star*, Tipping, O.

WE shall, as usual, adhere to everything promised in our advertisement. There are no decoy numbers with GODEY. Our attention is paid to every number of the year, in endeavoring to make it better than its predecessor.

OUR model buildings are designed expressly for the LADY'S BOOK alone, and cannot be published by others. The original cuts or electrotypes are not for sale.

GODEY'S SPECIALTIES—found in no other magazine: Drawing Lessons; Model Cottages, and other buildings; Original Music; Original Receipts for Cooking; True Colored Fashions, not merely fancy pictures. The Music alone that we publish could not be procured in the stores for less than \$4, and our subscribers have the separate pieces long before the general public.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—We have been a reader of this pioneer lady's magazine for a quarter of a century, and its pages have lost none of their interest. Forty years of unexampled success attest the skill with which the publisher, L. A. Godey, Esq., caters for the tastes of the ladies of America, and one of the principal causes of his great success arises from the fact that he PERFORMS ALL HE PROMISES.—*Register*, Washington, O.

To accommodate our subscribers, we will club with Arthur's Home Magazine and Children's Hour at the following prices:—

The receipt of \$4.50 will pay for Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine for one year.

The receipt of \$3.50 will pay for Godey's Lady's Book and Children's Hour one year.

Six Dollars will pay for Godey's Lady's Book, Home Magazine, and Children's Hour one year.

Arthur's Home Magazine is the best \$2 magazine published. The Children's Hour is the best juvenile magazine.

WHEN we receive money for a club we pay that money over, and there our responsibility ceases. If a number is not received, write to the publisher of the missing magazine.

"WE like GODEY'S MAGAZINE," says a lady at our elbow, and no wonder, for an examination of it will satisfy the most skeptical that it takes the lead of all the illustrated magazines of the day. Its beautiful illustrations, its fashion plates, its embroidery and costume designs, together with its acceptable reading matter, makes GODEY one of the best and most welcome of magazines.—*Gazette*, Holmesburg, Pa.

FREIGHT ON LETTERS AND PREMIUM ON DRAFTS.—Subscribers will please understand that when they send their letters by an express company they must pay the freight, and those who send drafts must pay the premium. We advise subscribers to remit a post-office order or a draft payable to the order of L. A. GODEY. The rates for postal money orders as established by law are as follows:—

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum, but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge will be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

BEAVER BRAND MOHAIR.—This article is decidedly the most useful and beautiful material for ladies' dresses to be found in the country. Our women folk pronounce it so, and we have great confidence in their judgment. Peake, Opdycke & Co., 427 and 429 Broadway, New York, are the agents, but it is for sale by all the leading dry goods merchants in the principal towns and cities in the United States.

WE have received the following pieces of music from the publisher, Geo. A. Oates, of Augusta, Ga. Lee & Walker have them for sale:—

Whispers from Home. A Ballad. By Edward F. Walker.

May Fair Waltz. By G. Schaub.

The Jacket of Grey. By Mrs. C. A. Ball.

A BOSTON newspaper relates an incident of a man there who entered a rail car, and, seeing an empty seat, asked the person who was occupying the one adjoining it if it was engaged, and, notwithstanding he was repeatedly assured that it was, he thrust himself into it and retained "forcible possession." Now that seems a very rude act, especially when there were other unoccupied seats in the car. As the counterpart of this case is witnessed almost daily at the starting and at the stopping of nearly every railway train where additional passengers get on, it is well to inquire a little into it, and see if this rudeness is not the legitimate result of that most outrageous system of fibbing which is practised every day in railway cars in regard to seats being engaged. It is a common thing for travellers of both sexes to enter a car, take a seat next the window, place a shawl, or carpet bag, or newspaper on the other seat, and then tell the next applicant that it is reserved or engaged, and repeat the fib as often as application for it is made, without apparently any compunctions of conscience. In view of this prevalent system of railway untruths, it is not strange if occasionally there should be one who, having had his faith in such statements wholly destroyed, should take possession of an unoccupied seat wherever he finds it. At any rate, we are certain of one thing, and that is that there ought to be a reform in this matter of "engaged" or "reserved" seats. If there is not, we are afraid, if the words of the good book are true, there are some who carry their heads pretty high now in the moral world who will have a fearful record to face.

Here is another. On a crowded night at the Stockton House, Cape May, when chairs were in demand, we asked a person (not a gentleman) if an unoccupied chair was engaged. He stated that it was. We watched that chair for some time. At length he put his legs on it. We did not give up the watch, and at the end of fifteen minutes we saw it still occupied by his legs. We suppose the ladies knew what a brute he was, and would not sit by him.

VERY pretty from the French Empress:—

"A poor woman in Belleville, Paris, whose son was prisoner among the insurgents in Versailles, wrote to the empress (thinking she was still on the throne) to beg her to grant a pardon to the prisoner. The empress replied: 'Peace to the dead; they were not the guiltiest, and God has already judged them. I deeply regret, madam, to be of no use to your son. The right of pardon no longer belongs to me. Of all my past prerogatives, it is the only one I regret. I can promise you only to pray for your son; this I will not fail to do.'"

A NEW game, called the "dot" game, has been introduced, and is said to afford considerable amusement. Each player must be provided with pencil and paper. Let one of the party read aloud—distinctly and not very fast—and as he or she reads, let the rest each make a dot for every word read. When the page is read, count the words, and let each player count his dots and see who has been accurately "up to time."

MARION HARLAND.—We take great pleasure in stating that this celebrated and much appreciated writer will continue to contribute to the LADY'S BOOK. We can safely say that no other magazine has any writer of equal celebrity, nor one whose stories are as much sought after. It is not only as a writer of fiction that Marion Harland has attained her present standing. She is the author of a work, "Common Sense in the Household," that will live even when all other works of the same nature have died. It is a work that every family should have, not only for the receipts, but for its common sense and good advice.

DURING the summer we attended a fancy party at one of our fashionable watering-places, and the next day saw a description of it in one of the dailies. Dear me! how much prettier it was in the paper than in reality! We thought there must be some mistake about it, but were assured that they were always done up in that way. The young man who does up the descriptions must earn his bread and butter. The following is a good burlesque on the modern style of describing watering-place balls:—

PENNSGROVE, SALEM COUNTY, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR BULLETIN: In a former letter we gave a brief, general *résumé* of the attractions of our present local habitation. We hope the outside world exists without our presence. As for ourselves, we intend to live on as long as our good name and fair fame will procure us meals at Jolly Joe French's, or peaceful slumber beneath his roof. To the dear public, whose hearts are not hardened towards us for our failure to detail minutely the last hop, we make amends by the following specific recital of our last fancy dress ball:—

Scarcely had the sun sank to rest behind the Brandywine hills, and ere the purple splendor of his parting beams had faded from the wide waters of the Delaware, the busy hum of preparation might have been heard by those whose ears were familiar to such sounds.

For ourselves, the throbbing of the innumerable patent palpitating bosoms caused us a thrill of ecstatic pleasure nearly akin to the Mussulman's bliss at thought of the harems of the blessed.

Between nine and ten o'clock the crying of a number of children in search of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," caused numerous inquiries as to whether this was the *baul* referred to. An indignant negative was followed by suspending lanterns around the dancing-floor. The squeak, screech, and tum-tum of the proverbial fiddle gathered the galaxy of "fair women and brave men." There, "eyes looked love to eyes that spake again," and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

The charming, plump Miss Eatentough was led to the floor dressed in a silk, calico poplin, trimmed à la omllette, while her partner, the tall and graceful Mr. Verrithin, wore a diamond shirt-stud and patent-leather pumps.

Miss Nudress was attired in a flounced moire antique delaine, trimmed à la fricassée, and her hair arranged on the scrambled-egg pattern.

The neat Miss Smotherdown had on a plain blue, red and green watered chintz, without trimming of any kind.

Her partner, Mr. Phattie, a stout gentleman, sported a brief roundabout and small clothes.

Miss Grimp, "tripped the light fantastic toe" in a satin percale, with fifteen fathom flounces, set off with fringe.

Mr. Seingudcloes sachéd in a new suit of linen *drap d'été*.

The galaxy of lookers-on seemed vying with the dancers themselves in vivacity of dress and vitality of action.

The list of dances, too numerous to mention, included the "Dutchman," the "Spearmen," and many others of the modern fashionable agonies.

After numerous sets had thumped the floor and wearied their feet, a sumptuous repast was served à la carte. Then "Put me in my little bed" became the request of the evening, or morning of the next day. Then, when all was still, "In slumber, at midnight, the sailor boy lay," as also did the rest of the gay and jovial party who rested from their labors.

Watermelons, cantaloupes, peaches, and other garden sass, are being shipped in large quantities from the surrounding country to your city. Yours,

MORE REVIVED.

T. BUCHANAN READ.—What is the matter? In the last half-dozen letters from the correspondent at Rome to the *Bulletin*, this gentleman's name has not been once mentioned; but our friends, the Princess Wittengenstein and the Countess d'Arsoil figure largely; also that nuisance, Liszt. Will some one inform us why this latter became a padre? We have heard accounts not favorable to his moral character.

CATS, like quacks, mew-till-late.

SATURDAY NIGHT.—How many a kiss has been given, how many a curse, how many a caress, how many a look of hate, how many a kind word, how many a promise has been broken, how many a soul lost, how many a loved one lowered into the narrow chamber, how many a babe has gone from earth to heaven, how many a little crib or cradle stands silent now, which the last Saturday night held the dearest treasures of the heart!

A week is a life. A week is a history. A week marks events of sorrow and gladness, which people never heard. Go home to your family, man of business! Go home to the chair that awaits you, careless wail on life's breakers! Go home to those you love, man of toil, and give one night to the joys and comforts that are flying by!

Leave your books with complex figures, your dingy office, your dingy shop! Rest with those you love, for Heaven only knows what the next Saturday night will bring you! Forget the world of care and the battles of life which have furrowed the week! Draw close around the family hearth! Saturday night has awaited your coming in sadness, in tears, and in silence. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence, and meet to return the loved embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man, and bless Heaven for giving His weary children so dear a stepping-stone in the river to the Eternal, as Saturday night!

LIVING BEYOND THEIR MEANS.—Bulwer says, poverty is only an idea in nine cases out of ten. Some men with \$10,000 a year suffer more for want of means than others with \$500. The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants. His income is \$10,000 a year, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day, and does not go into debt, is the happiest of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this, but it is true. There are thousands and thousands with princely incomes who never know a minute's peace, because they live beyond their means. There is really more happiness among the working men in the world than among those who are called rich.

GETTING WEIGHED.

DAINTILY drawing anear the rough platform
Comes the sweet maiden of scarcely nineteen;
Graceful and light are the movements of that form,
Over which lovers adoringly lean.
Laughing, she waits while the scales are adjusting,
Gayly coquetting with glances that slay—
Woe to the heart that so fondly is trusting!
Anxious to know how much she will weigh.

Now she weighs more in the scales of Love's making
Than all the bright jewels earth can bestow;
How will she weigh when from Love's dream awak-
ing.

Her lover finds her as cold as the snow;
False to the vows she so faithfully plighted;
False to the heart that lies torn at her feet—
How much will she weigh when all things are righted,
When at the last reckoning they two shall meet?

EDWARD JAMESON.

WE are happy in giving place to the following. The lady referred to is the daughter of the eminent publisher, George P. Putnam, Esq., of New York:—

"On Tuesday last, Miss Putnam, a young American lady, who has been studying medicine in Paris, took her degree in the great amphitheatre of the Ecole de Médecine with remarkable honors—the highest mark of approbation, that of 'perfect satisfaction' on all the subjects, being obtained by the lady. All the members of the faculty present warmly complimented their *nouvelle confrère*; and she was loudly applauded by the public, who showed the greatest interest in the young American."

TELL YOUR WIFE.—If you are in trouble or in a quandary, tell your wife—that is, if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than all your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or your mother, or sister, and be assured light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged as verdant in all but purely womanish affairs. No philosophical student of the sex thus judges them. Their intuitions, or insights, are subtle; and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. In counselling a man to tell his trouble to his wife, we would go farther, and advise him to keep none of his affairs secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved, by man's full confidence in his "better half." Woman is far more a seer and prophet than man, if she have a fair chance. As a general rule, wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands, having no involvements to screen from them. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence with confidence? We are certain that no man succeeds so well in the world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of all his purposes and hopes. What is wrong of his impulses or judgment, she will check and set right with her almost universally right instincts. "Helpmeet" was no insignificant title, as applied to man's companion. She is a meet help to him in every darkness, difficulty, and sorrow of life. And what she most craves, and most deserves, is confidence—without which love is never free from shadow.

A LADY at Long Branch was talking to a gentleman next to her at dinner, and, becoming very animated, shook her small frizette of false curls in his soup plate. He passed on to fish.

THE PIANO NUISANCE.—Who will assist in getting up a society for the suppression of pianos? Look what a nuisance they are at watering-places! A party retires to the parlor to have a pleasant chat. In comes some idiot who thinks she can play, and has waited her opportunity for an audience. Down she sits and commences to drum, interfering with conversation, giving no pleasure, and simply inspiring disgust. You are on a visit to a friend. There is the inevitable piano. Enter one of the young hopefuls, who sits at it and touches the keys. You are forced to make some remark upon the subject. The mother takes it up. "Oh, yes! she can play very well. My dear, play the rondo you learned last week." She does it, and how remarkable it is that all piano pieces are long. You think, as she turns leaf over leaf, that it will never end. You rise to go. You are not off, for mamma says: "Play"—the rest in a whisper. Another twenty pages! Poor idiot! You think it is all over. No such thing. "Now, dear, play your father's favorite." You are in for it again, and again for her mother's special piece, and, happily for you, the last—something to please herself. What is your opinion of pianos when you get out on the pavement?

OUR good old friend of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* says:—

"GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Ladies even at the seaside or among the mountains are doubtless exercised to some degree as to the fashions likely to prevail during the early fall. By reference to this admirable publication, their minds will at once be set at ease, or, what is perhaps more agreeable, at work devising new and charming toilettes upon the basis required."

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for November.—Contents: Oh, Would I Were a Girl Again! beautiful song, by Nilssohn; Immortellen Waltz, by Gungl; Warblings at Morn, by Brinley Richards; Beautiful Valley, song; and an easy arrangement of Balfe's sweet air, Then You'll Remember Me. Price 40 cents. Last three numbers \$1. This number also contains the prospectus for 1872, which will be the *tenth year* of our favorite periodical, with a new and valuable list of premiums of music, magazines, books, and a variety of useful articles. Send for it.

New Music.—Oh! Pity Me, Lady, touching song, 30 cents. When You Bring Your Bonnie Bride, Mrs. Hackelton's last and most beautiful song, 35. New editions of the favorite old songs: Blue Bells of Scotland, Campbells are Coming, Bonnie Doon, I See Them on Their Winding Way, Teach, Oh! Teach Me to Forget, Maid of Llangollen, The Ingleside, Rose of Allandale, and Switzer's Song of Home. Each 20 cents. Also, Entre Nous Waltz, 20. Merry May Galop, 20. Ringlet Waltz, 30. Magnolia Schottische, 30. Rippling Waves, brilliant fantasia, by Richards, 40. In the Fields, pretty nocturne, by Jungmann, 40. Send orders for the *Monthly*, or for any music published, to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

"WASHINGTON, having gone through a severe French roof eruption and bay window rash, is just now suffering from a pretty sharp attack of basket wagon or pony phetion fever, superinduced, it is thought, by wood pavements. It has broken out very bad, and threatens to have a general run, unless checked up soon by a new race. Tortoise-shell jewelry promises to be the next fashionable epidemic; but this is a minor distemper."

Everybody has the tortoise-shell jewelry. We see it on persons who could not afford to pay a large price for it, and we therefore think it must be cheap. The bay window and French roof have been an epidemic here for a long time. Somebody said we ought to deeply sympathize with France, so many of us have found hospitality under a French roof.

High authority has given orders in England that the pulpit sand-glass, which indicates the length of time allowed for the sermon in the royal chapel, shall be measured for twenty minutes only, instead of an hour as formerly. Sydney Smith's idea was even more practical, and instantaneously operative, that is, to have a trap-door under the "sacred desk," with a spring to "drop him" when his half-hour had expired; or have the sounding-board over his head, in the shape of a round candle-extinguisher, lowered upon him at the end of twenty minutes.

Why is a soldier who attempts to bayonet a ghost an unprincipled fellow? Because he sticks at nothing.

EARN WHAT YOU SPEND.—Three-fourths of the difficulties and miseries of men come from the fact that most want wealth without earning it, fame without deserving it, popularity without temperance, respect without virtue, and happiness without holiness. The man who wants the best things, and is willing to pay just what they are worth, by honest effort and hard self-denial, will have no difficulty in getting what he wants at last. It is the men who want goods on credit that are snubbed, and disappointed, and overwhelmed in the end. Happiness cannot be bought by the bottle, nor caught up by the excursion train, nor put on with any robe or jewels, nor eaten at any feast. It does not exist in any exhilaration, excitement, or ownership, but comes from the use of the faculties of the body and mind.

PARIS ITEMS.—There has just died a singer and musician in Paris, who won but little fame, but was a true musician nevertheless, since, with his passionate love and comprehension of music, he brought Gluck out of almost entire oblivion, long before Gluck's great interpreters, Pauline Viardot, enthusiastically worked for the same end; he was master of Bontag, Molan-Carvalho, Pasesa, and Marimon, of Alizard, Bettini, Darcler, and Depassio; and he made old Spontini shed tears with his songs. His name was François Delsarte. Delsarte leaves a large work, which forms a curious history of dramatic song—a complete collection, accompanied with useful and interesting notes, of all the most beautiful airs, duets, trios, and operatic scenes of the great Italian, German, and French composers, from Piccini, Cherubini, and Rameau, to Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, with a choice of the most piquant songs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. His son is about to publish the book at a low price. Delsarte's "Stances à l'Eternité," composed by himself, are well known.

On Saturday two new pieces were played at the Vaudeville, the real success of the evening being for a third, an old one of M. de Najac's. A curious impression was made on the audience by the absence of the orchestra, which has been suppressed by the manager. The first of the new productions was an absurd little piece called "La Ressemblance." "Do you know what 'La Ressemblance' is like?" said a loud-spoken critic in the Foyer. "Like the twin-singers Lyonnet," suggested some one. "No!" cried the critic; "like nothing at all." The second piece, "L'Alie du Corbeau," is as much in the style of the Palais Royal as its comrade, and, more incongruous still, Lafontaine dispenses some of its greatest follies.

While dealing with laughter, we must give a word to *Figaro*, who yesterday was telling us of a Bohemian who, unfortunately, had not a single stick of furniture to put into his new residence. "Do just lend me a chair or two," he asks of a friend; "I should be so ashamed, you know, if any robbers were to come."

AN AWKWARD WAGER.—The Paris *Gaulois* publishes what one may hope is the commencement of an amusing correspondence. The first letter is from M. Bernot, head of the College of Châteaudun, to M. le Baron Unterriechter, orderly officer of General Baron Von der Tann, Ratisbonne. It runs thus: "Baron—The 21st of November last, you were at Châteaudun, which was taken after a fight of nine hours, not very glorious for the Prussian arms, since 18,000 men, with twenty-four pieces of artillery, were pitted against 1200 men. You took up your quarters at my friend's, the apothecary, where we met. After dinner, in the joy caused by your success, you boasted about the power of Prussia, her immense forces, and admirable military organization, which no other nation could resist. Greatly excited, you fixed the date of your triumphal entry into Paris, and fixed the following itinerary: 'In two days we shall be at Orleans, in eight days at Tours, and in three weeks in Paris.' As I contested this last assertion, you said: 'Well, I bet my head against yours that we shall enter Paris before January 1.' The bet was taken. Not having entered Paris before January 1, you have lost, and your head belongs to me. As a man of honor and a gentleman you owe it to me, and I count upon your word. But do not torment yourself, Baron; I am not a man of blood, and prefer seeing heads where the Creator placed them. For this reason, I propose a settlement. You shall keep your head, which is no doubt precious to you, and would be a great nuisance to me; but as compensation you will give me 10,000*fr.*, which shall be laid out in relieving the victims of the war." The Baron's answer is anxiously expected. Will he prefer sending his head or the money? The poor of Châteaudun, who are interested in the settlement, eagerly watch the arrival of the mail-bags. Grimm tells an anecdote, in his correspondence, of King Henry VIII. having, for some reason not mentioned, demanded the head of the Bishop of Montauban, whereupon the French monarch replied that the prelate in question had not got one. Bluff King Hal was tickled at the answer, and did not press the demand. A joke in those days evidently went a long way; but it is to be hoped that our Bavarian baron will not be allowed to escape so easily, and that he will either undergo public execution or hand out his thalers.

WE copy the following truthful article from the *Tribune* :—

"THE TRADE OF LITERATURE.—Somebody ought to write a hand-book of literature. We are apt to fancy that authorship in the golden age used to be a matter of divine afflatus more or less. If a man wrote a book then, it was, we think, wrenched out of him by the immortal longings which he felt, or fancied he felt. Penny-a-liners, if the creatures existed in that time, are swept into nothingness with the gad-flies that fluttered out their poisonous summer day a hundred years ago. Now everybody is a penny-a-liner, from the great divine who sells his last Sunday's sermon to his sectarian magazine at \$10 per page, to Madame B. clearing the expenses of her fortnight at Cape May by her description of her own and her friends' dresses for the *Ptunkey's Journal* at \$5 per column. In old times, when a woman wrote a book, however meagre, men, with great acclain, crowned her Sappho on the spot, and all other women as promptly turned their backs on her as a social Pariah.

"Now literature is the money-making trade to which all young girls just out of school, and needy widows, first turn. The popular idea is that it is a genteel business which can be carried on at home, and which requires no preparatory culture, as would sewing or teaching. Every magazine and newspaper editor is overwhelmed with applications for places on his corps of contributors; the peculiarity of which is that there is rarely any apparent conviction on the part of the applicants that they have any word to speak or song to sing which must be uttered, or which will benefit the world when it comes. They need money. This, to themselves, is the force of their appeal, made often with all the pathos of despair. Then, too, their ideas of the rewards of authorship are such veritable dreams of Alnaschar. A young girl of eighteen proposes herself as managing editor of a political newspaper; a Southern lady offers to sell her three-volume novel for 'a sum sufficient to re-purchase her lost plantations, and restore her family to ease and affluence.' In behalf of these hopeful hungry aspirants and hopeless struggling publishers who suffer their attacks, why should not some hand-book or plain *expose* of the business and scale of prices be set forth? Why should the editor wrap himself and his business in a haze of mystery?—sit in a nebulous glory at the gate of the desired city? Would it not ease his soul and his letter-box to state plainly that the city within has neither golden streets nor gates of pearl; that its laws are those dictated by the most downright common sense and expediency? and that greenbacks and not glory are their prevailing motive power? There is no profession of which the public is so ignorant of the business details as that of authorship, and perhaps this would be proper if every publisher was a Mæcenæas, and every author an artist or a genius. The glittering veil suits Isis in her temple. But the fact is, that in England and this country two-thirds of the reading public demand magazines, newspapers, and books which possess neither exceptional wit, fancy, nor knowledge. The stories, the poems, the essays (as well as the sermons) which best suit this greedy, half-taught public, can be furnished to order by any decently-educated active adaptive man or woman; and such literary matter is well paid for. We see no reason, therefore, why this host of needy would-be authors should not earn a livelihood in satisfying this incessant demand for evanescent matter, as long as their productions are not immoral and are reasonably clean.

"In the higher class of magazines and journals, there will be found a certain individuality belonging to each, which if the contributor would study his chance of success would be greater. The article which would not suit the atmosphere of a speculative, quiet Boston audience would be welcomed in New York for its subjective dramatic mode of setting forth truth, and *vice versa*. But the tyro, with his first MS. in hand, goes trembling to an editor's door, supposing it is the one portal of the temple of Fame. Inside of which the Immortals wait, watchful and jealous, to admit or reject him from their company. If the fateful yellow envelope comes back to him, Fate, he thinks, has pronounced against him. His wisest plan would be to take it to another dealer, precisely as if it were a package of sugar or tobacco. If one does not want it, another may. There is no conspiracy among successful authors against his early genius; the editor is quite as anxious to obtain good matter as he is to furnish it. The half dozen

leading magazines represent very fairly the phases of the best thought in the country; and if there be anything worth buying in his addition to it, he will not fail in a sale. If he does, let him still hopefully begin to take a lower place. The inferior popular journals are probably his field. Our advice is intended for the trader rather than the true artist, perhaps, and smells of the shop more than Parnassus. But we think it suits the want and temper of the time."

A DESCENT from the sublime to the ridiculous may sometimes be effected by the substitution of but a few words. For instance, take the beautiful lines:—

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

And read it thus:—

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you choose to,
But the scent of the rose will hang where it used to."

Or this on a goblet:—

"You may wash it, and rinse it, and do what you will,
But the smell of the whiskey will stick to it still."

CHOY AWAH, a young Chinese Sunday-school scholar in Washington, has made the following translation from the 25th chapter of Matthew:—

"The kingdom like ten girls never marry; they bring some lanterns; come out till some new married man come that way. Have got five wise and five foolish. Five hold lanterns with no oil. Smart five all have oil inside. The new married man come late; they sleep. By and by they all say, 'New married man—come!' All go out to him. Five make nice lanterns. Five foolish say, 'You give my oil-lamp no oil, you give my some.' The smart say, 'I no give you; I not enough; you go market buy.' Foolish go market to buy. The new married man come. All come in to dinner. Shut the door. By and by the foolish come and say, 'Boss, boss, open door.' He say, 'I no like you; you no my.' Must be smart, no understand the day."

THREE CHOICE AND BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS:—

No. 1. "BED-TIME." A mother with her sleeping babe in her arms, carrying it lovingly up to its nightly resting-place. An older child, itself almost a baby, is clambering up the stairs before her. This is the picture; and the artist has given it a tender interest that appeals to every mother's heart, and to the heart of every lover of children. In "THE ANGEL OF PEACE" the babe is borne to its heavenly rest; in this to its nightly slumber.

Apart from the subject of this beautiful engraving, it has rare excellence as a work of art, and is a great favorite among picture buyers.

No. 2. "THE ANGEL OF PEACE." This picture represents an angel bearing a lovely child, passing over a sleeping city. The soft light of a crescent moon and the firmament of stars rest upon the city and its peaceful inhabitants like a benediction. It is one of the tenderest and most beautiful creations of art, worthy to take its place on the walls of any parlor in the land.

No. 3. "THE WREATH OF IMMORTELLES." As a work of art, this exquisite picture is beyond criticism. It represents two children bearing a wreath of immortelles to place it upon the grave of their mother. The picture is full of sweet and tender interest, and will win its way to every heart. The original is one of the most charming pictures of the season.

We have arrangements with the publishers of these charming pictures that enable us to send them by mail to our subscribers at \$1 each; or two of them for \$1.75; or the three for \$2.25. Pictures like these cannot be bought of any print seller for less than \$5 each. We recommend all of our readers who desire fine pictures to secure copies of these. Address L. A. GODEY, Philadelphia.

"JOHNNY, what do you expect to do for a living when you get to be a man?" "Well, I reckon I'll get married and board with my wife's mother."

THE SCOTT CENTENNARY.

APPROPOS of the Scott celebration in Edinburgh, we give the following interesting statement about the great Wizard of the North, Sir Walter Scott:—

SCOTT'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Scott, at twenty, is thus described in Lockhart's Life: "Young Walter Scott was a comely creature. He had outgrown the sallowness of early ill health, and had a fresh, brilliant complexion. His eyes were clear, open, and well set, with a changeful radiance, to which teeth of the most perfect regularity and whiteness lent their assistance, while the noble expanse and elevation of the brow gave to the whole aspect a dignity far above the charm of mere features. His smile was always delightful, and I can easily fancy the peculiar intermixture of tenderness and gravity with playful, innocent hilarity and humor in the expression, as being well calculated to fix a fair lady's eye. His figure, excepting the blemish in one limb, must, in those days, have been eminently handsome. Tall, much above the usual standard, it was cast in the very mould of a young Hercules, the head set on with singular grace, the throat and chest after the truest model of the antique, the hands delicately finished, the whole outline that of extraordinary vigor, without as yet a touch of clumsiness."

A glimpse of the personal appearance of Sir Walter is afforded in the following lines, from the rapid and vigorous sketch of this author in the "American Cyclopædia": "He was tall and of vigorous frame, and in walking betrayed his lameness only by a slight sinking of the right limb. His head was long and cylindrical in shape, his complexion fair, and his eyes—surmounted by large bushy eyebrows—were small and gray. The expression of his countenance was somewhat heavy, but in conversation or in moments of relaxation it brightened up with great animation."

Prescott, the historian, in an essay on Scott (1838), noted the opinion that worldly sagacity or shrewdness was a prominent trait of expression in the face of Scott. "Indeed, his countenance," says this writer, "would seem to exhibit, ordinarily, much more of Dandle Dimmont's benevolent shrewdness than of the eye glancing from earth to heaven, which in fancy we assign to the poet, and which, in some moods, must have been his."

Irvine's description should not be omitted, familiar though it be, for it is exceedingly fresh and animated: "In a little while the 'lord of the castle' himself made his appearance. I knew him at once by the descriptions I had read and heard, and the likenesses that had been published of him. He was tall and of a large and powerful frame. His dress was simple and almost rustic: An old green shooting coat, with a dog whistle at the buttonhole, brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen service. He came limping up the gravel walk, aiding himself by a stout walking stick, but moving rapidly and with vigor. By his side jogged along a large iron-gray stag-hound, of a most grave demeanor, who took no part in the clamor of the canine rabble, but seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous reception. Before Scott had reached the gate he called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford. * * * His voice was deep and sonorous. He spoke with a Scottish accent, and with somewhat of a Northumberland 'buzz,' which, to my mind, gave a Doric strength and simplicity. His recitation of poetry was at times magnificent."

SCOTT'S NOVELS.

An idea of the fertility of Scott's mind, and of the prodigious and unrelenting industry with which he labored, is strikingly suggested by a glance at the "Waverley Novels" in a group. Their titles are here appended, together with their respective dates of publication:—

Waverley, July 17, 1814.
Guy Mannering, Feb. 24, 1815.
The Antiquary, May —, 1816.
Old Mortality, Dec. 1, 1816.
The Black Dwarf, Dec. —, 1816.
Rob Roy, Dec. 31, 1817.
The Heart of Mid-Lothian, June —, 1818.
A Legend of Montrose, June 10, 1819.
The Bride of Lammermoor, June 10, 1819.
Ivanhoe, Dec. 18, 1819.
The Monastery, March —, 1820.

The Abbott, Sept. —, 1820.
Kenilworth, Jan. —, 1820.
The Pirate, Dec. —, 1821.
The Fortunes of Nigel, May 30, 1822.
Feveril of the Peak, Jan. —, 1822.
Quentin Durward, June 20, 1822.
St. Ronan's Well, Dec. —, 1822.
Red Gauntlet, June —, 1823.
The Betrothed, June —, 1825.
The Talisman, June —, 1825.
Woodstock, June —, 1825.
The Chronicles of the Canongate, Nov. —, 1827-8.
The Fair Maid of Perth, —, 1828.
Anne of Geierstein, May —, 1829.
Count Robert of Paris, Nov. —, 1831.
Castle Dangerous, Nov. —, 1831.

The "Chronicles of the Canongate" consist of six small stories, entitled as follows: "The Highland Widow," "The Two Drovers," "The Surgeon's Daughter," "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror," "The Tapestry Chamber," and "The Laird's Jock." Scott was sixty years old when he wrote "Castle Dangerous," the last of the "Waverley Novels," and, in less than a year from the time of its publication, the Minstrel was laid in his grave.

SCOTT'S MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

The miscellaneous labors of Sir Walter were voluminous, and were almost always valuable with solid literary merit.

SCOTT MEMORIALS.

The stone that marks Scott's grave, in Dryburgh Abbey, is a large, flat slab of red granite, inscribed as follows:—

Sir Walter Scott, Baronet,
Died September 21, A. D., 1832.

The bust of Scott, by Sir Francis Chantrey, sculptured in 1820, stands in the library at Abbotsford, where it was placed by the poet's son, on the day after the funeral of Sir Walter. This bust was given to Scott by the sculptor, who also made a copy of it, in marble, for the Duke of Wellington, in 1827—which is at Apsley House, London. Sir Francis Chantrey made another bust of Scott, in 1828, for Sir Robert Peel, and this is at Drayton Manor.

The first statue of Scott was made by John Greenfield. It is in freestone. It represents the poet in a sitting posture. This work is at Edinburgh.

The portraits of Scott are very numerous. One miniature is extant representing him in his fifth or sixth year. Another shows him at twenty-five. Lockhart mentions these, and nineteen oil paintings beside—the best being, unquestionably, that by Sir Thomas Lawrence, made in 1820, for George IV., and still in the royal collection. This is three-quarters view, so generally seen in the homes of the people.

At Selkirk, in Scotland, in front of the court house, is a statue of Sir Walter, made by Alex. H. Ritchie, of Musselburgh. The pedestal bears this inscription:—

Erected in August, 1839,
In Proud and Affectionate Remembrance
of

Sir WALTER SCOTT, Baronet,
Sheriff of this County,
From 1800 to 1832.

"By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way,
Still let the breeze down Ettrick Creek,
Although it chill my withered cheek."

At Glasgow a full-length statue of Scott, by Ritchie, surmounts a Doric column about eighty feet high. It was erected in 1837.

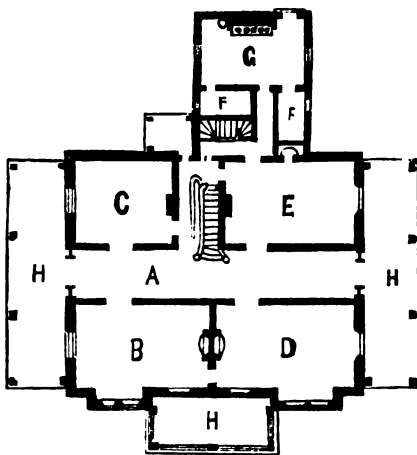
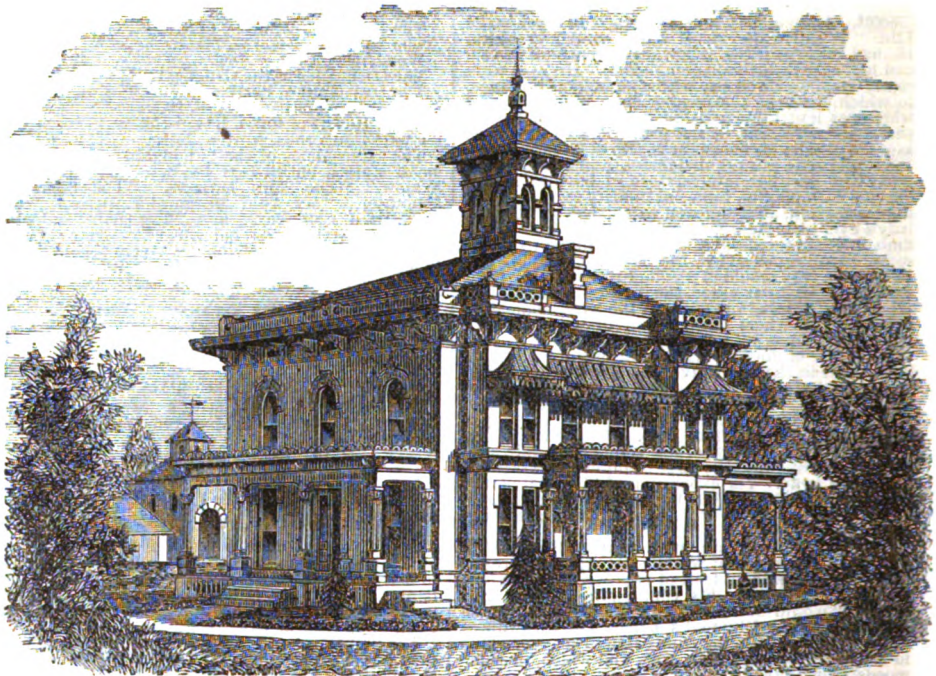
In the Church of St. John, at Perth, is a statue of the poet, made of brown stone. He is represented standing, and holds a MS. in his hand. At his feet is a dog, looking up.

The principal memorial of Scott is the great enshrined statue at Edinburgh.

GODEY.—Although in general, conservatism and age go together, yet old, old GODEY grows more and more spirited as its constantly accumulating numbers increase. Emphatically a lady's friend, her literary looking-glass, in which she can see herself as others would wish to see her. Whatever is interesting to ladies will be sure to find its way into GODEY, and though times and fashions may change, GODEY ever changing with them, yet unchangeable, remains the best lady's book published.—*Gazette*, St. Clairsville, O.

SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

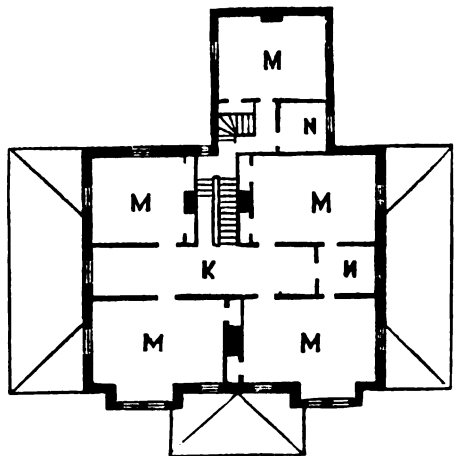


FIRST STORY.

THE above design is intended to meet the wants of many who are anxious to build a square, compact house. It can be built of either wood, brick, or stone. The kitchen wing is intended to be only two stories high, with a flat roof.

It contains a parlor, 15 by 25 feet; a library, 15 by 18 feet; sitting-room, 15 by 25 feet; dining-room, 15 by 23 feet; kitchen, 12 by 18 feet, with large pantry, back stairway. The chambers in second story correspond in size to the rooms below.

The building will cost for its erection from seven to ten thousand dollars, according to the style of finish used.



SECOND STORY.

THIS seems liberal in the offer of a Southern college for young ladies:—

"Each young lady will be provided with silver spoon, fork, and napkin-ring, napkins, towels, sheets, umbrella, and over-shoes."

The writer meant to say that each young lady should be provided with, etc.

BROWN bananas don't look unlike sausages. The mistake was made by a German a few days since.

WINDOW GARDENING.

THE season is now approaching when outdoor gardening operations must cease. To the lover of flowers it is a great privation to be without them during the winter, and many are discouraged from the difficulty experienced of keeping plants in a heated room. The writer was not only gratified, but surprised, to witness the success attained by one of his customers in keeping her plants in a healthy condition, growing and blooming in midwinter as well as in any green-house.

The great difficulty to overcome is the dry atmosphere of our rooms, and the too high temperature maintained; this is not only prejudicial to the foliage but also to the roots, which dry out too quickly in pots. She has, therefore, introduced boxes in her windows. These boxes are, at least, eight inches deep, and as wide, and long as the window sill will admit of; they are made perfectly *watertight*. In them are placed about two inches of broken charcoal about as large as chestnuts. They are then filled with good soil composed of one-fourth each of leaf mould, strong loam, well decomposed manure, and sand. Where leaf mould is not obtainable, take one-third of each of the other ingredients, in this the usual winter flowering plants are planted (placing the largest in the centre), such as Carnations, Tea Roses, Heliotropes, Geraniums, Mignonette, Sweet Alyssum, Bouvardias, etc., dress off the ground so as to be about one inch below the upper edge of the box, then give the soil a thorough soaking of water. Herein lies one of the secrets of your success. The charcoal affords sufficient drainage, and the roots of the plants can absorb the moisture in the natural way required: the frequent drying out and the overwatering of plants in pots is the fruitful cause of sickly plants. By this method only occasional waterings are necessary, and then it may be done copiously. At the time we saw the plants, they had received no water for over four weeks, yet the soil was at a proper moisture for growing plants. The foliage requires frequent sprinkling or syringing with a plant syringe, and when the air is mild, air can be admitted directly on the plants by opening the lower sash. A southern exposure is the best; the next best, an eastern one.

We would recommend this method also as the most successful for growing Hyacinths, early Tulips, Narcissus, and other bulbs, during the winter. By having a number of boxes, a succession of flowers may be had all winter and early spring. The boxes filled with the soil already mentioned can be planted with bulbs, and be placed in a cool cellar or out of doors, well covered, and brought in the warm room as required. To all in want of either plants or bulbs we would refer to our new illustrated and descriptive catalogue of Bulbs, etc., for the autumn of 1871, which will be mailed to all applicants.

HENRY A. DREER, *Seedman and Florist*,
714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

AMONG the articles of historic interest left by Mrs. Hamilton J. Bedford, who died in Wilmington, Del., in the month of August, is the following:—

"A silver punch strainer, belonging to my maternal grandfather, James Parker. Its history is briefly this: Dr. B. Franklin and my said grandfather were printer boys in Boston, and saved a silver dollar from their first earnings, by selling newspapers in that city. They had these dollars made into punch strainers, and exchanged with each other, so that this strainer is made out of the dollar earned by Dr. Franklin. This is bequeathed to the Smithsonian Institute."

Now this is very curious from the author of "Paying Dear for the Whistle." The idea of spending such hard-earned money for a punch strainer! Was punch so cheap as to be a common drink? And did the wise Ben Franklin indulge in what is now so expensive a compound? What a lesson for youths! O Benjamin! We are disappointed in you, and shall never read any of your wise maxims again without thinking of your spending such hard-earned money in punch strainers. By the way, selling of newspapers is an old business. We thought it was a new occupation!

WHAT part of a ship is good for youngsters? The spanker.

VOL. LXXXIII.—31

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

ADDRESS "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. Y. H.—Sent articles by express August 19th.
Miss M. C. Z.—Sent articles by express 19th.
M. C. C.—Sent slipper pattern September 12th.
Mrs. R. M.—Sent pattern 12th.
Mrs. J. B. C.—Sent pattern 12th.
O. T. S.—Sent pattern 12th.
Mrs. S. A. G.—Sent articles 12th.
Mrs. M. S. M.—Sent pattern 12th.
Mrs. H. W. M.—Sent articles 12th.
Mrs. S. C. K.—Sent hair braid 12th.
M. R. L.—Sent pin, etc., 12th.
Miss H. F.—Sent pattern, 12th.
Miss F. N.—Sent silk 12th.
Mrs. C. A. W.—Sent infant's wardrobe 13th.
Mrs. R. A.—Sent lead comb 13th.
L. M. D.—Sent jewelry 14th.
Miss P.—Sent curls 14th.
Mrs. A. C.—Sent articles by express 15th.
Miss B. K.—Sent chignon 15th.
Mrs. N.—Sent kid gloves 15th.
Flora L.—Sent visiting cards 17th.
Mrs. W. O'N.—Sent lead comb 17th.
W. R.—Sent package by express 17th.
M. E. T.—No. If he wants it, he will ask for it.
L. S. F.—Yes, it is her place to invite him in.
Mrs. F. H.—We could furnish the flowers at a cost of from \$10 to \$50. What you propose about the patch work would cost us several hundred dollars. We can send you any particular number of LADY'S BOOK you may want for twenty-five cents.
Mab.—It would be improper to correspond with a gentleman on so short an acquaintance.
Electra.—For the one hundred and twentieth time we say we know of no remedy to remove superfluous hair or warts. Persons who ask these questions cannot be readers of the LADY'S BOOK.
Biceps.—Is it not barely possible that you could get those fly specks off without a "receipt"? Haven't you such a thing as a penknife about?
E. W. C.—The call is intended for the family if all is turned down.
Mattie.—We consider Ollendorf's works the best guide to the study of languages.
H. T. A.—We never knew that any person could tell the disposition by the color of the hair.
Carrie.—Henry VIII. had six wives. Read Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*.
D. R. T.—We would prefer not asking the lady what her age is. It is not considered polite.
P. E. H.—Your designs may be approved of by your friends. That is deceptive. Friends are the worst judges.
Matilda.—You have a "florid, vulgar color," and write us to recommend something harmless to remove that color. We are unable to do so.
W. D. E.—Yes, gas injures flowers growing in a room.
Mellie.—No, not for tea.
Susan H.—Both yourself and escort speak to the hostess first.
New Subscriber.—1. The Rev. gentleman you mention is a preacher in New York city. He is not an author of much repute. 2. It is the escort's right to always take a lady whom he accompanies into supper. 3. Demi train slightly drags on the ground.
Emmie.—We consider Davenport's "Hamlet" infinitely superior to Booth's.
A Widow.—Bond and mortgage we would advise. The interest is not so large, but it is much safer. We look upon the advertisements you refer to in the same light as we do those of patent medicines.
Pette.—The LADY'S BOOK was commenced in July, 1830, by the same person who now conducts it. The name is pronounced as if spelled Go-de, the accent on the first syllable.
Mrs. P.—Yes, servants wait at supper.

Jane.—The great art of pleasing is to set every one at ease.

L. P. R.—The lady's given name is Rosetta.

Fashions

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor the Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in re-mitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

The publisher of the *LADY'S BOOK* has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order, is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the Fashion Editor does not know.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Visiting dress of purple *faille*, made with a slightly trained skirt, trimmed with a ruffle, plaited and headed by a band of sable fur. Deep casaque, forming a short overskirt, trimmed to correspond. Purple velvet and *faille* hat, trimmed with feather and fur.

Fig. 2.—House dress of green satine, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with velvet; the upper one with a row of black worsted lace. Basque waist; open sleeves, trimmed to correspond with the two skirts with lace and velvet. Green velvet roll and bows in hair.

Fig. 3.—Black Cashmere dress, made with two skirts, trimmed with fringe and passementerie. Sacque trimmed with gold fringe, and embroidered in a pattern with gold thread.

Fig. 4.—Evening dress of white tarlatan, trimmed with flutings of the same, edged with a narrow pink silk, a row of Valenciennes trims the bottom of the first skirt: overskirt of pink silk, trimmed with lace, and looped up with flowers. Low corsage, trimmed to correspond. Hair arranged in puffs, with flowers in front.

Fig. 5.—Walking dress of blue serge, made with two skirts, trimmed with platings of the same. Basque waist, trimmed to correspond with skirt, with sash ends fastened at the side, and crossed in the back; open sleeves. Blue velvet bonnet, trimmed with feathers, and black lace, and *faille* ribbon.

Fig. 6.—Dress for child of eight years old, of gray poplin, made with two skirts, and trimmed with crimson velvet. Sacque of crimson plush, trimmed with the same. Crimson hat, with black feather.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of navy blue silk, made with one skirt, trimmed with three ruffles. Long

Polonaise sacque, lined with quilted satin, and trimmed with lace. Hat of black velvet, trimmed with feathers.

Fig. 2.—Gray poplin dress, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a plaited quilling; upper one and sacque trimmed with velvet and narrow gimp. Gray felt hat, trimmed with gray and black feathers.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of dark green silk poplin, made with two skirts; the upper one trimmed with a plaiting of the same. Black velvet basque, trimmed with lace, satin cording, and silk tassels. Green velvet bonnet, trimmed with flowers and ribbon.

Fig. 4.—Dress for travelling, of brown serge, made with one skirt, trimmed with a plaiting, headed by a velvet band. Sacque trimmed with velvet in the back, finished with small tassels. Brown felt hat, trimmed with velvet and feathers.

Fig. 5.—House dress of purple silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a plaited ruffle, headed by velvet; the upper one trimmed with velvet and fringe. Basque waist and open sleeves, trimmed to correspond with upper skirt.

Fig. 6.—Child's dress of blue serge, trimmed with three ruffles; the upper skirt, low square waist, and sleeves are of striped blue and gray serge, trimmed with velvet.

Fig. 7.—Hat of black velvet, trimmed with velvet and thistles of shaded green velvet.

Fig. 8.—Hat of gray felt, trimmed with black velvet and gray and black feathers.

Fig. 9.—Hat of blue velvet, trimmed with feathers and blue velvet.

Fig. 10.—Black crape cuff, made of puffs.

Fig. 11.—Black crape cuff, to match collar, Fig. 17.

Fig. 12.—Black crape cuff, trimmed with folds of crape.

Figs. 13 and 16.—Collar and cuff of crape, trimmed with a plaiting of crape.

Fig. 14.—Crape collar, trimmed with narrow folds of crape.

Fig. 15.—Crape collar, with shells of crape around the edge.

Fig. 17.—Black crape collar, cut in points, edged with a narrow guipure lace, to match Fig. 11.

Figs. 18 and 19.—Linen collar and cuff, edged with Valenciennes lace.

Fig. 20.—Ladies' slipper, with a ribbon crossed over the instep and leg.

Fig. 21.—Fashionable walking boot of black French kid.

Fig. 22.—Walking boot of black kid, with bow on the toe.

Fig. 23.—Walking boot of black kid, with colored kid set in up the front.

Fig. 24.—Ladies' slipper of quilted blue satin.

Fig. 25.—Earring of black onyx, with a leaf of pearl and gold on it; gold and pearl setting around the edge.

Fig. 26.—Earring of gold, enamelled in colors.

Figs. 27 and 28.—Gentlemen's sleeve buttons of gold and colored enamel.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Dress for girl of ten years, of brown *tulle de laine*, made with two skirts, and belted in basque. The dress is trimmed with fringe and several rows of narrow velvet.

Fig. 2.—The Emilia *paletot*, made of purple cloth, trimmed with silk, fringe, and fancy buttons.

Fig. 3.—Kitchen apron, with bib trimmed with ruches; the apron extends all around the back, and is fastened at the sides with strings of muslin.

Fig. 4.—Cashmere hood for a lady, made of blue Cashmere, with quilling of the same.

Fig. 5.—Infant's Swiss muslin and lace robe, made *en tablier*, trimmed with colored ribbon. The dress is made high neck and long sleeves.

Fig. 6.—Infant's cloak, made of white cloth, cut in scallops, and bound in blue velvet.

Fig. 7.—Ladies' corset, made of fine satine, trimmed with lace.

Fig. 8.—Shirt for boy of six years old, made of fine linen, and trimmed with embroidered ruffling at the throat, wrist, and up the front.

Fig. 9.—Basque of gray cloth, trimmed with black velvet and fancy buttons.

Figs. 10, 11, and 12.—Jacket, pants, and vest, forming a Knickerbocker suit, made of navy blue cloth; the jacket and pants are trimmed with velvet and buttons.

Figs. 13 and 14.—Front and back view of ladies' sacque, made of heavy gray cloth, trimmed with black velvet.

Fig. 15.—Ladies' embroidered flannel skirt.

Fig. 16.—Girl's Holland apron, made with plaited waist, and sleeves trimmed with a narrow ruffle and white braid.

Fig. 17.—Muslin waist for elderly lady, to wear over a corset.

Fig. 18.—Sacque of navy blue cloth, trimmed with velvet, and cord, and buttons.

Fig. 19.—Embroidery on net.

Fig. 20 shows curtains of crimson reps, with a rich *appliqué* border. The *appliqué* is of crimson velvet on a yellow satin ground. Fringe, cord, and tassels, crimson and yellow.

Fig. 21.—Ladies' house jacket, made of black Cashmere, embroidered and braided in gay colors.

Fig. 22.—Chemise for girl of three years, with embroidered band and sleeves.

Fig. 23.—Low-necked silk basque waist for evening wear, made of light blue silk, trimmed with platings of the same and velvet.

Fig. 24.—Flannel dressing jacket. This small jacket is made of colored flannel, and trimmed with the same; the cuffs, band, and collar being all scalloped out at the edge, and braided with a darker shade of the same color as the flannel.

Fig. 25.—Little girl's walking dress, made of dark blue Cashmere, and trimmed with velvet.

Fig. 26.—Cashmere dress for little girl, made with one skirt, trimmed with a plaiting of the same. Yoke waist, trimmed square; coat sleeves.

FASHIONABLE COSTUMES.

(See Engraving, Page 414.)

Figs. 1 and 3.—Front and back view of walking dress of brown serge, made with one skirt, trimmed with plaited ruffles and a short overskirt. Sacque with open sleeves, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 2.—Black silk suit, made with two skirts, both trimmed with ruffles. Basque waist, trimmed with ruffles; open sleeves.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

THE fall goods are still continuing to be opened, and we will endeavor to describe those not mentioned last month. Lyons silk, imported for fall and winter wear, is called *faïlle*. It is simply *gros grain*, soft and lustreless, with smaller cords than that of last year. Thick reps are objected to, as they break when folded, catch the dust easily, and soon become rusty. For day dresses, there are cloth colors so dark as to barely escape being black, while evening silks are as pale as possible, without being white. Among the richest *faïlles*, the first dark hue quoted

for costumes is marine blue, of which three shades are furnished; the darkest is for the underskirt of costume, the lightest for the polonaise, and the intermediate shade for trimming. Then comes *noyer*, or walnut color; *cendres*, more severe than the soft ashes of roseshade formerly seen; *tourterelle*, the familiar dove grays; *feutre*, or felt, a series of drab shades; *cîneraire*, lovely red purple hues, the lightest like Humboldt purple, the darkest almost wine color; *Van Dyck*, the dark oil brown, beloved by the great artist; *cypresse*, three darkest green shades, almost black; *scabieuse*, the rich dahila color introduced last winter; *fumée*, London smoke, the deepest gray, very *serieux*, as the French say. An elegant novelty is brocade *faïlle* for overdresses, to be worn with trains of plain *faïlle*; the ground of the brocade is generally of the same shade as the plain goods, with bouquets of gay flowers on it.

The novelty perhaps most worthy of notice is Cheviot, a soft silk, with heavy twill, like the diagonal ribs of the Scotch Cheviots worn by gentlemen. It is all pure silk, not highly dressed, drapes gracefully, and will doubtless make a serviceable costume. Another novelty in expensive goods is called Pekin. It has a satin ground of light shade, with darker stripes of velvet, of very heavy pile. It is used for parts of costumes, and for trimming.

Faïlle Cashmere is a thick reppé stuff, silk alone appearing on the surface, but the cord is fine wool. It is too heavy for entire costumes, but will be used as upper skirts and polonaise over silk.

The fancy for soft goods that drape gracefully has restored levantine, a fabric dear to Quakers, and well known to fastidious ladies of the olden time. It is extremely soft, is all silk, of light quality, and has beneath its smooth surface an almost invisible twill.

Among corded fabrics is Moscovite, wide flat cords of satin surface on silk.

A new stuff for trimming wool costumes is a heavy rep of cotton and silk, the latter all thrown on the surface. It is black, with a ray of color matching the costume on which it appears.

Cilician cloth is a new black fabric; it is a lustrous mohair, a sort of basket woven alpaca, but far softer than ordinary alpaca, and capable of being draped as gracefully as Cashmere.

Cashmeres still continue as popular, and are seen in all the fashionable colors. French merino is considered by some better, as both sides of it are twilled, and in Cashmere only one.

Lyons poplins closely imitate the richest Irish poplins, and display a wide range of colors. The prettiest French calicoes have brown, maroon, or black grounds, strewn with small hexagonal figures in the bright Roman colors. The usual Cashmere stripes and figures are also shown.

English prints, so well known for service, are no longer confined to double purples, and browns dashed with white, but are shown in dainty colors and designs, that will make pretty, neat, and serviceable morning dresses for housekeepers.

Shawls of domestic manufacture are attractive this year, not by reason alone of their improved coloring, but because they cost only half as much as imported shawls, very little superior to them. These shawls in square ones are folded double, and worn in cool weather. Long ones are used for travelling; they are seen in gay stripes, plaids, and plain colors. In cloth wraps, dark gray and brown are the popular colors.

Cashmere wraps are seen in prune color and the darkest green; they are almost covered by elaborate cording in braiding patterns. The round cord is far more effective than any flat braiding, and resembles

rich *passementerie* when wrought in close patterns. Gulpure lace and rich fringes edge such garments. Cloth wraps have velvet bands of a darker shade than the cloth; much cording and fringe. The *barathea* cloth, crinkled like crape, and of the same fabric as Cashmere, is also popular for wraps. The first velvet wraps to be donned early in the season are jaunty jackets, so closely fitted as to be *basques*, almost covered with cording, like the *Cashmeres* above described. Gulpure lace will be worn even more than last year; rich netted fringes and *passementeries*, with or without a little jet, are the trimmings. The new velvet *polonaises* are simply elegant; some of these have the *Louis XIV.* vest, with a long skirt hanging straight, without drapery, a *Watteau* box plait behind holding the fullness. Other velvet cloaks are short circulars, the upper part richly embroidered, and the lower trimmed with two rows of pointed gulpure lace. Opera cloaks are mostly made of the circular form, as easier to throw off and on; one of soft white cloth, in raised diamond figures, is trimmed with two broad bands of blue velvet, richly wrought with white floss. The hood is of blue velvet, and a rich blue and white fringe of tassels borders this lovely wrap. A second, still handsomer, is of white *barathea*, with Gothic cording of pale blue, covering half its depth.

Sleeveless *Zouave* jackets of rich dark colors, scarlet and black, are trimmed with intricate cordings of gilt, or *jardinière* embroidery in bright colors. These are for afternoon wear in the house. The *mantelets*, so fashionable in Europe, are also imported. The front is a plain round *talma*; the back fits like a *basque*, and the sides hang like flowing sleeves. These are very handsome in Cashmere or cloth. A great many imported *paletots* are short, nearly tight-fitting, with vest fronts and postillion-plaited backs. Fur bands, ostrich feather trimmings, velvet, cording, and fringe, are their garniture.

Some of the newest overdresses hang without draping, are long, and so plain that they are called coats. They are modifications of the old fashioned *basquine*, with additional fullness in proportion to their length.

Vests are the leading feature on all *basques* and *sacques*, both for outdoor and housedresses. They are quite broad, and are square or pointed below the waist, resembling the old Continental vest. Sometimes they are only simulated by plastrons of silk or velvet, set smoothly on the *basque* front in vest shape, and trimmed at the outer edge. They give an appearance of breadth that is found to be very becoming.

In bonnets the shapes are not much varied; the *Empire* shape is still retained, and are slightly larger than those of last season. The front is rolled just above the forehead, the sides fit the head snugly, while the crown is large, square, and high, and the trimmings are massed on the back of the crown to add to the appearance of height. There is but little face trimming, and that is usually of the material of the bonnet, though white *ruches* and flowers are also worn. Velvet and *royale* are the materials most used, with bias scarfs of *faille*, and *faille* ribbon for trimmings. The outlines of these velvet bonnets are as clearly defined as those of straw, as the material is laid smoothly on the frame without shirrs, puffs, or platings to complicate it, and simply trimmed with folds, cords, and binding. Feathers will be abundantly used for trimming. Shaded ostrich tips, three in a cluster, very short, and very much curled, are placed on the crown, or arranged at the side, to nod forward and backward. Large roses, with trailing vines and fall foliage, are the flowers most used. Clusters of autumn leaves of varied, and often bri-

liant hues, trim bonnets of sober tints. Black velvet bonnets, where but one bonnet is purchased, is the favorite; it can be trimmed with a color, if desired. Long *faille* ribbon strings tie under the chin. A handsome French bonnet presents a novelty in being trimmed with a contrasting color. The foundation is covered with turquoise blue velvet, laid plainly on the frame, the front edge being simply bound with velvet. The trimming consists of turquoise ribbon, and other ribbon of the beautiful scarabee color, which is a mixture of green with reddish-maroon. These contrasting colored ribbons are intertwined in a way that makes them look as if they lined each other. Long loops of each color are pendent behind, and turquoise ostrich tips nod over the crown. The long strings are of turquoise ribbon two inches wide. The velvet of the bonnet forms a shirred *ruche* across the forehead. Another French bonnet is of plum colored velvet, with four deep folds of *faille* of the same shade passing around the crown, the ends hanging behind. Ostrich tips are on the crown, and autumn leaves cluster on the left side.

In hats the crowns are invariably high and broad, but the brims are rolled in the English turban shape; others are turned up on one side, in the continental fashion; while the brim of *Roland*, a high brigand shape, slopes to a point in back and front. The Polish hat of velvet and fur has a pointed gored crown, with the fur band around it. But the most becoming of all hats, with the present style of dressing the hair, is the *Redomontade*. Its shape is high and narrow, with brim scrolled up at the sides. The trimming is placed in front, and a scarf falls at the back.

A new felt skirt for a winter *Balmoral* is called the "royal bawsling." It is as soft as ladies' cloth, yet thick and warm; is seamless, but far wider than the felt skirts of two years ago. It is of Australian wool, manufactured in England, and is of such choice colors and designs that it might well serve for the skirt of a costume.

A new kind of *parure* for mourning consists of locket, bracelets, and eardrops of onyx, with raised ornaments of jet, and initials in silver, of admirable workmanship, *Louis XIII.* style. Other jewels are of hard black wood, with initials in open work, inlaid with silver. These are also very pretty, but the onyx jewels are more stylish.

Coffures still continue elaborate, though not quite as large. The front hair is arranged into a number of *bandeaux* and *rouleaux*, while the back hair flows in long masses on the neck, or is looped in long thick plaits. Nets are much worn in Paris. They are made of very thick silk, rather a large, open pattern, and the hair comes down to the middle of the back. This new style of net is made of silk the same color as the hair. For morning coiffures we note many pretty white nets, with ribbon and lingerie fronts.

We will now speak of the dressy *chaussures* worn by all our *elegantes*. For a dressy *toilette* a pretty boot is of glove kid, embroidered in white silk. The chief novelty in this boot consists of a wreath of tiny flowers, embroidered in white silk on the instep and around the toe. *Ecrú* silk boots have gilt buttons, lined with blue silk. Gray kid boots are made with satin uppers and pearl buttons. A pair of slippers of embroidered kid, the design field flowers in their natural colors. *Louis XV.* slipper of blue kid, with large bows and embossed steel balls and steel heels. Tulle dress slippers of yellow *prose grain*, with bows of white lace. Shoes of blue satin, with satin bows, white silk trimmings and gilt heels. For general wear the boots most worn are cloth and stuff boots, which are superseding kid boots, which have so long been de rigueur.

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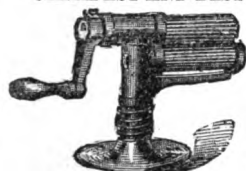
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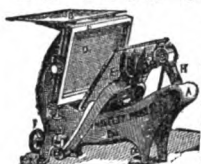
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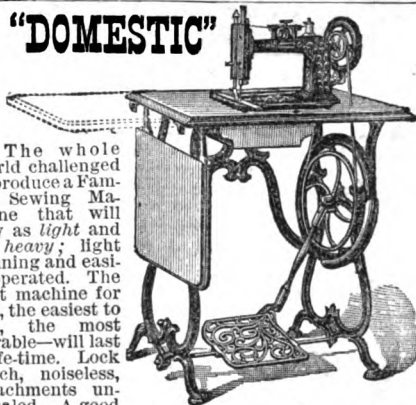
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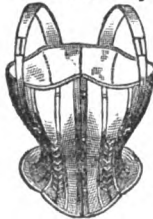


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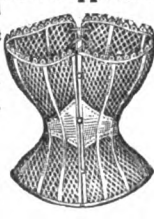
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Mother, 'tis our wedding-day!"

"Just as now, we sat at supper
When the guests had gone away;
You sat that side, I sat this side,
Forty years ago to-day!"

"Then what plans we laid together:
What brave things I meant to do!
Could we dream to-day would find us
At this table—me and you?"

"Better so, no doubt—and yet I
Sometimes think—I cannot tell—
Had our boys—ah, yes! I know, dear;
Yes, He doeth all things well.

"Well, we've had our joys and sorrows;
Shared our smiles as well as tears;
And—the best of all—I've had your
Faithful love for forty years!"

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Register of the Treasury.

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The entire effect, therefore of the New Loan, in connection with the existing Sinking Fund process of the Treasury, is to reduce both Principal and interest of the Public Debt of the United States. The Loan creates no additional supply of Government Stocks, while the application of the surplus revenues derived in Gold from Customs, is constantly lessening, as it has been doing for two years past, the Funded Stocks bearing six per cent. Gold interest.

The 1st of May schedule of the Public Debt, which has just been published by the Secretary of the

Treasury, shows a reduction in these Stocks since the April schedule of \$12,215,700, and a further lessening of the yearly interest charge thereon of \$722,942. This leaves the total yearly interest charge in Gold, \$111,982,034. In the same month the Treasury paid and canceled \$2,470,000 of the Three per Cent. Currency debt, reducing the whole of this debt bearing interest to \$51,023,000, and the yearly interest charge thereon to \$1,537,470.

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the public debt by refunding is as follows:—

| | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| By exchange of \$500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881 .. | \$5,000,000 |
| By exchange of \$800,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1886 | 4,500,000 |
| By exchange of \$700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901 | 14,000,000 |

Total saving per annum by refunding \$23,500,000

The large and rapid accumulation in the last few years of private capital now retired from active business, and of the cash Savings and Life Insurance premiums deposited with or intrusted to the provident institutions of the country—all seeking the most undoubted security, pledged to be kept free of all taxes, under national or local authority, and content, provided this object be assured, with moderate rates of interest—will, no doubt, ultimately absorb so much of these new Stocks as may not be taken in voluntary conversion of United States 5-20s, or marketed abroad.

The Official Schedule of the Treasury affords the following classification of Funded Stocks (in Gold) of the United States as outstanding on the 1st of May:—

| Date. | Coupon. | Registered. | Total. |
|---------------------------|-----------------|---------------|-----------------|
| 5-20s, 1862 | \$383,401,050 | \$107,564,800 | \$490,965,050 |
| 5-20s, 1864 | 45,700,000 | 56,781,600 | 102,481,600 |
| 5-20s, 1865 | 125,313,550 | 54,606,800 | 179,919,350 |
| 5-20s, 1865 (n) .. | 182,986,600 | 72,476,900 | 255,463,500 |
| 5-20s, 1867 | 244,099,500 | 91,289,100 | 335,388,600 |
| 5-20s, 1868 | 28,539,950 | 11,114,500 | 39,654,450 |
| Total 5-20s | \$1,010,040,650 | \$393,842,500 | \$1,403,883,150 |
| Sixes, 1881 | 83,539,600 | 150,139,500 | 233,679,100 |
| Fives, 10-40s | 57,374,700 | 137,132,600 | 194,507,300 |
| Fives, 1874 | 13,965,000 | 6,035,000 | 20,000,000 |
| Total | \$1,174,918,950 | \$727,209,600 | \$1,902,128,550 |
| Total March 4, 1869 | | | 2,107,846,150 |

Reduction of funded debt \$205,717,600

| | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| Yearly gold interest charge, March 4, 1869, amounted to | \$124,255,350 |
| Present yearly charge | 111,982,034 |

Reduction in interest charge \$12,273,316

PUBLIC DEBT—JULY, 1865 TO MAY, 1871.

| Description. | Maximum | |
|------------------------------|----------------|-----------------|
| | Debt. | Present Debt. |
| | July 31, 1865. | May 1, 1871. |
| Five-twenty 6 per ct. stock | \$606,569,500 | \$1,403,883,150 |
| Other six per ct. stocks .. | 302,301,042 | 283,679,100 |
| Ten-forty five per ct. stock | 172,770,100 | 194,507,300 |
| Other five per ct. stock ... | 27,022,000 | 20,000,000 |
| Three-year 7-30 per c. notes | 830,000,000 | |
| Three-year 6 per ct. notes . | 212,121,470 | |

Total funded \$2,150,784,112 \$1,902,128,550

| | | |
|----------------------------|---------------|---------------|
| Greenback notes | \$473,114,799 | \$356,096,900 |
| Greenback certificates ... | 205,822,845 | 51,023,000 |
| Gold certificates | | 20,483,500 |
| Fractional currency | 25,750,032 | 40,570,908 |
| Past-due notes and bonds | 17,263,120 | 3,096,012 |

| | | |
|---------------------------|---------------|---------------|
| Total Treasury circula'n | \$721,950,796 | \$471,270,310 |
| Less Gold in Treasury ... | 35,337,858 | 106,463,979 |

| | | |
|----------------------------|---------------|---------------|
| Balance | \$686,612,938 | \$364,806,331 |
| Less currency balance | 81,401,775 | 16,172,116 |

| | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Net Treasury Circula'n | \$605,211,163 | \$348,634,215 |
| Total principal of debt* ... | \$2,755,965,275 | \$2,250,762,765 |

| | | |
|------------------------------|--------------|---------------|
| Yearly interest in gold | \$64,419,628 | \$111,982,034 |
| Yearly interest in currency | 87,412,423 | 1,537,470 |

Total am't of int. charge \$151,832,051 \$113,519,504

* Exclusive of accrued interest.

C. C. NORVELL,
In charge of Advertising U. S. Loans.
TREASURY OFFICE,
NEW YORK, May 2, 1871. }

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1871.

Volume 83.

1871.

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| Five copies, one year, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club, making six copies | 14 00 | | |

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DECEMBER.

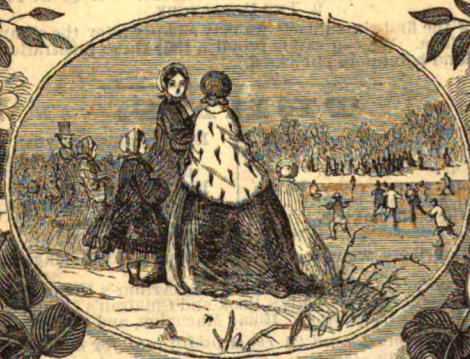
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Now is the Time to Make up your Clubs.



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LADY'S
BOOK.**

EDITED BY
MRS. SARAH J. HALE,
L. A. GODEY.
1871.



LOUIS A. GODEY
PHILADELPHIA.

The Pioneer Magazine in its Forty-Second Year!

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

1872.

Volume 84.

1872.

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The experience of the publisher for the past *forty-two* years is a sufficient guarantee to those who favor him with their subscriptions for 1872 that the character of the literature, the correctness and utility of the fashions, and the designs for fancy work that will be found in the volumes for this year will be in every respect suitable to the wants of American ladies. The delight and profit afforded to hundreds of thousands of families who have taken the Book have been so often attested to that he feels it unnecessary to say more than announce the contents of the forthcoming volumes.

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Have a reputation for excellence in their writings far above any others in the magazine line.

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This is the principal feature of our illustrative department. Selected by a correspondent at the emporiums of the principal fashion *modistes* in Paris and Berlin, they cannot fail in being correct. In addition to the colored plate, we give another large sheet, containing the latest styles that can be received up to the time that we go to press. Another important feature that commends the *LADY'S BOOK* to the public, are the

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5. THE BALL.
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8. QUIET FLIRTATION.
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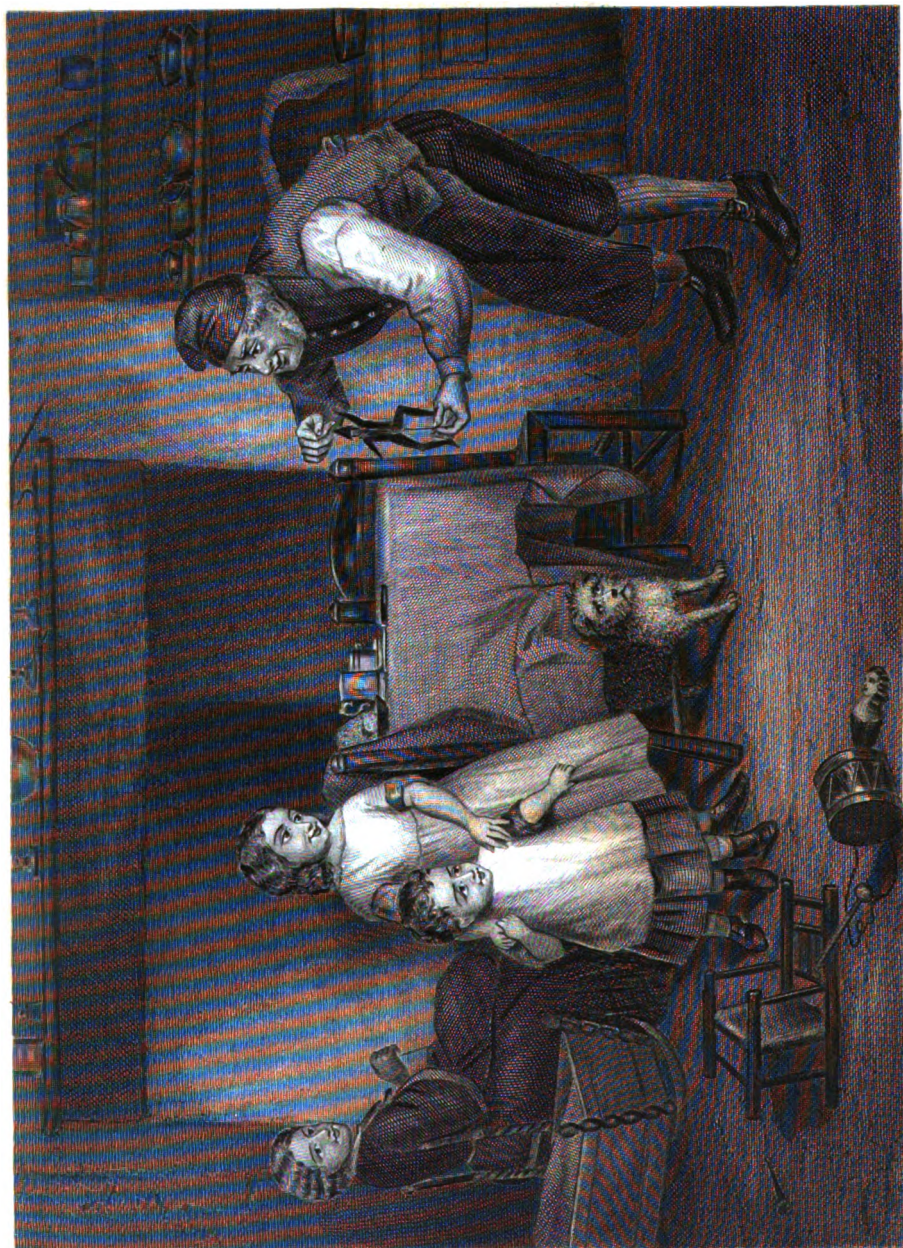
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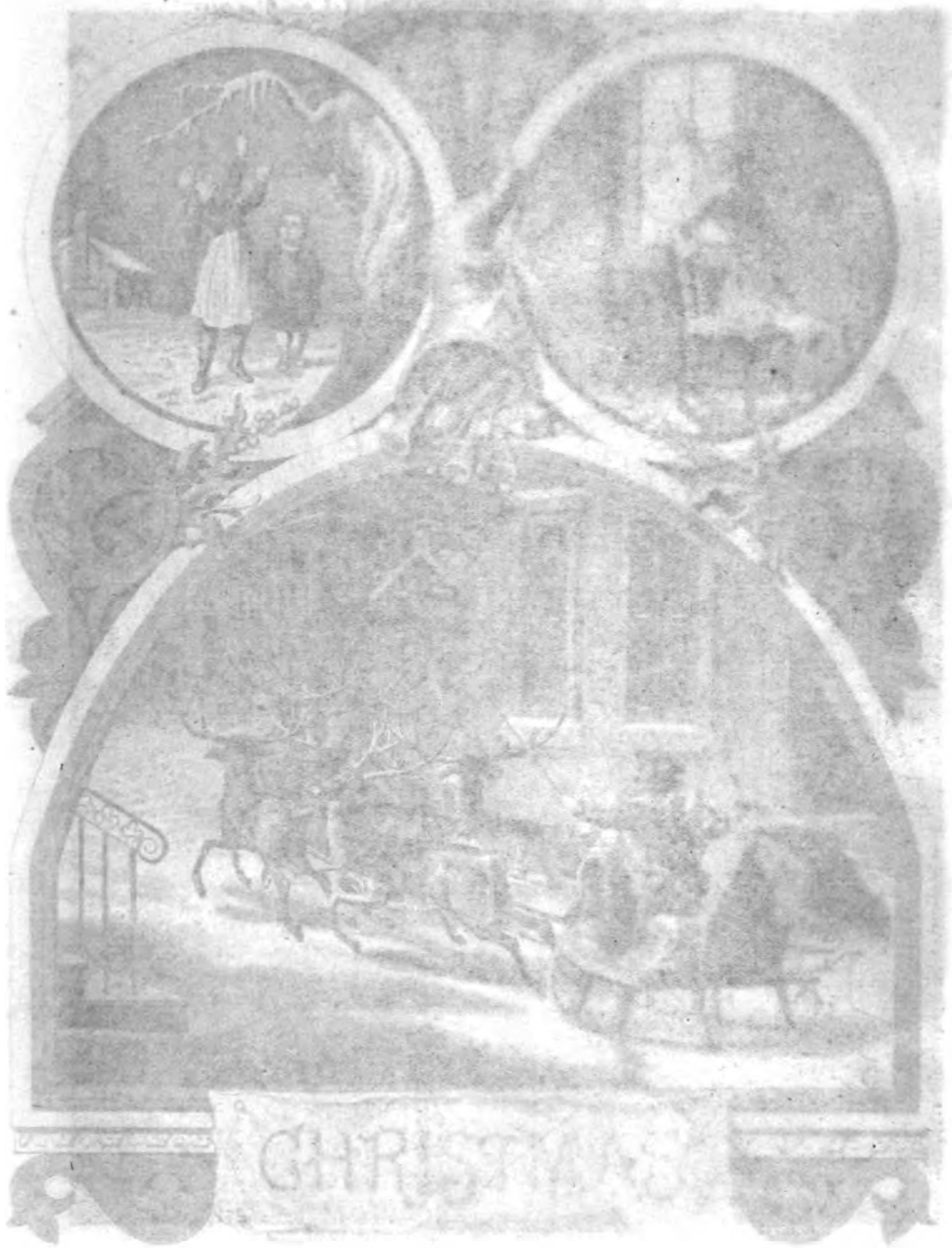
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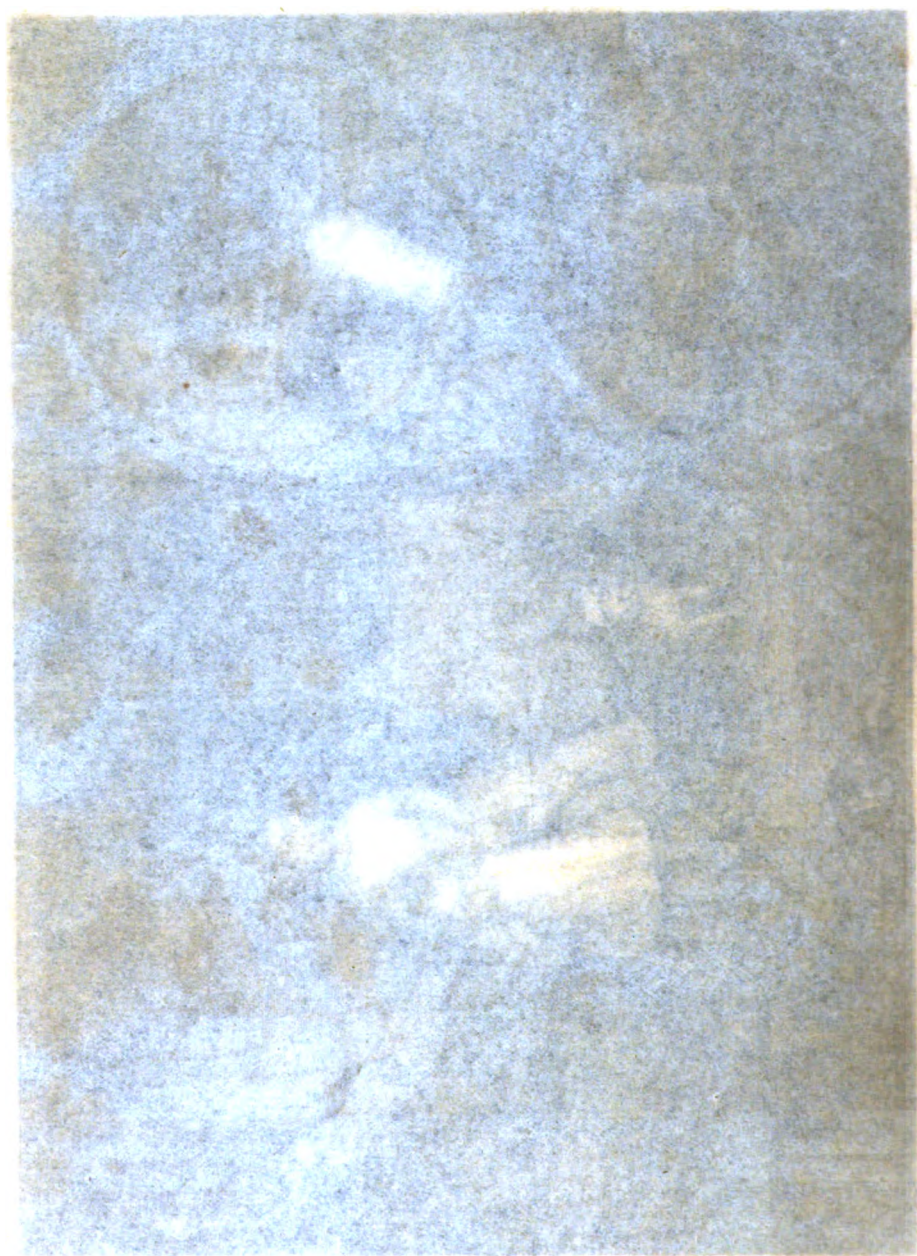
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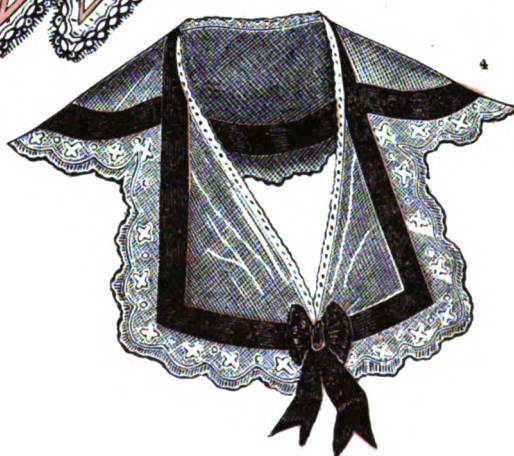
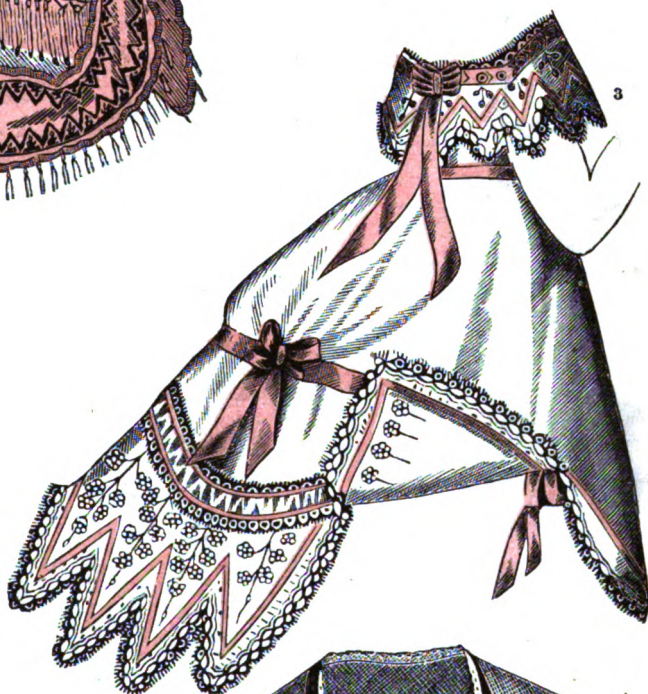




1871

LINGERIE.

(See Description, Fashion Department.)





DRESSED FOR THE PARTY.



FANCY DRESS FOR A DOLL.

(See Description, Fashion Department.)

BONNETS.

(See Description, Fashion Department.)



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.
(See Description, Fashion Department.)

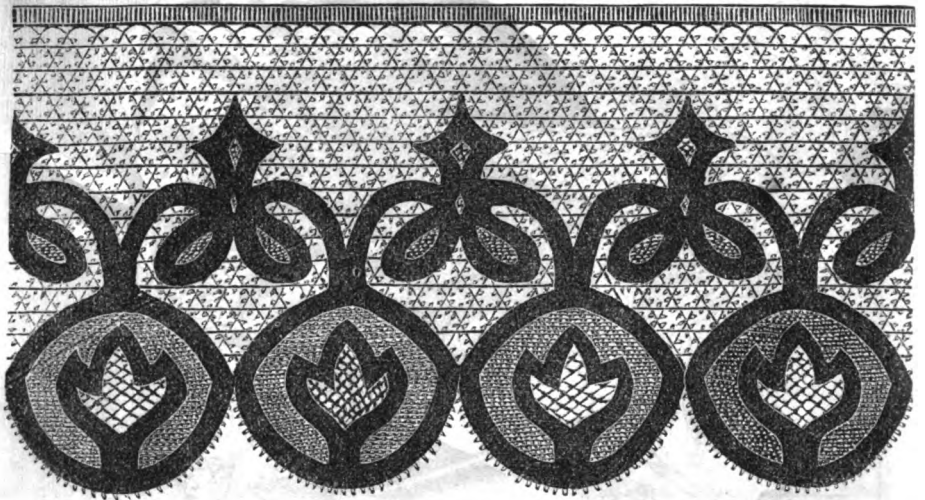




(See Description, Fashion Department.)
 FIRST COSTUMES FOR CHILDREN

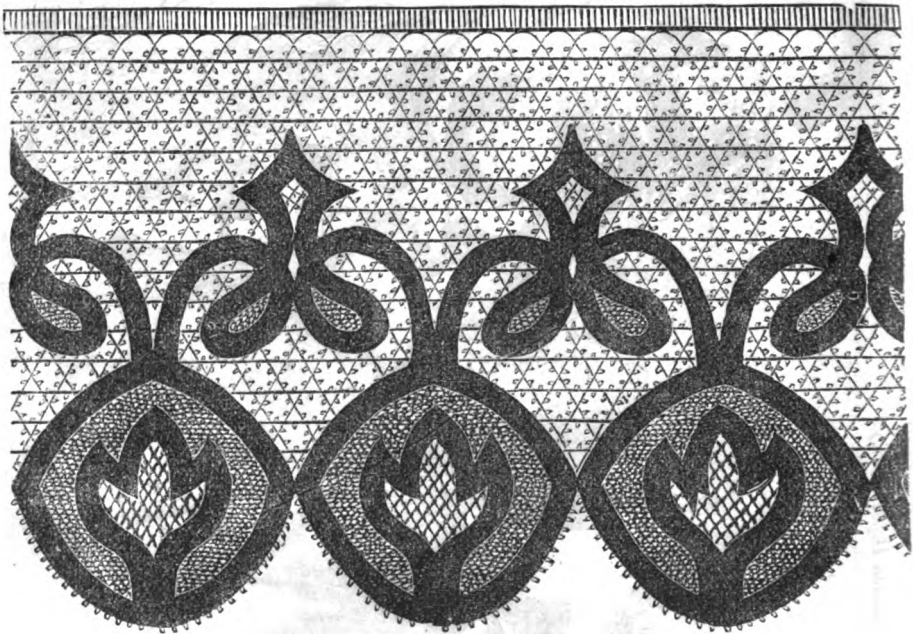
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FOR WIDE AND NARROW EDGING.



Materials—Black silk braid ; fine black silk lace.

These designs must be prepared for working by being cut into strips, and basted on fine glazed calico. The braid is first applied, and the lace stitches worked in fine silk lace. The ground is worked in fine but-



tonhole stitch, with purling placed at exact distances. A purl edge is also added to the scallops of silk braid. Any lady can make her own Maltese lace trimmings at little cost beyond her own industry. The ground-work of the narrowest edging may be worked in purl over a single line of silk, omitting the buttonhole stitch, except before and after the purl, slipping the silk along to the next purl.



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Turkey, Goose, Duck, Fish, Turtle, Celery, Plum Cake, Plum-pudding, Cornucopias, Champagne, etc. etc.

While the Christmas Log is Burning.

Written by ELIZA COOK.

Music composed for the Piano-Forte, for Godey's Lady's Book,

By J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

The second system of the musical score includes the first two lines of the song's lyrics. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1. Hail to the night, when we ga - ther once more, All the 2. 'Tis the one fai - ry hour of life, When the".

1. Hail to the night, when we ga - ther once more, All the
2. 'Tis the one fai - ry hour of life, When the

The third system of the musical score includes the next two lines of the song's lyrics. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are: "forms we love to meet; When we've ma - ny a guest that is world seems all of light; For the thought of woe, or the".

forms we love to meet; When we've ma - ny a guest that is
world seems all of light; For the thought of woe, or the

WHILE THE CHRISTMAS LOG IS BURNING.

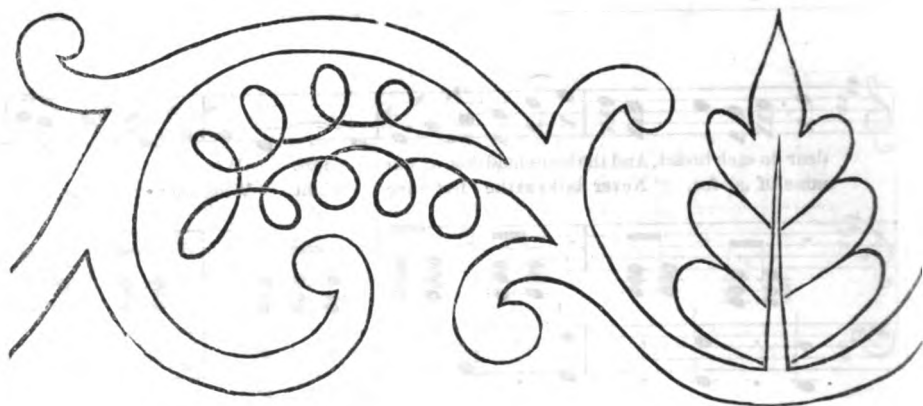
dear to each breast, And the household dog at our feet. Who would not be in the
name of a foe, Never darkens the fest - ive night. When bursting mirth, rings

cir - cle of glee, When heart to heart is yearn - ing, When
round the hearth, Oh, where's the soul that's mourn - ing, When

joy breathes out, in the laugh-ing shout, While the Christ-mas log is burn - ing?
mer-ry bells chime, with the car - ol rhyme, While the Christmas log is burn - ing?

3. Then is the time, when the gray old man
Leaps back to the days of youth;
When brows and eyes bear no disguise,
But flush and gleam with truth.
Oh, then is the time when the soul exalts,
And seems right heavenward turning;
When we love and bless, the hands we press,
While the Christmas log is burning.

BRAIDING PATTERNS FOR DRESSES.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXXIII.—NO. 498.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1871.

HOW "MAD MARCY" WAS TAMED.

BY MARION HARLAND.

CHAPTER II.

"SHE was fairly warned. I wrote to her so soon as Frederick informed me of the renewal of his engagement with her, telling her plainly what her future lot was to be, should she persist in her intention of marrying him. I described, without reserve, her state, physical and mental, dwelling emphatically upon the effect his incurable lameness and the sufferings of the past half year had had upon his spirits and temper. No woman in her right senses could, after reading that letter, become his wife with the remotest expectation of happiness. When she stood by him at the altar, she knew that she was tying herself for life to a cross-grained clog."

Thus spoke the Rev. Arthur Rileigh, walking up and down his father's spacious parlor, his hands clasped behind him, his bosom swelling under his strait-breasted vest, in the proud consciousness that he had risked his brother's anger and the disfavor of his sister-in-law in the conscientious discharge of an unpleasant duty. The family sat in full conclave and festive array, awaiting the arrival of the newly-wedded pair. Mrs. Rileigh, Sr., a comely dame in black *moire* and lace cap, spoke next.

"I do hope she will take good care of my poor Fred. But what Frank writes of her has led me to doubt whether his brother has made a judicious selection of a nurse. I am afraid she is very giddy."

"She is likely to be sobered speedily," laughed Miss Felicia, the only daughter and youngest child of the household. "I am sorry for her, yet relieved that the burden of Fred's illnesses and humors is to fall upon somebody besides mamma and myself. It is queer, though, that any young girl should have had the courage to undertake the task. I should

say positively that she must have been absolutely agonizing to enter the estate of matrimony, and that offers were distressingly scarce, but for Frank's report of her beauty and popularity. The whole thing is an enigma."

"There are two sides to the story of her belleship," said Mrs. Arthur Rileigh, with an air of extreme discretion. "I have an acquaintance—Miss Slayne—who is a resident of the same town with these Marcys. When the news of this extraordinary betrothal was imparted to me, I wrote to her guardedly and confidentially for information respecting Miss Marcy. I destroyed her answer, which was also confidential, immediately after reading it, without even showing it to Arthur. If the result of my inquiries had been satisfactory, I need hardly say that I should have been delighted to make it known to you all. I can only observe that mother has judged correctly in surmising that the young woman has been very giddy, and that she has also manifested her accustomed charity of thought and speech in applying no harsher term to her career. I fancy Miss Marcy was not sorry to leave the scene of her many escapades, even at the cost of becoming the wife of a hopeless cripple. Indeed, his helplessness may have its advantages. Unless I have been grossly misinformed, she would not be tolerant of control or espionage."

"She shall play none of her scandalous pranks here," returned Rileigh père, his gray forelock bristling at the thought. "I'll see to that! As Arthur has said, she knew what she was undertaking when she married Fred, and if he cannot hold her to her duty and home, I will."

"You needn't alarm yourself, papa. Fred can fight his own battles," Miss Felicia said, flippantly as before. "I had rather be caged with forty porcupines than marry one man like him. He has worried all the flesh off my bones and the nap off my temper already. Of course the girl must have had some hidden motive for

marrying him, and may deserve and need sharp discipline for this and other follies, and I don't feel amiably disposed toward her for forcing herself into our family, but I do pity her, as I remarked, sincerely."

"I pity Fred more. I learn that her *sobriquet* in her native place is 'Mad Marcy,' and that it was well bestowed," observed Mrs. Arthur, discreetly and demurely as before.

She had a very round, white face, flaxen hair, pale blue eyes, and small features; was plump and short, and reminded Madeline the first time she saw her, and always afterward, of a chestnut-worm. She had brought the Rev. Arthur a handsome dowry; she was rather active than popular in his parish, but maintained a high reputation for propriety and prudence, and was a chief favorite with her mother-in-law.

"Since the poor afflicted boy was bent upon marrying, I wish he had chosen as wisely for himself and for us all as you did, my son," sighed the matron, addressing her eldest-born. "But I suppose *that* could hardly have been expected."

"Maybe Fred's wife really loves him. You know they were engaged before—two years ago. Frank says she is very charming, and her devotion to his brother beautiful."

The suggestion, modestly and timidly uttered, came from a young girl who sat in the shadow of Mrs. Raleigh's chair. She had a sweet but not pretty face, and blushed painfully at the laugh with which Felicia wheeled upon her.

"You dear little simpleton! If she loved him, why did she break the engagement? If I were in your place, I should not relish Frank's extravagant laudation of his new relative-in-law. What if she should reciprocate his admiration by preferring the sound, handsome brother to the injured one?"

"I am not afraid," responded the other, but her smile was hardly sincere.

Discreet Mrs. Arthur had her say again. "From what I can gather, it was Fred, and not the lady, who retreated from the former engagement, and he was justified in his action by the unscrupulous flirtations of his betrothed. I trust, however, Alice, for your sake at least, that she *will* give up the habit, now she is fairly married."

The sound of a carriage stopping at the door ended the discussion. The gentlemen hastened out, the ladies following them as far as the hall.

The bridegroom came up the steps, supported by a brother on either side, and close behind them was his wife, carrying his crutches. They were light and elegantly wrought, with crimson cushions at the top. The wraps and air-pillow, without which Frederick could not have travelled with any degree of comfort, were in the hands of a servant, and Madeline

had picked up her slight burden mechanically, and without a thought of the possible consequences of her appearing before her new relatives thus encumbered. As a matter of course, all eyes were bent upon her when hasty salutations had been exchanged between Fred and his friends. She stood in the full glare of the hall light, her lithesome figure displayed to striking advantage by her closely-fitting travelling dress, the dark fur with which it was trimmed heightening the effect of her rich brunette complexion; her eyes sparkling, and lips apart and quivering with excitement and pleasurable anticipation. The incongruity of the badge of deformity with this impersonation of health, vigor, and symmetry, could not fail to impress the most obtuse of the spectators. Felicia was foremost in the expression of this.

"You have invested her with the insignia of office, I see, Fred," she said, as she kissed Madeline.

"Arthur, Frank, one of you should have relieved her of these!" exclaimed Mr. Raleigh, offering to take them, and evidently annoyed. "I am ashamed and shocked that we should have allowed this, my dear Mrs. Frederick."

"You need not be, sir," Madeline said, with frank cheerfulness. "They have been my especial charge all through the journey. Anything but an unpleasant one, too, I assure you."

She would have fitted one under her husband's arm, but he caught it from her, adjusted it to its place, steadied himself upon it, and held out a hand for the other, his face pale with anger and mortification.

"Let me pass, if you please," he uttered, making a movement toward the parlor.

Madeline fell back out of his way to the side of Frank's betrothed.

"We ought to be friends," she said, softly, taking the hand of the blushing girl. "I have known you as long as I have Frank, and we are already cronies—sworn allies."

The latter clause caught Fred's ear as he let himself down groaningly, with his brother's help, to the sofa, heaped with pillows.

"Allies!" he echoed, with a harsh laugh. "That implies the existence of an opposing or obnoxious power. Am I to understand?"

"That you are at home again; that your friends are overjoyed to see you, and that, by and by, when you are rested, and appreciate what you have accomplished by the journey that has fatigued you, you will be the happiest man alive," interposed Madeline, saucily, arranging his cushions, and putting away the hair from his forehead.

"Don't be absurd!" he muttered, ungraciously, and Mrs. Arthur lifted one fat shoulder, with one flaxen eyebrow, in dumb, horrified show to her mother-in-law. The gesture said: "When I was a bride, I would have been drawn by wild horses sooner than use such

language to my lord in the hearing of others. But what did I tell you?"

Felicia carried Madeline off to change her dress.

"You don't mind Fred's bearish moods, I see," she remarked, on the stairway. "It is well you are so philosophical, for this is his normal state. He had always a villainous temper, but he used to make some show of controlling it. Now it is awful! I am glad you are not sensitive. If you were, he would be the death of you."

"I think not. I have wonderful vitality," was Madeline's rejoinder, in her gayest tone. More gently she added: "Seriously, I trust I shall never forget that it is pain, not temper, that speaks, when he seems impatient."

"That is a comfortable view to take of the matter, certainly. I hope you will hold fast to your resolution. But human nature cannot bear friction forever. Life or patience must give way. These are your rooms. They are the pleasantest in the house. Fred would not be satisfied if he had not the best of everything; and since he was hurt, all the rest of us have had to give way before his whims. He is a perfect Turk, as I suppose you have found out by this time. Dinner will be ready in half an hour. Can you find your way back to the parlor alone, or shall I send Arthur or Frank for you—your real master being out of the question? How good to be obliged to supplement a bridegroom in that way!"

"I will come down alone, if you please," said Madeline, still pleasantly. "And you must not make a stranger of me. I wish to take my place as a daughter of the house without delay."

She dressed rapidly, but with care. Her quick eye had noted the elegant apparel of the ladies below stairs, and she selected from her *trousseau* a light silk, with lace trimmings and a sweeping train, that lent queenliness to her stature, decorated neck and arms with a set of handsome jewelry—Fred's bridal gift—and without trusting herself to think for one moment when a final look at the mirror had told her all was right, ran down to the drawing-room.

"Actually bounded down the steps like any school-girl," commented Mrs. Arthur to her husband that night.

Her father-in-law met her at the door, offered his arm with much ceremony, and led her to a seat beside Fred's sofa. Her husband answered her smile by a half frown and an impatient movement of his head.

"You will excuse my travelling dress, mother," he said, shortly. "It does not signify how I look. But you needn't have taken so much pains to make the contrast more marked, Madeline."

And she, smitten with sudden loathing of her brave attire, and longing for sackcloth,

ashes, and a safe corner in which she could cry out her homesickness, her disappointment, and her dreads, yet replied, playfully—the Rileighs thought perty: "You are fishing for a compliment now, Fred. As if Miss Slayne did not call our marriage 'the union of mind and matter!' You should have heard the girls of our town rave about his 'etherialized face' and 'spirituelle eyes,'" she continued to Felicia.

"You *are* acquainted with Miss Slayne, then?" queried Mrs. Arthur, with what was to Madeline unmeaning emphasis.

"I have known her ever since I can remember," she replied, unsuspectingly, and thereby sealed in her hearers' minds the truth of that lady's testimony touching herself.

Frank ended the awkward pause that followed, by a rattling description of the pretty girls he had met at the wedding, and Madeline had time to steady her pulses and gather her scattering wits—to remind herself anew what a pitiable wreck in nerve and muscle was the man she had married; to rally about his image the great wealth of love and compassion that surged up in her heart when she remembered the handsome athlete who had wooed her two short years ago, and looked upon the pallid face and distorted body before her now. She had never been sick herself, but this very ignorance of physical infirmity invested the sufferer with sacredness; awed her into reverential pity in the presence of the mysterious anguish. She put away from her the recollection of the fact reverted to freely by Fred's own family, namely, that his disposition was naturally jealous, and his temper irascible. She never owned even to herself that upon which her father had dwelt strongly in his dissuasive talk with her the evening she received her lover's first letter, and which she learned after her marriage he had also expressed, but more delicately, to her betrothed.

"It is gross, inexcusable selfishness in him to seek to tie you to the battered hulk he describes here," the judge declared after re-reading Fred's account of his present condition. "The man has lost his senses, or is devoid of common humanity. It is monstrous!"

Madeline put her hand upon his lips.

"You are angry, papa, and do not know what you are saying, or I would not bear that, even from you. It is the 'honest hour' with him. I used to be sure it would come to him some time. The hour in which he understands how truly I love him, and that he cannot live without me. Do you know what I shall write to him before I sleep? That if there is enough of his body left to hold his soul, I will marry him; that if he cannot come to me, I will go to him, without scruple and without fear!"

She had not known until the day after the wedding that they were to live in his father's house. Fred had property of his own—enough,

* Literally true.

he represented to Judge Marcy, to maintain his wife in modest comfort, and Madeline's portion of her mother's dowry was settled upon herself. She had hoped for a neat, tasteful cottage, in the dear seclusion of which she could devote herself to the holy work of making life as beautiful to her invalid husband as the assurance of his love had made it to her. Fred shrank visibly from the thought. His father's residence was spacious, his rooms in it luxurious, and already arranged to suit his peculiar needs. The cares of housekeeping would consume much of Madeline's time, engross her attention often when he most needed her. Her father had broadly insinuated that he was moved by self-interest in renewing his suit, yet if he knew his own heart, he consulted her happiness in every plan. He did desire to have as much of her society as possible—he for whom life had so little else of brightness—but he did not want to cage his mocking-bird. He would have her free, unbound, save by the silken leash that would, after every flight, bring her back to his arms. His mother and sister would relieve her of the care of him for several hours each day or evening, and Frank be only too happy to escort her to concert, opera, or party. She must not cease shining because she was his wife.

"You shall make conquests by the score, and come home to talk over your victori-*s* with me, *ma belle*. People shall not say you are buried alive. And through you I shall keep up with the age, don't you see? It will be far better for me to make loop-holes of your bright eyes than to lie moping liking Diogenes in his tub, 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot.'"

This was the song of the honeymoon, and while he chanted it he felt and believed what he said. But nature and habit together are well-nigh invincible. He had the grace to apologize to his wife for his ill-humor on the evening of their arrival, pleading extreme fatigue and great bodily pain as his excuse. Perhaps Madeline's forgiveness was too cordial and ready, for he grew daily more lax in his guard over himself, more exacting in his demands upon her time, patience, and strength. Until his accident, there had been no gayer house in the city than the Rileighs; and now that he was, to quote his sister's words, "quite off their hands," she was resolved to make good lost time and opportunities. Madeline received her bridal calls in person—"when Fred could spare her." He persistently refused to appear below stairs upon such occasions.

"Would it not be wiser to delegate the whole duty to mother and Felicia?" said Mrs. Arthur to the "giddy" bride. "It looks so odd to see you alone in such a position, and—excuse me, my dear sister—hardly proper, as society is now constituted. The world demands such

circumspection in a married woman. I actually—excuse me again, but I am nothing if not frank—I actually overheard two wild young men the other evening pronounce you a "bewitching grass widow."

Instead of being stunned and shamed, Madeline laughed outright.

"Am I so verdant, then? I must treasure that up for Fred. How he will enjoy it!"

She took good care, however, not to tell him of the equivocal compliment. She was learning to shun such reefs as she had already struck, and to watch narrowly for others. In reality, the reception evenings, in which Felicia delighted, were to her a foretaste of purgatory. Fred insisted upon her bedecking herself in her best robes; was critical of the cut of a dress, the shade of a ribbon, the placing of a flower. When she was ready to go down stairs, he would admire her in the same breath that bewailed his own helplessness and evil fate. Sometimes he wept outright, and when she offered consolation, bade her "go and be happy. That is, forget my existence for a little while. I ought to have died before I asked you to marry such an ugly, blasted log."

True to her promise of keeping him apprized of what was going on in the gay world he shunned, Madeline, so soon as she could escape from the parlors, would fly to his room with a merry story of the sayings and doings of the company, and such bits of gossip as she had gleaned for his amusement. He was greedy of news, yet prone to lament, when all was told, that he had pined in pain and ennui while she was enjoying herself below. A faithful servant generally sat in the ante-room in Madeline's absence from his chamber; now and then Mrs. Rileigh would bring her crochet needle and worsted basket to her son's side, and doze and prose away the evening. Felicia never offered her services, asking, coarsely, when Frank suggested the propriety of her doing so: "What else Fred's wife was there for?" But Mrs. Arthur insisted frequently upon "performing her share of the sacred duty." Madeline soon noticed that after each of these exhibitions of sisterly attachment, Fred was more irritable and unreasonable with her than when another had been his custodian.

"I hate that woman, with her face like an overboiled dumpling, her honey-and-butter voice, and prying ways!" he had once said to his wife, and for awhile she had ascribed his dissatisfaction with herself to his annoyance at being compelled to submit to disagreeable companionship. She discovered her mistake through a sharp reprimand administered one night when she would have consoled with him upon the infliction.

"I wish you wouldn't press me to leave you alone with Amelia again, dear," she said. "I know she is smoke to your eyes and vinegar to

your teeth. You always look wearied out after one of her visitations."

"What nonsense are you talking now?" he asked, roughly. "I wish you were one-tenth as conscientious in the discharge of your home duties as she is, and cared as little for the attentions of other men than your husband. She is a good, pious woman, whose example you would do well to imitate, instead of trying to poison my mind against her. I shall be glad when this hubbub of company is over. Your head is more topsy-turvy than when you came here, and that is saying a good deal."

"I only meet your friends because you desire it, Fred," the astonished wife had the self-command to answer.

"I understand that is one of your stock-phrases. I am sick of hypocritical cant."

She could get nothing more of explanation from him, but from that hour the thorns thickened in her path. It was a late day for her to begin a study so difficult as circumspection in word and look as in deed, but she addressed herself to it without hesitation, feeling that her husband's health and her own peace of mind might be the forfeit of indiscretion. She said not a word to any human being of her efforts and her failures; held up her head as gayly, smiled as radiantly, as when her heart lay bleeding under the knife of the sudden, angry parting from her just betrothed lover, or dumb and faint with the belief that he had died without forgiving or remembering her. Gradually and adroitly she withdrew from general society, seldom appearing in public except on Sabbath, when she sat beside her mother-in-law in the family pew of the church presided over by the Rev. Arthur, and on fine days seated in a close carriage beside her invalid spouse. Fred's sufferings were often most acute at night; and when comparatively free from pain he could not sleep well, through excess of nervous excitement. It did not seem to occur to any of the family, except Frank, who might protest and fume, but was impotent to work any change in what he deprecated, that while they pitied Frederick, on hearing his account of the hours he had heard strike while tossing upon his torture couch, compassion was also due her who was during them all his wakeful, busy attendant. If she was worn and had an indifferent appetite in the morning, the trifling circumstance passed unremarked by word of inquiry or sympathy. It seemed to be nothing to them that this girl, with her exuberance of vitality, accustomed from her babyhood to hours of exercise daily in the open air, and to sleep soundly without dream or awaking, night after night, was now bound down to the dispiriting routine of a sick-nurse's life, with none of the professional nurse's privileges. For all that the closest observer could tell, it was less than nothing to them that she bore the heavy brunt, morning, noon, and night, of

Fred's peevishness; his fits of anger, violent or sullen; his incessant requests for attention and diversion; the sarcasms, the sneers, and causeless reproaches which they knew were the portion of whomsoever fate condemned to be constantly near him, and at the mercy of his caprices. They held on their way, and left her to that she had chosen, without an effort to soften its harsher features.

"She knew what she was doing when she married Fred," the mother would say, almost as often as did her selfish daughter. "Arthur warned her faithfully."

Which circumstance served as an ample excuse for their neglect of her, legitimate release from all duties which had devolved upon them as Fred's relatives and nurses while he was single.

"It is her business," was the invariable reply to Frank's assertion that "it was a deuced hard lot for any woman." "She has only herself to blame."

Madeline had been for eight months an inmate of the Rileigh mansion, when Frank, overtaking her on the stairs one evening, stayed her by seizing her arm, and was shocked to feel how slight it was.

"This is going too far, Maddie," he said, feelingly. "Close confinement this hot weather is telling upon your strength. Fred must be made to hear reason. For your good, if not for his own, he must be taken to the mountains or sea-shore."

"Don't speak of it, please," replied she, lowering her voice. "He would miss the comforts of home, and you know his aversion to meeting strangers. I am none the worse for having less weight to carry in the summer, but decidedly the more comfortable. Don't you remember the man who longed in the dog-days to shake off his flesh, and sit in his bones a little while?"

"You'll be a skeleton in reality if you don't take care of yourself," pursued the other. "Be reasonable for once. Alice and I are going out for a moonlight sail on the river. Come with us. I will send mother up to look after Fred."

Madeline shook her head, with a grateful smile into the kindly anxious face.

"You are very good to me, dear brother. But my poor boy has a bad headache to-night, and I must sing or read it away. Good-evening, and a pleasant sail to you!"

"Fred's abominable selfishness is killing that woman by inches," proclaimed Frank, indignantly, returning to the parlor. "And we shall not be guiltless if we do not interfere. I never saw another woman so changed in the same time. I have been begging her to go with us, Alice, but she cannot leave that pampered despot up-stairs."

"I shouldn't think Alice would feel complimented by your anxiety to increase the size of

your party," said Felicia's over-ready tongue, while Mrs. Arthur looked unutterable things. "When you find your knight missing some day, don't say I didn't open your eyes—or try to."

"Absurd!" retorted Frank, contemptuously. "I say nothing of the taste and delicacy of such insinuations, Felicia, for there can be but one opinion on that head. I only object to your evasion of the question of our duty to Fred's wife. She cannot take care of her health, and he will not. I should be ashamed to have her father or sisters see her. Such a brilliant, beautiful creature as she was when she came to us! And look at her now! I don't believe she weighs a hundred pounds. I took hold of her arm just now, and it is small as a baby's, without the plumpness."

Mrs. Arthur cleared her throat prudishly.

"Is not this a question to be considered by your brother rather than by yourself, Franklin?"

"Does he consider anything except the ease of his precious, patched-up body?" cried Frank, in generous heat. "If this glorious woman is to fall a victim to his selfishness, I shall be tempted to wish he had been killed outright when he went over the cliff."

Felicia's voice was loudest in the outcry that followed.

"I have often thought you were fast coming to that point."

Too angry to reply, Frank accosted his betrothed: "If you are ready, Alice, we will go."

She arose, without a word to him, said "Good-evening!" all around, and they left the house together. But when he would have turned down the street leading to the river, she held back.

"I prefer that you should take me home, Frank. Then I think Mrs. Fred Rileigh will go with you."

"Alice!"

"I mean what I say," she went on, her voice thinning as it heightened, after the manner of very amiable women when they are fairly enraged. "I have seen this drawing nearer and nearer ever since she came to your house, seen how you admired her and she you. I don't wonder she is getting thin and pale, but it isn't with waiting upon her husband. She is pining with love for you."

"There! you have said enough," said honest Frank, quietly. "No one shall slander a good, pure woman while I can prevent it. I had given you credit for more justice, more charity, more common-sense. When you are calm, you will see for yourself how preposterous is the charge you have made against me and against my sister-in-law."

"Never!" beginning to sob. "And it is very rude in you to intimate that I am a fool or in a passion, because you have forced me to speak plainly. This rupture must have come sooner

or later. I have known it ever since that first fatal evening. I have not had a moment of real happiness since this bold, designing creature crossed my path. But when it comes to your wishing your brother dead, it is time to act."

Great was the amazement and deep the regret of the Rileighs when Frank announced to them next day the dissolution of his engagement, declining, however, to give the particulars of the rupture or the cause.

"There's something in this more than a common lovers' quarrel," said Felicia, sagely, to her mother. "And I will probe it to the bottom."

Without waste of time, she betook herself to Alice's abode, ostensibly as a mediator, in fact as a spy, and came back laden with a big budget of scandal—a story that, leaking out through various channels, in three days had reached nearly every quarter of the city. It was excluded from Fred's apartments during this time. He was laboring under a brief but severe attack of illness, and Madeline did not leave him, except for her meals. Disregarding, in her solicitude on his account, the moody silence and sulky or tart speeches that were the replies to her few remarks while at table, she had no suspicion of the event that had set the tongues of a thousand gossips to wagging, and stirred up in the breasts of her relatives-in-law deadly distrust and dislike of herself. It was therefore with no especial misgivings, beyond a fear that the society of the discreet pastoreess might work its usual consequences in vexing her husband, that she obeyed his directions to leave him with Mrs. Arthur, while she herself took an hour's rest. Seeking a spare bed-chamber in the third story as the most quiet in the house, since Frank's room was the only one near ever used by the family, and he never came home until evening—leaving door and sashes open to admit what little air might be abroad on the stifling afternoon—too weary and heavy with sleep to make any change in her dress, Madeline threw herself across the bed, and in less than a minute was in a profound slumber.

The hour went by—two—and she had not stirred. Mrs. Arthur felt the cords of her own home duties tugging at her conscientious soul more and more imperatively, and finally, urged by Fred, mounted the stairs in quest of the delinquent. Bars of gold penetrated the shutters, and lay, still and bright, upon the white-robed figure on the bed.

"What an indecorous but studied posture!" thought the immaculate matron, pausing to note the pretty feet, from one of which the slipper had fallen to the floor, the head pillowed by the bare arms, Madeline having been too tired to think of any other support. "Suppose Frank had passed the door! May be that was what she expected. He may talk of her

worn looks, but she is handsome enough still to be a snare to most men—a very Deillah!"

In the excess of her virtuous indignation, she shook the sleeper by both arms—I am not sure but she pinched them, for the temptation was great. Madeline's eyes opened widely.

"Oh! is it you, Amella?" Then, laughing nervously—Mrs. Arthur thought guiltily—"I was dreaming about Frank, and I really thought you were he. I was ascending Mt. Vesuvius all alone, and toppled over on the verge of the crater—down! down! when suddenly I heard him laugh, and he jumped out from behind a rock and caught my arm. Thank you for waking me! My arms are fast asleep still," sitting up and rubbing them. "The nightmare was induced by something I was reading to Fred to-day about the last eruption of Vesuvius. Have I overslept myself? How is Fred? Why didn't you call me before? *Has anything happened?*" noting, as her eyes became accustomed to the mingled gloom and glare of the room, the awful severity of the round white face, the ominous set of the thin lips, and starting to her feet.

"Nothing new. But *your husband*, of whom you were *not* dreaming, wishes to see you," was the tremendous rejoinder.

"He is worse!" ejaculated Madeline, and, without further stay or parley, flew breathlessly down-stairs.

He was worse, for his mother was with him, piling the pillows behind him in the posture that always indicated distress for breath, and his complexion was livid.

"Darling, what is it?" cried the terrified wife. "Why did you not send for me?"—

She had stooped to put her arms about him and lift him higher upon the lounge, when he struck her in the face with his clenched fist—a blow so true and heavy in the might of his fury that it dashed her to the floor.* In falling, she caught the epithet he hurled at her with an oath. The scar of *that* wound never left her heart.

On the following day a card was brought to Madeline as she sat in the darkened room beside her husband, whose fit of rage had been succeeded by a night of pain and a day of utter prostration.

"Who is it?" he asked, sulkily, a suspicious gleam lighting his sunken eyes, as she half-arose, then resumed her chair as if irresolute.

"My father and mother. Shall I ask them up here, or excuse myself, and let them call again when you are better?"

Her steady, somewhat monotonous tone was not unpleasant to an ear unacquainted with her animated intonations, but Fred moved uneasily at the sound.

"What a ridiculous question!" he retorted, testily. "Would you have them think you a

prisoner? Go down at once. Tell Mary to listen for my bell."

He was ashamed to glance at the dark bruise upon her cheek, but he tortured himself when she had gone with speculations as to how she would account for it to her parents. Would she expose his brutality of act, and the baser cruelty of the charge he was even yet but half-convinced was groundless, so deftly had Mrs. Arthur done her benevolent work of enlightenment, so easily had the prepared train of jealousy in his breast been fired?

Mrs. Rileigh and Felicia were in the parlor with other guests when Judge Marcy and his wife entered, and Madeline found the four engaged in conversation, and already upon excellent terms of acquaintanceship.

As Fred had foreseen, the judge's first inquiry, after he had kissed his favorite, was: "My daughter, what have you been doing to your face?"

Mrs. Rileigh's stealthy look at her daughter met one as full of apprehension, and a sigh of relief escaped the bosom of each at Madeline's unembarrassed reply:—

"I had a fall, papa. You know I never walked as safely through life as most people do."

"I never saw a more marked improvement in any woman," said Mrs. Marcy, who was renowned for her sagacity and excellent judgment of character.

They were back in their hotel, having spent the evening with the Rileighs, and the subject under discussion was her husband's second daughter.

"Her manners are the perfection of refined repose," the lady continued. "She has acquired dignity of demeanor and stability of thought. I am exceedingly gratified. I thought this marriage would tame and tone down her wild spirits, if anything could."

"True, my dear." The judge spoke musingly, and there was a regretful, yearning look in his face. "I have lost my madcap forever, I see. As you say, she is an elegant, dignified woman. But I wish I knew by what process the change was wrought."

Ten years later Madeline Rileigh laid in the grave the warped frame to which she had ministered so faithfully and so long, and returned to her girlhood's home. Her step-mother was dead, but the old house was scarcely the gayer for the coming of the new and younger mistress. Her footsteps fell without sound in hall and upon stair, as they had done upon the floor of the sick-room; her voice was subdued, with even cadences; her very smiles rare and chastened. Before his brother had been a twelve-month dead, Frank Rileigh, the most petted bachelor of his circle, asked her to marry him.

"You have not your peer among women," he said. "I, who have watched you so long and closely, should know this. Let my love

* Fact.

restore some of the lost brightness to the life so early and wantonly blighted."

She laid her hand upon his head, as a mother might caress a foolishly-fond son.

"There is not a gray hair here, Frank, while I have at least a hundred. You call yourself a year my senior, when in reality I am fifty years older than you. I love you too well, dear brother, to do you the wrong of marrying you. I can never look or hope again in the way you speak of. The germ of possible affection for any man was scorched out years ago. And," with a faint smile more mournful than tears, "trees killed by lightning don't put up from the root, you know."

WHISPERINGS OF THE SEA.

BY SUE MURDOCK.

"WHAT are the wild waves saying" to me,
As I sit, with folded arms, to heart
Do they tell of lands far over the sea,
With tropical fruits and waters clear?
Do they tell of treasures they hide from sight
In fathomless depths of fadeless blue;
Of beautiful Undines, fair and bright,
With rescuing lovers, brave and true?

Ah, no! On each quivering face I see
A story of passion, storm, and strife;
And yet the smile of the conqueror,
Whose daily plaything is human life.
Methinks they say that the treasures they hide
Are the pulseless forms of mother and son;
Their beautiful Undine, a fair, young bride—
Treasures, indeed, to some waiting one.

And that ship just rounding the harbor bar,
With furling sail, and with banner high,
Do her wanderers turn with yearning heart
To the idols left 'neath eastern sky?
Do they traverse again, by memory's light,
The Alpine snows or Pompellian gloom;
Or revel once more, with a wild delight,
In 'witching spell of Italian moon?

Ah, no! With grateful voice and clasp of hand,
They speak of the perils passed, I ween,
Dropping silent tears for the one they gave
To the clinging arms of seaweed green.
But with a prayer for him who lieth low
In his sailor grave beneath the foam,
They bless the Ruler of land and sea
For His guardian care that brought them home.

Oh, waves of this turbulent sea of life,
That toss my bark on Time's ruthless shore
Will ye bear me away to peaceful climes,
To lave in the fountain of truth evermore?
When o'er the dark tide the anchor is cast
From the long ride with the boatman pale,
Will our thoughts e'er turn to the transient things
That burdened the heart this side the vale?

Ah, no! To the storm-tossed mariner
A voice divine saith: "Peace! be still."
And we'll bless the hand that holds the cup,
Whether weal or woe the chalice fill;
On the evergreen shore, with clasp of hand,
We will greet the loved with warm caress,
And, with reverent awe and boundless love,
Will fall at the Saviour's feet to bless.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. HOPKINSON.

ROSE DELAVAN lay with wide open eyes on her tasteful little bed in the curtained alcove of her chamber. By the side of her bed a taper swam in fragrant oil, held by a bronzed vase, and her hand rested on a blue silk coverlet. By these two tokens, an imaginative reader may guess that Rose was a luxurious little person in her appointments, and may figure all the furniture suitable to the rich Mr. Delavan's only child.

Out in the gutter, down in the cellar, up in the garret, and outside of all three, only under the shadow of some friendly shed, were children upon children; children uncared for, undesired, cold, starved, wretched, yet living on in a world that did not want them, and has provided for them only possibilities of good, with great probabilities of suffering and evil. But in Mr. Delavan's house, child after child had been taken away, and only Rose remained in the spacious dwelling. Out of doors, death left the little ones to scramble as they could through all their difficulties; within, he touched softly one after another their cherished and beloved ones, and left to the dwellers in the great house only silence and longing.

It was a bitterly cold, stormy night. Rose had been up rather later than usual, for it was Christmas Eve. In the parlor below stood the tree, which had been laden with brilliant gifts. Rose had left her own still hanging there, but the gay young friends and relatives had taken theirs away, and now the house was hushed.

A dreamy haze rested on the soft blue eyes, and a wistful expression on the pale, earnest face. Not sleepy; oh, no, indeed! Not until papa returned, and had his good-night talk with his own precious little girl. Her mother had gone to bed. Her mother was always kind and tender, certainly, but papa understood her best, and just now there were several questions she had to put to him before she could go to sleep.

She was a precocious little thing, only seven years old, but with mental habits far in advance of her years. One might guess so much, looking at her large forehead and deep-set eyes; and she had the custom of expressing her ideas in the words of the elders about her. This was natural, and, indeed, inevitable, where no other children were by to modify her expressions, but Mr. Delavan was in the habit of addressing her as if she were his equal in age, and he said he never felt it necessary "to let himself down," as he talked with her. She had as many correct notions about outdoor affairs as most men have, and her father delighted in discussing politics and public interests with her, on purpose to hear the quaint remarks from her grave little mouth.

Mrs. Delavan was more judicious than her husband in her management of Rose, and as nine-tenths of the little one's time was under the mother's influence, not so much mischief came of discussions about free trade and the tariff, as might have been expected. Still, the active brain was too active. Rose's mind unfolded like the flower, from the pressure within, and the sunshine and warm air without only made it comfortable for her. Instinctively, however, she shrank from asking many questions of her mother about the problems that pressed on her, and reserved for the nightly half hour which her father always passed at her bedside, all those doubts and questions that had puzzled her head through the day. Generally papa set things straight before the inquirer.

He had come at last. She heard the house-door open, and felt the gust of cold air and driving snow even up to her warm room. Her quick ear heard the heavy coat hung on the stand, the umbrella rattled into the stack, and then the heavy foot pressed the soft stairway, two steps at a time, and papa swung open her chamber door.

"But you must stay a little!"

"Only to say good-night, pet. You are late, and ought to be asleep now. Be thankful and glad that you have your warm, comfortable bed this bitter night. You are, dear?"

The wistful look deepened in her eyes.

"Glad, papa? Yes, but it seems selfish to be glad when so many must be sorry. And why shouldn't God let all children have beds as warm as mine? Tell me that, papa."

Mr. Delavan looked puzzled. In fact, Rose had opened up a subject which had balked the philosophers. Neither he nor they could clear her mind, but he answered her waiting eyes:—

"I don't know why evil is permitted, Rose. Perhaps if you and I had the ordering of affairs, we should omit pain, sorrow, hunger, and cold. But then, too, perhaps it would not be a world so well managed as it now is."

"If I had the management," said Rose, eagerly, "I would fling all the doors of all the large houses wide open, and let every poor little homeless child in. They should each have beautiful presents, and enough to eat. Oh, papa, I saw so many poor little things going by to-night, ragged and cold, and hungry-looking! I wished I could ask them all in—and, papa, I cannot be very thankful. I cannot see why God should give one child everything and another one nothing—oh, worse than nothing!"

"If they think it nothing, Rose."

"Oh, but they *must* feel the want of things they see other children have! One little girl I saw, who had climbed up on the fence to look in at the parlor window, where the dolls and things were on the tree, and she seemed so wishful. I'd a great mind to open the window

and give her my new wax doll. Oh, why is it that everything is so unequal?"

Rose's eyes were very bright now, and her pale cheeks flushed with color. Evidently the child had puzzled so long and painfully over this problem of permitted evil, that she was not likely to sleep until she had approached some sort of solution.

Mr. Delavan took her hot hand in one of his cool ones, and with the other smoothed the soft palm as he sat silently looking at her. Presently he said:—

"You are contented yourself, Rose?"

"I—content? Oh, that isn't it, papa!"

"You are not old enough yet, my blossom, to see how good and evil are distributed, or that what we call evil is sometimes even a good. Can you not wait a little, and trust God? Trust your father, at least, when he tells you we are apt to mistake both."

"Oh, but the cold, the hunger, papa!" Her eager eyes would not let go of him.

"Do you remember the fable I used to tell you so often, of the city mouse and the country mouse? How, after much experience of the elegances of a city mouse's life, with its unlimited amount of cheese, and its frequent opportunities of cake, the country mouse deliberately preferred his hole at the tree's foot? That was not for want of good taste, or a perception of luxurious abundance, nor that he liked better a cold and scanty meal. But mice, as well as men, Rose, must choose some things and leave others, and our country mouse, you remember, chose independence, and did not like the cat. The city mouse preferred riches, even with the serious drawbacks of perpetual uncertainty and alarm. He would have called the country mouse's hole wretchedness and squalor."

"But even the country mouse," said Rose, meditatively, "could not help feeling it to be just that."

"I suppose he did not, or he wouldn't have chosen it on the whole. I don't mean to say that there is not much trouble and suffering that nobody would choose to have, only that we all have to choose between evils. The evils will be attached to everything, and we choose among them with more or less judgment. You might ask why every one has not good judgment, so as to choose only good things—and there, Rose, I cannot answer you—we come back to the question, why is evil permitted at all? Only one thing we can see—that the rich and prosperous are not always happy, and that he who has the least of the things called good of this world, often balances poverty with the greatest good, content."

"Papa," said Rose, solemnly, "nobody *can* be contented with cold and hunger, especially children."

"No, I believe not, but I have seen very happy-looking invalids and cripples, and the

cheerful patience of a girl who had been bedridden for eighteen years has often made me ask, 'Oh, pain! where is thy victory?'

"Why does God let them be bedridden, then, if they are good and patient? They don't need it, and they can't want it," said the unconvinced Rose.

"I don't know, my dear."

Something in her father's voice as he made this brief answer, silenced Rose. She felt, for the first time, that she had meddled with questions too vast for her understanding, and of which her father spoke with reverence. That it was not merely God's goodness she had arraigned, but the whole plan of human existence, and its adaptation to the human soul's progress, and she, too, became silent under her new perceptions. Mr. Delavan looked at her with a troubled smile.

"We fight these questions, Rose, until we are weary, and then we rest our finite ignorance in the shadow of the Infinite. It comes to that at last, inevitably."

"Yes, papa," said Rose, wearily.

"You did not know what took me out to-night in this storm?"

"No, papa."

"I went to take some things to Polly Barnes. You know she is very poor and very old."

"Oh, yes, I remember her! Oh, *very* old she is!"

"And rheumatic besides, which bends her poor head over, and makes her look even older than she is. She can work a little when she isn't sick with rheumatism, and people give her such things as they can spare—old clothes, and food sometimes.

"Old food?"

"I don't believe fresh joints reach her very often," replied Mr. Delavan, laughing. "Indeed, I am afraid the food is as fragmentary as the clothes. But to-night your mother packed a pair of roast chickens and a mince-pie into the basket; I stuffed the spaces with raisins and nuts, and on the top your mother put a thick, warm shawl."

"A real new one?" said Rose.

"Yes, real new. When I started it was rather late, and I was afraid Polly might have gone to bed, but as I reached the poor rickety house where she lives all alone, seeing a light, I knew she was still up. Just as I was about to knock, I heard Polly's voice praying. So I stopped in the little entry to wait till she had finished. The wind and snow blew so hard, I was glad to get under shelter, and she wouldn't hear my step, I knew. I stood there, and what do you guess Polly said?"

"Now I lay me?" queried Rose, in answer.

"Not exactly. Perhaps she had said it. But first I must tell you how the room looked where Polly knelt and prayed. I could see it plainly through the wide crack at the side of

the door. A little fire of chips burnt in the chimney, and a piece of dry bread lay on a plate in the open, and otherwise empty, cupboard. The poorest of poor beds stood in one corner, and there was a broken chair, besides the one against which Polly leaned. She herself had on an overcoat which some kind man had given her. Other comforts and conveniences there were none. Now, Rose, I'll tell you what Polly said in her prayer, and I think we shall neither of us ever forget it:—

"O Lord, I thank thee that on this blustering cold night, when so many have no shelter for their heads, I have this comfortable roof over me! When so many are freezing, that I have the blessing of a fire! And when so many are starving, that I am saved from hunger, and have food convenient for me. But, O Lord, may I feel also that where *much is given, much will be required!*"

"This was Polly's prayer. As she rose from her poor knees on the bare floor, I put down basket and shawl, gave a rousing thump on the door, and ran home to you. Now, my child, shut your eyes, and rest your mind with this thought: that the All-Father blesses His children in ways we know not of."

A CHRISTMAS EVE TRIBUTE TO THE AUTHOR OF THE "CHRISTMAS CAROL."

BY CLARENCE F. BUHLER.

As I watch the old lamplighter
Going down the street to-night,
Making all the dreary vista
Blossom into flowers of light,
I am thinking of the author
Who with many a radiant hope
Lit the prospect of the millions
Who in darkness had to grope.

Ye who call him but a scoffer
May have read the Gospel well,
But ye cannot teach a better
Faith than that of Little Nell;
Ye can preach no hope transcending
That which Mr. Peggotty had,
And no charity surpassing
That which made Tom Finch so glad.

Little Nell, as Dickens told us,
Asked upon her dying night
That she might be buried under
Something that had loved the light;
And I think that as the sunshine
Of his nature was a part,
Through her then he gave expression
To the wish of his own heart.

Therefore he should never slumber
In the abbey, cold and dim,
Where anemones can never
Weep their petals over him:
He should rest where living waters
Flow like liquid music by,
While the birds, like musical blossoms,
Hang upon the branches nigh.

ONE'S FRIENDS.

LOVE is the passion *par excellence* of youth ; but for middle age, friendship. The calmness and unselfishness of friendship, which makes its charm for maturity, are the very qualities which in youth render it unattractive. Youth enjoys the turmoil of the passions as it enjoys the restlessness and activity of the body. It does not heed if the love expressed for it is selfish or no. It comprehends that it must be selfish ; that it creates an idol not only to be worshipped for its own sake, but to make the happiness of the worshipper. Love gives truly, and it gives generously ; but it asks a return, and for the most part with interest. Friendship gives too, and as generously ; but it demands smaller dividends for its outlay, and bears heavier burdens. Love seldom knows anything about bearing burdens. The utmost it can do is to brave the mischances of delay, the doubts of separation, the tyranny of opposing friends and kinsfolk, but it cannot bear much personal disaster. An attack of small-pox, leaving marks, is generally fatal to it ; a wooden leg is its grave ; and it has been even known that premature baldness or gray hairs have written its epitaph without much delay. In justice to woman, however, it must be acknowledged that these untimely deaths occur oftener on the man's side than on hers, and that her love, being, as it is, of a softer, more tender, more moonlight character, does not die so suddenly as the man's, nor for such small occasions. Man's love is as a fierce tropical growth, that has more luxuriance than tenacity, but woman's lasts better, and weathers more storms. So at least it is said ; and if we dissent from the current belief on certain grounds, we need not proclaim them here. Suffice that on the ground of outlasting personal disfigurement woman's love undoubtedly proves itself more tenacious and of tougher vitality than man's. Even Quilp could find a wife, and not so bad a one either ; and we know of no man so unpersonable, so mutilated, as to be out of the pale of woman's love. We cannot say the same for women in regard to the love of men ; but then we fancy there is a good physiological reason for the immense importance given to feminine youth and personal beauty.

But all this has led us away from our friends, and it is of them that we have to speak.

"Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh ! had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again !"

So says poor Alexander Selkirk ; but in his subsequent verses he dwells more on friendship than on love, and as much as on religion :—

"My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh ! tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see."

We are quoting from memory ; so, if incorrect, we beg pardon of those who know better than ourselves, and who therefore will be outraged, and of those who know less, and who will therefore be misled.

Without friends life is but a dreary waste, shelterless and sterile ; with them it is a garden, abounding in as many pleasant resting-places and protecting arbors as we have friends to give us sympathy or help in our times of trouble. They need not be all of one kind : and, indeed, the greater the variety the more the pleasure accruing. We cannot live on one kind of food only, either mental or physical ; and the rule holds good with friends as with other things. There are our affectionate friends, who never help us practically, but who cheer us when we are desponding, soothe us when we are irritable, and love us when we are lonely, and who at all times and in all circumstances give us their sympathy and affection. They do not do us an ounce of substantial good, counting by pence and social advancement ; but they make a sunshine for us in our dark days, and we know that we cannot carry to them a burden of personal discomforts too heavy for them to share, and, in sharing, lighten. We love these friends, and they love us, but in general we seek them only when things have gone wrong. Quite the contrary to fair-weather friends, they are our refuge only in storms and under cloudy skies. When the sun shines on us again we see them no more ; but we know that when we want them again we shall find them just where we left them, with hearts as full of sympathy and as warm with love as they were when we sat with them last, and they exorcised the evil spirit that possessed us. People may wonder why we keep up such unprofitable associations, but we alone know their value, and, knowing it, we take care to keep them ever in faithful and tender reserve.

Then there are the friends whom we are always helping, and who never by any chance do anything to help us. So circumstance, not inclination perhaps, wills it. Perhaps, if we are men and they are women, we have to do all sorts of things, but chiefly matters of business, which they cannot do for themselves. May be we make them loans which are never repaid ; they are not given to be repaid, are not meant to be repaid, but they are always loans, never gifts, and so pride is saved, and with it delicacy. May be we give them our professional advice gratuitously ; attend them when they are ill, for the payment of their feeble smiles and robust condition ; draw up their deeds, and leases, and agreements, and give them sound legal counsel, to their probable displeasure for the moment, if subsequent salvation ; or we put their money out to good interest, and in our own minds resolve to bear the loss should the investment prove bad ; or

we go and see this editor or that picture dealer in their behalf, and make the best terms for them we can, and better than they could have made for themselves—poor, soft, gullible, timid, self-depreciatory, or fiery, unmanageable, hoity-toity, and unreasonable beings as they very likely are! Every man of business has one or more of these dear helpless fringes knotted to his professional skirts. They impede him a little, perhaps, but what of that? He has the satisfaction of knowing that he is doing a good work in saving them from themselves, and defending them as well as he can in their lonely passage through a hard world; and his own conscience has to be his reward.

Sometimes we are women who are helpful, in which case we most likely make our fringes of weak sisters; or, if of men, then are they nephews or younger brothers, who cannot get a firm footing somehow, and whom we do our best to steady over the difficult places and help up the bad bits. But there is not much gratitude to be looked for in these cases. Women like to feel grateful to men. It is part of the feminine instinct, and carries no sting with it; but men do not like to feel grateful to women. It is an inverted relation, that hurts their pride, and places their benefactress in the secret light of an enemy. This sounds very shocking—truth generally does—but it is a fact, and must be accepted as one, even if disagreeable.

Sometimes your friends are just superior beings whom you love and admire, and in whose radiance you sun yourself, without any more direct personal good accruing. They are too happy in themselves for you to cloud even momentarily with the shadow of your own troubles. You would as soon think of teaching a skylark to whistle a dirge as to ask them for a patient hearing of, or vivid sympathy with, your sorrows or disasters. They are holiday friends, and all who enter into their sphere must come in holiday garments, and with faces dressed in smiles and the outward presentment of happiness. No doubt they would be very kind to you if you told them of your sorrows; they would express the deepest pity and regret; yet they would not care to see you again, unless your star had fought its way clear from out the clouds. Not that they are heartless; they are only happy—too happy to be troubled; and without any wish to exchange their sunshine for your shadow. So long then as you can bring your own contribution of joy to the atmosphere of serene delight in which they live, you are welcome. You are welcome, even if you are only a passive participator in the general happiness about, looking as if you enjoyed it and were one with it. But look sad, poor, ill, unfortunate: "My dear soul, I am very sorry for you, heartily sorry; but your plaintive looks bore me, and I do not like to see my friends ill-dressed. Adieu! When

you are in the sunshine again, come to see us; until then our ways lie apart." This is in substance what your fair-weather radiant friends say to you when they quietly drop you from their visiting list, and brush you aside as unsuited to their sphere, because you are unhappy, unfortunate, melancholy, or suffering.

Then there are the friends who cannot resist giving you good advice. At every turn they are down on you with patent nostrums, moral or medical, which, if you will but taste, all will go well with you for the future. And be very sure that these are just the people of whom you could not and would not ask advice. Not that your reticence brings you its reward. The less you ask the more they bestow; and if you do not like to confess your obligations, or be guided by their lights, the fault is yours, not theirs. You may incur the sin of stiff-necked ingratitude, but at least they are clear from that of shirking responsibility.

Side by side with your advice-giving friends stand your patronizing friends—the people who pat you on the back with a condescending air, and find something really almost to admire in you. "You are to be commended," they say, loftily; "you really have struggled on very creditably!" You! and your life has been one long hand-to-hand fight with an adverse fate; a life for which in the agonies of the night you have had to gather strength and courage to enable you to breast the heavy surges of the day; a life without help, without sympathy, without sharing; a life that has been a bitter disillusionment, which no one could regild; a lonely combat, in which no one could strengthen your hands. And yet this life, so sad, so tragic, lonely, and brave as no one but God knows—because none but He knows its difficulties—your portly, many-fleshed, prosperous friend, with his chin in the air and his smooth face unfurrowed by a care, he whose way has been through cornfields and vineyards, desecrates in its mournful courage by his hollow praise; his empty patronage: "You really have done almost well!" Rather commend us to the simple soul who steals in on our loneliness with loving eyes showering mute caresses, with tender hands pressing dumb yet eloquent sympathy; the friend of our sorrow, the sun of our darkness; true, patient, unselfish; giving all, and asking nothing but the leave to give!

A SLOWNESS to applaud betrays a cold temper and an envious spirit.—*Hannah More.*

If women would cultivate their minds more, they would be more companionable to intelligent men. Many a husband goes out for his evenings, many a lover tires of his betrothed, because he finds her conversation insipid. Ladies, try not only to look pretty, but to talk well, also.

"WHAT IS IN A NAME?"

BY LOUISE BARTON.

I STOPPED short and looked at my companion as he uttered those words. There was not much light to assist my investigation, truly. The moonbeams stole but scantily through the narrow streets of that quaint German city—Frankfort-on-the-Main. We had been for the last half hour winding in and out of its most ancient district, where the six or seven stories of the houses projected one above the other, till they nearly met to shut the skies out overhead. All the world of that primitive locality had long been wrapped in slumber, and as we passed along, my friend and I, arm-in-arm, our footsteps were the only ones which broke the silence, and only the stray moonbeams lighted us, except when now and then the solitary midnight taper of some attic philosopher flashed out, perhaps pointing out in relief some olden grotesque Atlas of stone, who supports the last projecting roof, and grins beneath its burden.

Thirty-five years and upwards since that night have passed when we two reckless students sauntered there together. It may be that, as we verge toward old age, we are like one toiling up a mountain, who, as he clammers higher yet, sees clearest of all the valley he has left far behind, which lower crags concealed from view while he was still among them. Be that as it may, there is yet another reason why the events of that night, leading to what they did, should loom out clearer upon memory's horizon, as I look back, than many a later incident of my life.

It was, as I have said, more than thirty-five years ago, and just after the mad outbreak on the Frankfort garrison by the students and a few other young men, incited by political feelings. Brandon Aylmer, one of our English students, an easy-going, devil-may-care fellow enough, had escaped all suspicion of connection with the fracas. Not so I. Although I was certainly not involved in the assault, my well-known fellow-feeling with, and political sympathies of, the assaulters, besides some two or three minor causes not worth mentioning here, directed the vigilant eyes of the police my way, and I had by some means learned that before four-and-twenty hours it was very possible I might be arrested. I knew that I could not very easily clear myself, and I was sauntering on in no delightful frame of mind, enviously complaining that Aylmer, who was, indeed, implicated rather more than I, was getting off scot-free, and was even now wandering about with his passport to Paris in his pocket. I had just expressed myself upon that head when Aylmer suddenly broke in with:—

"What is in a name?"

"Luck and misfortune," returned I, after a moment's pause and stare. "Luck in that

of Aylmer—misfortune in that of Von Steinberg."

"Then why not drop the Von Steinberg for the nonce? Now don't listen with that incredulous stare, as if to 'a tale told by an idiot, full of sound . . . signifying nothing.' It does in fact signify a great deal. It signifies that you are to take my passport—it will do quite as well for you, you see"—and he pulled it out of his pocket—"Five feet eleven, fair-haired, etc. etc., age twenty-two—your additional year won't show itself, and happily you speak English perfectly well, save for a slight accent which Brandon Aylmer himself might have acquired in his eight years' stay in Germany. You are to make your way to Paris, and also to make yourself easy there until the whole affair has blown over, and you are forgotten, as no doubt you will be before very long."

"But you. What is to become of you?"

"I shall pull on my invisible cap and be nowhere found for some days, until you are fairly beyond reach. I am a sufficiently erratic genius for such a proceeding to escape comment, and when your ruse is discovered, if discovered it must be, you will be out of harm's reach. But I greatly doubt its being discovered. You are not the only student fleeing from blind justice, and the passport might have been palmed off by any other as well. Come, come, you must not hesitate. Friend Ruprecht will give you a lift over the walls; you will be safe in an hour, nor will I be in jeopardy. So take my advice, my brother of the Burschen."

It was really such uncommonly good advice that I took both it and the passport. Friend Ruprecht did, indeed, smuggle me out of the city, and it was still before midnight when, from a by-path leading over the hills where mounts the Darmstadt road, I looked back on the glooming city, with its mediæval walls and watch-towers, and upon the Main spanned by the Devil's bridge, on the middle arch of which the golden cock flashed out in the moonbeams. That golden cock was a bird of omen good. For the story goes that ages ago that bridge's architect had contracted to finish it within a certain time, and that time had all but expired when one evening, standing on one of its arches, yet very far from completion, the architect, rueful at his failure, was gazing moodily into the water. At that instant the slim, gentlemanly personage in black who so often puts his cloven foot into German tradition, kindly stepped forward with the offer to finish it within the given time—only demanding as toll the first two-legged passenger across it. It is certainly meritorious to outwit the devil, and the architect was a wise man, who drove a cock over before him. As the creature had no soul of which to take possession, the furious devil wrung its neck and tossed it from him, upon which, a bird of gold, it soared away to

the topmost arch triumphantly, whereon it has been perching ever since.

All this is a digression, and yet, as I looked my last upon the glittering biped, the story came into my mind, and I took it as a lucky omen. The grasp of the law was not so fatal perhaps as that of the gentlemanly personage in black, but not the less might I congratulate myself on my escape from it. So, quite as triumphantly as chanticleer to his topmost arch, I pursued my way, avoiding all highways, and keeping as much as possible in by-paths. Ere long I had put the Rhine between me and Frankfort. Following the same prudent plan of travel, I kept myself as invisible as might be, until upon my trans-Rhenish route I had descended the river as far as the Moselle, and entered Coblenz as Brandon Aylmer, to have my passport ~~read~~ there, for through Coblenz was marked the route Brandon Aylmer was to follow, and thence up the Moselle into France.

It was just at sunset of the day on which I reached Coblenz, and having found that I could not resume my journey until the following day, I was taking "mine ease in mine inn," smoking on the balcony in no very enviable mood. True, I was out of Frankfort, but then to be quite safe I should also have been out of Germany, whereas I could not reach France until the morrow. Moreover, on receiving Aylmer's passport, I had waived his inquiry into the condition of my purse, which, therefore, remained in its chronic state of leanness. This fact did not enhance the charm of the prospect of a tour in France.

Meditating on these things, I stood upon the balcony, gazing listlessly across the blue river, where Ehrenbreitstein's vast perpendicular rock towers up hundreds and hundreds of feet, commanding the entrance from the Rhine. The sunset poured a crimson flood all down its western side, and blazed with fuller glory on the massive battlements and ramparts of the mighty fortress crowning it. Coblenz also was aglitter with the sun's farewell illumination upon spire and pane, and the scene was so bright that it might well banish my dull mood. But that it had not done, when a waiter came up, inquiring among the three or four loungers on the balcony for the Herr Brandon Aylmer.

It did not strike me at first that it was for me to answer. When I did remember, the man put a note into my hand, and after waiting an instant to see if I had any commands in return, he left me.

It was a dainty note, addressed to Brandon Aylmer in a woman's hand. It must be from some English friend, I saw at once, for German and English writing differ quite as much as German and English print. Through my intimacy with Aylmer, I was familiar enough with English chirography not only to decipher the address, but to form an idea that it was pencilled hastily and under some excitement.

Should I then venture to open it? Would not Aylmer consider my reading it a breach of honor?

My answer to this self-questioning was an affirmative. Therefore I opened my pocket-book, and was about to place the still sealed note within its leaves, to be sent from France to Aylmer, its proper owner, when a man whom I had with some uneasiness observed watching me before, crossed over to me, and asked in very broken English if I were an Englishman.

It struck me instantly that he was a detective. I replied in English, confident of his inability to detect the slightest German accent, I was not just at present from England, but from Frankfort; that as matters were now in some little confusion in that city, I had left the university for a short tour in France. So saying, I handed him my passport, much as one might hand a card; and, after a few moments of conversation, excused myself, as I had just received a letter which I had not yet read.

There was no help for it. Brandon Aylmer's note must be opened and read in view of this man if I would prove my identity; for I saw that I was not yet quite free from suspicion, to which my strange reception of the note had no doubt given confirmation. These detectives well judged by a straw which way the wind blew, and I was sure that my friend would, under the circumstances, freely pardon that broken seal. So broken it was at once, and I read on:—

MY DEAR COUSIN BRANDON: I have just seen your name on the hotel book. Will you not come to us as soon as you read this? Papa is ill, and we have had to stop here at Coblenz, where there is not a soul to help me, and the people don't seem to understand German. The sight of your signature was like a gleam of light in a horror of great darkness.

Yours, MADGE.

I read it over twice. Had it brought me into fresh trouble? Was it not probable that she might have spoken in the house of her cousin's arrival, and if so, would not my avoidance go far toward disproving my identity with Aylmer? On the other hand, were I to call upon her, would I not be putting myself in the power, perhaps, of some indiscreet chit of a girl—for such I judge her to be, upon a re-perusal? Assuredly the sight of *her* signature was not like a gleam of light. It was no guide out of my darkness. Why do girls, I soliloquized, wrathfully, so habitually sign merely their Christian names, unless by way of a hint that they leave margin for a new surname?

However, there was no help for it. I must apply for information as to my cousin's surname to the travellers' book. Not that I expected to find there any such signature as "Madge." But among all the English fathers and daughters—for the town was thronged with travellers

—I might perhaps stumble upon something to point me to this special one. So after a time I loinged away, in quite an aimless manner, to prosecute my search.

Aye, fathers and daughters there were by threes and fours. Unable to decide between them as to which had the cousinly claim, I began to fear I should be forced to make inquiries for "the gentleman who is ill," by no means a safe proceeding, considering that I was still under the supervision of my broken-English friend, who would not be slow to draw inferences from my ignorance of my kinsman's name, when suddenly I reached in the list: "Geoffrey Brandon and Miss Brandon."

"What is in a name?" Luck, assuredly, in the christening of Aylmer by his matronymic, Brandon. Here was an end to doubt. Forthwith I dispatched my card—i. e., Brandon Aylmer's—to Miss Brandon.

She immediately sent for me to come up to her private parlor. On the way I arranged what I was to say—my apology for opening the note, and for thus intruding upon her; my offer of service, and explanation of my intimacy with her cousin, and of the danger in which she might involve me if she were unguarded. I must confess I was thinking most of myself—until the door opened.

She stood there, one hand on the centre-table, the other half-extended as I entered. The room was almost in twilight, and I stayed to close the door behind me, that there might be no surprise when she should perceive the impostor cousin. But to my amazement, she came forward and gave me both hands, looking up in my face with her bright brown eyes, bright in spite of traces of recent tears.

"This is very good of you, Brandon. I had hardly a right to expect it, but I thought, for the sake of the childish days at Brandon Hall, you would not harbor unkindness in my trouble. Papa is very ill," she said, with a quiver of the lip, yet hastily, as if to quit Brandon Hall and its associations. "He has been ordered to Italy, and we were going through Switzerland, but had to stop here on the way. With my absurd German," she added, more cheerfully, "I prove anything in the world but a desirable nurse in a foreign land. But now that you are come, I'm sure we will do well. How fortunate that we should have happened to meet. I could not bear to call upon a stranger for assistance. But I hope we won't be long a burden to you," she ended, apologetically.

The expediency of my leaving for France upon the morrow vanished. The propriety of my confessing to being a stranger, on whom she could not bear to call for aid, also vanished. I thought only of how to help the young girl, for she was almost childishly young, and far too pretty, I said to myself, to be left to strangers in case there should be anything in-

deed serious in her father's illness. That must be seen into, and to that end I inquired:—

"And how is my Uncle Brandon now?"

The girl started and looked down upon her black dress. I had not before observed that she wore mourning.

"Surely you cannot have forgotten," she said, in a low, reproachful tone, "you cannot have forgotten that we lost Uncle Brandon months ago?"

"Dear Madge, forgive me!" I said, with a rush of penitence for having brought a cloud of sadness to the sunny face. A rush of penitence, too, for the imposture which seemed likely to end in my own confusion. Here was a snarl in the relationship, and I was not equal to unravelling it on the spot. I was becoming as bewildered as one is apt to be over the riddle intended by some inventive genius for the confusion of the simple-minded. She made no direct reply, but said:—

"Come, let us sit yonder in the window. Papa is asleep, and Berkeley is with him. You remember old Berkeley, do you not?"

It required some nerve to meet her wistful eyes, and say: "Well, no—not exactly." But it had to be done, lest confessing to knowing the said Berkeley should bring me into some unforeseen predicament.

She had enthroned herself in a large arm-chair by the window as I spoke, and the lingering light fell on the pretty head, which she shook reprovingly. It was crowned with a wreathed glory of auburn hair—hair of the same red-brown as were her eyes—and for the first time I fully perceived what a charming cousin I had found. It was not only the brilliancy of coloring, the fair brow, the blush rose in her cheek, but every turn of the light figure, every movement of the round white throat, and little head, and of the hands, which were indeed tiny and perfect beyond—

Here, just such a hand interposes between mine and the paper; and lips, if something less girlishly rosy than those on which I was about to comment, yet far lovelier to me than those of Madge Brandon, command that I shall not digress into description, but give you, my friend, the simple tale as I have promised. So I suppose I must just put aside all comment, and keep to the thread of my recital.

"Of course, I ought to recollect," she said. "The eight years that have gone by since you and I were big and little playfellows of nine and fourteen, at Brandon Hall, have been filled up for you with many incidents, while I have had no novelty beyond visits from Brandon Cottage to Brandon Hall. Well, Berkeley was Uncle Brandon's butler, and is ours now, of course. But he had been on the continent twice or thrice with Uncle Brandon, so that when papa was ordered over here by his physician, we induced him to come, quite as an especial favor, thinking he would prove of some

assistance. But I have to act as interpreter for his German," she added, laughing.

I began to see my way a little. Brandon Hall had been the seat of Uncle Brandon. Madge's father must be only a cousin of mine, who had lived at Brandon Cottage until he inherited the Hall. And the breach in family friendship, to which Madge's first speech had certainly alluded, must that not have been caused by Arthur Brandon's inheriting the Hall, instead of myself? My intimacy with Aylmer had not dated back more than a year, and I had never heard him mention these kindred of his, as I had those upon his father's side. It did not occur to me that if the trouble between Aylmer and these Brandons had been solely about the Brandon Hall inheritance, I should have heard Aylmer speak of them in the early days of our friendship, since Brandon's uncle had died only months ago, Madge said. But I imagined I had reached the bottom of the matter, and so put the leading question:—

"I hope you do not imagine that I care no more for Brandon Hall and its owners, because I do not lay claim to or aspire to possess?"

I broke off, for such utter surprise flashed into her uplifted eyes, such a burning color rushed even to her brow, that I felt I had made some mistake. Her voice shook as she said:—

"We won't speak of that, Cousin Brandon, if you please. Perhaps my father is awake by this time. I would like to know what you think of his illness."

She opened the door of an adjoining room very softly. I lost her for a moment, and felt strangely as if I had lost something more than the presence of one whom I had never seen, and of whose existence I was ignorant, an hour ago. She was hardly gone, however, when she reappeared in the doorway, holding up her finger to insure quiet.

"Won't you come now? He has just wakened, and expects you, but we must be very still."

It was an old man who lay stretched upon a hard and narrow German bed, the discomfort of which I have since learned by the experience of wider comparison. An old man and feeble; and, as I bent over his outstretched hand, I found he had rather a high fever. But that he was more of a hypochondriac than an invalid, I soon discovered, seating myself in the arm-chair his daughter wheeled forward, and entering into conversation with him.

"Madge insisted upon writing for you, Brandon," he said, after enlarging in a hopeless strain upon his illness. "But, to tell you the truth, I doubted your response. She could not reasonably have expected you to come."

Here Madge, her color rising as it had done when she so abruptly quitted me in the parlor, found something to arrange upon the table before the window, which took her somewhat out of earshot of the feeble voice, and—what

was more to the purpose—which enabled her to turn her back upon us. He went on, lowering his tone:—

"What possessed the girl I do not know. She certainly had seen no one whom she could like better. She asserted, indeed, that the marriage was as repugnant to you as to her, but"—

The pause was left for me to fill with a contradiction. But what could I say? He evidently thought she was beyond hearing, but I caught a quick, annoyed movement of the averted head, which told me she had heard. I said nothing, and he resumed:—

"But you were at all events a foolish boy not to urge your suit. The refusal would then have lain at her door, and though the old man would have her, who was always the favorite, you know, he would have left you a large bequest."

Madge turned sharply around. "Our Cousin Brandon," she said, and her tone was one of suppressed irritation, "I am sure knows"—She drew a long breath as if checking herself, and began again, in an altered voice: "Do you think my father has very much fever? It was far higher this morning, or I would hardly have ventured to send for you."

"Then," I said, "since your father is decidedly mending, I may be very grateful to the fever."

She smiled, turning away again to the window. Then, as I followed her there, she told me that the chief reason of her writing for me was that she could not help feeling lack of confidence in the physician now attending her father; that he might have been recommended in the hotel merely because he was lodging there; and though she knew nothing of illness, and between her father and the doctor had been terribly alarmed, yet now and then she could not help thinking that Doctor Schwarz, perhaps to retain the patient in Coblenz, encouraged her father in his gloomy view of his own case, and so did more harm than good.

Fortunately I was able to advise her in this. I knew by report a leading physician of the town, and as one visit of the Schwarz fixed me in her opinion, I effected the change for her. That change worked like magic on my good Cousin Brandon. Upon the third day after my arrival at Coblenz we were together speeding up the Moselle, and at last I drew a free breath of French air.

At the first town over the border I posted a letter for Aylmer, detailing my misdemeanors under his name, and inclosing Madge's note. "Seriously, I think Miss Brandon needs the aid I can offer," I wrote, "and I have therefore put away all thought of Paris, and will merely pass through France *en route* for Italy. The old gentleman is just in that state which may end in serious illness. But the moment he is better, that moment will I no longer tres-

pass upon your cousinly privileges, but leave him," the last word carefully written over an erasure of "her." I sat, pen in hand, half an hour over the next sentence, but finally dashed it off, somewhat after this manner: "You see, Aymer, your cousins are ready to welcome you, whatever may have been your crimes or misdemeanors—and that you have been guilty of some, I shrewdly suspect. Miss Brandon is—well, my dear fellow, I won't or I can't say what she is, only advise you to follow us to Rome and see for yourself. I will arrange that we remain there until we have given you time and to spare to reach us. And may I not leave it to you to explain my imposture? I need hardly say the explanation would be painful to me. Miss Brandon's frank brown eyes are too clear and honest for one not to dread being arraigned for deception before their tribunal."

No answer, written or in person. And when Mr. Brandon, with the whimsical will of an invalid and a hypochondriac, suddenly became eager to leave Rome, I had no reason to oppose to his desire; no reason even to my own mind, for Aymer had had the time and to spare which I had promised, and yet there was no sign from him. The annoyance—nay, far more than annoyance—which this gave me, I can hardly express, for the time was come when I too surely felt that my presence was no longer necessary to Miss Brandon. Her father, though his health was by no means fully re-established, had so far recovered as to remove all uneasiness, and to need no other protection for his daughter. Therefore the time was come in which I was in honor bound no longer to usurp the absent cousin's place. I had no excuse for delay. I may as well confess that it was sheer cowardice, downright awe of those clear brown eyes, which put off my confession for this hour and for that, with the repeatedly belied self-assurance that an hour hence all should be told. Indeed, delay had become impossible. My precipitate retreat from Frankfort had given no time to arrange to have my slender remittances forwarded on my travels, and in order to eke out a few days more of lingering at Madge's side, and to furnish the means of return to Germany, on our arrival at Naples I was compelled to dispose of my watch and a valuable ring, and so put off the evil hour of confession, hoping still that Aymer might appear and take the burden on himself.

"Not for this glowing Naples sunset, such a tale," I said to myself, as arm in arm we two cousins paced up and down the wide white curving shore, upon the first day of our arrival in Naples. We had walked out here, and Mr. Brandon was to follow and bring us home in the carriage in which he had driven in a contrary direction to meet some English friend. No wonder that I could not put aside the

cousinship just now. Madge's hand rested on my arm, her bright, swift glances flashed from time to time from under the long curving lashes, and I knew she liked to linger here with me. Before us stretched the merely whispering bay, and here and there a far-off becalmed vessel, its white wings extended as if it fain would flit away to sea. Hardly a ripple stirred the wide waters, but they gleamed, and flashed, and glittered, without motion, like the subtle changing lights of mother-of-pearl. More than one storied island lay within our range of vision, and behind rose up the city in an amphitheatre, while Vesuvius breathed forth his furnace breath beyond in silvery wreaths against the glowing skies. Along the mountain's foot white villages were shining out, and far and near beneath the sunset spread the vineyard slopes and orange groves. But that hour's charm to me lay not in all these scenes, historic and poetic—in Portia's fairly island Nisida, or Tasso's own Torrento, cresting whitely yonder lofty promontory. These—the wondrous radiance around, and the subtle fragrant witchery in the fresh air—were as nothing compared with the one fact that Madge's hand was on my arm.

But time did not flit away so unperceived, apparently, with Madge as with myself. After a few turns, during which she had been unusually silent, she said:—

"I wonder how long it will be before papa comes back for us? Cousin Brandon, will you tell me what time it is?"

"The sun is still nearly a quarter of an hour high," I replied, consulting that luminary.

"Ah! but that is not telling me the time. What hour is it—by your watch?"

"Has yours stopped, Madge?"

"Yes—no." She had been walking with her face turned from me, as if she were quite engrossed in watching the sunset. But at that last monosyllable she stopped and looked up at me, flushing deeply. "No, I must tell the truth, Brandon," she said. "I thought I could worm myself into your confidence, but I am going to demand it instead."

She paused, evidently waiting for me to speak, but I made no response. I was at an entire loss for her meaning. But that empty watch-pocket grew to a weight upon my mind. Of course, what she had to say could have no connection with that, yet it is strange how, when one is conscious of something wrong about one's self, all chance words seem to point to it.

"You have nothing to say to me, then?" she asked, softly, and her other hand stole up, clasping with the one which rested still upon my arm. But she did not wait this time for a reply. She hurried on, while the lashes swept her crimson cheeks. "Cousin Brandon, I could not forget the old days when we played together, and were as dear to one another as

brother and sister. I could not let that unhappy inheritance of Brandon Hall stand between me and the remembrance of those days. If my purse lacked a few paltry pounds, and yours were full to overflowing!"—

She faltered. I said:—

"You must speak more plainly. I am not sure I understand you."

She unclasped her hands and let her left fall at her side. She went on, tremulously:—

"Well, then, I will speak plainly, and if you are angry with me, so be it. This morning I sent Berkeley on an errand to Marattis, the goldsmith, and while he was in the rear of the shop, you—ah, Brandon! do you not know how gladly I—we—would have supplied your need?"

The face upturned once more was so bewilderingly charming in its shy pleading that I well-nigh lost my self-command. Yet less than ever now could I venture to speak the words that were in my heart. Poverty, certainly, is no crime, and "a man's a man for a' that." And yet there are many failings which do not take so much away from a man's sense of manhood as the failing of the purse. If the old Von Steinberg castle, with its master's fortunes, had not fallen into ruin, I could at once have proclaimed my identity and my love. But with that empty purse, should I not infallibly be considered a fortune-hunting adventurer, if not by Madge, assuredly by her father?

"Without doubt, Berkeley commented pretty severely on that proceeding of mine," I said, more to break the silence than for anything else. "I am no favorite of the old man's, I know."

Madge breathed more freely, seeing I was not displeased. She answered, with a light laugh:—

"No, that you are not, certainly. He thinks your foreign education has not left a vestige of the true Briton about you. I had much ado at Coblenz to convince him that you actually were Brandon Aylmer; and, indeed, he sometimes seems to look askance on you even now. I believe he expected to find you quite unaltered since your last visit to Brandon Hall, when you were only fourteen. But it is strange how Germanized you are. To be sure, eight years are long enough to work a change, but really I often wonder at the one in you, my German cousin."

"You are confessedly no very good judge of German. I might have been guilty of many an undetected blunder at Coblenz," I suggested, miserably failing in my attempt to enunciate the truth.

"Very true; yet that is not altogether what I mean. One might speak perfect German, and yet be a perfect Englishman. It is not your speech—you, of course, have not forgotten your mother tongue, though now and then it

seems as if you stopped to translate in your own mind, and you certainly have caught something of a foreign accent—but your mode of thought—your ideas—are not altogether English," and a flush rose in her cheek as it was wont to do when she gave expression to anything like criticism on matters which she considered somewhat out of the range of her knowledge.

I was silent. Here was my opportunity, and I must use it. After another turn in our walk, I said, abruptly:—

"Madge, I have a confession to make to you, but I may as well acknowledge I am afraid of you." She did not speak, but the surprised lifting of her lashes put the question for her. "Yes, afraid of you," I repeated. "Afraid of those clear eyes which have been looking on me kindly. If they did not like what I have to say, would they ever look kindly on me again?" This time she made no movement in response. I went on hurriedly—not until afterward did it strike me how incoherently: "Madge, it is almost more than I dare do, to risk the loss of your regard. But this thing must not go on. Your father needs me no more. So long as I was of use, I could delude myself with excuses for my conduct, but now—Madge, what will you think of me? I had no right to linger with you; if you had known all, I would have been a stranger to you; I cannot claim"—

"A seat in our carriage? That you may," she interrupted, quickly; for just then the roll of wheels swept almost noiselessly along the water's edge behind me. "Returned at last, papa?" she cried, aloud, effectually preventing a last word from me.

She eluded any *tête-à-tête* throughout that evening in a manner seemingly so accidental that one whose attention was less painfully fixed than mine must have been deluded by it. The self-command of the little creature was simply marvellous. She chatted on as blithely as usual, sang gayer airs to her guitar than she was wont to choose, and only in one way could I observe her mood was changed toward me. Her eyes met my own as often as before, but though her lips would smile, those eyes would not. They kept a look of proud surprised inquiry in their depths, the meaning of which I puzzled out in a lonely hour of the night. Without clue to the drift of my words upon the beach, she could not have understood; and must have interpreted them as referring to the old arrangement as to the Brandon Hall inheritance; or, rather, she must have thought that my declaring this sort of thing must not go on—I ought not to linger with her—I could not claim—and the rest of that muddled farrago—was intended to warn her against lavishing too much of her regard upon the cousin who had before disclaimed all desire to claim her, even though Brandon Hall must go.

It may readily be imagined that with these

thoughts in my mind, that night was not precisely "a sleep and a forgetting." Morning did not come too soon.

When we of the Brandon party met at the breakfast table, and one glance at Madge told me all was with her as when we bade each other good-night in that same vine-shadowed parlor, I determined I would make space for an explanation. To this end, I presently proposed that she and I should go again to the Gallery of Painting, where we had merely looked in yesterday. There was a Correggio which deserved another view.

Somewhat to my surprise, she acquiesced without the slightest hesitation—acquiesced much as she had done yesterday. I began to think I had been mistaken in the change in her, and that it existed merely in my imagination. I was undeceived, however, when at the appointed hour she came into the parlor on her father's arm, and said that as papa was ready for his drive, he could drop us at the gallery, and return for us, which would be altogether better than the warm and dusty walk. Now yesterday she had made no complaint of the walk, which had been more than pleasant to me, as affording a *tête-à-tête*, which the crowded gallery could easily be made not to do, by a determined little lady, as I saw Madge was.

As I descended the hotel stairs beside her, I said to her eagerly that she must give me a moment; she must hear something I had to say.

"A moment?" she returned, smiling and nodding. "Of course! As many moments as you choose." And then she fitted away directly, and let her father assist her into the light open carriage, and deftly managed that I could not find it possible to take the one moment for which I had plead.

We soon reached our destination, and while the old man went his way, in pursuit of health and sea air, we strolled on through the gallery, lingering here and there as something struck Madge's quick sense of beauty. But this morning she seemed determined not to be one instant parted from the throng of visitors, and persisted in interesting herself rather in them, their peculiarities or beauties, than in the art-studies around her. And so we came and went, and my tale was yet untold.

As we were driving back along the Strada di Toledo, I saw at a distance, among the sauntering pedestrians, a figure, at sight of which I felt the blood rush to my brow. I could not refrain from starting up with the exclamation, "Aylmer!" But the man suddenly disappeared round a corner, and when I incoherently begged Mr. Brandon to stop the carriage and let me alight, I had lost the object of my pursuit. After spending hours in a vain quest, I returned to our hotel to find that Mr. Brandon and his daughter were out; and to receive a message from Miss Brandon to the

effect that they were going in the evening to the San Carlo theatre, and would be glad to see me there.

I understood that such a message from her was tantamount to an intimation that she would not be glad to see me before. Nevertheless, at an earlier hour I scribbled a request on my card that she would give me just a moment. She returned the card with a line on the back, playfully remonstrating against such a request, when she had "to make herself beautiful" for the San Carlo. Now I had been out with her rather too often to imagine that she would employ two hours in doing that which Nature had done for her. But what could I do? Should I send her my confession in writing, or should I make it first to Mr. Brandon? Perhaps that would have been most fitting—but then, how could I tell I should see Madge again?

But two hours, however miserable, come to an end at last. They were almost forgotten as I made my way to Mr. Brandon's box, and saw her, the loveliest picture there, framed in by the sky-blue hangings of the theatre. The blaze of lights, the mirrors, and the gorgeous ornaments and gilding, seemed to me all thrown into the background just to set forth the capricious maiden. I think I did not even know what was the opera that night. Certain I am, I hardly once looked toward the stage; but taking my place slightly behind Miss Brandon, I could, when the curtain rose, and turned her face away from me, watch the clear-cut expressive profile, and the flush that came and went with her absorbing interest. Once I observed her slightly raise her fan as if to shield her eyes from the side-glare of light. It was not until she repeated it some time after, blushing a most annoyed blush as she did so, that I imagined the glare was not the sole or chief annoyance. I turned, to find she was, indeed, stared out of countenance—by Aylmer!

The curtain had fallen between the acts, and I started up. But as his eyes met mine, he, too, rose, and after bending forward a moment to speak to a very beautiful woman at his side, he left his party and made his way to us.

"A friend of yours?" Miss Brandon had hardly said, when Aylmer was beside me, had put his hands on my shoulders, and, in true German brotherly greeting, kissed me upon either cheek.

"Aylmer"—I began

"Of course, my friend Aylmer. What for luck? Willkommen to Naples. And for Coblenz, how is the Man in the Custom House?" he said, in the Coblenz cant phrase of inquiry as to how the world wags in that city. He rattled away with a rapidity which, added to his wonderfully marked German accent, completely took away the words I had been about to speak. "Gnädiges Fräulein," he went on, turning to Miss Brandon, but with that chivalric manner of his toward women which did

away with the abruptness, "I see my friend here forgets me, apparently, although I have some claim"—with a slight emphasis—"to the name of Von Steinberg."

Miss Brandon acknowledged this introduction of himself with a smile and a bow, and presented the "Herr Von Steinberg" to her father. Thereupon ensued so lively a conversation, and in such wretched English on my friend's part, that I lost all patience, especially as upon my every interruption, Aylmer's laughing "St! st!" enforced silence. There was nothing for it but to retire into the back-ground. That I did so with anything but a good grace, and with inexpressible impatience, I was conscious, and painfully conscious that Miss Brandon, though she chatted on so gayly, was watching both me and my friend with that same glance of keen inquiry which I had seen in the soft eyes before.

"My good friend Aylmer rested not long in Coblenz, is it not so?" I heard my inconvenient friend say. "The Man in the Custom House there—you know the man in the Custom House, gracious *Fräulein*?"

"The great bronze head upon the belfry, that gnashes his teeth at every stroke of the clock? Oh, yes, I know him quite well!"

"Wohlan! Aylmer here shrewdly suspected those enormous jaws were opening for him, and so he stayed not long within their reach."

"And why?" she asked, indifferently.

"Safety was not there to find, *Fräulein*, since the Frankfort fracas, in which one believed him to have been involved."

"But then, you know, he had his passport from Frankfort. How could he have obtained that, if he were really so seriously suspected?" she queried, in a careless way, yet with a mischievous side glance at me, which proved to my watchfulness that there was method in her apparently idle questioning. Her little hand the while was playing with the violets of the bouquet I had given, as if she were thinking more of them than of the subject in hand.

"Ah, true! how could he have obtained the passport?" and Aylmer, feeling he had committed himself, but that she was hardly thinking enough of the subject to find that out, turned to me, expecting that I would suggest something to bridge over his difficulty, but my lips were sealed. Miss Brandon, it was evident to me, suspected something. What matter? I was desperate now, and had determined to confess all to her in her father's presence during the drive homeward. But if she chose to push her inquiries here until the truth made itself manifest, so be it.

She did not. Her next remark was on the prima donna, and then she turned a graceful compliment upon the bella donna whom Aylmer had just left. He was so evidently gratified by this, that it occurred to me at once that there was some sense of ownership there.

"I understand now why you did not come to Rome," I said.

"And my cousin wished to wait for you, I think," Miss Brandon interposed. "He must have hoped for some assistance in the burden we have been to him," she added, with an air of extreme simplicity.

I did not disclaim, though Aylmer attempted to do so for me. Perhaps Madge desired to put an end to the torture she might see I was undergoing, perhaps she desired a quiet moment for thought herself; for she rose here, proposing that, as Mr. Brandon did not care for the ballet, we should go, it had been rather a fatiguing day.

Her cousin offered his arm before I could anticipate him, and I followed with Mr. Brandon. Quite a throng was in the lobby, some going and some entering. In that press outside nothing was to be seen of the carriage, and Mr. Brandon was struggling feebly forward, when Miss Brandon appealed to me, and asked if I would not help her father.

Rather unceremoniously I put Aylmer aside, and gave her my own arm, leaving him free to follow Mr. Brandon, which, with a shrug meant for me, he did.

Here was the opportunity I had been seeking for the last two days, for in the confusion we were to all intents and purposes alone together. She already suspected so much that a word from me would have sufficed to explain. It was no cowardice, now, which closed my lips. It was the reckless resolve that for one moment still I would keep fast that little hand, for that moment well might be the last. I could not see her face—it was averted, and her bright head slightly bent—and so we stood in silence.

Just then, head and shoulders above the crowd, appeared the bristling gray hairs and the noticeable rugged features of old Berkeley, who had driven thither on the carriage-box. Aylmer's search had until then been vain. But when he saw the head of that old Yorkshire son of Anak—unmistakable, though twice eight years went by—he shouted, forgetting all else in the sense of relief: "Hallo, Berk!"

Miss Brandon lifted her face quickly, looked up at me, and laughed. The next instant we were standing all four by the carriage.

"I must go back to my party now," said Aylmer to Miss Brandon; "but in virtue of my intimacy with your cousin, might I hope to find you at home to-morrow?"

"We will be very glad to see you," she said. Then, with a sudden smile, held out her hand to him, and added: "Good-night, my cousin Brandon Aylmer!"

"Brandon is coming with us, Madge," said her father. "How you blunder! You are speaking to Herr Von Steinberg."

"What is in a name?" said Madge, and turned and gave her hand to me, as I stood by to put her in the carriage.

"Madge, say that again!" I whispered, eagerly, still keeping the door open.

"You have no friends here in the theatre?" was the irrelevant, half-questioning response, uttered with a shy tremor of the voice, which, at all events, I interpreted as an invitation to the unoccupied seat opposite her.

The rest, my friend, you have heard in part. As I look up from my writing-table in my library of Brandon Hall, and glance out on the sunny lawn, across which longer shadows fall as day is drawing to a close, the question with which this story of my life began comes back upon the latest leaf. For, with a presence sunnier to me than the sun's own, slowly to and fro among those shadows paces Madge. Not even our path has lain unchecked in the sunshine through these more than thirty years that we have trodden it together; but by the cheering, faithful, undimmed light shed over it by Madge, may one in part see "What is in a name."

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

LESSON XXI.

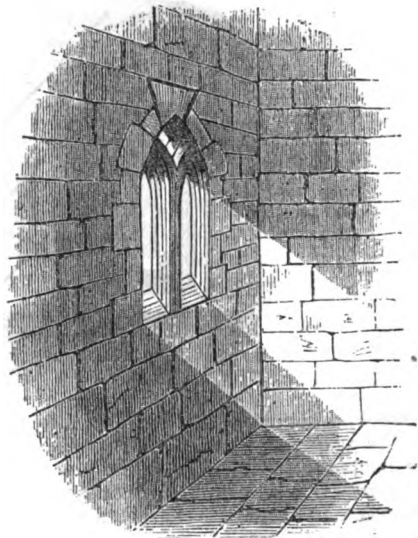
PERSPECTIVE DRAWING. (*Continued.*)

LIGHT and shade are important aids to perspective effect, and, since all objects partake of them more or less, are necessary constituents of true representation. It is, therefore, intended here to superadd to the preceding explanation of the rules which regulate the correct delineation of objects, a statement of those further rules which must be observed to obtain a correct imitation of their shadows. This is the more necessary, since it sometimes happens in drawing that the presence and shape of an object, hid perhaps by others intervening, can only be intimated by its shadow being so situated as to be visible. There is a remarkable instance of a similar use of the shadow in Collins's picture of "Rustic Civility," where the presence of a man, supposed to be advancing on horseback towards the picture by a road in front of the place of delineation, is solely denoted by the shadows of a man and horse, partly thrown into view on the foreground. Before entering on the subject, some definition of terms is necessary.

Shadows are those portions of surfaces which are debarred from those rays of light which would fall upon them but for the intervention of some opaque body. That side or part of such opaque body which is turned *from* the source of light is said to be in *shade*; that which is turned towards the light is said to be *illuminated*. The source of light in a picture is called a *luminary*; luminaries are of three kinds, natural, artificial, and secondary. A *natural* luminary is one which exists in nature,

as the sun, moon, stars, or an illuminated piece of sky; an *artificial* luminary is the result of art, as a fire, lamp, lantern, or candle; a *secondary* luminary is an opening through which light enters from any natural or artificial one, as a window, door, or opening in a wall. The *place* of a luminary is its perspective situation on the plane of delineation, or, if beyond the limits of the picture, as is mostly the case, on any imaginary extension of it. The surface on which the shadow is cast is called the *shadow-plane*; in landscapes, the ground-plane is the principal shadow-plane. The *foot* of a luminary is a point on the shadow-plane produced, at which a line at right angles with that plane from the luminary would intersect it; but, in the case of a secondary luminary, as of a window, which usually occupies considerable width in the picture, the foot of a luminary is not a point, but a line comprised between the intersections of two lines, with the shadow-plane at right angles with it, one of those lines being drawn from each extremity of the luminary. Thus, in an interior view (Fig. 27), the window is a secondary luminary, whose foot is the line

Fig. 27.



comprised between the lines drawn from the extremities of the window, which are at right angles with the floor.

Since it is the intervention of an opaque body between the luminary and the shadow-plane which causes a shadow, it follows that the shadow will be always projected in a direction *from* the luminary; and since rays of light proceed from a luminary in straight lines, it follows that a straight line, passing from a natural or artificial luminary through any opaque point to any plane, will intersect the surface of that plane at a point which will be the situation of the shadow of the opaque point on that plane.

It is important to bear this in mind, because, by finding the shadows of points in any object, we can often determine the form of its entire shadow.

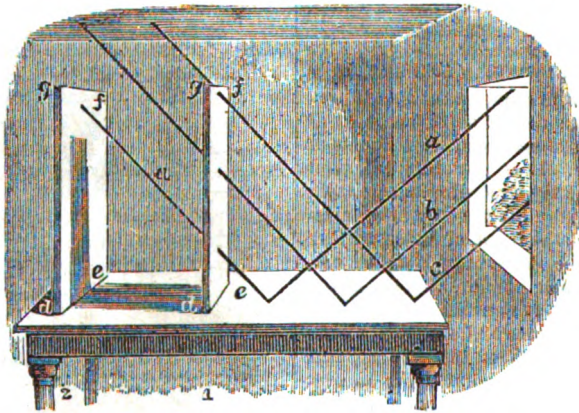
Rays of light, however, do not proceed from all luminaries in the same way; those *natural* luminaries, the sun and moon (speaking of the latter when she is at the full), present to the earth's surface a luminous disk of much larger extent in reality, though rendered apparently less by their great distance, than any part of that surface which can be comprised within the limits of a picture. In such case, the luminary is larger than the object illuminated; and, since every point of the disk of those luminaries emits rays of light in straight lines, it follows that the rays will proceed in parallel lines from the luminary to the object. But parallel lines in perspective converge towards a point, and the converging points of such rays will, therefore, be that point on the plane of delineation which represents the centre of the luminary; in other words, the *place* of the sun or moon in the picture.

from each of the outer extremities of the luminary.

These definitions will become better understood as the student proceeds; in the meantime it may be observed, that natural luminaries are generally adopted in landscape and architectural exterior subjects; artificial ones in parlor scenes, robbers' caves, and all that class of subjects in which Rembrandt delighted, many of his finest drawings of "The Nativity" being stable-scenes, with a candle or lantern for the luminary; and secondary ones in interior daylight scenes, such as occur in churches and dwellings.

Light is reflected from all opaque surfaces to others, less or more, according as they are rough or smooth, distant from or near to each other; and the same law obtains with respect to reflected light as applies to solid bodies falling on any surface—the *angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence*. For this reason less light is reflected to a distant than to a near object, as is manifested by Fig. 28, in which three rays, *a*, *b*, *c*, of light are supposed to pass

Fig. 28.



Artificial luminaries throw off their rays of light in a different manner. Being small, and the luminary generally within the picture, its rays proceed in all directions from it as a central point. Though this causes a material difference in the form of the shadow from that which would be projected by a natural luminary, the rule is the same, viz., that the rays converge toward the place of the luminary.

Secondary luminaries usually occupy a larger extent of the picture; and since the light they admit is a borrowed light, and diffused over the entire surface of the luminary, they generally admit a fainter light, and cast a feebler shadow. They must be dealt with by different rules from those which are natural and artificial; their greater surface forbids their being considered as points. Each point in that surface must be dealt with as a luminous point; and the form of the shadow must be determined by rays

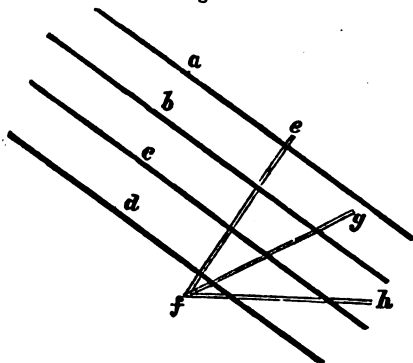
through an opening in the wall, falling upon a table, and thence reflected to the plane *d e f g*, set up on it at the position 1, in which position all the three rays are reflected upon it. But if we suppose it moved backwards to the position 2, it can only receive one (*a*) of the reflected rays, the others passing away over it.

Another effect of reflection is, that the shadow of any object is always darker than the object itself, even that side of it which is in shade; for there is no light reflected upon the shadow itself; while those parts of the shadow-plane which are illuminated do reflect a portion of their light upon the shaded side of the object, which will make it less dark than its own shadow.

Rays of light falling on any plane in a direction perpendicular to it, illuminate it to a higher degree than if they fell in an oblique direction; the degree of illumination decreasing in propor-

tion to the obliquity. In Fig. 29, let a, b, c, d be four rays of light falling perpendicularly

Fig. 29.



upon a plane ef . If the plane be moved to an oblique position gf , three only of the rays fall upon it; if to a more oblique position hf , two only can take effect upon it, and so on.

ON SAFELY PASSING THE LACHINE RAPIDS.

BY EDWARD JAMESON.

AFTER the danger, how sweet the emotion,
Passing so quickly from Death unto Life!
Through the mad surges the vessel's wild motion
Told of her fears for the terrible strife.
Now 'tis all over, and breaths which were holden
Freely expand to the fresh, bracing air,
Loading the moments with promises golden,
Soon to dispel all dark thoughts of despair.

Life has its rapids of terrible danger,
Only seen by the spiritual eye;
Blindly men rush to its whirlpools a stranger,
Till caught in their eddies, swiftly to die.
Let us be warned by examples that meet us
Daily, of men flinging Life, Hope, away;
And so to live that forever may greet us
Visions of bliss, from Heaven's perfect day.

To give pain is the tyranny, to make happy
the true empire, of beauty.—*Steels*.

PHILOSOPHY IN TRIFLES.—Those persons who cannot find pleasure in trifles are generally wise in their own opinion, and fools in the opinion of the wise. They neglect the opportunity of amusement, without which the rugged road of life would be insupportably tedious. I think the French are the best philosophers, who make the most they can of the pleasures, and the least they can of the pains, of life, and ever strewing flowers among the thorns all mortals are obliged to walk through; whereas by much reflection the English contrive to feel and see the thorns double, and never see the flowers at all, but to despise them, expecting their happiness from things more solid and durable, as they imagine; but how seldom do they find them!—*Lady Luxborough's Letters*.

LITTLE SHOPS. A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

THERE was no sign over the door of Hannah Grierson's little shop in Lewis Street, for it was so tiny in proportions, and the stock of goods so poor and limited, that a sign would have been an unnecessary piece of ostentation. In the small window specimens of the trimmings, buttons, and such wares as comprised the stock were arranged neatly and tastefully, and interspersed with these were some cheap toys, small dolls, pincushions, and other fancy trifles in honor of the approach of Christmas. One article, conspicuously displayed, seemed, however, strangely out of place in the small window. It was a table-cover of delicate gray woollen cloth, embroidered in zephyr and silk with such naturally colored flowers, such exquisite taste in grouping, that an artist need not have been ashamed to stop and admire the beautiful design.

Two little rooms, back of the store, comprised the entire extent of the humble dwelling; one a small bedroom, the other used for cooking and other household pursuits. Evening shades were gathering on the afternoon of a stormy December day, when Hannah Grierson, a young, pleasant-faced woman, closed the store for the night, and passed into the bedroom, where an elderly woman lay upon the bed, ill and sad.

I have used the noblest designation of the sex, the word woman, in speaking of Mrs. Grierson and her daughter; but when the rays of the lamplight fell upon the two faces, you felt instinctively that these were *ladies* in education and by association, though their poverty was painfully apparent in every detail of their home and dress. Neat and clean as was everything surrounding them, there was nothing but what was of the cheapest kind, and scanty even then. The widow's dress of the elder lady, the deep mourning of the younger one's coarse attire, told the cause of the destitution, and explained the quiet sadness in both faces. There was nothing new or startling in their past. Mr. Grierson had been a merchant of good standing, able to live in comfort, and to give social importance to his wife, and a finished education to his only daughter. Four sons had preceded their father to the grave, then followed failure in business and a lingering illness, the care and expense of which had drained the small sum left after the business was closed. Death came to release the father, and the two women were left to win a livelihood from the rough world.

One relative might have helped the widow and child, but in her heart the iron hand of avarice had crushed out all warm impulses and human sympathy. Barbara Wilcox was Mr.

Grierson's only sister, a widow after a few short years of wedded life, but childless and enormously wealthy. Grudgingly she had lent the money to open the little shop where Hannah Grierson worked faithfully to support herself and her sorrow-stricken mother. All the fond affection that had gone forth to her brothers and indulgent father now centred upon this frail, invalid mother, whose feeble life needed the utmost care and tenderness to keep her still with her only child. For her sake, to give her the comforts she could not earn, Hannah had gone to her hard aunt for little sums to relieve the most pressing wants.

What little she could do for the shop, Mrs. Grierson did cheerfully. Yards of pretty trimming had passed from her fingers to the little window; she had dressed the most of the Christmas dolls, fashioned the pincushions, and when Hannah, from the remnants of her fancy work-box, gathered quite a quantity of material thrown aside in happier days, together they had embroidered the beautiful table-cloth. Both ladies had been fond of all combinations of color in fancy work, neither having any marked talent for music or other accomplishments, and the table-cloth, if sold, would go far to pay the quarterly rent.

Hannah Grierson was nineteen years old when her father died, two years before the opening of this story. She had no wonderful beauty, no brilliant talents, but a frank, pleasant face; a brave, cheerful spirit; and a large fund of common-sense, that most rare of all senses to develop perfectly in American girlhood at the present day. But for her the little shop could never have existed, and it was her loving care that kept the broken-hearted widow from following her husband to the grave.

There was all the unspoken eloquence of love in her face when Hannah Grierson left the little shop and bent over her mother's bed. The invalid smiled in answer to the tender look bent upon her.

"Free for to-night, Hannah?"

"Yes. The storm is so bad, there is no hope of more customers. Can you sit up for supper? I have some oysters for you, as our dinner was so short."

"And for yourself?"

"Now, mamma, do I look as if I needed invalid dishes? No, I shall have my favorite supper—a broiled herring."

"I can't remember that you were so fond of herring until lately dear."

"Perhaps it is like a taste for olives, an acquired taste," said the young lady, dryly.

"There! I see you are not able to get up. Lie down again, and I will bring the table here."

"Have you sold the table-cover, Hannah?"

"Not yet. But there are still two days before Christmas. I sold three of your dolls, though."

"Three of those I dressed?"

"Yes. Mine will never sell till yours are all gone. Everybody picks out yours."

"You gave me all the prettiest faces and the nicest pieces of silk and ribbon."

"Oh, how modest! Now, I will leave the door open, so you will not feel lonely, and get the supper ready."

Always gently submissive, Mrs. Grierson let her daughter arrange her comfortably, and accepted her share of the frugal supper. She was sleeping calmly when Hannah stole from the house, out in the raging storm, with a bundle under her arm.

Barbara Wilcox sat in her bedroom, to save fire in the drawing-room, and sewed diligently upon a heavy cloth cloak, to save dressmaker's bills. All around her were evidences of wealth and pinching economy. The large house was superbly furnished when Hiram Wilcox carried his bride there, and the tokens of his lavish outlay still lingered in the well-preserved furniture, the gorgeous carpets closely covered, and the articles of luxury, worn and old-fashioned, but carefully preserved and protected. One servant did the necessary housework for the old lady, and twice a year another hired woman helped to clean the house and shut it up again. Only the rooms required to sleep, eat, and cook in were kept open, and here, lonely and almost friendless, the old woman spent her dreary days. Friends who might have still visited her were kept away studiously, for it was expensive to entertain company. With an annually increasing bank account, already of vast proportion for the maintenance of one woman, Barbara Wilcox worked early and late to save money. This was the one object of her sordid soul. Every stitch of her own sewing she set herself; fire and light, food and clothing, were as carefully and scantily supplied as if the busy needle was actually the sole source of income.

Stitching busily, her gray head bent over the heavy cloth, her wrinkled hands still nervous and active, Barbara Wilcox, in her shabby dress, with her scant fire and feeble light, was the very picture of a starving seamstress, a slight, hacking cough adding to the effect. She was still busy, when some one knocked at the door. Always in fear of robbery or murder, she glanced nervously at the clock before speaking. Somewhat reassured by seeing it was not yet eight o'clock, she said: "Come in," and Hannah Grierson, wrapped in a waterproof cloak, answered the summons.

Her reception was chilling enough to have daunted a more timid woman. Her aunt, looking at her coldly, with no shade of recognition or welcome in her stern blue eyes, said:—

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want to show you a piece of work, Aunt Barbara, that I made to sell, but our class of customers do not indulge in luxuries." An unfortunate speech.

"Luxuries!" snapped the old woman. "Do I indulge in luxuries? Who works harder or lives more economically than I do?"

"But if you choose, Aunt Barbara!"

"Yes, yes! That's the cry for poor relations. I shall die in the almshouse yet. You've come for money, of course. Money, money! Anybody would suppose I was made of money. How much have I lent you already?"

"I pay the interest punctually, Aunt Barbara."

"And if you were to die, where would I get my money again? I'm only a woman. I don't know how to use money as my husband did. I cannot invest it, and speculate with it, and turn one dollar into a hundred or even two dollars. All I can do is to save, and how am I to save if I have to support all my poor relations?"

"I will pay you back, Aunt Barbara. You will look at my work? I meant to ask twenty dollars for it."

"Twenty dollars!" shrieked the old woman, as Hannah unfolded the embroidered tablecloth. "Where am I to get twenty dollars for such a piece of tomfoolery as that?"

"That was what I wanted to get for it, but if you will pay me the price of the materials, I will be satisfied. They cost twelve dollars."

"Twelve dollars! No wonder you are poor. Twelve dollars for silks and zephyrs!"

"They were bought before father died."

"Humph! No wonder he left his family in beggary. I'll give you eight dollars for that piece of foolishness, not another penny. It cost you nothing now but your labor."

So the hard bargain was closed, and Hannah Grierson left the cold, stern relative, to battle the storm again. One more visit she made, and pawned a few trifles of silver to make up the money for the rent. Then she sped homeward, and entered the little bedroom. Her mother was still sleeping; but bending over her for a kiss, Hannah Grierson touched lips smiling in the sleep that wakens not again on earth.

I will attempt no description of the desolate grief of the orphan. Aunt Barbara, for very shame, buried her sister-in-law, and took her niece home, when the apathy of sorrow made her indifferent as to where she was carried.

Once an inmate of her aunt's house, Hannah was found too useful a servant to be lightly given up, and a few months later illness made Barbara Wilcox only too thankful to have secured a conscientious nurse and housekeeper.

The weary months passed until Christmas was drawing near for the second time since Mrs. Grierson's death.

In the drawing-room of Mrs. Wilcox's large house two young girls are seated sewing. One is our old friend Hannah, the other a niece of her mother's, a young orphan, whom she has taken home for a companion and friend.

Three months before, Barbara Wilcox had died, leaving no will, and her niece, being her only living relative, was suddenly raised from a life of bitterest dependence to the sole, undisputed possession of wealth that fairly frightened her by its extent.

It was a strange position even now. Some of her mother's relatives in a far distant home were the only living beings with whom she could claim kinship. Old friends there were who would doubtless gladly welcome her back to her former place in society when it pleased her to go there; but four years of seclusion tries the memory of even the best of friends, and as yet mourning worn for her aunt kept Hannah quiet in her home, glad of rest.

Learning that Ella Germaine, her cousin, had been left, as she was once left, orphaned and poor, Hannah had sent for her and gladly gave her a home. There had been a long silence in the drawing-room, when Ella spoke, suddenly:—

"What a strange Christmas Day!"

"It is lonely for you, I know," said Hannah, "but I hope to hear you say before nightfall that it has been a pleasant day. Poor Aunt Barbara would faint with horror if she knew what a lot of her money was going out of the house to-day."

"I am afraid her horror is chronic if she knows how you are living. New furniture, new carpets, and a carriage."

"Money is not meant to hoard," was the grave reply. "Since all this wealth is mine, I shall live as I used to live before poverty taught me bitter but useful lessons. I trust never to have love of mere dollars and cents rooted in my heart, but I do enjoy what money will procure."

"The carriage, ma'am," said a servant, at the door.

"Come, Ella, we have a long drive before us. Furs, cousin, and Polish boots."

Speedy toilets were made, and Hannah gave the coachman his first direction. It was to the old shop in Lewis Street, now kept by a German woman, a widow with a family of little children.

Ella looked up in amazement.

"Why, Hannah, what can you want in that little pokey street?"

"You will see," was the quiet answer.

Keeping the gentle, sweet gravity that was the habitual expression of her face, Hannah Grierson, followed by her wondering companion, entered the little shop so full of sad memories for her. The children were clustering in the store, happy in the possession of a few cheap toys, but Hannah could read care, perplexity, and sorrow in the widow's pale, pensive face.

Such a customer had never visited her before. Gradually a relieved, happy look came to her face as dozens of buttons, yards of

trimming, edgings, cotton laces, crochet work, were added to Hannah's pile of purchases. Never did a single woman want so many hooks and eyes, needles, spools of cotton, and shoe-strings. Actually the big bank-note, that would pay the rent, and buy so many, many provisions, with a margin for clothing, called for no change as it came over the counter. Some emotion in Hannah's face answered the German widow's broken thanks, for she said, gently:—

"You have known sorrow, too?"

"I kept this shop for two years. My mother died in the inner room," and having so spoken, Hannah was glad to gather up her purchases to hide her tears.

A tiny candy store was next visited, and another glad heart left there. From store to store, always selecting the smallest and meanest, the ladies passed, Ella having begged to share the pleasure, and buying all the most unsalable goods she could discover. Such a mingling of goods never was piled on the floor and seats of a carriage before. The last store visited was in a small street, where only dwelling-houses could be seen, and in the parlor window of one a few fancy articles were displayed and a beautiful basket of wax-fruit.

A young lady was in the improvised store, and it was beautiful to see how her face lighted as Hannah lavished praises on the exquisite fancy work. After liberal purchases, including the basket, Hannah asked, guided by some delicate intuition:—

"Could I leave an order for a companion basket of flowers? Don't you think they would look well on the sitting-room brackets, Ella?"

"Lovely," was the reply.

"My sister made these, and she makes exquisite flowers," said the young storekeeper. "She has a spinal complaint that keeps her a prisoner in her chair, and it is work that is not very salable." Then, encouraged by Hannah's look of sympathy, she said: "We have only tried the store a little while. Father left us this house, and we hope to make enough to have a store front put in, and try to have a better business place; but our ready money was so very scant that we were obliged to start with only the parlor window for a show-case, and the work of our own fingers for a stock in trade."

"I will try to procure you some orders for the waxwork," said Hannah, kindly. "This basket I will pay for at once, but will send for the two whenever you can have the companion ready. In the meantime it may attract some other customers here. Come, Ella, take that bundle of socks, scarfs, and pretty work to the carriage. We will just about get home for dinner."

A place being made in the crowded carriage for the last purchase, Hannah drove next to a modest but large dwelling, where a home for

friendless children had recently been opened. The matron gave the visitors a cordial welcome, and willingly allowed the favor requested, which was permission to distribute toys, candies, and clothing to the little ones under her care, and laughingly guaranteed to find a use for every article in the miscellaneous collection that was not suited to such distribution.

"You can't give me more buttons and trimmings than I can use ladies, and the more varied your gifts the more certain I am that they will be most acceptable."

The children's thanks were eloquently expressed in their happy, grateful faces. Surely dolls were never hugged more lovingly, tops spun more noisily, tea sets spread out more daintily, and pictures displayed with more admiring comments, than in that house on the Christmas afternoon of which we write.

"Have you had a pleasant day, Ella?" inquired Hannah, as they sat over a late dinner.

"It has been the happiest day I ever spent. Did you watch the faces, Hannah? I thought the little French woman in the dry-goods store was going to cry when you bought the hideous tidy."

"It is a mistake that is so easily made to spend days of precious time on one elaborate article that will not sell after it is completed. I think, Ella, that it would be a true deed of Christian charity if our wealthy ladies would deal more in the humble stores, where dollars are made for daily bread, and less in the great palaces, where thousands swell the princely incomes of the proprietors."

"But for nice goods you must deal in such places."

"Very true. Yet there are so many kinds of goods that are to be had just as good in quality where the stock is small, and the three or five cents of profit represents a loaf of bread or a cup of milk."

Gentle charities flow from Hannah Grier-son's hand, words of sympathy and encouragement from her lips, wherever sorrow or want come to her knowledge; but many of her now large circle of fashionable friends shrug their shoulders with words of surprise at her oddity when her handsome carriage passes through the wide streets, away from the palace emporiums, to carry her gentle face and full purse to gladden the eyes of the humble poor struggling for bread in the little shops.

MIRTH.—Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.—*Fuller*

EMPLOY thyself in something good. Do good to thy friends, that they may be more thy friends; thy enemy, that he may become thy friend.—*Cleobulus*.

IRMA GREY.

BY BELLE S. WILSON.

WE had gone out to ruralize for a month, Guy Moreland and I, to wander restlessly about through the cool, quiet country, to idle away the delicious, rosy days of June in hunting, fishing, sketching, and mayhap in flirting occasionally with the bright-eyed maids of the mountains.

And now we had only been out a week, when lo! Guy pronounced rural life insufferably dull. I echoed the sentiment, and so, gathering up all our traps, and throwing them into a Jersey wagon, we started off on Friday, bound for our deserted bachelor apartments in a luxurious quarter of the fashionable city of L——.

We spent that night at a farm-house on the wayside, and the next morning started on our homeward journey again, expecting to reach our place of destination on the evening of the same day. But, owing to the stupidity of our driver, and carelessness on our part, we lost our way, and as night drew on, found we had gone thirty miles in a wrong direction. We had to content ourselves with some miserable accommodations for the night, and then, hastily thrusting aside all conviction of wrongdoing, we took the Sabbath to retrace our wanderings.

The day was intolerably warm, and both Guy and myself divested ourselves of that superfluous article of dress—a coat—and making ourselves as lazily comfortable as possible under the circumstances, prepared to endure heroically the fatigue of the long day's journey before us. As we dashed along the rough, shaded, dirt road, we came suddenly upon a little white frame meeting-house by the wayside, where the people were assembled for worship.

"Let's go to meeting! What do you say, Louis?" exclaimed Guy, calling in the same breath to the driver to check the horses, and leaping to the ground, before I had time to offer any objection, even had I been so disposed.

"Do let's put on our coats, Guy," I remonstrated, as I too sprang from the wagon.

"Never!" laughed Guy. "Our shirt-fronts and wristbands are immaculate, and we are decidedly more comfortable without our coats than with them," he continued, tossing back the bright waves of hair from his forehead, and adjusting his lavender necktie in the most carelessly becoming style.

Guy Moreland was strikingly handsome—a splendid figure, tall, erect, and graceful; a finely-shaped head and face; a profusion of bright, brown hair, falling low over a broad, white brow; sunny blue eyes, with a strange revelation of slumbering earnestness flashing now and then from their laughing depths; and white teeth gleaming evenly through the tawny

moustache that graced his upper lip. Then he possessed the easy, nonchalant air that always characterizes the polished man of the world—a kind of cultivated assurance, an originality of speech and action that gave a certain sparkle to his presence and conversation, and made him irresistibly attractive to the fair daughters of society.

I thought I had never seen him look handsomer than he did this summer morning, standing there in his snowy shirt-sleeves, and the bottoms of his pantaloons tucked into the tops of his well-fitting boots. And in this independent style of dress we both strode resolutely into the church, facing the entire congregation, taking the first vacant pew that offered itself, and not observing, until we were fairly seated, that in this little country meeting-house the women were separated from the men, as the sheep from the goats, and that we were on the side assigned to the feminine portion of the community. It was too late to beat a retreat then, so we could only assume a grave unconsciousness of having done anything at variance with the established rules, and pay strict attention to the sermon, which was already near its close.

It was a quaint little church, with no frescoed walls or ceiling, no stained-glass windows, no choir or organ, no richly-cushioned seats to aid the worshippers in their devotions, and make them value more highly the ease and beauty of religion, but there was a sacred, subduing influence pervading the quiet spot—an invisible something that seemed to whisper: "This is the house of prayer; this is the sanctuary of God."

It was, perhaps, this silent influence that caused careless, skeptical Guy Moreland to bow his head more reverently than was his wont when the aged pastor raised his voice in prayer. Then the hymn for the closing of the service was read. A young girl sitting in front of us timidly proffered a hymn book, which we, of course, were too gallant to refuse.

Guy had found the hymn, whispered to me that "they would every one sing through their noses," and sat waiting resignedly for the nasal discord to commence, when suddenly there floated out on the morning air the sweet, clear notes of a woman's voice, exquisitely cultivated, rich, and full, and musical. She sang the first line entirely alone, then Guy joined in with a deep, melodious bass, I took up the tenor, while the rest of the congregation sat silent, as if spell-bound by the rapturous burst of music. The sweet songstress was the only occupant of the pew just back of Guy and myself. This we had discovered during the singing of the hymn; and as soon as the benediction was said, we both turned squarely around, hoping, as she passed into the aisle, to obtain a view of her face. It was half concealed by a white muslin hat, with a coquettishly

broad brim, and we only knew that a pair of dark gray eyes looked gravely upon us for an instant as she left the pew. Guy seized me by the arm, pushed me hastily forward, urging, in a whisper, that we should go out at the ladies' entrance.

The lady in the white muslin hat paused for a moment to speak with the minister, and we made our way out. There were several steps to descend, and as we reached the last one, there was a faint, startled cry behind us. We turned quickly, just in time for Guy to receive, in his outstretched arms, the owner of the dark gray eyes and wonderful voice, who had caught the heel of her boot on the edge of the topmost step, and would have fallen to the ground, had it not been for the timely interposition of Guy. A scarlet wave of color swept over the girl's face, but she only murmured a dignified, graceful "Thank you, sir," without any simpering or stammering, as Guy released her and she turned away to go with her friends to the old-fashioned carriage that stood in waiting.

Guy stood gazing after her like one entranced, and not even after I had twice rudely shaken him by the shoulder did he awaken to a sense of the singularity of his conduct, and the observation he was attracting.

"You must be smitten, young man, with our new school-marm," said an old farmer, jeeringly, as the carriage rolled off at last, and Guy heaved a long, regretful sigh.

"That's a fact I certainly can't deny, sir," replied Guy, with a light laugh; "and, now, can you tell me of any place in the neighborhood where my friend and myself can obtain board for a week or so?" he added, glancing imploringly at me, as I muttered: "Nonsense, Guy!" under my breath.

"Might you be from the city?" queried the old man.

"We are, sir," responded Guy, courteously, "and came out in search of a pleasant boarding-house in the country."

"Well, Squire Sheldon's the only man in these parts who ever takes city boarders—the first big white house you come to on the left-hand side of the road, going down." And, before Guy had finished thanking him, the farmer was out of hearing, and the little group of boys and men who had stood with open ears and mouths, listening to the dialogue, slowly dispersed.

"Guy, this is the veriest piece of folly I ever knew you to be guilty of," I grumbled, as I followed him back to our wagon.

"Don't scold, old fellow. I am hopelessly in love with the girl, and can't leave the neighborhood until I learn something about her." And, looking into his eyes, I saw they were darkened by a shadow of the earnestness that lay under his light tone.

I was ten years his senior, had known him from his earliest boyhood, and loved him as I

would have loved a younger brother. Ten years before, when I was a young man of twenty-five, and Guy a boy of fifteen, his only sister was my promised wife; and when I stood beside her deathbed, a week before the day appointed for our marriage, I vowed then and there to ever be faithful to the orphan brother whom she lovingly intrusted to my guardianship and care, and to the best of my ability I had fulfilled my trust.

I had almost dreaded the time when he should attain his majority, and enter into possession of the immense wealth to which he was sole heir. And when he had finished his collegiate course, and graduated in law, which he had chosen as his profession, I established him in rooms adjoining my own, and with brotherly anxiety watched him launch at once upon the broad sea of fashionable life and enjoyment. To my intense relief and satisfaction, I soon discovered that, underlying his easy, *debonair* manner, there was a solid basis of character that would ever keep Guy Moreland from drifting out among the breakers where so many youthful lives are wrecked. But I sometimes keenly regretted that there was not some motive for action in his life, something that would richly develop this latent force that now lay dormant.

There was ever a well-spring of tenderness in my heart for the bright-haired boy, and even now, since he had passed through the swinging gates of manhood, it was this same feeling that prompted me so often to yield my wishes to his, and consult his convenience rather than my own when we were together. But there was no vein of selfishness in his noble nature, and any sacrifice of my feelings had to be so delicately made that he could never suspect the truth.

This, then, was why I so cheerfully put aside my own inclinations this summer Sunday morning, which would have carried me back to my bachelor lodgings, and went with Guy to apply for board at the great white house on the hill-side for a couple of weeks.

Our request was pleasantly granted by the old squire himself, under conditions that we would occupy the same room, black our own boots, and be content with family fare. We were shown at once to a cheerful, airy apartment on the front side of the house, and requested to be ready for dinner in ten minutes' time. There was certainly no fault to find with our accommodations so far, and, to judge from the savory smell of the prospective dinner, our bill of fare would be unexceptionable.

"I will find out who she is and where she lives as soon as we go down," said Guy, as the bell called us to the dining-room.

We had been presented by the squire to his wife, a kind-faced, motherly-looking old lady, who gave us each a cordial shake of the hand, and were assigned our seats at the well-filled

board. The squire bent his head, as if to return thanks, then suddenly looked up, and said to the servant:—

"Go tell Miss Grey dinner is waiting."

The servant vanished, and a moment later, in the dainty little figure, robed in white, that glided so quietly into the room, we recognized at once the lady who had such a short time before rested in Guy's arms. There was nothing, however, in her manner to indicate that she retained any recollection of the occurrence, and, of course, Guy, too, affected entire forgetfulness.

I could but acknowledge to myself that there was something singularly attractive about her, but nothing, I thought, in her appearance, which was certainly neither brilliant nor imposing, that could warrant Guy's seeming infatuation. Only a small, classic head, gracefully set, about which was carelessly coiled a rich, wavy mass of lustrous black hair; a pair of shadowy gray eyes, fringed by long, dark lashes; a sad, sweet, oval face, colorless as marble, save the delicately curved lips, red as the heart of a damask rose. There was a high-bred air about her, an indescribable something that seemed to indicate she had not always filled the humble position she did at present.

With easy grace she took part in the conversation that flowed unrestrainedly throughout the meal, and I was amazed at the rich stores of knowledge unfolded in her words. She was evidently a woman of rare culture and much feeling.

We talked of the religious faith of our own and other lands and ages; and from the Zendavesta of the fire-worshippers and the Koran of the Mohammedans to the Christian's Bible, she seemed equally conversant with all. Then we discussed by turns, briefly, idealism, phrenics, and phrenology, and on each subject she was well informed, and expressed, in her strangely quiet manner, many strikingly original ideas.

Guy was unusually brilliant, seemed drawn out of himself, startled into a newer and bolder development of thought. As I looked and listened, I somehow felt a gradual assurance that this soft-voiced girl, who sat opposite me at the table, was in some manner to wield an influence for good over Guy Moreland's gay, useless life.

In the days that followed, Miss Grey became a study to me. I knew she must surely perceive the fascinating power she possessed over Guy; but she appeared so totally unconscious, pursued with such unruffled calmness the even tenor of her way, receiving with such shy indifference his almost idolatrous attention, that I often felt puzzled and almost annoyed.

I watched her closely, and saw that his footfall or voice never brought a rosier glow to her pale cheek, nor a gladder light to her shadowy

eyes. Yet she never shrank from his society; and sometimes, as she sat talking with him in her own peculiar, earnest fashion, I fancied she was sounding the depths of his noble nature, and diving for the pearls that lay beneath the sparkling surface.

Our stay had already been prolonged to three weeks, and one evening we three—Miss Grey, Guy, and myself—sat together on the front porch, talking in a desultory way, and finally falling upon life and its various pursuits and aims.

"How glorious it would be if we could each live to some high purpose of usefulness and good—could feel that we were doing something daily for the benefit and advancement of our fellow-mortals!" said Miss Grey.

"Well, for my part, I fancy that I am both adorning and benefiting humanity by merely existing," laughed Guy.

"Do you know I am half inclined to think there is a shadow of truth in that unworthy sentiment, Mr. Moreland? That is, I almost believe you really think that 'common natures return payment by what they *do*, noble ones by what they *are*,'" replied the lady.

"That is certainly a pleasant philosophy to abide by," persisted Guy, "and I don't see that a man is much to blame for being what circumstances have made him."

"We should be what God has made us," responded Miss Grey. "A man, to be a man, should work. If the possession of wealth has rendered it unnecessary that he should labor with his hands, he should devote his energies to the pursuit of some business or profession, and make the most of the talents God has given him."

She spoke so seriously that Guy at once laid all trifling aside.

"I appreciate the truth of your words, Miss Grey," he said, "and will confess to you now that I often feel wearied and disgusted with this careless, good-for-nothing existence of mine, and determine within myself to fix my vocation, and have some settled purpose in life."

"Whosoever is continually looking forward to some future vocation, does not plant himself firmly in the present," she quoted, impulsively.

"Then I will write 'Excelsior' on my banner, and enter upon a new life to-night," he responded, so earnestly that there was no mistaking his sincerity.

And Miss Grey, with a sudden glow on her cheek, looked up into his face with a pleased, grateful smile—a smile that illumined her features with a radiance almost divine. And in that one brief glance I read the hitherto sealed volume of Irma Grey's love for Guy. He read it, too; and as he sprang quickly to her side, I, feeling that my presence was no longer

needed, left my seat, and went slowly and thoughtfully to my room.

Who was this Irma Grey? I had carelessly asked the question of Squire Sheldon the day before; and, in reply, he had told me that a short time before the last term of the district school expired, the teacher had been called away. The trustees had advertised for some one to fill the vacancy and teach the few remaining weeks. Miss Grey had applied in person for the position, passed a creditable examination, and been accepted. At the commencement of the summer vacation, just a week before our arrival, Miss Grey, instead of returning to her friends, if she had any, had applied for board at his house for the remainder of the season. And this was all he could tell me.

I trusted her fully, but had felt it my duty to talk with Guy; to tell him that, for her sake, as well as his own, he should not strive to win her love until he knew something of her antecedents, and her position in life. But now I knew I had waited too long with my worldly-wise words of counsel.

Two hours later Guy came to me, his handsome face all flushed with joy, and told me, in his boyish, impulsive way, that Irma Grey loved him.

"And has promised to be your wife?" I asked.

"No, not yet," he answered; "but she will, I know she will. She has something to tell me of herself and her past life before the sweet promise is given." And then he went on to tell me of how earnestly he would strive to make himself worthy of her love; of how tenderly he would ever cherish his beautiful pearl—his queen, as he fondly called her.

"Guy," I said, calmly, when I had listened to his rhapsody, "are you sure that you know what you are doing? Do you remember that you know nothing of this girl, of her birth or parentage, or of what her former life has been? How do you know that they are such as would justify you in presenting her to the world as your wife?"

He sprang to his feet with flashing eyes. "Irma Grey is above all suspicion," he said, proudly and defiantly; "and, no matter what her past history is, she will ever be to me my own peerless darling! I shall hardly consult the world's opinion in my choice of a wife," he added scornfully. I held out my hand to the noble fellow. He clasped it warmly. "I might have known you better, Louis, but I thought you meant it," he said, with a misty light in his blue eyes.

The next morning, when Irma Grey came in to breakfast, I was startled at the transformation in her appearance. A bright smile hovered on her red lips and nestled in her soft eyes. The cold cloud of sadness that had before hung so persistently about her, seemed sud-

denly to have been swept away by the warm sunshine of joy and happiness.

"There's a gay young widow visiting at the house of our next neighbor," said the squire, as we seated ourselves at the table, "and as beaux are scarce in this part of the country, hadn't you gentlemen better give her a call this evening?"

"Deliver me from widows!" ejaculated Guy, fervently. "I've a holy horror of them all, especially those in the matrimonial market."

"Why, were you ever jilted by one?" laughed the squire.

"No, indeed; nor ever shall be," said Guy, "but I don't like widows, and don't believe in second marriages. I think if a woman's husband dies, she should never marry again."

"But suppose a woman don't love her first husband, and after his death sees somebody she does love, what then?" asked the squire, good-naturedly.

"I have no mercy on a woman who would, under any circumstances, marry a man she didn't love," replied Guy, resolutely.

"She might be forced into it, Guy," I interposed, feeling annoyed, I scarcely knew why, at his persistency.

"Never!" he exclaimed. "In my opinion, no woman of truth and purity could be forced into an unwilling marriage."

I had once or twice glanced at Miss Grey, who had taken no part in the conversation, but sat with eyes fixed on her plate, apparently lost in some absorbing reverie. But now, as this last sentence passed Guy's lips, she uttered a low cry, as of sudden pain, and with a ghastly pallor on her face, and her red lips as white as ashes, rose from her seat and left the table.

"Miss Grey! Irma! what is it?" exclaimed Guy, starting up to follow her.

She waved him back, paused for a moment in the doorway, and shading her eyes with her hand, said, slowly:—

"I am a little faint this morning, and will have to go back to my room. Never mind, Mrs. Sheldon," she added, with an effort to smile, as the good old lady bustled up to go with her. "All I need is to be quiet for a little while." And then she passed out into the hall, closing the door after her.

She kept her room all that long summer day, and Guy wandered restlessly about, gathering now and then little clusters of roses, and sending them, with a daintily folded note, to her door. But each time the servant returned, bringing back the note and flowers, saying that Miss Grey must be sleeping, as she did not respond to her knock. But late in the evening, when Mrs. Sheldon sent up her tea with a cluster of his roses on the waiter, the girl brought back Miss Grey's thanks, with a folded paper to Guy, and the request that Mrs. Sheldon would go to her as soon as supper was over. Guy hastily swallowed his supper, and

carried the missive to his room, to read it alone.

An hour later, when I went up stairs, I found him striding up and down the floor, with a white face and compressed lips. He did not seem aware of my presence until I had twice called him by name. Then he paused for a moment in his walk, and thrust into my hand a crushed, crumpled letter. Its contents ran thus :—

MR. MORELAND: Forgive me for listening to your words last night. I retract all I said then, and must tell you now that I can never be your wife. Do not seek an explanation, as I have none to give. I will leave here to-morrow on the earliest train from ——— station, and hope you will not attempt to see me, as I cannot grant you an interview. Hoping that God may help you to be faithful to yourself and to Him, I am, ever your friend,

IRMA GREY.

I knew that words would be worse than useless then, so I silently seated myself by the window and commenced a ceaseless round of conjecture in regard to this inexplicable conduct of Miss Grey's.

The next morning Guy refused to leave his room, and at breakfast Mrs. Sheldon informed me that Miss Grey was not well, and had taken a sudden notion to leave that day.

"Where is she going?" I asked, carelessly.

"Well, I tried to find that out myself," replied Mrs. Sheldon, "but she didn't seem inclined to tell me, so I didn't press the matter at all."

I had determined to see her before she left, and directly after breakfast took my seat on the front porch to watch for her appearance.

It was not long before the old family carriage rumbled round to the front side of the house, then her solitary trunk was brought down, and I heard the soft voice of Irma Grey bidding Mrs. Sheldon good-by in the hall.

"Farewell, Miss Grey!" I said, extending my hand, as she came out on the porch.

"Good-by, Mr. Reeves!" she said, simply, placing her little cold hand in mine. She withdrew it quickly, and as she turned away the wind lifted the heavy veil that shrouded her face, and I saw that she looked haggard and worn; had evidently passed a sorrowful, sleepless night.

Squire Sheldon assisted her into the carriage, and accompanied her to the station. When they were fairly out of sight, I went to Guy. He was lying on the bed, his bright head half-buried in the pillows.

"Guy," I said, "she has gone; and now, my boy, you must be brave, and bear your trouble like a man. Remember what I suffered at your age. I loved Helen as passionately as you love Irma Grey."

"And she was true to you, even unto death," was all the reply he made.

"Guy," I answered, "Irma Grey is not

playing you falsely. She loves you as surely as I sit beside you now. There is a mystery somewhere that time will unravel. I believe there is something in her past life that she fears to disclose; that she thinks it best for you not to know."

"If she loved me, she would have trusted me," he murmured, wearily.

It was pitiful to see how all the hope and brightness had been swept from his young life. It was the first time he had ever loved, and all the pride and promise of his manhood lay in the glittering tide that had rushed out to the feet of Irma Grey. And now to have it cast back upon him as a worthless thing!

He believed that she had deceived him, and I feared for the result. And well I might, for all that never-to-be-forgotten summer Guy Moreland spent in a state of apathetic indifference almost bordering on despair. We went back to our city lodgings, but once there, he shut himself into the strictest seclusion. I could not coax him into society, and he refused admittance to his friends when they came to see him.

At last, late in the autumn, I persuaded him to accompany me on a business trip South, hoping that the travel and change of scene might produce a beneficial effect. But I was disappointed. Nothing seemed to rouse him from the gloomy abstraction into which he had fallen.

The evening before the day appointed for our homeward journey I decided to visit first some old friends whom I had not seen for many years. Guy offered no objection to going with me, so the next morning we set out for the secluded Southern village not far distant from the city of N——, where my business arrangements had been satisfactorily concluded. I had no difficulty in finding the residence of my friend Mr. Harland, and he and his wife gave us a warm Southern welcome to their beautiful home.

As we sat in the pleasant parlor talking, before we were shown to our rooms, an elegant harp, with some loose music beside it, attracted my attention.

"Is it your wife or your daughters, Harland, who are musical?" I said, pointing to the instrument.

"I have no daughters," laughed my friend, "and my wife has long since given up music. The harp belongs to my wife's niece, Mrs. Hilton, who has been with us several months. By the way, Reeves, he continued, "I believe you used to know her father, old Col. Grey, of Netherston."

"I've heard of him often," I said. "He was noted for his wealth and eccentricities. What ever became of him, anyhow?"

"Oh, he's dead now, and, in my humble judgment, ought to have died many years before he did. It would have saved a lifetime of

unhappiness to his daughter. His wife died at the birth of their only child, a daughter; and five years ago, when this girl was just sixteen, and he lay on his deathbed, he commanded her to marry a worthless scoundrel by the name of Hilton, whom he knew she despised. The poor child dared not, of course, disobey the dying command of her father, and the marriage ceremony was performed at his bedside one hour before his death. Her husband carried her off with him to foreign lands, and a year later we learned through the papers of his death. He was killed in a drunken brawl on the street. His young widow had boundless wealth at her command, and has devoted her life since almost entirely to intellectual pursuits. She did not return to America until last spring, and even then shrank from entering the world, and went away off into the country somewhere and took charge of a district school, where she was known only as Miss Grey. Here, however, her health began to fail, and when she came to us in the summer, it was hard for us to recognize in the pale, sorrowful woman, the bright-eyed Irma Grey we had known in her school-days."

As Mr. Harland finished speaking, a slight figure, robed in black, darkened the doorway. It was Irma Grey!

She started, as if to flee, when she looked into my face, then suddenly changing her purpose, came on into the room. Guy confronted her. "Irma, my precious darling, I know all," he said, huskily. And then I drew Mr. Harland with me through the low window to the balcony outside, and left them alone together.

A month later there was a joyous wedding-feast at the Harland mansion, and Guy Moreland carried back with him to his Eastern home his fair bride, Irma Grey, his first and only love.

LIFE.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

ONLY a sweet surprise
Of smiles, of tears, caresses,
Our childhood's vision blesses,
And then youth's morn doth rise.

Only a misty dream—
A dream, not an endeavor;
For fair and smiling ever,
To youth, the world doth seem.

Only a battle plain,
With friends and foes around us;
But sin and woe surround us,
And we but strive in vain.

Only a shining shore—
A silent, tranquil river—
And life to God, its Giver,
Departs forevermore.

REGARD not dreams, since they are but the images of our hopes and fears.—*Cato*.

ROSE LEAVES, NO. 7.

BY JOHN S. REID.

MAN gazes on the azure sky,
And pictures in that starry dome
A calm retreat, a peaceful kome,
Where tears no longer dim the eye,
Till lost in thought at scenes so grand;
Where suns and systems countless roll,
How small appears the human soul!
How vast these glorious orbs expand!

But who is He whose power sustains
These rolling worlds and orbs of light,
Whose throne, though veiled from human sight,
The heaven of heavens alone contains,
Unknown to time His birth or race?
Age sets no seal upon His brow,
Ten thousand years are but as now,
And wisdom falls His line to trace.

Omnipotent as boundless might,
Omniscient as the eye of morn;
Angels attend His glorious form,
And veil their faces in His sight.
Creator, yet the Uncreate;
Eternal as eternity;

We only know what He must be
Because we view the works He made.

Once seen on Sinai's sacred height,
Which trembled at His steps profound,
When thunder shook the earth around,
And lightnings flashed their vivid light.
Ah, how sublime that mountain shone,
As cloud on cloud in ample fold
Swept o'er its brow (all tinged with gold),
As if the heavens and earth were one!

Long years have passed since Sinai's hill
Enthroned in glory calm reposed,
And night had on Judea closed
Like Egypt's gloom, and all was still,
When Christ appeared in form of Man,
As if the Godhead crowned his brow,
Yet gentle, humble, meek and low,
The Saviour and the friend of Man.

Since then, unseen in Might and Power,
He only comes to love and bless,
To cheer the heart with kind caress,
And light time's lone and dreary hours.
Oh, for the eye of faith and truth,
To see afar within the veil,
And wrestling, Jacob-like, prevail,
And gain the immortal crown of youth.

But when the last dread morn will rise,
And time's great cycle be no more,
Then Man will see Him and adore
His glory in the Orient skies.
Then light will cheer the silent tomb,
And death resign his power and trust,
And life will wake the slumbering dust,
And a new Earth in beauty bloom.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?—*Swift*.

It cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisitions, and that it is as absurd to expect them without it as to hope for a harvest where we have not sown the seed.—*Anon*.

HER LADYSHIP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MILBROOK" AND "HONOR BRUGHT."

"It is just like her!"

Lee Vernon was a sort of reckless empiric as to life's established rules. She was essentially iconoclastic, and asked no better music than the ring of shattered customs. You could not call her spoiled or petted; she was too self-dependent for either. Flattery and adulation, and she received both to an almost fulsome degree, fused no more with her frank nature than water with oil. The girl had a meteoric temperament, brilliant, coruscating, and quite bewildering, since she failed utterly to comprehend herself. She was not fickle. To her friends she was as true as ever was Damascus steel. But as to opinions, you never knew where to find her; for, forming a new estimate every day, she was constantly flying off at a tangent. She was not a flirt. The most piqued of her rejected suitors quite absolved her from any such insinuation. She was not trifling. The strong though latent possibilities of her character precluded the assertion; yet she could not for a moment be associated with the idea conveyed in the word *serious*, for she had never known what it was to be really in earnest. The contradictory elements of her character might be thus rendered—a clear, frank, vigorous individuality, but utterly aimless, never having discovered any of life's strong purposes, consequently finding it full of infinite surprises. Failing to obey the ancient mandate, "Know thyself," with its consequent tersely put, "for thus only canst thou know God," she lost the only "open sesame" to the great mystery of being, thus lived in a pleasant, bewildering maze, quite conscious all the time that it was a maze, but with curiosity too inert to seek its rending.

So, when one rainy, bleak November afternoon the village coach lumbered up to the door of Widow Bergert's rambling old farmhouse, and deposited her ladyship, bag and baggage, upon the low portico, her unexpected arrival caused Aunt Ruth simply to exclaim, in a pleased flutter, that could scarcely be called amaze: "It is just like her!"

Of course it was. What other girl would have thought of leaving the city in the very beginning of its gay season for an unannounced visit to a quiet aunt at a quiet farmhouse? But Lee Vernon knew no other arbiter than her own strange fancy, that went and came at random. She was an orphan, the adopted child of a wealthy bachelor uncle, who had spent the undivided love of his life upon this, his favorite niece, content to be ruled by her, and though she might assure him black was white, to take her word for it, and offer no questioning.

Aunt Ruth soliloquized the twice-recorded remark, as she left the girl in the spare cham-

ber, and hurried down to the kitchen to order something hot for supper, and said it yet again as she touched up the log fire in the sitting-room, and shut out the early murky twilight by lighting the lamp. She had just settled the chimney, and adjusted the frosted globe, her pleased, quiet lips still pursed up into those half-formed words, when her ladyship entered the room, looking as fresh and unwearyed as if she had not travelled a whole day, her travelling dress changed for a cassimere robe of warm, rich coloring.

"Aunt Ruthie, am I the subject of a mental hallucination or optical illusion, or is there actually a man's hat on that virgin tree in the hall?" The entrance and exclamation were simultaneous.

Aunt Ruth smiled her quiet, peaceful smile. Every characteristic of this same Aunt Ruth was blended and comprehended in that one term, *quintessence*.

"It is the doctor's, dear," quite simply, as if the assertion needed no exegesis.

"I do not understand. There is no one sick!" The girl's face fairly flashed with amazement.

"No, dear, he is boarding with me. He is a most kindly gentleman. I liked him the first time I saw him. So when he asked to come, I was very glad," explained Aunt Ruth.

Lee made no further comment, but nodded her shapely head in a half-meditative, half-speculative way, peculiar to her, and knelt down by the fire to warm her hands. They were small, perfect hands, with several costly diamonds scintillating in the firelight. This same light cast a rosy reflection on the girl's dark face, and even tinted the blackness of her glossy hair.

"And now, Lee, what happy thought brought you here? Why did you think of running off from all the fun you wrote me was a-strir?" curiously.

"Aunt Ruthie, there isn't a reason for everything under the sun, no matter what that erudite old egotist Solomon may say. I've searched diligently, and cannot find one for *anything*, let alone *everything*."

The words were characteristic; the picture in the firelight would have pleased the critical acumen of the most fastidious *connoisseur*. A third person, quite unnoticed, heard the one and saw the other, with a calm self-possession that scarce admitted of surprise. Yet such a presence on the hearth was, to say the least, a novelty. There was a certain strength and latent power about Doctor Gulon that made his presence felt, if not seen, even as innate dignity will be experienced at meeting one who possesses it though in the dark. Lee Vernon, with her keen, nervous organization, intuitively felt this power, and glanced to where he stood in the open doorway. Aunt Ruth's eyes quite naturally followed hers. Then there was the introduction, with all due ceremony, for Aunt

Ruth was a strict observer of all the stately etiquette of old-school politeness.

Lee had arisen, and would have simply bowed in acknowledgment; but Doctor Guion came quite beside her, and shook hands. Then Aunt Ruth went out to hurry supper, and the two, quite strangers, were left perforce to become acquainted. Lee Vernon had been accustomed to society all her life, and prided herself that no social dilemma could find her at loss. Yet now, in the presence of this village doctor, she discovered herself vaguely wondering what she should say, and curiously experiencing that for the first time since she had worn trains, and put up her hair in a knot, she was undeniably embarrassed. The intuitive knowledge that this same village doctor, in his cool self-possession, discovered and enjoyed her position, only seemed to intensify the sensation.

He had drawn a chair to the corner of the hearth opposite where she had again knelt, and sat watching her from under the hand which partially screened his face. Lee, with each sense wonderfully acute, took in his attitude, with its provoking significance; the color of his hair; the shape of his finely developed head; his broad shoulders, with their sense of innate strength; even his large but shapely hand, yet never once glanced at his face. He bore the almost unconscious inspection quite gravely, then said, in a tone of quizzical questioning:—

"Well?"

That rendered her more than ever alive to the absurdity of her position—kneeling scarce a yard from an utter stranger, and eyeing him from head to slippered foot in complete silence. She arose with abrupt desperation, took a chair, and launched boldly into a eulogy on the beauties of the day, forgetting, for the instant, what had been the state of the weather. He had taken his hand from his eyes. Their excessive gravity discovered to her her mistake. Extremes meet. Soberness can trench on mirth. Such was the expression about his fine, strong mouth. She was looking at him fully for the first time, and was evidently interested. Every trace of embarrassment disappeared, save a slight flush on her dark cheeks. She said, with a certain winning frankness:—

"You evidently have determined that I shall bridge the hiatus which parts strangers, Doctor Guion."

His reply made her mute again with surprise:—

"Your pardon! I have been selfish."

"He is not a materialist, even if he does deal in downright pills, but a moral analyzer, sifting an impulse to its impelling cause. That is refreshing after rose-colored cravats and dancing." Then, as if the mental comparison was suggestive, she brought her eyes, curious and flashing, to bear upon the simple black tie under the clean shaven chin.

Again that soberness about the fine mouth, with its infinite contradictions. The position was odd. A village physician bearing the close scrutiny of a city belle! He broke into it as before, and quite in the same tone:—

"Well?"

It was a sheer impossibility to tell him she was wondering how he would look in a rose-colored necktie. Yet he was the first person she had ever met to whom she would not have dared tell any thought she wished. As it was, she abruptly changed the current, wondering a trifle at this sudden new temerity as she did so. The subject introduced was as wide as the antipodes from the present scene, and came in decidedly *malapropos*. Instead of answering, he smiled oddly, saying:—

"I thought you were frank."

At that moment the tea-bell rang. He arose, and with a certain courtly grace, characteristic of his every movement, gave her his arm. She took it, a trifle embarrassed again at his words, and mentally resolving that it was not safe to even think of such things as rose-colored cravats.

Aunt Ruth seemed to know him wonderfully well. She called him Neil. At that Lee nodded her head in the speculative way we have already mentioned, and nodded it again, when, after they were seated, Doctor Guion asked a blessing—a thing quite new, since all her life her ladyship had been accustomed to eating her food unblest. Doctor Guion saw the first nod and the latter part of the second, with that odd play to his lips. Here was an anomaly. A city girl, whose life had been a round of gayeties, apparently quite unconscious of the fact, yet proving herself a moral critic, and making very palpable mental comments on incidents which would have passed unnoticed to the casual observer.

Aunt Ruth, in her genial, happy way, swept aside all reserve, taking the fact of their having become acquainted quite for granted. So the supper was full of pleasant conversation. At first Lee bore little part, but a few leading questions from Aunt Ruth quite forced her to become the central theme, eliciting a gay account of last summer's pleasuring. At length, with a little wicked laugh just brimming with merriment, she looked Doctor Guion daringly full in his grave, puzzling eyes, and counted off the season's rejected lovers on her jewelled fingers.

You may set it down as a fact, thoroughly enough established to be admitted as an axiom, that there is not the woman, be she ever so proper and so kind, who is not flattered to have been often chosen. You see, it is the most delicate of compliments, a fine tribute to worth of some sort, either outward or innate. Offers are dangerous, too, suggesting the old adage, "The end of a long lane to pick up a crooked stick," and the other in rhyme:—

"Then be not coy, but use your time,
And, while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry."

But we are digressing. Back to the point from which we took discursive flight! Even gentle Aunt Ruth, with her high moral principle, was not impervious to the common fault of her sex, so her tone was rather mild and deprecating than reproving:—

"O Lee, how cruel!"

Doctor Gulon's face simply expressed nothing. Her ladyship could not find the least clue to his feelings or opinion, so went on, recklessly determined, though at her own detriment, to provoke remark:—

"Cruel, Aunt Ruthie! Why, hearts are elastic. Nothing would convince me of their brittle qualities, save an actual dissection, and the shattered organ in my hands."

She was ostensibly talking to Aunt Ruth, but looking full into Doctor Gulon's eyes. There was a strange, deep light in those same eyes. They held hers with magnetic force. She felt as if she had been gazing into them all her life, and could through all eternity, yet not sound their silent depths. And all the time she had an intuitive sense that with their quiet power they were searching out her inmost thought, even penetrating where *she* had utterly failed, yet she bore it quite resistless.

"O Lee!" Aunt Ruth's voice was full of consternation at the incisive proclivities her niece had so heartlessly declared; and one of the gentle hands in flying up with horror came in contact with the hot urn, taking the skin from the tender fingers. She gave a startled exclamation of pain. Her ladyship, with a quick breath of relief, as from an electric shock, brought her eyes hastily to the service, saying, blunderingly, her voice full of the same quality as the quick breath:—

"O Aunt Ruthie! why didn't you do that sooner?"

Doctor Gulon threw back his head, and laughed a low, merry, hearty laugh. To Lee its ring was full of triumph. She flushed angrily, scarce knowing whether at him or at herself for thus being conquered by a pair of grave eyes. Mrs. Bergert, knowing nothing of this by-play, looked from one to the other, both amazed and hurt. Instantly Doctor Gulon grew sober, leaving his seat and coming to her side, saying, as he took the injured hand gently in his:—

"Pardon me, dear friend, for my seeming heartlessness, but two Hibernicisms in one evening were too much for me." Then, looking full into her ladyship's flushing face, added: "You must have Irish blood in your veins."

She made no reply, but returned the look with flashing eyes. He only smiled. They had fought it out on that ground. By her last blunder she had verbally acknowledged him

conqueror. His next remark had a bit of the victor in it:—

"Miss Vernon, since you were the cause, you must provide the remedy. Ask your aunt where you will find some Dally's salve and a linen cloth."

Aunt Ruth, yielding, as she always did, to his winning power, gave the directions, and Lee, though nettled at the latent command in his tone, still obeyed. When the burnt fingers were dressed, he stood waiting for her ladyship to finish drinking her tea. She knew he was waiting, consequently took unnecessary time. He did not seem to mind it; nothing palpably annoyed him. So becoming fully conscious that she was the only one inconvenienced, and that greatly, since sipping tea with those quiet eyes watching every spoonful was simply terrible, she gave over the effort. With another little triumphant laugh, he led her to the sitting-room, Aunt Ruth following.

Later in the evening her ladyship stood on the hearth, waiting for the night-lamp Aunt Ruth had gone to seek. One hand rested on the rude wooden mantel, the other toyed with the lion's head which formed the knob of the tall, old-fashioned brass andiron. The hand did it in an absent sort of way, as if the mind had nothing whatever to do with the manipular play.

Doctor Gulon was also standing on the hearth. During the evening he had quite ignored the supper-table episode, and had lent himself to her entertainment. There had been a pleasant flow of conversation, not trifling, nor yet serious, but genial, intelligent, earnest, and often humorous, and with a certain vein of originality running through it that interested the girl, accustomed as she was to the hackneyed phraseology of polite society. Now, in the sudden silence that fell at Aunt Ruth's exit, she stood thoughtfully realizing that, as one through the magnifying lenses of the stereoscope discovers points in the picture otherwise invisible, so she had to-night, for the first time, regarded life, getting glimpses of its power, its strength, its purpose, which hitherto she had scarce known existed. Suddenly she became aware of that pair of grave, provoking eyes, and glanced up to meet them, just as they, with very palpable intention, wandered to the jewelled fingers on the andiron.

She did not understand him, yet with intuitive prescience of what was to follow, blushed as she told him so.

"You are sure you do not understand?" quizzically. Certainly the question implied a doubt of her veracity.

"When Doctor Gulon knows me better, he will find that equivocation is not one of my many faults," in a haughty tone.

He looked at her flushed, indignant face a moment, then in a half-grave, half-teasing

way, just touched the hand upon the iron, saying :—

"Forewarned is forearmed. I shall beware of losing my identity, and becoming simply a *finger*."

She flushed to the very tips of said fingers, saying, with angry impetuosity :—

"You are unkind and ungenerous to take advantage of a thoughtless speech, regretted as soon as uttered."

He liked her frankness in thus viewing her errors and her spirit, too ; but she could not have suspected it from his immobile face. At that instant Aunt Ruth called her from the hall. She attempted to pass him with a cold bow, but he laid his hand detainingly on her shoulders, saying, lightly :—

"For strangers to sleep the first night under the same roof in anger, will never do. It is too suggestive of enmity."

"Well, why not?" she broke in, impetuously, adding, with a slight curve to her red lips, and a strange little inward start: "I could never be your friend."

He laughed, then, with a grave good-night, released her, afterwards sought his office, half-interested, half-amused ; whilst her ladyship went thoughtfully up stairs, kissed Aunt Ruth a sober good-night, and closing her door, sat down upon the edge of her snowy bed.

The brilliant face wore a new earnestness, and was withal perplexed and puzzled. Long after, she fell asleep, and dreamed of looking into a pair of grave blue eyes, and learning in their depths that life, instead of being a sort of perpetual gala day of idle pleasuring, was a thing real, strong, true, and full of infinite possibilities.

A month passed, each day full of revelations as to the same life, whose surface only Lee Vernon had scanned. A month of very quiet home life. Constantly Aunt Ruth feared the girl would weary of it, and take away the flood of sunlight with which her presence seemed to fill the house. Once or twice Lee Vernon had wondered a trifle at herself, querying mentally as to what kept her, but at such times concluded it was a notion. All the world were ruled by notions, only too self-sustained to acknowledge it.

Every day there was the same routine. A morning's ramble with Aunt Ruth ; always an afternoon's ride with Doctor Guion, generally to some of his patients farthest removed ; afterward a quiet evening. Yet each day seemed as new a day as if it was the first one ever created. Living was not at all what she had thought it. She seemed just finding it out, and though the finding almost always ended in a question, the very question had its charm. Often in the midst of a sentence, or in an unbroken silence, she would give that little speculative nod, and Doctor Guion, as if reading her thought, would follow it out, and add

play to his lips the while, at her quick flash of surprise. The girl was wondrous interesting, with her frank nature, her constant vivacity, and abrupt manner, sometimes betrayed into most winsome gentleness. Aunt Ruth took notice, with secret satisfaction, that Doctor Guion did not read any more of an evening, excepting when he read aloud. And putting that and her ladyship's continued stay together, the gentle little widow drew her own conclusions.

One morning, work in hand, the two women sat in the sitting-room. There had been a few moments' silence. Lee broke it, the idea just having presented itself, for one was apt to accept Doctor Guion as a fact, and ask no questions.

"Aunt Ruthie, what of Doctor Guion before he came to live here?"

"What of Neil? Oh, a great deal, dear ! It's a long story. His father used to be one of the richest men in these parts, but died insolvent. You see, he speculated, and induced the farmers about here to invest heavily, then failed. They censured the old gentleman severely. Grief and mortification killed him. Neil had just graduated ; he assumed his father's debts. That was twelve years ago. He has just cancelled the last dollar. He is a noble fellow ; everybody is proud of him. He has toiled hard."

"Why, Aunt Ruthie, how hard ! He never seems tired," her dark eyes wide and curious.

"Yes, now his practice is established ; but at first he had much to contend with—above everything else, *youth*. In those days he used to do copying, and instruct in Greek, Latin, and German ; but now he is getting well off. He has bought back the old family estate, and tells me he intends having it put in repair next spring."

Her ladyship grew quiet. Doctor Guion had pointed out this same homestead to her once when riding, but had not told her it was his, and she had admired it, because of its romantic situation, and its ancient, unique architecture. All her life *she* had revelled in wealth, *he* toiled for every dollar. This world's distributions were odd, to say the least ; and with thought taking its wide free range, she went back to the long rows of tenement houses in the city, which she often had driven past, remembering the ragged, dirty children, with a sort of wonder that she had scarce noticed them then, save to give a little shiver, and experience a sense of comfort, at being whole and clean herself. She looked troubled and guilty, feeling as if she had some things that belonged to other folks, and fell vaguely to estimating the value of the diamonds on her fingers. Her puzzling had covered a full hour. She had not noticed that Aunt Ruth had left the room, or that Doctor Guion had entered, and was standing in the window looking over letters ; so said, filling

the diagram of her thought with one little petulant sentence :—

"Aunt Ruthie, you're religious. How much do you suppose the Lord has to do with all this?"

Getting no answer, she looked up to see Doctor Guion watching her with curious interest from the window. He came over and stood beside her, saying, kindly :—

"To do with what?"

She knew he could make it all plain, but her pride rebelled. He saw it in her face, a little sad smile curving his lips, and misinterpreted the pride. These two seemed destined never to understand each other. He went back to his letter-reading. She sat moodily watching him. His face in its immobility was a sealed book to her, yet it was never absent from her when reading or sitting thoughtful by herself; even in her dreams she was forever striving to comprehend its meaning, this quiet, proud, strong face. Now with a touch of her characteristic daring she expressed the thought aloud, in Goethe's words :—

"I never can make any guess
From my lord's countenance, whether your worship
Is pleased or is displeased by what I do."

He smiled, hesitated a moment, then wheeling an ottoman to her feet, sat down. It brought his face directly before hers. She started, flushing a little, not knowing why. Perhaps because his manner had always been so utterly devoid of all the meaningless devotions characteristic of society. He saw the blush, as he always saw everything, without comment. These two were seeking to find each other out. He was so near he might have rested his arm upon her lap, but did not. She might have touched the short crisp curls whose every tint of light and shade she had learned to know, yet did not. There was a fascination in the actual proximity, doubly intensified by this intangible sense of distance. He was the first to speak, going back to the question she had intended for Aunt Ruth.

"You are trying to solve the mystery of being; to resolve a *why* into a definite conclusion, and are too proud to own it. I have seen it all this time. There are new lines on your face, and often you are pale."

She did not deny it. His voice was very kind. Her lips were set to steady their quiver. The dark eyes were puzzled and perplexed. At first the attitude and face were yielding, another of life's lost opportunities. She dashed it aside, saying, in her self-dependent, reckless way :—

"High hymns and solemn words are not my forte; Pathos from me would look too like a joke."

"Goethe again." His quiet tone was a trifle fired. It was the first time she had ever seen him manifest any passion. There was a little glad start in her heart, that she had been able

to anger him. His next remark was made in a tone cold and incisive. "It was presumptuous in one who has been openly termed an enemy to proffer assistance." And he looked full into her eyes, flashing to hide their trouble. His look was quiet and searching; she could not bear it. The blood mounted to her very temples. With an impetuous, almost angry gesture, she covered her face from his sight. In that moment she knew what all this month she had fought against—that she loved this man.

He did not comprehend her. So in the hand covering the face, he saw only the sparkling jewels and the tapering fingers, with their heartless boast of the first evening he had met her. So with his proud lips firmly set, and a strange, cold look in his grave eyes, he arose abruptly and left the room; and a few moments later, the house. He did not return until late in the evening. The girl, from her darkened upper window, saw him come. Aunt Ruth let him in, a night-lamp in her hand. She had made the taper dim, to prevent the wind from blowing it against the chimney when she opened the door; so the man's face was in the shadow, and she did not see its sudden pallor, when she remarked, sadly: "Neil, Lee is going home to-morrow." He hardly seemed to hear her, but went right to his office. She thought him simply indifferent; so said, with a little sigh, the very words with which she had greeted her ladyship's arrival that month ago, "It is just like her!" though she would have better expressed her thought had she changed it into, "It is just like *him*!"

The woman tossed, restless, sleepless. The man, with fierce set eyes, read until the day dawned.

At breakfast Aunt Ruth looked pale and ill. Doctor Guion, usually so kind and watchful, never saw it; whilst her ladyship, in mood recklessly gay, did not discover the pale face. Thus does suffering make each one selfish.

The girl bade him good-by on the low portico in merry fashion, and watched his buggy out of sight down the road, he turning once to lift his hat. So it seemed ended, buried, and over it the man traced bitterly the words, "A summer's flirtation."

It was evening. Doctor Guion had not been home all day. At length there was the quick ring of his step upon the porch. He paused ere he entered. The day had traced deep tense lines about his fine mouth. The house had a desolate look in the purple twilight; the windows having no light of their own, reflected the hue. He turned the knob and entered, threw hat and overcoat carelessly on the rack, and, like one holding a burn to the fire, boldly sought the worst. The sitting-room, where he had seen her first, would be the most desolate.

At its threshold the firelight burst out to meet him. He stopped, with a sudden start, the deep red blood surging to his very brow. The girl, seated on a low stool upon the hearth, failed to see it, her eyes fastened on the burning coals. With fierce effort he gained his lost control, and entered, saying, in his usual quiet tone :—

"You did not get off?"

"Aunt Ruth had a sick headache; I could not leave," shortly, and not even turning.

He came and stood upon the hearth beside her.

"Have you been to supper?"

"Yes. You are later than usual. I concluded not to wait. Nancy probably has yours served," quite coolly, never looking at him, nor offering to pour his tea.

The firm lips set themselves. He turned abruptly and went to the dining-room. He was there but a few minutes, then went upstairs. She heard him, and thought that, wearied from the day's work, he had retired. But about an hour later she discovered his slippered tread in the hall. There was a flush upon her dark cheeks at its approach. He found her where he had left her, still with no light, save firelight.

"Is your aunt better?" he asked, as he struck a match in order to light the lamp. Instead of answering his question, she said, petulantly :—

"Please don't make any more light!"

"Why not?" for once betrayed into showing surprise.

"Because my head aches," curtly.

He did not offer any sympathy, but drew an easy-chair to the opposite corner of the hearth, and sat down, leaning back wearily in its soft cushions. One hand shielded his face, as it had done the first night of her coming. Thus he had her at advantage, for the firelight shown full upon her. There was perfect silence, as there had been that first night too. Neither sought to break it. The tables were turned. Then the belle had used her eyes; now the village doctor used his, and there were strange, half-burning, half-startled lights in their usually quiet depths.

A long, fierce struggle, then, in the midst of the silence, he drew his chair so near that she sat at his very feet. She turned pale, started like a frightened child, but did not move, only averted her face and sat quite mute. Neither did he speak, but leant back in his chair as before. She was so close her dress swept his slippered foot, one long, glossy curl rested on his knee. His face was grave and immobile, now quite master of himself. He looked at the glossy curl, then, lifting it, toyed with it. As he did so, he could see the color mantling the averted cheek. The position was infinite in its charm, life hinging on a moment. Still he did not speak. Thus do we play with our

fate. At length a quiet, determined hand brought the averted face full to view.

"You have been crying."

The eyes, with the dark rings about them, confirmed the assertion.

"That was why you would not have a light."

Another assertion. The quiet voice in making it was a trifle unsteady. Still no reply.

"Lee, I love you."

The next morning her ladyship counted—*what*—upon her tapering fingers? Another diamond, costly, brilliant, and quaintly set. It had been the betrothal ring of Neil Guion's mother.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY MRS. JENNIE D. LANGDON.

THOU comest to me in dreams, my precious one!

In the lone watches of the night I hear

The murmurings of thy voice, that on mine ear

Fell like sweet music when the day was done:
When 'round my neck thy dimpled arms were wound,
As o'er thee stole soft slumber, sweet and sound.

Seated upon the carpet at my feet,

Thou turn'st the pages of a pictured book;

And in thy hazel eyes I see that look
Of infant gravity, so calm and sweet,
I've noted oft, and I can scarcely deem
When I awake that it was but a dream.

No more may I caressingly entwine

The chestnut rings around thine ivory brow,

Nor press fond kisses on thy sweet lips now,
Nor clasp thee to this loving heart of mine;
For the Dark Angel came one autumn eve,
And bore my darling to the bowers of heaven.

Yes, thou art gone! Gone from me with the flowers—

The beautiful flowers of summer, fair and frail:

The days wore on, and still they grew more pale:
And thou, like them, droopt with the waning hours,
Fading and fading still from day to day,
And, with the last pale blossoms, faded from earth
away.

Brightly o'er me now beams September's sun,

The balmy breezes fan my weary brow,

And blue the skies are bending o'er me now,
As when thou yet wert here, my precious one!
Thy little arms around my neck yet thrown,
And thy soft, delicate cheek still pressing 'gainst
mine own.

But now all things seem strangely dark and drear:

For, oh! to greet me with thy winsome smile,

And with thy joyous prattle to beguile
The waning hours of autumn, or to cheer
My spirit, when the busy day is o'er,
With sweet caresses, thou art here no more.

And yet why should I grieve that thou art done

With earth and all its trials; that for thee

The heavens have open'd, and thou forever free
From pain and sickness now, my darling one?

For, oh, my precious baby! who can tell

What bitter anguish thou art taken from,

Or from what evil in the days to come?

What'er betide us here, with thee "Tis well!—"
On the Good Shepherd's tender, loving breast
My lamb hath found her everlasting rest.

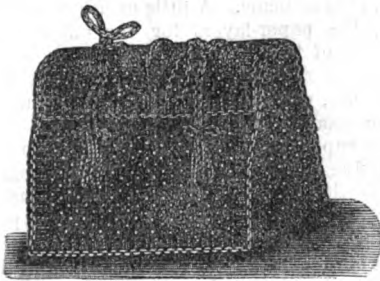
WORK DEPARTMENT.

SCENT BOTTLE CASE.

Materials.—Black velvet, lilac satin, purse silk the same color, fifteen inches of plain sarcenet ribbon half an inch wide, middle-sized steel beads, thick card-board, and wire.

This case, seen in Figs. 1 and 2, closed and open, is intended for three bottles, but can also be used for a work-box. The foundation is of a box made of thick card-board, with double sides throughout. The covering for the outer

Fig. 1.

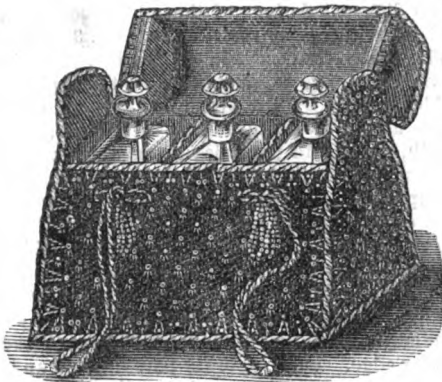


sides is of black velvet, which is worked over with beads and silk.

Fig. 3 gives the trimming which is used for the case when open. This is mostly, as seen, of silk stitches, and in two shades.

The crocheted cord is made in a very simple

Fig. 2.



manner of four double crochet worked from the inside in the round.

Fig. 3.



The four-cornered bottom, covered on both sides with lilac satin, measures five inches and

a quarter in length and four inches in breadth. The two outer long sides are each cut three inches and a quarter, the two inner ones two inches and three-quarters high and five inches and a quarter long.

The two inner end parts are to be made somewhat narrower and shorter. All the inner end parts are lined with lilac satin, and seamed to the box. The outer end parts are joined together and to the bottom. The inner box, on the contrary, is only seamed to this at the upper edge—as thus the inner smaller box part touches the bottom without being fastened, the outer sides come further out, and the curved shape is made.

The lid, made with velvet and satin, like the largest part of the box, requires a straight card-board surface four inches and three-quarters long and four inches and a half wide. For the hollow part, a piece of wire is set under all round at the back. Then the upper rounded card-board side, an inch and a quarter high and two inches and a quarter wide, covered with satin on both sides, is joined to the box after the side wall of the box. A thin layer of wadding is put in between the card-board and the satin lining. The lid parts are set together, as in the box, by the buttonhole edge, and that of the lid, when finished, by five ribbon straps, each an inch and a quarter long, which, at the ends of the upper edge of the box, and at the inner lid space, are to be stretched tight.

When taken for a work-box, these straps serve to hold the knitting cotton, when for a scent bottle case they can be put on underneath the lining. The close of the lid is hidden by a narrow sarcenet ribbon, sewn on only at the ends, and this can be taken for the hinges. The cord, crocheted with purse silk, covers the outer joins of the case, and makes the bordering of the lid and the two loops put on to each long side, the two being at the back each three inches and a quarter long, and those on the front side each six inches long.

The long, loose, hanging loops are drawn through the shorter ones, fastened an inch and a quarter long on the lid, and the case is thus closed, the first making the strap for the handle. The tassels hanging on the cord loop at the top, as also the imitation lock, the settings and the knob on the lid, are, according to Fig. 2, partly made of twisted strings of beads.

Should this case be used for a work-box, a small bag for a thimble, three-quarters of an inch long, of double crochet, is fastened on one of the short sides, and on the other a strap of single crochet to hold the scissors.

VASE OF PERFORATED CARD FOR CIGARS.

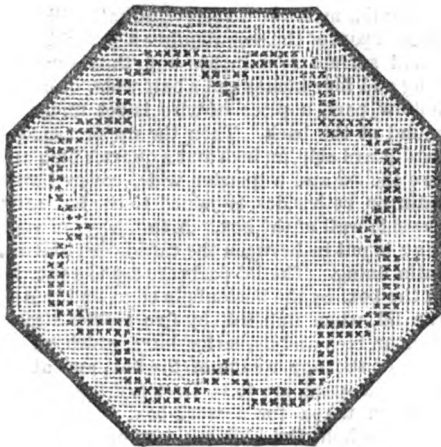
THE ground layers for the various parts are given in a reduced size, but exactly agreeing in the number of the holes with the full-size parts.

Begin with the bottom, which is to be cut in an octagon form; four and three quarters inches in size, a quarter of an inch thick; this is to be covered with rose-colored sarcenet.

A small star pattern, three types large, made in a perforated paper stripe nine types high, make, as seen, the border round; an edge one type wide, beyond which all round one type of the first layer stands out; borders in relief the open-work pattern of the border part.

Fig. 2, in the whole (but reduced in size as foundation), serves not only as a hold all round for the relief edge, but gives also the ground

Fig. 2



plan (line) for the foot, which is in eight curves, becoming narrower towards the top. Of the twelve paper layers, making the relief edge of the bottom the seventh, counted from below in answer to the thick edge, the six layers going before this are widened at the sloping outer edges always by one type; the graduation of the straight outer edges, on account of the corners, cannot be quite regular. Upwards, the width of the outer edge, catching in with points, gradually decreases, till at last the sloping sides are two, the straight ones one, type wide. We now come to the building up the curved-out layers of the foot, the particulars of which can be taken from the description, but requiring a clear head and hand, as also an idea of form and shape. As already stated, Fig. 2 can be taken as the outline for the first layer; rising gently, fifty-two layers go gradually up to a circumference of three quarters of an inch, being double and treble at the sloping edges, and at the straight ones treble and fourfold, piled up on each other in

a very regular manner. The small smooth surface is then covered by an eight-cornered piece the same size, to which follow thirteen for the little square finish of the foot, which, only in double layers on all sides, are always enlarged by one type. The next five layers of the same size have a cover of the same colored silk as the bottom edge, and, as a decoration, an open-work perforated paper stripe, as seen in Fig. 1. The eight-cornered shape is now graduated down again to the original size of three-quarters of an inch; the twenty-one layers are piled double-treble and fourfold on each other. To complete the foot and hold the cup (at the same time the bottom) a six-cornered piece two and three-quarters inches round, with side-edges, each an inch and a half long, is to be made. A little over half an inch high, the paper-layers for the outer relief covering of this are gradually reduced to the size answering to the eight-cornered shape; later only, when the cup is finished and united to the sexagon, both parts are joined.

The cup is of six single pieces of card-board, each five inches high, two and one-quarter inches wide above, and an inch and a quarter wide below, which are to be pasted on a piece of lining, hanging together on the straight, lying close together. To make the round they are joined and pasted over with lead paper in the inside, with which also at the top the turned-over edges are covered; this frame must then have a sexagon-shaped piece of card-board, covered with silver paper, as a bottom part; the folds in the stuff at the lower edge of the sloped card-board parts are to be neatly turned over and pasted down. The ground layers of two different designs of the relief decoration of these cup parts are seen in Figs. 3 and 4. The other layers of the outer edge, alike in every part, are graduated off at the top and sides always by one type; but below, on the side across the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth paper layers, meet always in piles on each other. The deeper-lying middle shapes, the edges of which (not including the lowest point seven layers high) are everywhere evenly (either towards the inside or outside) shortened by always one type, contain on the whole only five layers; according to the way the relief-shape is graduated, these hang together with the first or sixth paper layer of the outer edge. Each separate part of the cup is next to be sewn down with fine thread at the cross standing-out type row below, at about the third row of holes in the before-mentioned sexagon shape, before pasting the parts in the whole on the silk foundation of the card-board frame. Thirteen paper-layers belong to each shield, with which the lower part of the cup is decorated; the last layer but three, with open-work edge, gives, as Fig. 2, for the relief-edge of the bottom, the hold for the relief-edge of the shield. The proper pattern is seen in Fig.

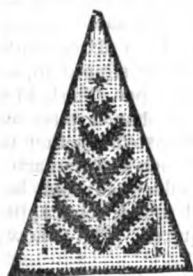


Fig. 8.

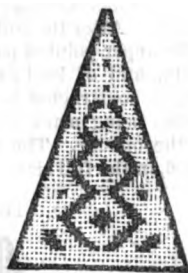


Fig. 7.

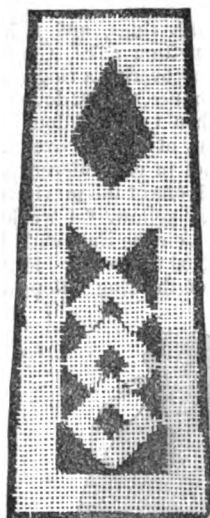


Fig. 3.

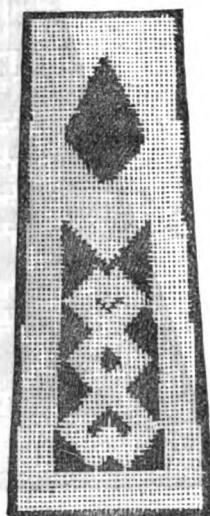


Fig. 4.

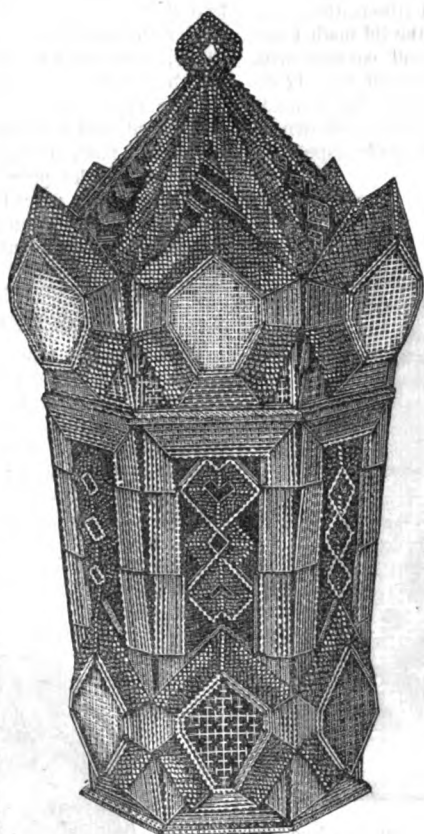


Fig. 1.

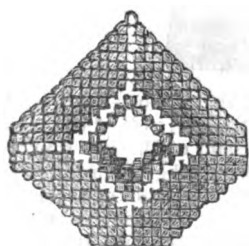
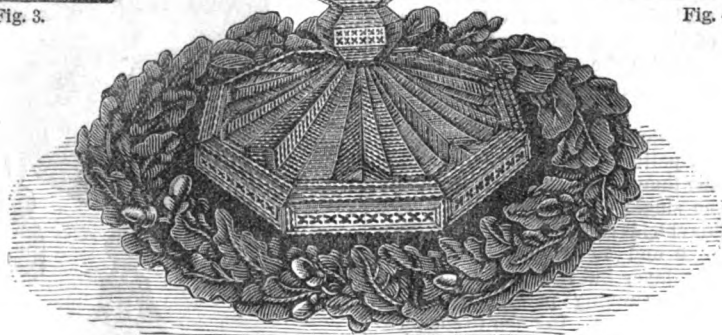


Fig. 11.

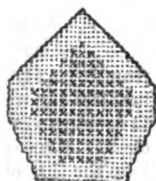


Fig. 5.

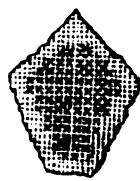


Fig. 9.

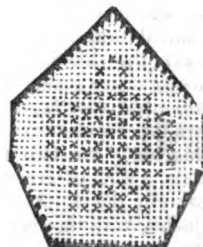
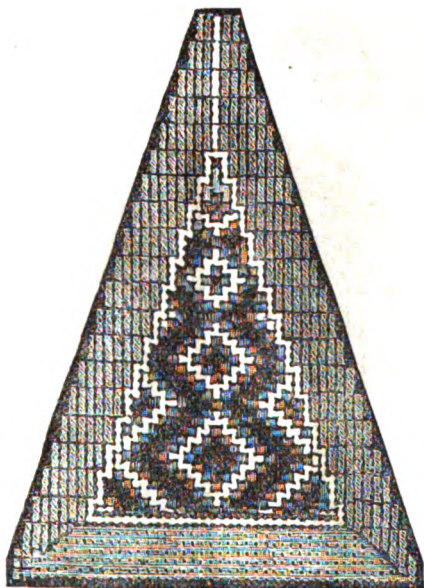


Fig. 10.

5. The inner open-work pattern can easily be altered. After the full-sized illustration, Fig. 6, the upper pointed part of the lid made separately, and of lead-paper, and covered with silk, is constructed next, each of the six divisions being marked by a sharp break made on the outside. The relief-pattern shown in Fig. 6, in the full size, is easily made, especially

Fig. 6.



when we add, that the middle design two layers high is made in connection with the fifth and sixth of the seven layers of which the outer-edge is made; the ground layer is seen in Fig. 7. The explanation of the two other simpler middle designs is seen very clearly from the illustrations; Fig. 8 is the foundation of the pointed pattern. It is advisable, before pasting on the foundation, to fasten the upper points of the single relief parts with a few stitches. The shields complete the lid of fifteen layers, Figs. 9 and 10 (shown in different sizes), the last layer but four with open-work foundation, the running pattern of which changes in each division. In order to complete the full shape, eight layers, graduated in size, are added at the back to the upper parts, of pointed form, standing out as a triangle. Fasten down the shields with small stitches; and a hoop cut in a sexagon shape ten or twelve types wide, and four layers high, which reaches out two types wide over the edge of the cup; inside this hoop are two layers, each three types wide, a kind of groove round, which last must prevent the slipping of the lid. After all the shields, with the corners after Fig. 1, on which the pointed parts are sewn firm, the unlined part in the inside of the lid is covered with silk

and lead-paper. The lid point (Fig. 11) is of two halves, each of eight graduated layers. Under the point is secured by a six-cornered shape, answering to the space slipped in, of card-board covered with lead-paper. The holder for the cigars is a sexagon-shaped piece of card-board, and lead-paper pasted together to the middle part, cut out an inch and a quarter large; a cup-like piece is added, to hold, besides the cigars placed all round, some spills for lighting these when required. Fig. 1 shows the goblet put on a mat.

CROCHET PURSE.

THIS purse is made with rings, and red, black, and gold-colored netting silk. Commence at the bottom with covering a ring an inch and a half in circumference, with 32 double stitches in yellow silk, then 1 row of double stitches in black, and 1 row of red silk over a ring two and a half inches in circumference, making 2 stitches into each one of the previous rows; fasten off. 4th row, yellow. * 4 treble stitches into the first stitch on the ring, with 3 chain between the 2d and 3d of the 4 treble, 1 chain, missing 7 stitches of the ring. Repeat



from *. At the end of the row loop the thread into the 1st treble of the row. 5th. 1 chain, * 14 treble over the 3 chain of the last row, 1 chain. Repeat from *. At the end of the row loop the thread into the 1st treble of the row and fasten off. 6th. Black * 1 double over the single chain stitch of the 5th and 4th row, taking up both, miss 1 treble of the 5th row, 1

double into the next 12 treble, miss the last treble. Repeat from *. On to this row work over 16 rings 1 inch in circumference with red silk as follows: 8 double round a ring, *, loop the thread into the back thread of the 4th of the 12 double of the former row, 8 double round the ring (this covers half of the ring), work 8 double round another ring, loop the thread into the 11th of the 12 double, 8 double round the ring, 8 double round another ring, and repeat from * till all the 16 rings are worked half over, and the row completed. Then cover the other half of the rings with 17 double in red, work 3 double in yellow into the 3 middle stitches of the 17, and 5 chain after each 3 double. Now make another row of spots as above, observing to work the 4 treble of row 4 into the middle stitch of the 3 double of the previous row. Make another row of 16 rings with red silk as above, but in this row make the rings closer together than in the lower ones; then another row of spots, then two rows of open crochet for the cord, and finish with a scallop around the top. Finish with a cord and small tassels, with three larger tassels at the bottom.

LIST BRUSH FOR CLEANING SILKS.

THIS brush will be found very useful for taking the dust off silk dresses and mantles.

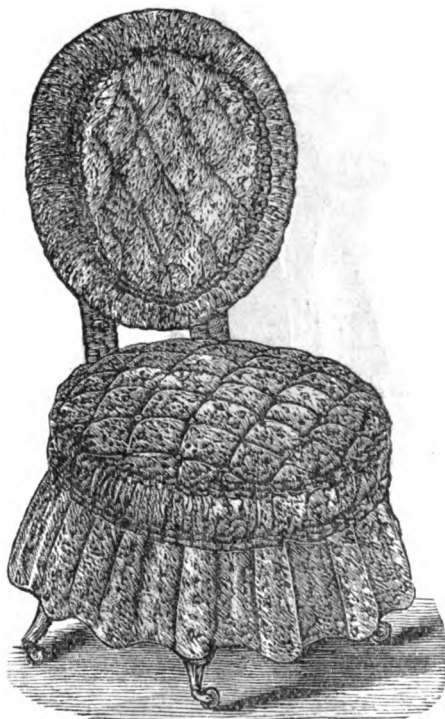


It consists of rows of cloth list about an inch wide, plaited on very thickly to a piece of cardboard the shape of an oval clothes brush,

covered with gray calico. On the top of this brush glue a piece of pasteboard, and over this again another piece a very little larger than the former, and covered with gray calico. Cover this with cloth, and sew a rim of pasteboard covered with cloth round it, adding a brown silk cord at the edge. Ornament the top as well as the rim of the brush with figures, cut out of dark brown cloth, according to illustration.

LOW CHAIR FOR BEDROOM.

THE cover of this pretty and comfortable chair is of chintz; the stuffing of the back and



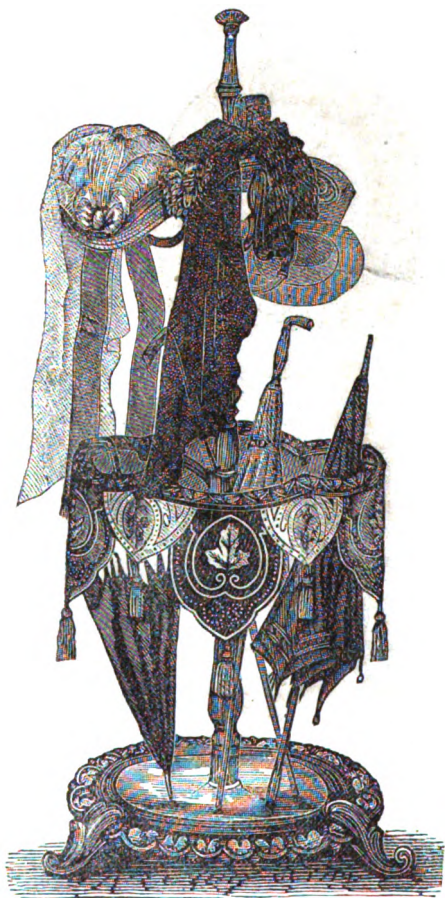
wide seat is fastened down in rows with covered buttons; the wide edge is gathered on each side, and finished with a plaited ruche. The flounce round the legs is put on in broad box-plaits.

UMBRELLA-STAND, ORNAMENTED WITH DRAPERY.

Materials.—Reddish-brown cloth or ribbed woollen material for the ground; cloth in two shades of brown for the applique; purple silk in three shades of the same color, completing the shading and black; silk braid of the lightest shade; narrow gold braid and cord.

THE brown shades of this embroidery, enlivened by gold braid and cord with a dark reddish-brown ground, would be just as effective with green, violet, or white. The two

leaf halves of the applique in dark and light cloth, and fastened on by a row of gold braid, going all round, and overcast with black, come close together in the middle under a row of cross-bars, worked in the darkest silk. Herring-bone stitches in the two light shades give the leaf veins; the other light sprigs of single stitches have stalks of gold cord, overcast with black. The latter goes round the dark outlines of the pattern, worked in twisted, over chain stitch; the decoration at the upper leaf point made in the same stitch, and the



fancy stitches between the light braid, are in the middle color. The arabesque shapes of this pattern would also make a setting for any other centre shape than the leaf before us; for instance, a colored group in flat-stitch embroidery.

This pretty stand, intended for a summer-house or hall, is of carved black-polished wood, with a china holder below for wet umbrellas; the wide embroidered drapings going round make it especially suitable for a present.

WORK BASKET.

OUR model is of a brown basket work-stand twenty-eight inches high, inside of which are two yellow open-work cane baskets of a graduated size. The upper basket has a lid with hinges and brown handle; this, as well as the two baskets, the bottom of each being wadded thickly, is lined with lilac silk. On the outer side of the lid is a round pincushion of wadding and silk somewhat flat in shape, and four and three-quarters inches large, the place where it is put on being hidden by a pinked silk quili-



ing an inch and a quarter wide. The same finish is seen on the lid round the inside, which is of a straight piece of lilac silk drawn full over a round of card-board. Pinked silk quilting is also put around the in and outside of the lid, and the outer edges of both baskets; the bottom parts, of a like quilled setting, stand out in a curve-like way. Four bows of the stuff complete the trimming of this pretty basket.

TOILET CUSHION.

THE toilet cushion foundation is circular, and a good deal raised in the middle. The embroidery may be worked upon Nainsook or book-

The row of scallops next the star are quarters of a circle, with the middle point outwards. They are gathered at the top. The size must, of course, depend on the size of the

Fig. 1.

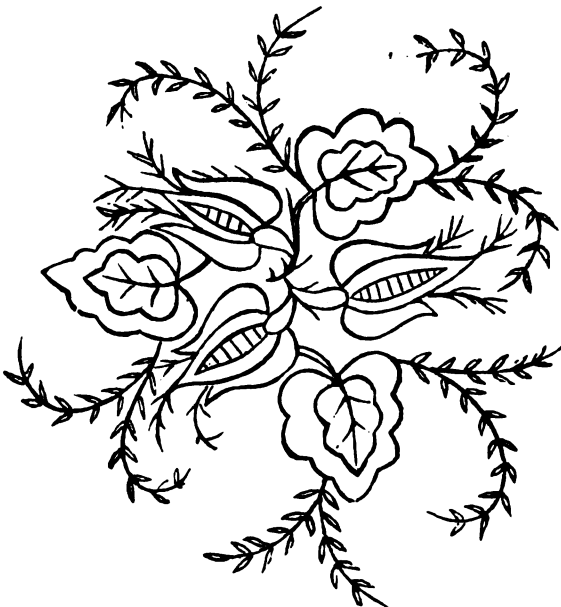


muslin. The centre pattern is given in the full size in Fig. 2.

The centre is a star shape, cut with the points all round beyond the size of the embroidery,

cushion. The edge row consists of half circles, gathered on the straight, and trimmed on the semi-circular side. If the cushion-cover is of book-muslin, a pretty, bright-colored silk lin-

Fig. 2.



and finished with edging. Lace will serve as well as the pattern shown. A narrow gimp is put over the stitches, sewing on the edge.

ing is put beneath. The upper row of points may be of silk or satin, trimmed with lace, if preferred.

Receipts, &c.

HOLIDAY SWEETS.

Christmas Plum Pudding for a Large Family.—Half a pound of suet, one pound of flour, half a pound of dried currants, half a pound of stoned raisins, two eggs, nutmeg and cinnamon to the taste, half a spoonful of salt. Shred the suet, chop it fine, and rub it through the flour. Wash, pick, and dry the currants; seed the raisins, mix the currants and raisins together, and dredge over them as much flour as will adhere to them. Beat the eggs till they are very thick and light, and add enough milk to form a batter—stir in the eggs, then the spices and salt, and lastly the fruit. Dip your pudding bag into cold water, turn it wrong side out, and flour it well, then turn it back again, pour in the batter, tie the mouth of the bag with a strong string, but take care to leave a space sufficient to allow the pudding to swell. Have ready a pot of boiling water, with a plate in the bottom to prevent the bag from touching the bottom of the pot, put in the pudding, and let it boil three hours and a half. Keep a kettle of boiling water to fill up the pot as may be required. When the pudding is done, take it out of the pot, dip it for an instant in cold water, untie the bag, and turn it out on a dish. To be eaten with sweet sauce.

Christmas Fruit or Plum Cake.—One pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, six eggs, one pound of dried currants, washed, picked, and wiped dry; one pound of raisins, washed, picked, and stoned; a quarter of a pound of citron, cut in small slices; a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, one nutmeg, flavor with rose-water or lemon-juice. Stir the butter and sugar together till it is very smooth and light. Whisk the eggs till they are as thick as batter, and stir into them the butter and sugar alternately with the flour. Add the spice very gradually, then the fruit, which must be floured before it is put in, or it will settle at the bottom of the cake and burn. Beat the whole very hard for fifteen minutes. If it is baked in a tin or iron pan, butter the pan, line the bottom and sides with very thick or brown paper, butter the paper well, and pour in the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven five hours.

Unrivalled Plum Pudding.—Two pounds and a half of raisins, one pound and three-quarters of currants, two pounds of finest moist sugar, two pounds of bread-crumbs, sixteen eggs, two pounds of finely-chopped suet, six ounces of candied peel, the rind of two lemons, one ounce of ground nutmeg, one ounce of ground cinnamon, half an ounce of powdered bitter almonds, a quarter of a pint of brandy. Stone and cut up the raisins, but do not chop them, wash and dry the currants, and cut the candied peel into thin slices. Mix all the dry ingredients well together, and moisten with the eggs, which should be well beaten and strained, to the pudding stir in the brandy, and when all is thoroughly mixed, butter and flour a stout pudding cloth, put in the pudding, tie it down tightly, boil from six to eight hours, and serve with brandy sauce. A few sweet almonds blanched, and cut in strips, and stuck on the pudding, ornament it prettily. This quantity may be divided for small families, as the above ingredients will make a large pudding.

Another.—One pound of currants, half a pound of raisins well chopped, one pound of suet finely chopped, half the peel of a lemon grated, a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, two ounces of candied peel, two tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs, two table-

spoonfuls of flour, eight eggs, half the whites, a wine-glass and a half full of brandy, two glasses of sherry wine; mix well together the night before. This quantity makes two puddings, and they must be boiled eight hours.

Another.—Mix a quarter of a pound of raisins and the same of currants, one pint of flour and three-quarters of a pint of milk, six ounces of chopped suet and three tablespoonfuls of molasses. Boil three hours.

Common Plum Pudding.—Beat together three-quarters of a pound of flour, the same quantity of raisins, six ounces of beef suet, finely chopped, a small pinch of salt, some grated nutmeg, and three eggs, which have been thoroughly whisked and mixed with about a quarter of a pint of milk, or less than this should the eggs be large. Pour the whole into a buttered dish, and bake an hour and a quarter.

Lemon Pudding.—The juice and peel of two lemons, the peel to be rubbed off with lumps of sugar, six ounces of pounded loaf sugar, except what has been used for the lemon-peel, a good sized tea-cupful of grated bread-crumbs; whilst these are soaking, beat up four eggs, leaving out two of the whites, melt two ounces of fresh butter, and mix all the above ingredients together. Edge and trim a dish with puff paste, and pour in the above mixture, and bake it in a quick oven for three-quarters of an hour.

Another.—Beat up the yolks of four eggs, add four ounces of lump-sugar, the rind of a lemon being rubbed with some of the lumps of the sugar to extract the essence, then put and beat it in a marble mortar; add the juice of a large lemon, mix all well together with four or five ounces of fresh butter warmed. Line a flat dish over with puff paste, and pour the above ingredients into it, and bake it in a moderate oven.

Sauce for Plum Pudding.—A quarter of a pound of fresh butter, a quarter of a pound of the finest loaf-sugar, which must be ground till there is not the slightest grit in it; the butter to be half melted and beaten up with the sugar, like whipped cream: then stir in gradually a glass of brandy and a glass of sherry; this sauce must be served cold. It should not be made till near the time it is to be served up, allowing at least half an hour to whip it; it should be pretty stiff if properly made, like ice cream.

Christmas Cake.—Butter, blanched almonds, sugar, currants, and candied peel, half a pound of each; half a pint of cream, a measured half pint of eggs out of their shells, and enough French brandy and Madeira wine in equal parts to make the whole sufficiently moist; the eggs are to be whisked, the cream whipped, and the butter beaten as for a pound cake; bake it for two hours in a hoop or tin.

Gingerbread Loaf.—Two pounds and a half of flour, half a pound of butter, one ounce of ginger, four eggs, half a pound of moist sugar, one dessert-spoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in a cup of water. Melt the butter on the molasses, then add the sugar, soda, and eggs. Mix all together with the flour, and bake in a moderate oven two hours.

Tea Cakes.—To each pound of flour allow a dessert-spoonful of bread-powder, one egg, and half a pint of cream or new milk, half a teaspoonful of suet, and two teaspoonfuls of powdered loaf-sugar. Rub the dry things well together, then quickly mix in first the cream and then the egg; bake quickly on buttered tins. If yeast be preferred, the milk should be a little warmed, and strained through the yeast as for bread, add the egg last. Let the dough stand to rise, then bake half an hour in a quick oven.

Another.—One pint of flour, into which put a tea-

spoonful of cream of tartar; one cup of sweet milk, into which put one teaspoonful of soda. Two table-spoonfuls of butter and one cup of sugar mixed well together; then break into it two eggs; add milk and flour; flavor with grated rind and juice of a lemon.

Lemon Cheesecake.—One pound of lump-sugar, broken in pieces; six eggs, leaving out two whites; the juice of three lemons, the rinds of two grated, and a quarter of a pound of butter. Put all these ingredients into a pan, stirring them gently over a slow fire, until the mixture becomes thick, and looks like honey.

Vanilla Toffey.—Put a quarter of a pound of butter at the bottom of the saucepan, then put in one pound of sugar and two table-spoonfuls of vinegar. Leave it to soak one night. If it looks too dry in the morning, add a little more vinegar. Then put it on the fire and boil, not stirring it. When you think it likely to be done, stick a knife into the middle of it, and drop it into a cup of cold water, and, if it bites crisp, it is done. Just before it is done, drop in a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla. Then pour the toffey thinly all over a buttered tin, and it will soon be cold.

Lemon Cream.—Pare the rinds of four lemons very thin, squeeze the juice over it, and let it stand covered up for three or four hours. Beat the whites of seven eggs and yolks of four well together; melt half a pound of white sugar in a pint of water, strain it into a spilit, strain the lemon-juice over it, add the eggs, and stir one way over a gentle fire till it thickens. When cool put it into glasses, and serve cold. Cream may be added if wished.

Marble Cake.—One cup of butter, one of milk, two of sugar, whites of eight eggs, five cups of flour, half a teaspoonful of saleratus, spice.

One cup of butter, two of brown sugar, one of sour milk, yolks of eight eggs, one egg, one cup of molasses, spice, four cups of flour, one teaspoonful of saleratus; put in pans together.

Raisin Pudding.—Soak two ounces of raisins in enough brandy to cover them. Take half a pound of flour, half a pound of chopped suet, a dessert-spoonful of ground ginger, two eggs, four ounces of white sugar, and enough milk to make it a pretty light paste; add the raisins and brandy, put it into a cloth or basin, boil it for two hours, and serve with what pudding sauce you please.

Suet Pudding.—Put six spoonfuls of flour into a stewpan, with a little grated nutmeg, and ginger, and a teaspoonful of salt, to which put a pound and a half of beef suet chopped fine; when these are stirred together, mix in a quart of milk and six eggs, well beaten together; butter a basin, and shake some flour round it, into which put your batter, and boil it two hours and a half or three hours. You may send some good strong beef gravy in a boat with this pudding.

Almond Hard-bake.—Boil one pound of sugar until it becomes brittle, when a little of it is put on a plate to cool. Have ready a quarter of a pound of almonds, blanched and split in halves. Put the flat side of them downwards on an oiled tin plate, and pour the sugar over them. When cold, the hard-bake may be taken off the plate, and kept for use in a tin box.

Rich Mince-Meat.—Cut the root off a neat's tongue, rub the tongue well with salt, let it lie four days, wash it perfectly clean, and boil it till it becomes tender; skin, and when cold chop it very finely. Mince as small as possible two pounds of fresh beef suet from the sirloin, stone and cut small two pounds of bloom raisins, clean nicely two pounds of currants, pound and sift half an ounce of mace

and a quarter of an ounce of cloves, grate a large nutmeg; mix all these ingredients thoroughly, together with a pound and a half of good brown sugar. Pack it in jars. When it is to be used, allow, for the quantity, sufficient to make twelve small mince pies, five finely-minced apples, the grated rind and juice of a large lemon, add a wineglass and a half of wine; put into each a few bits of citron and preserved lemon-peel. Three or four whole green lemons, preserved in brown sugar, and cut into thin slices, may be added.

Cranberry Tart.—To every pint of cranberries, allow a teaspoonful of lemon-juice and three ounces of good moist sugar. First, pour all the juice of your cranberries into a basin; then well wash the cranberries in a pan, with plenty of water, pick out all the bad ones, and put the cranberries into a dish; add to them the sugar and lemon-juice, pour the juice out of the basin gently to them, so as to leave behind the dirt and sediment which will settle at the bottom; mix all together, and let it lie while you are making your pie—thus: Line the bottom of your dish with puff paste not quite a quarter of an inch thick, put your cranberries upon it, without any juice, and cover with the same paste not quite half an inch thick; close the edges as usual, ice it, and bake it from three-quarters of an hour to an hour, according to size. Simmer the juice a few minutes, which serve up with your tart in a small sauce tureen. A pint of cranberries make a pretty sized tart.

POULTRY.

To Roast a Turkey.—Prepare a stuffing of pork sausage meat, one beaten egg, and a few crumbs of bread: or, if sausages are to be served with the turkey, stuffing as for fillet of veal; in either, a little shred shallot is an improvement. Stuff the bird under the breast, dredge it with flour, and put it down to a clear, brisk fire; at a moderate distance the first half hour, but afterwards nearer. Baste with butter; and when the turkey is plumped up, and the steam draws towards the fire, it will be nearly done; then dredge it lightly with flour, and baste it with a little more butter, first melted in the basting-ladle. Serve with gravy in the dish, and bread sauce in a tureen. It may be garnished with sausages or with fried forcemeat, if veal stuffing be used. Sometimes the gizzard and liver are dipped into the yolk of an egg, sprinkled with salt and Cayenne, and then put under the pinions, before the bird is put to the fire. Chest-nuts, stewed in gravy, are likewise eaten with turkey. A very large turkey will require three hours' roasting, one of eight or ten pounds two hours, and a small one an hour and a half.

To "Dress" Turkey.—Mix a little salt, black pepper, and Cayenne, and sprinkle the mixture over the gizzard, rump, and drumstick of a dressed turkey; broil them, and serve very hot with this sauce; mix with some of the gravy out of the dish, a little made mustard, some butter and flour, a spoonful of lemon-juice and the same of soy; boil up the whole.

Stuffing for Turkeys, Fowls, and Veal.—Chop finely half a pound of suet; and with it mix the same quantity of bread-crumbs, a large spoonful of chopped parsley, nearly a teaspoonful of thyme and marjoram, mixed, one-eighth of a nutmeg, some grated lemon-peel, salt, and pepper; and bind the whole with two eggs. A teaspoonful of finely-shred shallot or onion may be added at pleasure.

To Roast a Goose.—Geese seem to bear the same relation to poultry that pork does to the flesh of other domestic quadrupeds; that is, the flesh of goose is not suitable for, or agreeable to, the very delicate in constitution. One reason doubtless is, that it is the

fashion to bring it to table very rare done, a detestable mode. Take a young goose, pick, singe, and clean well. Make the stuffing with two ounces of onions (about four common sized) and one ounce of green sage, chopped very fine; then add a large coffee cup of stale bread-crumbs and the same of mashed potatoes; a little pepper and salt, a bit of butter as big as a walnut, the yolk of an egg or two; mix these well together, and stuff the goose; do not fill it entirely—the stuffing requires room to swell. Spit it, tie the spit at both ends, to prevent its swinging round, and to keep the stuffing from coming out. The fire must be brisk. Baste it with salt and water at first—then with its own dripping. It will take two hours or more to roast it thoroughly. A green goose, that is, one under four months old, is seasoned with pepper and salt, instead of sage and onions. It will roast in an hour.

Ducks.—Ducks may be roasted as soon as killed. Keep a clear, bright fire. Let them be done of a light brown, but if wild, they should not be much roasted, or the flavor will be spoiled. They take about an hour to roast, and should be well basted. The livers and gizzard are parboiled, chopped fine, and thrown into the gravy. Canvas back ducks are roasted in half an hour; they should always be served with currant jelly. For tame ducks apple sauce is more appropriate. A duckling will require proportionally more roasting.

To Roast Fowls or Capons.—Fowl, capons, and chickens are roasted and served as turkeys, with the addition of egg-sauce; but they require proportionally less time at the fire, and are seldom stuffed. A full-grown fowl will require about three-quarters of an hour, a capon an hour and a quarter, and a chicken from thirty to forty minutes. A large fowl may be stuffed as a turkey.

To Broil a Fowl.—Split the fowl down the back; season it very well with pepper, and put it on the gridiron with the inner part next the fire, which must be very clear. Hold the gridiron at a considerable distance from the fire, and allow the fowl to remain until it is nearly half done; then turn it, taking great care that it does not burn. Broil it of a fine brown, and serve it up with stewed mushrooms or a sauce with pickled mushrooms. A duck may be broiled in the same way. If the fowl is very large, half roast it, then cut it into four quarters, and finish it on the gridiron. It will take from half an hour to three-quarters of an hour to cook.

Sauce for a Fowl.—Stew the neck and gizzard, with a small piece of lemon-peel, in about a cupful of water; then bruise the liver of the fowl with some of the liquor; melt a little good butter, and mix the liver with the gravy from the neck and gizzard with it; let it boil a minute or two, and pour it into the sauce tureen.

To Make Croquettes.—Take cold fowl, or fresh meat of any kind, with slices of ham, fat and lean; chop them together very fine, and add half as much stale bread grated, some salt, pepper, nutmeg, a teaspoonful of made mustard, tablespoonful of catsup, and a lump of butter; knead all well together till it resembles sausage meat; make it up in cakes or little balls the size of a walnut, dip them in the yolks of eggs beaten, cover them thickly with grated bread, and fry them a light brown.

To Fry Chickens.—Cut up the chickens, and season them with salt and Cayenne pepper; roll them in flour, and fry them in hot lard; when the whole are fried, pour off the lard, and put in a quarter of a pound of butter, one tea-cupful of cream, a little flour, and some scalded parsley chopped fine for the sauce.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Pomade.—A useful stimulating one for the hair: Half a pound of beef marrow (refined), an ounce and a half of tincture of blistering flies (cantharides), four ounces of castor oil; a few drops of perfume can be added. Mix all to a cream. Rub it on with a soft brush till the skin feels slightly irritated. Or, the occasional application of a little spirit (cognac or rum) may be found sufficient. If, however, the falling-off of the hair arises, as is too often the case, from disordered health, no external remedy will be of any avail. Castor oil cream is less heavy than the pure oil. Beat half a pound of lard, with sufficient castor oil to form a cream; add a few drops of essence of roses. It should be made in a room without a fire. It should be remembered that perfume dries the hair, and is offensive after use.

Borax is superior to everything else for exterminating the cockroach. The smell or touch of borax is said to be certain death to them. A knowledge of this fact cannot but be valuable to a large number of householders.

How to Remove Rancidity from Fat.—Melt the fat in a saucepanful of boiling water, and add a muslin bag containing powdered wood charcoal, or ivory-black, the particles of which must be too coarse to pass through the interstices of the muslin. Boil the water with the fat for a short time, until the rancidity has left the fat and united with the charcoal. The bag of charcoal is then to be removed, and the water allowed to become cold, when the fat will form a solid layer on its surface. This should be removed, boiled with a slice of moistened bread, and preserved for use in well-covered jars. The following is a French method: Put the fat into a saucepan over a clear fire, and when it becomes very hot, remove it farther from the heat. Then take a thick slice of bread, previously soaked in water, and put it into the melting fat. The bread should be allowed to remain until crisp. When this happens, the fat must be removed farther from the fire, and allowed to cool a little, and then strained through fine calico into earthenware pots. The mouths of these vessels must be securely closed with thick paper, and kept in a cold and dry place.

The Properties of Apples and Pears.—Apples are a very wholesome and nutritious fruit, especially when cooked. When heat is applied, either by roasting, baking, or boiling them, the cell-walls of the fruit become broken down, and rendered more easy of digestion. In addition to this, when roasted or baked, a considerable quantity of the water the fruit naturally contains, is dispelled by the heat. The pear, from a deficiency of acid in its composition, has been considered by some authorities to be less fitted for delicate stomachs. It is, however, both nutritious and excellent, especially when baked.

Egg Balls for Soups and Made Dishes.—Eight eggs, a little flour, seasoning with salt to taste. Boil six eggs for twenty minutes, strip off the shells, take the yolks and pound them in a mortar. Beat the yolks of the other two eggs; add them, with a little flour and salt, to those pounded; mix all well together, and roll into balls. Boil them before they are put into the soup or other dish they may be intended for.

To Make French Indelible Ink.—This may be prepared by dissolving Indian ink in either a mixture of dilute muriatic acid in water, or a very weak solution of caustic potash. If steel pens are to be employed in writing with it, the latter fluid is to be preferred; but if quill pens are used, the former liquid is the best.

Editors' Table.

MY DESIRES.

I WOULD a bar of gold were mine,
Which never cost a tear—
A gift to me for precious souls
That have no portion here;
Christ's straying lambs, that find no fold,
Born heirs of sin's distress—
How sweet to coin our virgin gold,
And give them happiness!

Then I would have a thousand pens
To write of Love Divine,
And eager hearts and open hands
To help this way of mine;
Its compass points should reach the poles,
And round the world be press'd,
For, oh, to save immortal souls,
Is joy forever bless'd!

I long to mark each passing day
With deed of holy white;
Benighted minds, aroused, should seek—
Not gold, but Truth's pure light;
And this Old Year should close his eyes
And dream a NEW YEAR come;
When PEACE, descending from the skies,
Shall make our Land her home.

Then Earth would learn the NAME of Power,
That conquers Death and Sin,
And, sounding through Heaven's open door,
Calls all the weary in.

That NAME of Power—'Tis mine! 'tis thine!
Our strength in sin's sharp strife—
JESUS THE CHRIST! He's thine! He's mine!
The way, the truth, the life!

PHILADELPHIA, October 24th, 1871.

A FEW WORDS WITH OUR READERS.

THE close of the year is said to be a time for looking back on the past. Still, I cannot hinder my desires from rushing onward into the midst of future opportunities for my young countrywomen. The good that I may in hope or fancy seek to effect, you may find means to make real in the coming year. I am intending to talk to you, not in the editorial vein, but as an old and familiar friend.

THE LADY'S BOOK and its Editress have been so long associated that three generations meet now around the "Editor's Table," or "Godey's Arm Chair." Perhaps few of these many friends have been with us from the first number of our Book, or know how many volumes the work has reached. This month of December will complete the forty-fourth year of my editorial life. My young friends may think it a long time; it has not seemed to me too long. I have enjoyed much; my duties have been made pleasant by the constant and considerate kindness of the editor. You all esteem Mr. Godey as a true friend; he is worthy of this estimation. The women of America can hardly overrate his long and faithful service in the literature devoted to their improvement.

Before this number is in my readers' hands, I shall be in my eighty-fourth year. I hope you will not say, as the census-taker did, "Good Heavens! what an age!" Women, as a rule, live longer than men. Their lives are more tranquil, and less exposed to

violence. It seems a providential decree that those whose kindness and care are so necessary to the comfort and happiness of the home, should be kept longer in this world than the toilers in the outer realms. Men often die for their country; women can live for theirs. But, however this may be, I have long passed the ordinary limit of human life, and I may thankfully say that I yet retain my desire and my ability to work. When I see others look forward to giving up their occupations and spending an old age of idleness, I always think how much happier they would be to work, according to their strength, until the end of their days. For my own part, I hope to spend the remnant of my long life in doing all I can with my pen, in work which I hope will benefit my countrywomen.

Last month there was an extract in the "Editor's Table" concerning the homes for little girls built by the noble charity of the Princess Mary, of England. That is what we want here. We have excellent and thorough public schools, but thousands of little ones are destitute of that best of educations which comes from the home.

Cannot some of our young ladies set up a Home in which these little outcasts can be brought together and trained in all knowledge and goodness? If I could encourage such a movement, it would truly gladden my heart. In Germany they burn candles on the birthday of a friend, one for each year of her life. Will not my young friends light up mine with a bright deed, whose radiance will illumine their own hearts, should they count even more summers than mine?

A QUESTION OF MONEY.

A GREAT improvement has taken place of late years in the management of our hospitals, lunatic asylums, prisons, and other similar institutions. Yet we are every now and then shocked by accounts of needless sufferings endured by the inmates. It is observable that these sufferings almost always proceed from the callous rudeness or hardhearted indifference of the lower class of attendants. A letter, bearing the stamp of truthfulness, and evincing in the author endowments above the common order, has lately appeared in a widely circulated journal, giving an account of the writer's experience while immured in a State lunatic asylum during an access of mental disorder, which did not prevent him from observing and understanding what took place around him. The name of the State is not important, as there is too much reason to fear that the like causes produce similar results in many such asylums. The following is the narrative of the reception he encountered on his arrival at the institution, "near night, on a cold and gloomy day in February:—

"I was at once taken to the second hall, a long and narrow room, called by many the 'second best' in the whole building. There I was locked in with twenty-five or thirty men and boys in every stage of idleness, insanity, and madness. Age and youth, decrepitude and vigor, idiots and maniacs, the nearly recovered, the sick, the diseased, and the imbecile, in this building live together, eat together, sleep together, and are frequently carried out to the dead-house together. At eight o'clock that evening I, for the first time, heard the words, 'Bed-time, gents.' Then we were all locked in our rooms, in many instances the most loathsome and fearfully insane shut in little narrow rooms or prison cells with those who

were orderly and comely and, possibly, not insane. A sorrowful-looking man occupied a room adjoining mine. He appeared as if his troubles were nearly ended. I heard him say to the attendant that he was 'nearly done,' and ask if he was going to lock him into his room to die all alone. 'In with you,' replied the attendant, 'and don't be bothering us here!' 'Then give me a cup of water,' said the patient. 'I tell you not to be bothering us with such fussing,' replied the attendant (and nurse); 'you must go right to bed, and make all your complaints to the doctor when he comes around in the morning.' Next morning at six o'clock the doors were successively unbolted, with a 'Good-morning, Mr. A.' 'Good-morning, Mr. B.' and so on, till they came to that little room nearest mine. There, there was no reply to the salutation. 'Why don't you rise up?' There was a pause. 'Dead man in this room,' and the door was slammed shut. We were all invariably ordered to arise at six o'clock—the well and the sick, the feeble and the strong. There was no discharge for the day, and there was no excuse. On one occasion a poor fellow told the 'nurses' that he was dying, and he could arise no more; but he was compelled. He arose that morning, and actually began his last walk across the hall."

Other portions of the narrative are even more shocking than this. Yet the writer speaks favorably of the higher officials who had charge of the institution:—

"The physicians, steward, chaplain, etc.," he declares, "are gentle, manly, and courteous. The matron and other ladies on the ladies' side seemed kind and competent. But exactly what was their office work I was never able to understand. Almost everything is done by the attendants and nurses. It is from these proceed those tortures by which the patients are sometimes obliged to take their medicine or their food. I have seen both 'administered,' and know of nothing more horrible than those needless tortures. Attendants and nurses, to be fit for such positions, should be selected with the utmost care from among kind, intelligent, humane men and women, and paid a suitable compensation for their services. If this is impossible, then those that are employed should be constantly under the eye of some one of the doctors."

There is but one way in which we can be sure that a doctor shall always be present on such occasions, and that is by providing that every attendant shall be himself a physician. Is this impossible? Surely, all can see that it is only a question of salary. If \$1000 a year would not induce a medical man, "gentle, manly, and courteous," to undertake the office, \$3000 or \$5000 would suffice. But it is not likely that these larger sums would be often required. Cannot the people of a great State, whose collective wealth is reckoned by thousands of millions, spare enough from their superfluities to assure to their afflicted fellow citizens, who are under the public guardianship, that amount of attention and comfort which mere humanity requires? It is a question which should hardly need to be asked.

There would not, of course, be any absolute necessity that every attendant should have received a medical diploma. All that would be needed for the object in view would be that every person having the direct charge of the inmates, or brought into immediate contact with them, should be well educated, intelligent, and humane. If it were once understood that such persons were required for these duties, and that their services would be fairly rewarded, the demand would quickly produce a supply. It is, as has been said before, merely "a question of money."

The writer from whom we quote, declares that the impressions which his own experience has made upon him has determined him to strive, while he lives and (he sadly adds) "while reason lasts," for a much-needed reform in the management of lunatic asylums. Every kind heart will wish him good speed in this excellent work.

NOVELS AND NOVEL READING.

It must be admitted that this is a novel-reading era. Since the time of Scott, whose hundredth birthday has just been celebrated in all countries in which the English language is spoken, the kind of literature to which he chiefly owes his fame has had a wonderful development. The writers of fiction are now—in point of emolument, at least—at the head of the literary craft. Novels of every description are in demand, and, if readable, command a large sale. Historical romances, like those of Kingsley, Mrs. Mühlbach, and "Erckmann-Chatrian;" novels of society, like those of Trollope, Lever, and Mrs. Oliphant; sensational novels; novels of adventure; and even political and controversial novels, are all, if well written, sure of numerous readers. No magazine or literary paper is deemed complete without its "continued" novel by some well-known writer. As to minor works of fiction, brief tales, and children's stories, they are as plentiful and various as the leaves of Vallombrosa, and, in general, quite as ephemeral.

There might, at first sight, seem something alarming in this wonderful growth of the appetite for story reading, if we did not, on further consideration, see that it is accompanied by an equal increase in other branches of literature, of a more useful and substantial cast. In the time of Scott, a history of England in twelve volumes would have been deemed quite as much as the demands of the reading public would warrant. Yet Mr. Froude has been able to devote a work of that extent to a period of about fifty years, and has found many thousands of eager readers. Mr. Motley has occupied four volumes of more than five hundred pages each, with a period of twenty-three years in the history of one of the smaller states of Europe—the United Netherlands—and has found edition after edition called for on both sides of the Atlantic. The scientific works of Agassiz, Tyndall, Max Müller, and Proctor; books of travel, like those of Livingstone, Baker, Wallace, Hayes, and Du Chaillu; philosophical works, like those of Mill, Hamilton, and McCosh, count now probably ten readers for one that they would have had in the last century. If to this we add that three voluminous commentaries on the Bible, on which some of the ablest scholars of the age are engaged, are at the same time in progress of publication in England and the United States, it will be seen that the demand for fiction has not interfered with the progress of learning and thought.

The truth doubtless is, that the readers of novels are for the most part those who in former years would have read nothing at all. The great extension of education has awakened a taste for reading where it never existed before. The young, the half-taught persons with immature or partially developed faculties, are just in the stage in which they can only be interested, like the Oriental listeners to the stories of the "Arabian Nights," by exciting narratives. Then, too, the gravest and most learned person usually has a youthful corner in his mind, in which the appetite for fiction abides; and he is all the better for unbending occasionally from sterner pursuits to satisfy this natural craving.

The love of fiction, when it is accompanied by progress in a higher class of literature, cannot be considered an unhealthy symptom of our social state. As regards individuals, our judgment must depend upon the extent to which the desire for this sort of reading is carried. While almost every one likes to read a good novel occasionally, it is certain that the taste which devotes itself entirely to fiction is a sign, in the young, of unripe faculties, and in

older persons is evidence of a childish and frivolous character. It is like the constant indulgence of a morbid liking for sweetmeats and cordials in lieu of that variety of nourishing viands which the human frame demands. A grown-up reader who devours novels, and nothing else, is in intellect simply a boy or girl of limited capacity and an unwholesome taste. The best romance writers would undoubtedly have been the first to concur in this opinion, for they have all, from Scott and Miss Edgeworth to the most eminent authors of our own era, been noted for their extensive reading and wide grasp of general knowledge, without which, indeed, their excellent compositions could never have been produced.

THE SEASON OF CHARITY.

DECEMBER, albeit the closing month of the year—a month of leafless trees and chilling blasts—is nevertheless regarded as the most cheerful of all the months. It is a season of family reunions, of good cheer, and of hopeful anticipations; and it is more especially a season when the heart seems to open to the wants of others who are less fortunate than ourselves. By a natural, and in this case a happy, association of ideas, the wants of the poor, which seem less to demand attention under the pleasant skies of summer, begin to appeal to our sympathies at this inclement season.

There are certain classes of the unfortunate whose claims upon our attention come with double force at this time. These are the unhappy persons who, in hospitals, asylums, poor-houses, and prisons, are deprived of those associations of home which do so much to mitigate the sufferings of the most wretched. The situation of these poor persons, and especially the "sick and in prison," ought to be borne in mind by all who can do anything to temper their miseries, and to show them that Christian hearts beat beyond the walls which shut them in from the world. It is not, of course, to be supposed that persons confined for serious crimes should find the comforts of home in the cells in which they undergo the penalty of their offences; but we must remember that such punishment has a twofold purpose—to deter, and to reform; and there is no more powerful agent of reformation in such cases than the assurance of sympathy from without. The better feelings of human nature are called forth only by kindness. That worthy citizen of one of our Eastern States, who for many years past has taken care that the inmates of a prison near his residence shall have a Christmas dinner of turkey and plum pudding, has by this simple act doubtless accomplished a missionary work far beyond what was in his mind when he first conceived his benevolent purpose.

Charitable ministrations of this sort seem properly to fall to the part of women. It is their presence which everywhere makes home, and they are, by nature and training, the best and most economical distributors of bounty. Their employment in the care of reformatories and hospitals is an arrangement which is beginning to commend itself to the attention of all who are interested in the improvement of these institutions. It is felt that while the financial management should remain with men, the charge of what may be called their domestic concerns should be entrusted to clear-headed and benevolent women, fitted by capacity and experience, as so many of them are, for duties of this nature.

There is another province in which the charity proper to this season ought to show itself. It is a time for reconciliation. No social or public enmity, not resulting from actual and persistent vice on either side, ought to survive this period. If the late

civil war has still left any bitterness of feeling, either among our own people, or against those of any other nation, it should die out with the dawning of the day "wherein our Saviour's birth we celebrate." Sentiments of vengeance, social rancors, family feuds (the most shocking of all relics of heathenism), should vanish, like goblins of the night, before the rising of that sun of peace and good will.

"So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

At this season it is a peculiar pleasure to refer to the kindly feelings which have so long existed between ourselves and the many readers of our magazine, and which, we may venture to hope, will continue to grow in strength from year to year. The *LADY'S BOOK* will hereafter, as heretofore, be devoted to all those objects which tend to refine and purify the home, to enlarge the true sphere of woman's usefulness, and to improve society. In this work we shall continue to look for the aid and sympathy of the best class of writers and readers, whose constant support has thus far been our most valued assistance and reward.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Two books are lying on our table which so well deserve a special notice that we mean to say a few words about them. One is "A Book About Boys,"* by Mr. A. R. Hope. The author is a schoolmaster, who, nevertheless, enters into boy nature so thoroughly that we almost regret we are not ten years old, and in his third class. He writes in a thoroughbred, easy, manly way that is very attractive, and understands how to deal with his scholars. Perhaps no after feeling is so strong as that with which a boy regards a favorite teacher, for there are such phenomena as well-loved teachers, though they are very few, and one of their number ought to be Mr. Hope. We commend his book to all who have dealings with boys.

The other is a translation, "Lowly Ways,"† by F. E. B. The story of a young girl's life in Germany is told in a way which reminds one of the Schönberg-Cotta Family. She goes out to service, and wins the heart of her employers by her sweetness and modest humility. But we will not spoil the story for our readers. We will say only that the translation is excellent, and the story well worth translating.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

TEMPERANCE TALES.—When the first total abstinence movement was begun, Mr. T. S. Arthur took a prominent part in it. He published a number of stories and short appeals, which were largely used by the advocates of that movement, and which proved effectual weapons in their hands. They were written in a simple, easy vein, with no rhetorical pretence, and aiming only to bring home to their readers the appalling evils of intemperance and the blessings of sobriety. Their popularity was great, and they have been several times republished. Messrs. Peterson have just brought out a very handsome edition, entitled "Six Nights with the Washingtonians, and Other Illustrated and Temperance Tales," bound in heavy cloth, with large type and thick paper. Drunkenness was never more rife in our land than now. The statistics of the yearly amount of whiskey and brandy consumed in the United States are appalling; and if the advocates of abstinence desire to enforce their favorite doctrine upon the minds of men, no better time than the present could be found. We welcome Mr. Arthur's book as a well-chosen series of tales, written, like all this author's works, in the interest of sound morality. The book has a fine portrait of Mr. Arthur.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—In Russia the Czar has recently issued an order granting to women certain rights in

* Roberts Brothers, Boston.

† Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

that empire from which they have hitherto been excluded. They are to be allowed to act as surgeons, to vaccinate, to be employed as apothecaries, and the institutions for the instruction of women in midwifery are to be enlarged in every possible direction. They are to have every facility in educational establishments; to be employed in telegraphy and as accountants; and the field of feminine labor is to be not only extended, but thoroughly protected by the Czar's personal supervision.

"FIRST LESSONS IN COMPOSITION."—This is the latest of Mr. Hart's excellent school books. It is intended for very young children, who, as the author says, are never taught the principles of composition until they are ten or twelve, and are then told to practise what they have not learned. Like every other school book written by Professor Hart, this little manual is thoroughly well adapted for its purpose. Every mother of young children will find this little book one of her best assistants.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Lines to Accompany a Copy of Festus"—"Propinquity"—"Sue and I"—"Absences"—"Dust"—"To Harry Glassie"—"Constancy"—"All that Remaineth"—"The Scholar's Soliloquy"—"The Wife's Mistake"—and "Management vs. Money."

The following are declined: "Love and Wisdom"—"A School Girl's Adventure"—"Home"—"The Indian's Grave"—"Buried"—"Charade, Indignation"—"Cured of His Self-Conceit"—and "Eva Haley." "Virginia."—You sent no stamp for reply, and no name to address.

NOTICE.—Manuscripts must in all cases be accompanied with the name and address of the authors, and stamps for their return, if not accepted. The utmost care will be taken and all possible expedition used with regard to them; but it must be understood that the editor is not responsible should a MS. be mislaid or lost.

Literary Notices.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—
SEED-TIME AND HARVEST; or, During My Apprenticeship. Translated from the "Ut Mine Stronotid" of Fritz Reuter. The American public is rapidly developing a taste for German literature, and creating a demand which is being supplied by the rendition into English of the writings of some of the best German authors. "Seed-Time and Harvest" is a novel healthy in tone and pleasing in character. It is a book which must be read carefully and well to be properly appreciated; and for that reason will not perhaps be received with great favor by the superficial reader who reads only for amusement.

DOINGS IN MARYLAND; or, Matilda Douglas. A book characteristic of that section of our country which has produced such writers as the author of "St. Elmo." It is not of a high order of literary merit, but will, perhaps, in spite of that, obtain a respectable circle of interested and admiring readers.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—
PALACES AND PRISONS. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, author of "Fashion and Famine," etc. Mrs. Stephens has departed from her usual course, and, instead of giving us pictures of American life, she has written a novel of the French revolution—not the revolution of the past year, but that of 1793. She

* By John S. Hart, LL. D. Published by Eldredge & Brothers, Philadelphia.

has written a very readable book, filled with incidents of breathless interest, which culminate in tragedy at the last chapter.

DENE HOLLOW. A Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," etc. This is Mrs. Wood's latest work, printed from the author's manuscript and from advanced proof-sheets. It possesses all the characteristics of the lady's former productions, and, like them, will become highly popular in America. For readers who are content with fascinating stories, without pretensions to high literary merit, Mrs. Wood is undoubtedly the best author that now writes for the public, because the purest in tone, and the freest from the blemishes of the Bradton and Ouida school.

THE CLYFFARDS OF GLYFFE. By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," etc. There are a large class of readers who delight in horrors, dreadful predicaments, insanity, and murders in the stories they read. This class will not be disappointed when they open "The Clyffards of Glyffe." The author's pleasant style, however, and humor which overflows at every opportunity, takes away somewhat from the otherwise sombre character of the story. Though a disreputable set to begin with, during the course of the story the worst characters are killed off or sent to lunatic asylums, the others reform, and in the closing chapter we are given to understand that the present and future "Clyffards of Glyffe" will compare not unfavorably with other people.

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, LATIN, AND ITALIAN LANGUAGES WITHOUT A MASTER. By A. H. Montelth, Esq. It will undoubtedly tax the credulity of the reader to be told that by paying strict attention to the instructions laid down in this work, the French language can be learned in "six easy lessons," the Spanish in four, and the other three in relatively short periods. The method pursued is the Robesonian, a method that has been employed successfully for a number of years, both in this country and in Europe. No doubt, a certain progress can be made in the rudiments of the language which the student desires to master, especially as the lessons are long ones; but those who purchase this book in the hope that it will perfect them in any one of the languages named sufficiently for the purposes of conversation and literature, will find their mistake. It is not that the book is valueless—on the contrary, it is one of the best we have ever seen—but an impossibility is claimed for it.

COON CREGAN, the Irish Gu Blas. By Charles Lever. One of the most entertaining of all Lever's entertaining Irish stories.

LOUISA LA VALIERE. Fifth series of "The Three Guardsmen." By Alexandre Dumas.

MYSTERIES OF THE COURT OF LONDON. By George W. M. Reynolds.

From J. P. SEELY & Co., Philadelphia:—
THE WASHERWOMAN'S DAUGHTER. From the German. Translated by Anna B. Cooke. A pretty little juvenile story of humble life, in which virtue and goodness earn a suitable reward. Though translated from the German, the scene of the story is laid near New York.

From ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—
HOW IT WAS PAID. By Miss Lizzie Bates. This is a story of a young girl who helped her father to pay a debt which weighed heavily upon his mind. The narrative is well told, and the book handsomely gotten up.

CADDY'S THREE DRESSES. By Mrs. Margaret Hosmer. Caddy is a country girl who goes to the city to wait behind the counter of a dry-goods store.

Her "three dresses" are the emblems of three great events which determined her life—how we will not tell. Mrs. Hosmer's writings are always natural and interesting.

OLIVER'S PRISONER. By Clara F. Guernsey. This is a thoroughly well-told story of our Colonial times and our wars with the French and Indians. The characters are life-like, the scenes are stirring, and we find not a line which we cannot heartily commend. Among the mob of children's books, this stands out pre-eminent.

THE TWO MARRIAGES.

HIDDEN ANGELS. By the author of "The Hospital Boy."

From **ELDRIDGE & BROTHER**, Philadelphia:—
A MANUAL OF COMPOSITION AND RHETORIC. By John S. Hart, LL.D. Mr. Hart is well known to our readers as a most useful and efficient teacher. For years he has been at the head of the State Normal School at Trenton, New Jersey, and hundreds of pupils owe their proficiency and the means of getting their livelihood to his efforts. Now he has embodied his thorough acquaintance with the language and his forty years' experience of teaching in this, the first only we hope of a long series of school books. The subject is one of which he is especially fond, and upon which he has bestowed much thought; and we can say nothing more completely laudatory than that, knowing as we did of his undertaking, the result has fulfilled our expectations. The desideratum of a school rhetoric has at last been supplied.

From **HARPER & BROTHERS**, New York, through **CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAPPELFINGER** and **LIPPINCOTT & Co.**, Philadelphia:—

AT LAST: A Christmas in the West Indies. By Charles Kingsley. This is not a story, as its title might suggest, but a record of travels in Trinidad, with vivid, full, and entertaining descriptions of the people and the country. Nothing seems to escape the active observation of this tourist. Peculiarities of manners, dress, habits, customs, religions, and superstitions of the people, have all been closely studied; while the physical geography of the island, with its animal and botanical wonders and curiosities, has been noted with a careful eye and an eager attention.

AGATHA'S HUSBAND. A Novel. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." This is a book that needs no recommendation. It is a new edition of a well-known novel by one of the best as well as most popular of English authoresses.

KING ARTHUR. A Poem. By Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. The Harpers have issued a new and carefully revised edition of Lord Lytton's poem of "King Arthur," a poem which for purity of style and careful finish has few equals in the English language. This edition is handsomely printed and bound.

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY OF THE TEMPEST. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A. M., formerly Head-Master of the High School, Cambridge, Massachusetts. This is a handsomely prepared and illustrated volume, uniform in style and appearance with "The Merchant of Venice," which was published a short time since. The volume has been prepared for use in the school-room and for general reading, and the notes are full and satisfactory.

A DAUGHTER OF HETH. A Novel. By William Black, author of "In Silk Attire," etc. An entertaining English novel, belonging to "Harper's Library of Select Novels."

ANNE FURNESS. A Novel. By the author of

"Mabel's Progress," etc. The world is still left in the dark as to who is the author of "Mabel's Progress." We were led to believe at one time that it was a daughter of Charles Dickens, but that gentleman, before his death, emphatically denied that such was the case. At all events, she maintains her place among the best and purest of English writers, and the present volume does no injustice to her reputation.

From **D. APPLETON & Co.**, New York, through **LIPPINCOTT & Co.**, Philadelphia:—

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. By Charles Dickens. This is the fourth volume of "The Handy Volume Series of Dickens's Works," now in course of publication by Appleton & Co. We have had occasion already to refer to the neatness and compactness, and general desirability of this edition.

TANCRED; or, The New Crusade. By the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, author of "Lothair," etc. One of Disraeli's earlier works, which are being reprinted for the benefit of the present generation.

From **ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS**, New York, through **ALFRED MARTEN**, Philadelphia:—

THE MOUSE IN TOWN. A Sequel to "Opportunities." By the author of "The Wide, Wide World." The author of "The Wide, Wide World" does not often give a volume to the public; but when she does, it is worth reading. Those who have read "Opportunities" will, of course, wish to read "The House in Town," which is a juvenile story pleasing alike to young and old.

NATURE'S WONDER. By the Rev. Richard Newton, D.D., author of "Bible Wonders," etc. This book contains a series of essays or sermons suited to the comprehension of children, and "designed to show the wisdom and goodness of God as they appear in the works of nature."

THE RIFT IN THE CLOUDS. By the author of "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vickers." A collection of stories of a religious character.

From **G. W. CARLETON & Co.**, New York, through **CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAPPELFINGER**, Phila.:—

STOLEN WATERS. By Celia E. Gardner. This book is almost too senselessly foolish to be worthy of a hearty condemnation. It is written in the most slipshod and prosy of doggerel, and its story would be absurd if it were not positively pernicious. We cannot imagine how such books find their way into print.

THE FALL OF MAN; or, The Loves of the Gorillas. A Popular Scientific Lecture upon the Darwinian Theory of Development by Sexual Selection. By a Learned Gorilla. Edited by the author of "The New Gospel of Peace." An exceedingly clever and amusing satire on Darwin's "Descent of Man." Its illustrations, of which there are a number, are quite as creditable as the text.

From **WOOD & HOLBROOK**, New York:—

PARTURITION WITHOUT PAIN; A Code of Directions for Escaping from the Primal Curse. Edited by M. L. Holbrook, M. D., editor of the *Herald of Health*. We give our cordial approbation to this work, and would like to see it in the hands of every mother in the land. The information it contains is most important to young married women, and, we are fully convinced, reliable.

From **MUNN & Co.**, New York:—

THE UNITED STATES PATENT LAW. This book contains, besides the patent law, full instructions how to obtain letters patent for new inventions,

how to sell patents, how to secure foreign patents, and much other information valuable to the mechanic and inventor.

From T. F. LESLIE & CO., New York:—
ENGLAND'S LAST QUEEN. *A Poem for Parlor and Office.* By the author of "Strife." A pleasing little poem prophesying, as its title indicates, the end of monarchical institutions in England.

From LORING, Boston, through CLAYTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

LIFE OF JEFFERSON S. BATKINS, *Member from Cranberry Centre.* Written by himself, assisted by the author of the "Silver Spoon." An amusing autobiography of a politician, in which the questions of the day are discussed, and the "ways and manners" of political leaders burlesqued in excellent style.

TWO COLLEGE FRIENDS. By Fred W. Loring. A pleasantly written and affecting story of the war.

From A. ROMAN & CO., San Francisco:—
YO-SEMITA. *A Poem.* By Jean Bruce Washburn.

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through ALFRED MARTIN, Philadelphia:—

STORIES OF VINEGAR HILL. By the author of "Ellen Montgomery's Bookshelf." Six volumes. Vinegar Hill was a poor, bushy district outside of a country village, inhabited by outcasts and drunkards. These little volumes tell the story of its reclamation by the earnest efforts of a few stouthearted missionaries. The books are very neatly and handsomely bound, in a strong box, and will make an excellent Christmas gift for Sunday-School scholars.

GRANDFATHER'S FAITH. By Julia A. Mathews. This handsome book is a story of school life. A little boy is sent away from home to the troubles and trials of a boarding-school, and after many temptations and some falls, he takes the right path, and his character is formed. The book is full of incident, and will, no doubt, be a favorite.

LILY NORRIS'S ENEMY. By Joanna H. Mathews. We will not spoil the enjoyment of all who have read the "Bessie Books" by telling them the story of this new volume, which introduces many of their old favorites. Miss Mathews has a real gift for telling stories to children.

FRENCH BESSIE. By P. E. S.
SHALL WE KNOW ONE ANOTHER? By the Rev. J. C. Ryle, M. A. An argument in favor of the mutual recognition in heaven of those who were friends on earth. The author's name is well known in religious circles.

REVIEWS, PAMPHLETS, ETC.

From THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY, New York:—

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. *July and October, 1871.*

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. *July and October, 1871.*

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. *July and October, 1871.*

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW. *July and October, 1871.*

The quarterlies sustain their traditional rank among their younger brethren as the repositories of those elaborate and carefully reasoned articles for which the lighter monthlies have no space. The American reprint is good and cheap.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

DECEMBER, 1871.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.—"The Jumping Jack" is the title of the steel plate for December; and we think a better illustration could not be given for the holiday month, reminding the juveniles and their elders of the delights the possession of that old toy has been to them. The usual steel plate title-page is also given—a *tableau* picture. The first picture on the page represents a girl plucking from the tree its winter fruit—the icicle—enjoyed by her, no doubt, with the same pleasure as the famed candy stick. The second *tableau*, a young girl tracing on the frosty glass, ere she is dressed, her name. She is not old enough to see the beautiful pictures Nature has depicted with her frosty breath—the castles, and forests, and birds, etc. The third *tableau* calls to mind a passage in that popular Christmas ballad, "The Visit of St. Nicholas:—"

"I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter;
 Away to the window I flew like a flash,
 Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash;
 The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
 Gave a lustre of mid-day on the objects below;
 When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
 But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
 With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
 I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
 More rapid than eagles his coursers they came;
 And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
 'Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
 On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Dunder and Blitzen!
 To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
 Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!'"

The next illustration is a "Fancy Christmas Doll." We give it printed in blue and pink. Our young friends can dress their dolls in whatever colors will suit them best; we merely give the idea. "Dressed for the Party" is a pretty wood-cut. This is the season when the little ones enjoy themselves most at their evening parties. Our little friend appears to be somewhat proud of her appearance, and thinks, no doubt, she will be the belle of the evening. "Preparing for Christmas" is an allegorical representation of the slaughter of the good things that grace the tables of those that can afford them. It is evident that our young warrior is passing through a heavy battle, for, as we see him in the picture, he has to take his sword in his left hand to finish his work. Our colored fashion-plate and later wood-cut designs are in season, and dresses can be selected from them to suit all tastes.

SEVERAL Christmas stories enrich the literary department of this number. Mrs. Hopkinson's and Miss Frost's are very good and instructive in their teachings.

OUR FRIENDS are aware that we have now reached the last number of the Book for 1871. Their approval of our course through the year has many times been communicated to us in our voluminous correspondence. Long years have elapsed since the LADY'S BOOK first became the oracle that guided the women of America on the road to usefulness and happiness in their households; and it is still looked up to as the only mentor in that great work. We still hold on to the motto adopted long ago of "Excelsior!" and it is the only one that we will ever have. Onward is our cry, and, as the world progresses in art and literature, we will be found in the advance. With this promise, we hope to meet you all at the close of the ensuing year.

CHRISTMAS.—Welcome! welcome once more, old friend! The song of our childhood used to impress upon us the fact that "Christmas comes but once a year." Gladly we put aside our labors and our cares to prepare for thy presence, and offer homage at thy shrine, decked with the holly and the mistletoe. Come, friends all; let us be merry, and exchange with each other the good wishes of the season, and open our hearts, without a shade of reserve, to the smiling joys and happy feelings which Christmas profusely distributes among them that love him!

Can we not take leave of our anxieties, and regrets, and burdens of responsibility, and our sorrowful retrospections for a brief while—ah! it will be but too brief, we are sure—and sun our spirits in the light of the influences which are radiated by Christmastide? Here, children, here is meet work for you—work, too, in which you will delight! Make ready, with your best holiday spirits, and your freshest faces, and your rollicking laughter, and your juvenile tricks, to clear away from the bosoms of your elders all the litter and traces of gloominess, which are within your reach (and are not wholly beyond your ken), and then take your reward in Christmas cheer! Oh, the children! God bless them! what would the festival be without them? Undimmed, unspotted, crystalline humanity! what a bright, sparkling, enchanting thing it is! and what a perfect mirror does it make to bring back to us the image of what we have been! Come, little ones! we begin our rights with you. A kiss!—a score of kisses!—with little arms around our necks, and, lo! there is a transformation for awhile, so that it is with all the faith and earnestness of childhood we pray for you, in return for the cleansing and healing efficacy of your affectionate natures, "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year!"

Pass we on to such as have reached the dignity of "the young people"—the brothers, and sisters, and cousins—the friends and sweethearts—most of whom have made some acquaintance with restraint, self-imposed or imposed from without, and have come home from school or business to let their yet young sympathies intermingle, and commune, and kindle round about the dear family hearth. Ay! surely are they welcome to the domestic reunion; none more so. With what wistful interest, rising from satisfaction, through admiration, to pride, will the older folk witness their deep and fervid enjoyment of the blessings of the festival, and especially their renewal of the home ties—the tendrils by which young hearts lovingly bind themselves unto a common centre of affection and attraction, until marriage, or misfortune, or misconduct, or death detach them. The compliments of the season, unstained as morning flowers, be to you also, young friends—merriment for the coming day, happiness for the coming year!

Christmas has his appropriate gifts for those who have tolled on to the meridian of life, and have borne much of the burden and the heat of the day. Repose and dignity, faith and patience, a grateful appreciation of "thus far," and a submissive, trustful outlook beyond—these are for the mature of age on earth. Their treasures are not wholly in the past; hope still brightens their lot, and love beautifies it. Christmas, in passing over them, brushes away, even though it be but for a short interval, the anxious and troublous thoughts which settle upon their hearts like dust; and to themselves, as well as to their loved ones, they seem young again.

And the aged—have not they, too, a share in the revels of the season? Verily, have they. What if it be a quiet one, which finds its chief delight in retrospection, and wherein "its distance lends enchantment to the view?" Even "the pleasures of memory"

have their special fascination, and the periodical occasions on which they return are welcome to the pilgrim approaching the natural term of life. They are shadows, no doubt; but shadows which have a world of significance in them. They are both illustrative and prophetic—images of times long gone by, having matters suggestive of the better things to come. Oh! that a wish of ours could give a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to the whole family of man!

ADVERTISEMENT FOR 1872.—See the second page of cover. Besides the announcement contained in that advertisement, we will state that we have many other new things on hand. We have a fine collection of stories that will be published during the year. The Book is sustained by a more talented and popular corps of contributors than any other publication of the kind.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Fairly glittering with beautiful gems of art and creations of the brain. It ought to be in every house where a lady presides, for it will give her material help in its management, and prove a lasting blessing to herself alone.—*Southerner*, Darlington, S. C.

GODEY, from present appearances, will maintain its proud pre-eminence next year in the way of subscribers, as we know it will in its merits. Already the subscriptions flow in as a stream. All will be accommodated in good season. We only require time to enter their names, at which occupation our clerks not only work all day, but far in the night.

BEFORE us is **GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK**, a book of which we have ever been fond, which, for good stories, poetry, and other literary matters, has few equals in the world. It is a welcome monthly guest in nearly every refined, intellectual household in America. It seems to have added to it each month new and attractive features, while its fashion and household departments maintain that superior excellence which has won for it such an enviable reputation. There is no magazine in the country we can more cordially recommend to the people.—*Eagle*, Sparta, Wis.

"**MRS. LOLIPOP'S PARTY**" will be a great feature next year. Nothing of the kind has as yet been published in any magazine. Such a designer as Bensen and an engraver like Lauderbach are seldom brought in conjunction.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is one of the most charming magazines published. Every lady knows that this magazine is worth all it costs to render life happy and make home cheerful.—*Safeguard*, Columbus City, Iowa.

We call the attention of our readers to the remarks of Mrs. Hale, on page 567. That lady has labored for nearly half a century with her pen for the elevation of her countrywomen. She is at this day the greatest living American authoress, and justly takes rank with the most celebrated women of any age. Her teachings, in endeavoring to stimulate her young countrywomen to works of goodness, show a truly Christian spirit. May she be spared to us yet many years to embellish our Book with her pen.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is a complete encyclopedia of the household, furnishing the very best matter upon almost every topic interesting to the fair sex, besides much good reading in stories, poetry, etc.—*Furmer*, Newport, Vt.

MESSRS. FREEMAN & BURR, 138 and 140 Fulton Street, New York, are among the largest clothing men in that city. They are reliable and prompt, and any of our readers need not hesitate to patronize them. Their advertisement is in another column.

AMUSING CHILDREN.—As the cold weather advances, and the little ones are obliged more and more to seek amusement in-doors, the mother looks around for ample sources of entertainment to keep the busy fingers employed, yet out of mischief. If she can have her family room in perfect order, with four or five children playing round and happy all the time, she is a very remarkable woman, and the secret of her management would be worth knowing. It seems to be necessary, in order to keep the tempers of the little ones unruffled, that chairs should stand upside down, toys be scattered hither and yon, and offerings continually made to the Goddess of Disorder, or laid on the shrine of chaos. The smashing of cups, plates, window-panes, playthings, lamps, and dolls' heads is also essential to their perfect felicity. Allowance should be made for all these things, just as is made for their growth when new clothes are cut out for them. One corner of the sitting-room or kitchen should be given up to the children, where they may have liberty to do everything not absolutely sinful. A peck of clean sand in a tight box, with a funnel and tin cups, is capable of giving some children a great deal of pleasure. An ounce of parti-colored beads, doled out a few at a time, with needles and thread to string them, will amuse most little boys or girls for many hours. Slate and pencil, or paper and pencil, with a set of cheap drawing cards for models, are very fascinating to children four or five years old. A set of building blocks, costing from one to three dollars, is an excellent investment for a bevy of juveniles.

Investment of some sort there must be, if peace and quiet are to be preserved, either of money in the purchase of toys, or of time in making them, or, greater than all, of patience and good temper in bearing the penalties that the parent must suffer who makes no adequate provision for keeping idle hands out of the mischief Satan will surely find for them to do. Dolls, tea sets, hobby horses, picture books—these are as indispensable in the nursery as are milk, cribs, and flannels. There must also be a due proportion of finger-marks on the doors, thumps on little heads, scratches and bruises on little bodies to make up the perfect round of child-life.

The mother may fancy that she will be happier when her boys and girls are grown from under her constant watchfulness; but the general testimony is that the period of playthings, of measles and whooping-cough, of walking-stick horses, and tongs and poker ponies, is happiest for the mother and often for the child. When her offspring are all about her, their noise may distract, their incessant wants weary the mother; but she does not worry over them as when, later in life, they go she knows not where, and they do she knows not what. It is best, therefore, to enjoy the period of infancy and childhood as it passes, numbering only its joys, and forgetting its annoyances, smoothing rugged paths for tender feet, and helping young hearts to choose the good, and growing minds to seek and love true wisdom.

An eminent divine recently published a charming little work on the three parables in the fifteenth of Luke, the appropriate title of which was, "The Lost Sheep, the Lost Coin, and the Lost Son." Imagine the horrible feelings of the sensitive divine when he saw the typographical blunder of the *Christian Union*, which reviewed it under the title of "The Lost Sheep, the Lost Cow, and the Lost Sow!"

A QUACK advertisement reads as follows: "When all hopes are gone, call on D—." If all hopes are gone, why would the patient try again?

THE LAUGH IN SCHOOL.

HOLD on for a moment, teacher!
You had better ignore the rule,
Than punish the little urchin
Who has just laughed out in school.
Had he done it out of malice,
It would be a different thing,
But he could no more help it
Than a lark can help to sing.

I know by his clouted jacket,
And his shoes tied with a cord,
That a laugh is the only luxury
Of childhood he can afford;
And he hasn't much time left him
For even that trivial joy,
For he'll have to earn his living
While he is yet a boy.

You ask why I defend him:
Well, the fact is, yesternight
I found a dog-eared primer
That I used when but a mite;
And, in imagination,
As I turned its pages o'er,
I saw some wonderful pictures
That I never found before:

I saw a certain urchin
(Called Clarence by the boys)
Go toddling into the school-room
Making his share of noise;
And I saw him during school-time
Play pranks upon the sly
With the rosy little Agnes
Till she laughed as she would die.

And I think we all are better
When we grow up to men,
If we have something to make us
Look backward now and then;
And therefore I insisted
You had better ignore the rule
Than punish the little fellow
Who has just laughed out in school.

CLARENCE F. BULLER.

To accommodate our subscribers, we will club with Arthur's Home Magazine and Children's Hour at the following prices:—

The receipt of \$4.00 will pay for Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine for one year.

The receipt of \$3.50 will pay for Godey's Lady's Book and Children's Hour one year.

Five Dollars will pay for Godey's Lady's Book, Home Magazine, and Children's Hour one year.

Arthur's Home Magazine is the best \$2 magazine published. The Children's Hour is the best juvenile magazine.

For Six Dollars we will send the Lady's Book one year, and pay for Holloway's Musical Monthly one year, to be sent to the person remitting us the money.

WHEN we receive money for a club we pay that money over, and there our responsibility ceases. If a number is not received, write to the publisher of the missing magazine.

"A GIRL wants cooking," is what the commencement of the advertisement should have been, but the printer made it "A girl wants courting," not an unusual want, but it is not often published. Any way it is bad. Why does a girl want to be cooked?

BEAVER BRANDS.—Of the many novelties in the way of sheer fabrics offered for the approaching season, none so utterly defy competition as the silk-finished, pure black mohair of the "Beaver Brand."

This material makes a remarkably stylish toilet. It is exceedingly fine, and possesses that brilliant lustre which is altogether lacking in other goods of the class. It is also finished alike on both sides—an important point in its favor, when one remembers that in such a case a dress may be reversed or altered with impunity.

CLUBS! CLUBS!—It is time now to commence to make up your clubs. All the terms at which copies will be furnished can be found on the second page of the cover. The difference between the club price of the *LADY'S BOOK* and that of other magazines is only a few cents, and for that small difference you get about one-third more reading and engravings, and far more expensive engravings, than a lower-priced magazine can afford to give. Ladies, you will find very little trouble in getting up a club. We see no reason why we should not have ten or twelve subscribers in every post-office town in the United States; and but for the fact that there are so many borrowers, we no doubt would have that number.

The greatest victory of the day, at the great Northern Ohio Fair at Cleveland! The Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine ahead of all! No little excitement was caused by the announcement in Sewing Machine Hall yesterday afternoon, by the Committee of Awards in this Department, that the first two and only premiums on sewing machine work had been unanimously given to the Improved Wilson Shuttle Machine of Cleveland. This was but an unavoidable result for the Committee to thus publicly decide that the Wilson displayed a line of the finest work in all the hall, for a similar decision had been given by the thousands of probably equally able critics that had examined the work before them. The premiums awarded were on the best display of general work and on the best samples of braid work, both of which were given to the Wilson machine. This great victory for our Cleveland machine will be received with no little satisfaction by the very many friends to this meritorious product of our city. The work done on a sewing machine is the only safe source from which to judge of its merits, and that the Wilson has taken the whole premiums in this fair and severe test is evidence of its superiority over all the leading Eastern machines that can never be contradicted. It should be remembered that this beautiful and perfect family machine is sold at a price \$20 below all the Eastern made machines, over which it has here so justly and fairly proved its superiority.—*Cleveland Daily Herald*, Sept. 18, 1871.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for December.—Contents: *Une Rose sans Epines* (A Rose Without Thorns), beautiful new nocturne, by Jules Egghard; *Volunteers' Quickstep*, lively and pretty; *Winter Green Polka Mazourka*; *Con Spirito March*, easy for beginners; *Poor Ben the Piper*, song; *The Campbells are Coming*, the favorite old Scotch song in a new edition. Six pieces of first class sheet music for the price of one. This number contains the prospectus for 1872, which will be the *tenth year* of this favorite periodical, with a new list of premiums of books, music, folios, etc. Send for it. Price 40 cents, or the last three numbers for \$1. Will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of price.

New Music for the Holidays.—Christmas Bells, beautiful quartette by Stewart, 30 cents. Around the Fire, Christmas song and chorus, 30. Now the Days are all Gone Over, 25. Under the Mistletoe, by Glover, 20. Skating on the Pond, 30. Over the Ice we Fly, 20. While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night, by Darley, splendid anthem for church or social service, 60. Also, *Kriss Kringle March*, handsome title-page, 50. *Winter Waltz*, beautifully illustrated, 40. *Snowflakes*, by Brinley Richards, with beautiful title, 50. *Snow Castles*, by Ascher, 20. *Holiday Hours*, bagatelle, illustrated title, 40. *Frozen Hill Polka Scottische*, 30. Address orders for music or the *Monthly* only to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

A *LADY* in London proposes to send over eighteen young women as emigrants to Indianapolis, *Kentucky*, where situations are awaiting them upon their arrival. We very much doubt that they will ever reach Indianapolis, Kentucky.

THREE CHOICE AND BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS:—

No. 1. "**BED-TIME.**" A mother with her sleeping babe in her arms, carrying it lovingly up to its nightly resting-place. An older child, itself almost a baby, is clambering up the stairs before her. This is the picture; and the artist has given it a tender interest that appeals to every mother's heart, and to the heart of every lover of children. In "**THE ANGEL OF PEACE,**" the babe is borne to its heavenly rest; in this to its nightly slumber.

Apart from the subject of this beautiful engraving, it has rare excellence as a work of art, and is a great favorite among picture buyers.

No. 2. "**THE ANGEL OF PEACE.**" This picture represents an angel bearing a lovely child, passing over a sleeping city. The soft light of a crescent moon and the firmament of stars rest upon the city and its peaceful inhabitants like a benediction. It is one of the tenderest and most beautiful creations of art, worthy to take its place on the walls of any parlor in the land.

No. 3. "**THE WREATH OF IMMORTELLES.**" As a work of art, this exquisite picture is beyond criticism. It represents two children bearing a wreath of immortelles to place it upon the grave of their mother. The picture is full of sweet and tender interest, and will win its way to every heart. The original is one of the most charming pictures of the season.

We have arrangements with the publishers of these charming pictures that enable us to send them by mail to our subscribers at \$1 each; or two of them for \$1.75; or the three for \$2.25. Pictures like these cannot be bought of any print seller for less than \$5 each. We recommend all of our readers who desire fine pictures to secure copies of these. Address L. A. GODEY, Philadelphia.

AN AUCTION STORY.—At the sale of Auber's effects, which was held a few days ago, the portraits of Charles de Beriot and his wife, La Mailbran—both sketched by Horace Vernet—were eagerly bidden for by two persons. The portraits had been presented to Auber by M. and Mme. Beriot, and when Beriot followed Mailbran to the grave, their son wrote to the composer asking if he would allow him to have these two precious souvenirs, but the letter remained unanswered—Auber was unpardonable at times. At the sale, as I have said, two persons, one of whom was the comic singer Berthelier, were hotly outbidding each other, until the portraits were finally knocked down to Berthelier.

"Ah, Monsieur," said his opponent to him after the adjudication, "how deeply I regret not having more money at my disposal; you would not possess those two portraits. They are relics that I wished to offer to Beriot's son."

"How!" cried Berthelier, "It is for him I bought them; young Beriot is my best friend, and I fairly raged each time I heard you add twenty francs to the bidding."

MESSRS. DODD & MEAD announce for publication "*The Sciences of Nature versus The Science of Man.*" By Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College. The same house also announce "*The Theology of the New Testament.*" Translated from the Dutch of J. J. Van Oosterzee, Professor in the University at Utrecht, and better known to American readers as one of the authors of "*Lange's Commentaries.*"

A RACING PARSON.—An exciting race took place a day or two ago, on the Bloomingdale road, between the fleet teams of Commodore Vanderbilt and the Rev. Dr. Carey. Dr. Carey's team beat the commodore's.

GODEY'S SPECIALTIES—found in no other magazine: Drawing Lessons; Model Cottages; and other buildings; Original Music; Original Receipts for Cooking; True Colored Fashions, not merely fancy pictures. The Music alone that we publish could not be procured in the stores for less than \$4, and our subscribers have the separate pieces long before the general public.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

GAMES FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

"WHAT shall we do?" "What shall we play?" are often perplexing questions when the young folks are clustered together during the holidays, or on other occasions. Let them get up a series of games. We will try and help them by giving them a few to choose from. The first is the

GAME OF STATUES.

Everybody is a statue, excepting two, who enact a showman and a would-be purchaser. The showman must be the "funny one" of the family. He describes the statues, turns them round, gives the price, indicates their best points, regrets that this one's nose was a little injured in packing, and that one got dirty on the voyage and hasn't had its face washed yet; the statues meantime standing perfectly still, with immovable faces. Any one who moves or laughs is punished by a forfeit.

MENAGERIE

is another nice game, especially if there happens to be a family gathering, or a little party. The older people arrange themselves as audience, one person acts showman, the rest are put out of the room and enter one by one. The showman states that he has the finest collection of beasts ever seen: brought together at vast expense from every quarter of the globe; and including every animal that went into Noah's ark. What would the gentleman (or lady) like to see? The visitor is pretty sure to choose some out-of-the-way creature like a crocodile or gorilla, in hopes of posing the showman, who prolongs the conversation a little, and manages to extract a sketch of the animal and his ways. After which he draws aside the curtain, behind which a looking-glass is hidden, and Tom, who has demanded the "chimpanzee—a troublesome creature, always in mischief, a dreadful glutton; nails—of course they're dirty—he never cleans them"—sees his own face! And Flora, who has asked for the porcupine, as a "cross, sulky creature, good for nothing but to make pin-cushions," is scandalized by a similar reflection! Well managed, this game can be made very amusing.

MUSICAL FRIGHT

is noisier. A row of chairs—one less in number than the persons playing—is ranged down the middle of the room. Some one plays the piano, while the children dance in a circle. Suddenly the music stops and the players run for the chairs. One person, of course, fails to secure any, and is counted out of the game. After each turn, a chair is withdrawn, till only one chair and two players are left; the one who gets that is declared winner.

RUSSIAN SCANDAL

is played in this wise: One person takes another out of the room and tells him a story. Player No. 2 calls out No. 3 and repeats the same story. No. 3 tells No. 4, and so on till all have heard it, when the last told rehearses the story aloud to all the others, the version being generally widely different from the original, each person having unconsciously added and left out something.

DROPPING THE HANDKERCHIEF

is a much-played game. A ring is formed by children joining hands, leaving out one child, who carries the handkerchief knotted to represent "an eel." No one in the circle is allowed to look behind until the handkerchief or eel is dropped. Then the player behind whom it is laid, picks the handkerchief up, and pursues the one who dropped it. In the meanwhile all the company in the circle raise their arms, to let the pursued evade the pursuer by passing in and out of the ring. Any piece of furniture or elevated position which bars the attempt of the pursuer to touch the pursued is considered a sanctuary, and the pursuer failing to reach the pursued has to begin the game over again. The player who is touched has to take the handkerchief in his turn, and the late pursuer joins the circle in the middle of the room.

Many of the most pleasing French games are connected with music. Of the latter kind there is one known as

MARGARETTA'S TOWER.

The company may be composed of all little girls, but there should be at least one boy to represent the cavalier of the scene. The game is played thus: One little girl is chosen to be Margaretta. She then takes a cushion and kneels down on it in the middle of the room. The rest of the company (except the cavalier) form a circle round her, each taking in hand the hem of Margaretta's skirt. They then raise their arms, raising at the same time the skirt until the latter reaches above Margaretta's head, quite concealing her from view. The children forming the circle are called the stones of the tower. Margaretta, being quite hidden in her bower, the cavalier approaches the stones, singing:—

"Oh! where is Margaretta?
Oh joy, oh joy, oh joy!
Oh! where is Margaretta?
Oh joy, oh joy, oh joy!"

To which the stones reply in the same melody:—

"She is within her tower,
Oh joy, oh joy, oh joy!
She is within her tower,
Oh joy, oh joy, oh joy!"

The cavalier continues:—

"But can she not be seen?
Oh joy, oh joy, oh joy!"

And the stones answer:—

"The walls are much too high,
Oh joy, oh joy, oh joy!"

The cavalier now assumes a bold air and sings:—

"I will knock down a stone,
Oh joy, oh joy, oh joy!"

and, seizing one of the stones, forcibly removes her from the circle. Her place is immediately filled in by the rest, who sing:—

"One stone is not enough,
Oh joy, oh joy, oh joy!" etc.

The cavalier, nothing daunted, sings, "I will knock down two stones," and so on until only one stone is left. The latter gathers the skirt of Margaretta into a handful over her head, and the cavalier, ceasing to sing, says, in a speaking voice, "What have you got there?" The stone replies, "Only clothes for the wash." Whereupon the cavalier says, "I must go and get a knife to cut the bag open." Upon hearing which Margaretta breaks away from her imprisonment, and rushes round the room to catch some one. All her companions run away, because the child caught has to be Margaretta in her turn; and so on till the end of the game.

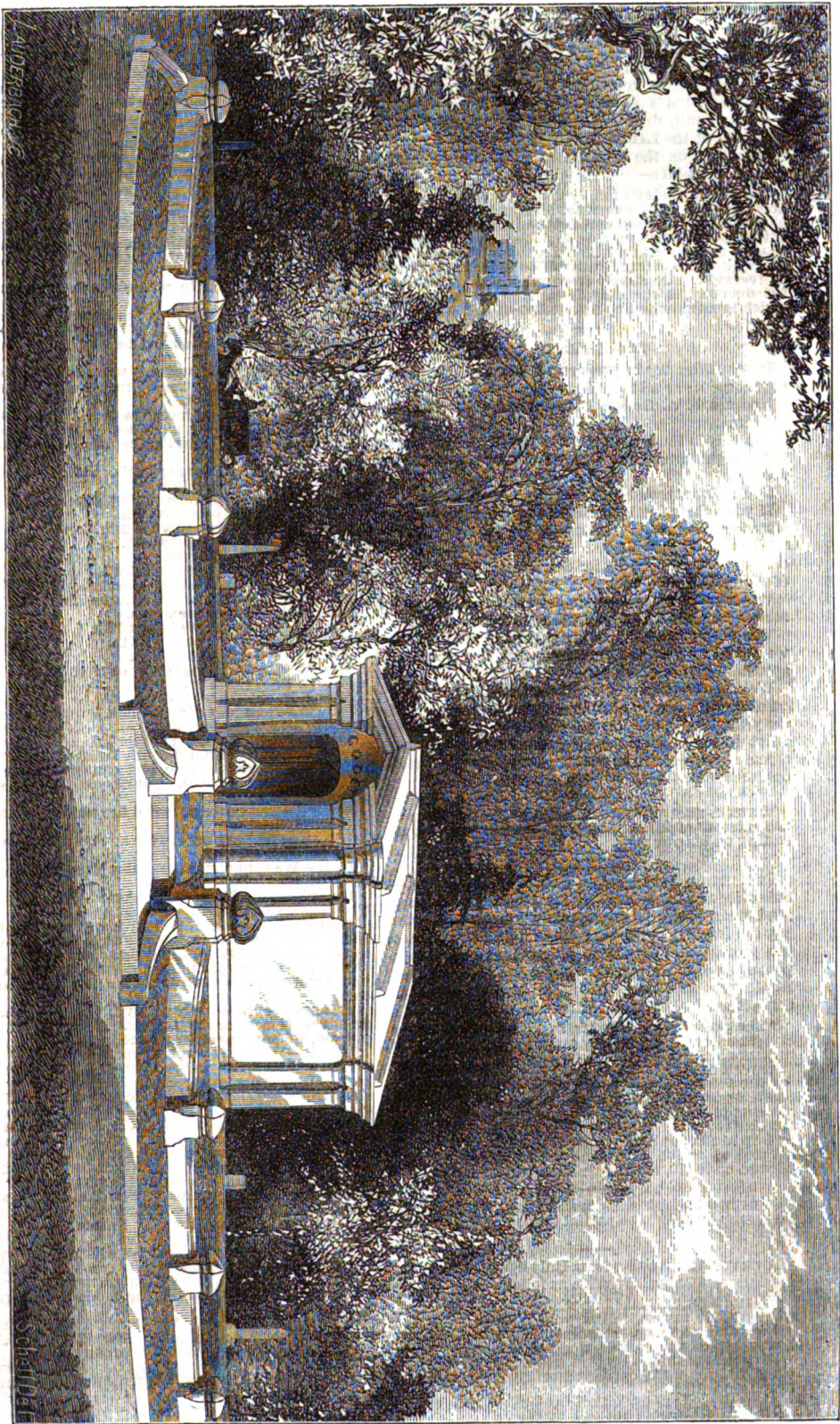
PUSH PIN.

Two children place themselves at opposite sides of a table, and each puts on the table a pin, head to head. The game consists in each player endeavoring with the finger-nail to push his or her pin across his antagonist's. The trial is made in turns, and the player that succeeds in placing her pin in the desired position claims the pin. Much the same kind of game is known as jerk-straws, pieces of straw being used instead of pins.

A mirth provoking game is the

QUEEN OF BABOONAH.

The company sits in a circle. The leader of the game begins by saying to the person on the left, in as solemn a voice as can be assumed, "The Queen of Baboonah is dead!" The above sentence is repeated by every one to his or her neighbor in rotation, and no one is allowed to laugh under penalty of paying a forfeit. When the announcement has been the round of the company, the last siter being next to the leader asks, "How did she die?" The above question is asked by every one of his or her neighbor till it comes to the turn of the leader to reply. The leader, suiting the action to the word, and without a smile, then says, "With one finger up, and blind with one eye, and mouth all awry." Each person, as the sentence is repeated, has to raise a finger, shut one eye, and twist the mouth awry. The same position must be kept all the time the sentence is being repeated by the company. When the latter sentence has been the round, the leader says, sighing, "And she heaved a deep sigh," which is done in like manner by every one in turn. Those who have laughed or departed from the rules of the game have to pay forfeits at its conclusion.



ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects.

NORTH LAUREL HILL.

P. BECHTEL, Builder.

THE Messrs. Hobbs have been displaying their skill as architects in another field. On the opposite page, instead of a cottage, will be found a design of a family vault, drawn by those gentlemen for the publisher of the *LADY'S BOOK*. The *Public Ledger*, in an article on the beauties of North Laurel Hill, thus speaks of it:—

"Mr. L. A. Godey's family vault is another noticeable feature. It is somewhat similar in appearance to the Drexel mausoleum in Woodlands Cemetery. It is of pure Italian marble, and built in the form of a small chapel, within which are the receptacles for the bodies, to be hermetically sealed in the catacombs or recesses. The simple inscription 'Godey,' above the doorway, is the only designation of the tomb, which is surmounted by a magnificent balustrade."

SOME HINTS.

IN remitting, try to procure a draft, and don't fail to indorse it; or a Post-office order.

Address L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, Pa. That is sufficient.

If a lady is the writer, always prefix Mrs. or Miss to her signature, that we may know how to address a reply.

Town, County, and State always in your letter.

If you want your Book sent to another post-office, state to what office it is sent to at the time you write.

When a number of the *LADY'S BOOK* is not received, write at once for it: don't wait until the end of the year.

When inclosing money, do not trust to the sealing matter on an envelope, but use a wafer in addition.

When you send money for any other publication, we pay it over to the publisher, and there our responsibility ceases.

We can always supply numbers for back years.

Subscriptions may commence with any number of the year.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signature be written so that they can be easily made out.

WHEN a man retires from business, and lives on the interest of his money, he may be considered as resting on his oars.

FREIGHT ON LETTERS AND PREMIUM ON DRAFTS.—Subscribers will please understand that when they send their letters by an express company they must pay the freight, and those who send drafts must pay the premium. We advise subscribers to remit a post-office order or a draft payable to the order of L. A. GODEY. The rates for postal money orders as established by law are as follows:—

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges for fees, viz.: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum, but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge will be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

A BABY who kisses his mother, and fights his father, may be said to be partial to his ma and martial to his pa.

A TRAVELLER writing from Italy upon funeral processions concludes his article as follows:—

"Little boys, furnished up with wooden wings, etc., to represent angels, follow young children to the grave; and, one day, returning from the cemetery, I saw two of these little wooden cherubs fighting with a vicious animosity and malevolence, most decidedly of the earth, earthly: nothing celestial about it but the wings."

BRIGHT, beautiful, bewitching GODEY is on our table. The pet of the household, it sheds a refreshing, refining influence in every family circle wherever it is read. The coming of GODEY each month is looked forward to as a feast of reason and flow of soul." We want no better evidence of a happy and intelligent family than that its members are regular readers of GODEY'S *LADY'S BOOK*.—*Mirror*, Shreve City, Ohio.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

ADDRESS "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. F.—Sent articles September 22d.

Mrs. L. A.—Sent curls 22d.

Miss A. J.—Sent pattern for boy's jacket 22d.

Mrs. J. A.—Sent patterns 25th.

Mrs. E. D.—Sent infant's bib 25th.

Mrs. Y. A. L.—Sent dress 27th.

Miss B.—Sent collar 27th.

D. W. V.—Sent smoking-cap 30th.

W. W. F.—Sent slippers October 3d.

Mrs. L. E. K.—Sent braid patterns 5th.

Miss M. F.—Sent bracelet 5th.

Mrs. H. H.—Sent boy's jacket 10th.

Mrs. W. W.—Sent patterns 10th.

Mrs. S. R.—Sent pattern 10th.

Mrs. McM.—Sent package by express 10th.

Mrs. G. B.—Sent articles 10th.

Miss J. P.—Sent articles 10th.

D. E. A.—Sent hair bracelet 10th.

Victor.—Sent chromo 11th.

Miss S. B.—Sent colored cotton 12th.

Annie.—P. Madeira, 115 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, has them for sale, and can give you every information about them. Thank you for your compliment to the Book.

K. L. T.—Smoke from a wood fire will curl feathers if they are held in it.

L. A. R.—We have never seen any notices of double eyed needles.

H. O.—We cannot use the embroidery pattern you sent.

Housekeeper.—Never before heard of frying them. They should be broiled.

Miss W. E. P.—We have had many such applications. We do not know any business that has copying done, except lawyers, and that their students do.

Milton.—You try riding in a stage coach for a few hours and you will gladly give the preference to the cars.

A Housekeeper.—We can only advise you to insert an advertisement in the *Ledger*. If that don't supply you, we have no other advice to give.

Miss P.—We wrote you last week.

Ellie and Maggie.—In Spain an opera fan presented to a lady means a proposal. If returned by her slightly opened, it means a little encouraged; if half open, proceed boldly; if returned closed, it says: "I love you with my whole heart." A closed fan, returned by the wrong end, signifies rejection; a glance over the top of the fan directed at any particular individual, expresses, "Come to me;" but the same glance through the bars of the fan means, "We are observed; be cautious." Few American ladies can hope to acquire the peculiar grace and skill with which a fan is manipulated by Spaniards, and perhaps it is as well that they cannot.

Mrs. G. P.—You will find no difficulty when in Paris in finding a commissionaire who will introduce you to trades' people, and will only charge a moderate commission. She will also bring goods to your room to select from.

Mississippi.—The Dolly Varden skirt takes its name from a character in Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge."

Ellie.—Write only on one side of the paper.

Helen.—1. After one or two persons are served. 2. Either accept or refuse the invitation with thanks, as inclination dictates.

Matron.—The French prefer girls, for boys at an age when their services would be useful, are generally taken for the army. Girls in France are as useful as boys.

Inquirer.—A situation in a telegraph office is considered a proper employment for a young lady. Many are now engaged in that business.

Vivian.—The pelican is considered emblematic of maternal affection.

A Young Lady.—We think it improper for young ladies to sing comic songs, as they are generally of a vulgar or objectionable character.

I. F. M.—I. We do not think your size and weight disproportionate, but upon the subject of using vinegar to reduce fat, we only know that if you try that experiment you won't want to try any other. 2. How can we tell what style of hair-dressing will be most becoming, having never seen you?

Pedee.—We don't know the lady's age. Do you think that a proper question? What lady tells her age?

H. P.—1. Gray hair is most expensive of all the colors. 2. We do not know what material is used to change black hair into a blonde.

Miss B. G.—It would be useless for you to come here for such a purpose. When there is a vacancy, there are at least one hundred applicants, with their friends on the spot to back their claims.

Ruffles.—The following plan will make muslin ruffles very stiff: Let them dry before starching them, allow them to dry again, and then starch them a second time, and, before ironing, damp them with a little thin starch water.

Mary Jane.—When you require an answer to a letter upon business which only concerns yourself, inclose a stamp to pay return postage.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of *L. A. Godey, Esq.*

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor the Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in re-mitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

The publisher of the *LADY'S BOOK* has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order, is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the Fashion Editor does not know.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of dark green cloth, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a plaited ruffle, headed by two bands of sable fur; the upper skirt is trimmed with plaited pieces, edged with fur. Long basque, trimmed to correspond. Felt hat, trimmed with fur and feather.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of white silk, trimmed with a ruffle, headed by a row of point lace, and a narrow ruffle, and trimming. Opera cloak of white satin, trimmed with blue velvet and fringe. Hair arranged in puffs, with pearls and blue flowers in it.

Fig. 3.—Street dress of two shades of brown silk poplin; the lower skirt of the darkest shade trimmed

with ruffles; the upper one cut as a polonaise, and trimmed with the darker shade. Bonnet of velvet of the lighter shade, trimmed with ribbon, flowers, and velvet of the other shade.

Fig. 4.—Evening dress of crimson *saille*, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a ruffle and band of velvet; the upper one trimmed with wide black thread lace; the waist and skirt are cut in one. The waist is low square, with elbow sleeves, the neck and arm being covered with black lace.

Fig. 5.—Dress of pearl gray silk poplin, made with two skirts; the lower one being trimmed with a ruffle of the same, with a plaited black velvet ruffle below it; upper skirt of black velvet. Polonaise cut in points around the edge, with black velvet set in the back of waist as trimming.

Fig. 6.—Child's dress of blue serge, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with velvet slightly full; the upper one trimmed to correspond. Jacket open in front, and trimmed to correspond. Black velvet hat, trimmed with blue feather.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of black silk, trimmed with one ruffle, headed by a narrow passementerie and velvet. Black velvet polonaise, lined with satin. White felt hat, trimmed with black velvet and feather.

Fig. 2.—Walking dress of purple *faille*, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with two plaited ruffles, the upper one with one headed by a narrow band. The waist and overskirt are in one. Open sleeves, with coat sleeve underneath. Hat of purple velvet, trimmed with flowers and ribbon.

Fig. 3.—Child's dress of blue silk poplin, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade.

Fig. 4.—Evening dress of pale rose-colored silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a ruffle, trimmed with black velvet; the upper one and corsage cut in polonaise form and trimmed with black velvet; the corsage is low, and short sleeves. Hair arranged in puffs, with pink roses in it.

Fig. 5.—Walking dress of maroon-colored silk, made with two skirts; the lower one plain; the upper trimmed with fringe and velvet, and looped up with passementerie ornaments. Deep basque, trimmed to correspond. Maroon-colored velvet bonnet, trimmed with ribbon, lace, and flowers.

Fig. 6.—Walking dress of brown serge; the lower skirt is trimmed with deep kilt plaits, headed by a band of velvet; the upper one has deep points in the back, and is trimmed to correspond. Basque waist; open sleeves. Brown felt hat, trimmed with leaves and velvet.

Fig. 7.—Walking dress of navy blue poplin, trimmed with a narrow plaiting of the same. Casaque of cloth a darker shade than dress, trimmed with fringe. Black felt hat, trimmed with feather and velvet.

Fig. 8.—Costume for little boy, of black velvet. Black velvet hat.

Fig. 9.—Sable fur boa, finished by a head.

Fig. 10.—Astrakan muff, made of black in the centre, with a border of lamb's wool at the sides, and finished by fringe.

Fig. 11.—Muff of black velvet, embroidered on the front, edged by a band of sable fur.

Fig. 12.—Angora muff, in either white or black. It is ornamented with two small ribbon bows, which can easily be removed if desired.

Fig. 13.—Black velvet muff, with miniver fur coming over the front of it in two points, fastened by an ornament.

Figs. 14 and 15.—Gentlemen's cravats.

Fig. 16.—Linen collar, edged with narrow Valenciennes lace.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Black Astrakan sacque, muff, and hat edged with a narrow band of light gray fur. The sacque is trimmed with fringe.

Fig. 2.—Coiffure arranged in curls, puffs, and rolled braids in the back.

Fig. 3.—Evening coiffure, arranged in braids in the back, with pearl beads twined in them; leaves of frosted silver in front on the crimped hair.

Fig. 4.—Evening coiffure arranged in puffs, with small flowers and leaves between the puffs in front.

Fig. 5.—Black velvet sacque, trimmed with embroidery; gimpure lace and passementerie.

Fig. 6.—Dress trimming. The trimming consists of folds of silk, with a narrow braid laid on under the upper folds, and a fringe at the lower edge.

Fig. 7.—Child's apron, made of fine white linen, trimmed with narrow insertion.

Fig. 8.—Sacque of brown and white striped flannel, trimmed with ruffle of the same, and a narrow band above it.

Fig. 9.—Pants and underwaist for little boy. The pants are of light cloth, trimmed with brown velvet.

Fig. 10.—Gentleman's smoking jacket, made of gray cloth, stitched with blue silk.

Fig. 11.—Waist to wear over corsets, made of white flannel, and ornamented with narrow white silk embroidery.

Fig. 12.—Black velvet jacket, trimmed with satin folds and narrow passementerie.

Fig. 13.—Fancy apron for a child, made of Victoria lawn, the yoke formed of Valenciennes insertion, also the cuff of sleeve.

Fig. 14.—Basque waist, made of black velvet, trimmed with silk braid and buttons.

Fig. 15.—Cloak for child a year old, made of white cloth, braided and edged with a ribbon quilling. Brown lined with white silk.

Figs. 16 and 17.—Skirts to be worn with tunics and bodices of French merino, silk, or velveteen. For Fig. 16 the frills, sewn on as single curves meeting together, are finished above with a small bow. The frills are either buttonholed over or bound, being each about twenty-three and a half inches long, and from four to four and three-quarters inches wide, somewhat sloped off on one side; they are gathered, and a rouleau is put over the gathering. Fig. 17 has three plaited flounces, headed by a pattern of braiding or embroidery. A rouleau finishes the heading of the flounces.

Fig. 18.—Suit for little boy, of blue Cashmere, braided with black.

Figs. 19 and 20.—Fig. 19, a point lace fan with pearl sticks, open. Fig. 20 closed, with the cord around it to keep it close.

Fig. 21.—Fashionable hose for ladies, clocked with silk in different colors.

FANCY DRESS FOR A DOLL.

(See Colored Plate in Front of Book.)

This plate is intended as a guide for dressing a Christmas doll. Any color of ribbon can be used to suit the taste of the owner.

PLATE OF LINGERIE.

(See Colored Plate in Front of Book.)

Fig. 1.—Evening hood of pink silk, embroidered with black chenille, and finished by a chenille fringe in gold, pink, and black.

Fig. 2.—Overskirt and low square corsage, to be

worn over colored silk, made of white French muslin, trimmed with lace and pink velvet.

Figs. 3 and 4.—Collar and cuff of point applique lace, trimmed with blue velvet.

Fig. 5.—Collar for elderly lady, to wear with a high necked dress, made of lace, edged with deep Valenciennes lace, and trimmed with black velvet.

BONNETS.

(See Engraving, Page 511.)

Fig. 1.—Bonnet of light blue silk, trimmed with feathers and ribbon of a darker shade, also white lace. Lace and ribbon strings.

Fig. 2.—Bonnet of gray silk, trimmed with black velvet, ribbon, black lace, and pink roses. Silk strings, trimmed with fringe.

Fig. 3.—Bonnet of maroon-colored silk, trimmed with a feather of darker shade, and flowers at one side; also ribbon and lace.

Fig. 4.—Hat of black velvet, trimmed with ribbon, feather, and pink rose.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

(See Engraving, Page 512.)

Fig. 1.—Suit for boy of eight years, made of dark navy blue cloth, with leggings of white corduroy, blue cloth sailor hat.

Fig. 2.—Suit for boy of ten years, of dark brown cloth, with hat to match.

Fig. 3.—Dress for girl of five years, made of blue silk poplin, trimmed with three ruffles. Sacque of heavy white cloth, trimmed with white fringe and blue velvet. White felt hat, trimmed with blue velvet and feather.

Fig. 4.—Dress for girl of six years, made of green Cashmere, trimmed with narrow velvet. Green felt hat, trimmed with velvet and a feather.

Fig. 5.—Dress for girl of twelve years, of brown and black striped serge, with an overskirt and low square waist, with basque of plain brown serge. Brown velvet hat, trimmed with ribbon and feather.

Fig. 6.—Dress for little girl of three years old, trimmed with platings of cambric muslin.

FANCY DRESSES FOR CHILDREN.

(See Engraving, Page 513.)

As fancy balls for children and adults are to be very fashionable when the season has fairly commenced, and as the costumes worn at them are frequently made at home, we trust those of our subscribers who are in need of good models will find the accompanying illustration useful.

Fig. 1.—A marquis in the reign of Louis XV. This costume, intended for a boy from ten to sixteen years of age, is composed of a pair of knee breeches, a square coat, and a waistcoat. The two first of these garments are made of either silk or velvet, and are the same color; the waistcoat is of flowered satin, of a color that contrasts well with the other two garments. The stockings are white silk, with gold clocks embroidered at the sides. The coat and waistcoat are bordered with gold braid, and the buttons may be either gold or precious stones, according to taste. The shoes have black buckles and high red heels. The hair is powdered, and tied up at the back with a black ribbon, so as to form a pig-tail. The white muslin cravat is trimmed at the ends with lace to match the ruffles at the wrists; the ends are square, and are tied loosely round the throat in a large bow. With this costume rouge is indispensable, for powder renders the complexion disagreeably pallid. By suppressing the powder and

sword, by making the coat and nether garments of light colored cloth, and by adding black heels to the boots instead of red ones, a very pretty Louis XIV. costume can be made—only with these suppressions it will be a bourgeois, and not a marquis.

Fig. 2.—Dress for child of from six to ten years, in imitation of a butterfly. The underskirt and waist are of white muslin; the lower skirt trimmed with miniature butterflies made of colored velvet. The upper skirt and over bodice cut in the same form, made of crimson velvet, spotted with black. Antlers in the front of head.

Fig. 3.—A Spanish gypsy skirt and square low bodice of dark silk; sash and low jacket of scarlet velvet, covered as much as possible with gold spangles; the sash ends terminate with a wide gold fringe; the sleeves of the jacket are adorned likewise with gold fringe and velvet bows. The headdress is composed of wide ribbons, long pins, and plenty of tinsel ornaments; for, as the costume is purely a fanciful one, the more original and fantastic it can be rendered, the more successful will be its effect. The tamborine is fastened to the waistband. The bracelets and earrings are very easily made with imitation pearls and small gilt chains. This costume is adapted for a girl from twelve to sixteen years of age.

Fig. 4.—Clown in Louis XV.'s reign, suitable for a boy from six to ten years of age. The entire costume is made of either white Cashmere or merino, and bordered with a fine cording of some bright color, generally either blue or red. The large silk buttons in front match the cording; the hat is white felt, with a colored ribbon (also to match the cording) round it; the large collar is in plain muslin, slightly starched. The shoes and stockings are white, and the former have large colored rosettes in front of them.

Fig. 5.—A Watteau shepherdess, suitable for a young lady from eighteen to twenty years of age. The first skirt is white tartaïane, bordered with narrow flounces and bows of pink ribbon; the second skirt, which is looped up, is sky-blue silk, with a *bouillonné* of pink silk round it; the bodice is blue, with a pink *plastron* in front, and a large rose at the side. A very small blue hat, in the form of a saucer, forms the headdress: it is bordered with pompon roses, and fastened with long pink ribbons tied at the back. A white cane in the hand, jauntily adorned with ribbons. Blue shoes, with pink rosettes. No powder, and very simple ornaments. This is a very picturesque costume, and will also be found suitable for a youthful married woman.

Fig. 6 represents a kite, and can be worn by a young lady or child. The dress is of white thin muslin, embroidered; bob-tails of the kite made in blue and white trim the lower part of the skirt, and also ornament the hair. The kite, made of white and ornamented with blue, is arranged on the back of the bodice; cord in hands. The skirt of dress can be made longer to suit the age of the wearer.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

THE fashionable world are still discussing their winter toilets, the heavy goods for really cold weather this month being made up.

Ladies' cloth for winter suits shows an improvement in fabric and coloring. The material is more closely woven, but soft and not heavy. Vandyke brown, myrtle green, navy blue, wine color, and black, are the colors most used. Wool armures, woven in diamonds, or crinkled reps are soft, flexible, and substantial stuffs for winter dresses. Venice

cloth, a sort of striped armure, is a variation of these goods. This is commended for young girls' and misses' dresses for school and home. The plum and green shades are especially pretty.

Flat bands, folds, and platings are the trimmings most used; braiding and embroidery abound, and fur borders for those who can afford them. For braiding, the best plan is to cut a bias band of the fabric about two inches wide, line with stiff muslin, and braid it before sewing on the dress skirt. Three such bands are placed straight around the skirt, with a narrow plating at the edge, or else simply piped with silk, or they can be used as headings to platings. The overskirt can be trimmed with one band, with corner pieces braided in larger designs.

A pretty suit is of purple reps; on the skirt is a deep kilt plating, straight, in inch wide plaits, the edges hemmed and tacked on the under side to keep the plaits securely. An inch below the top is a bias band, braided with black braid. The polonaise shows only a pointed basque in front, disclosing the entire front width of the skirt, which is elaborately braided. The basque back, with centre seam, and no side form, is cut in Gothic points, from beneath which fall the two slightly looped widths that make the polonaise skirt.

Velvet suits are the ultimatum of richness in winter costumes. For handsome costumes there is a new velvet, with lisle thread back, that has a rich, lustrous pile, difficult to distinguish from the real silk velvet. This, of course, does not wear as well as the all silk velvet, which, though costing more at first, is cheaper in the end, as it will stand almost any amount of wear. Striped velvet and satin underskirts are worn with velvet overdresses. Velvet is more worn this winter than last, in consequence of being imported in a variety of colors, and in better qualities. They, at the best, are not a handsome suit; for our own taste, some plainer material, handsomely trimmed, makes a more stylish looking suit. It answers very nicely for an underskirt and for trimming, and is very pretty for children's costumes.

White cloth, of pure lamb's wool, is imported for children's cloaks. It is a third of an inch thick, fleecy on the under side, smooth and lustreless on top, and as soft as Cashmere. The same fabric is also seen in several colors for wraps for ladies as well as children. Among these are dark green, blue, pale leather color, and clear French gray; these can be worn with suits matching in color. Lighter cloths only heavy enough for house jackets are woven with heavy ribs, diagonal or lengthwise, in imitation of corduroy. These are shown in white, gray, brown, and scarlet. The design for making is a short half-fitting jacket, with a seam down the centre of the back and wide side bodice. The end of the garment is cut in bold Gothic points, faced with velvet, and each point finished by a tassel. The sleeves are flowing. The collar pointed back and front, with tassels on the points.

Imported cloth *paletots* for girls from three to twelve years of age are in gray, brown, and white, and are beautifully trimmed with velvet bands, fur, and elaborate cording in braiding designs. Waterproof dresses, with plain waist fastening behind, coat sleeves, and overskirt are also shown for little girls. They are prettily lighted up by machine embroidery in gay colored silks, scarlet, green, or blue with white.

Box-plaited blouses of woollen fabrics are worn by ladies for morning toilet; they are of gray, scarlet, or blue merino or fine flannel, or else of black Cashmere, or even alpaca. They can be worn with skirts

of dresses whose waists are defaced or gone out of fashion. Mothers will find them invaluable for growing girls. Three double box plaits in front and back is the handsomest style; coat sleeve, with square cuff; collar of black velvet. For stout figures, a plain blouse is made, the plaits being simulated by bias bands, piped at each side by a color. Plaid pipings enliven black waists worn by young persons with plaid skirts.

Sealskin sacques have lost none of their popularity; in fact, it is steadily on the increase; each season they appear to be more sought after. The shape of the sacque most worn is semi-fitting, slashed, and trimmed with otter fur. Some of these jackets are rounded, others are slashed in square tabs, and again another design has the new revers in front.

Several forms of new hats are also shown, made of entire skins; also the soft toque of seal fur so much worn by ladies for winter travelling. Astrakan sacques, with full and half open sleeves are also worn; they are a convenient wrap for general wear, and are convenient and comfortable for mourning costumes. For other furs we will wait until next month to speak.

In bonnets we are glad to see felt for them, as well as round hats; for an ordinary costume, a felt bonnet is invaluable, and nothing can be prettier than a gray or brown felt bonnet, trimmed with some color either matching or harmonizing prettily with the dress. For some time past hats have been distinguishable from bonnets only by the strings; put strings on a hat and it became a bonnet, and take them off and behold it was called a hat. But this season they possess features peculiar to themselves. In the leading styles, the crowns are high, almost straight, and perfectly flat on the top; the brims of a medium width, and rolled at the sides, or slightly curved, and drooping at the front and back, have a drooping all around; but the high, flat crown is almost universal. The *Elsie* is a gray felt turban, of a new shape, the brim turned up all around, and the crown perfectly flat on the top, and inclined toward the front. The garniture consists of alternate folds of garnet and gray silk, disposed straight around the brim, and a double twisted rouleau of garnet and gray silk placed along the edge of the crown on the top, terminating in the back in a full cluster of garnet and gray plumes, from underneath which a long sash of gray silk, trimmed with rich fringe, falls over the shoulders. A particularly becoming bonnet of blue, uncut velvet, has the crown high and straight, and the brim drooping at the side and front, but turned up in the back. The trimming consists of a loose rouleau of silk, surmounted by black Chantilly lace, which proceeds from the large silk bow on the left side, across the front and right side, to a cluster of black ostrich tips, which, with the long streamers of black *gros grain* ribbon, completes the garniture in the back.

One of our lady correspondents, having inquired what style of bonnet an elderly lady could wear with the present fashions, we think it may be useful to give a few hints on the subject. The great question is to know whether the lady wears a chignon or not. By a chignon we merely mean, of course, a certain quantity of hair to cover the back of the head. If this does not exist, the modiste will have to provide the bonnet with a black lace resille at the back. In any case, the large pamele shape is the most suitable to a lady who has no pretensions to youth. The bonnet should have a turned down crown, and take in all the back of the head. We have seen two models; one was of brown velvet, trimmed with brown ribbons and with *girofles*, yellow, shaded to deep orange, placed in front, while a brown feather orna-

mented the crown; the other was of black velvet, trimmed with beautiful velvet pansies, and with a black feather. It was made somewhat in the fan-chon shape, with a deep double lace curtain at the back.

As for mourning bonnets, they are of the same shape as the others, but, of course, the less eccentric shapes are chosen for deep mourning. English crape folds usually trim them, with a little jet added to them. For our own taste, we think the latter looks better omitted. Mourning cannot be too plain, but the majority desire some fancy mixed with the simplicity; better not wear the dress at all than trim it as some do, making it like their other dresses, and taking away all solemnity from it, and in very many cases entirely forgetting in the mass of trimming the purpose for which the (ought to be) sad dress was first assumed. Alphonse Karr says "it was through female vanity that lilac, mauve, and violet, and sweetest and most becoming of colors, were accounted half mourning," and we are very much of the same opinion.

We recently saw a very handsome robe de chambre, of which a description may prove interesting. It was a robe of white Cashmere, made in the *Gabrielle* style, and trimmed *en tablier* in front. The trimming consists of a Cashmere border, scalloped out in the shape of ivy leaves, and bound with white silk; a silk fringe about two inches deep is placed just under this scalloped out border. Over this bodice there is a small pelerine, ornamented in the same manner.

New linen collars retain the pointed front so long worn, but instead of having a standing band behind, they are turned down all around the neck, the fall at the back being separated from the front points. They are cut to fit very high, are buttoned close about the throat, and are sometimes worn quite above the dress neck, the chemisette of white muslin serving to fill up the interim. These collars, called the *Princesse*, are made of very fine linen, finished with a slightly pointed edge of embroidery. The square cuffs, made to match, are very broad, and are sewed to a full undersleeve, on which a broad puff is sometimes placed to fill out the full sleeves now worn. Another new linen collar without trimming also turns down all around, is slightly pointed, and is shaped to fit the neck without rising on the sides. Tucking and embroidery is the trimming most used, in place of the Valenciennes so long worn. More expensive linen sets have wider turned down collars, almost in Byron shape, nearly covered with the most exquisite French needlework. Clerical looking collars, with squares of linen in front, are stylish; but, in order to be pretty, they require more collar at the back than the straight standing band usually seen with them. For lace collars, the large Empress shape, with round back three or four inches deep, and pointed in front, is still fashionable. It is shown in point duchesse lace, point applique, round point, and Valenciennes lace.

New neckties have a band to pass around the neck, and a great carelessly puffed rosette in front, with short fringed ends. They are made of faille ribbon of all the fashionable tints, and in Roman ribbons also. The black lace scarf so generally worn around the throat is prettily shaped by putting three or four plaits in the centre to make it lie smoothly on the shoulders. It is of dotted net, folded nearly double, the under side deepest, plaited behind, and laid in flat plaits again, where it meets on the breast. The whole scarf has an edge of lace.

Wishing our readers a very merry Christmas, and hoping we will all meet again at the New Year.

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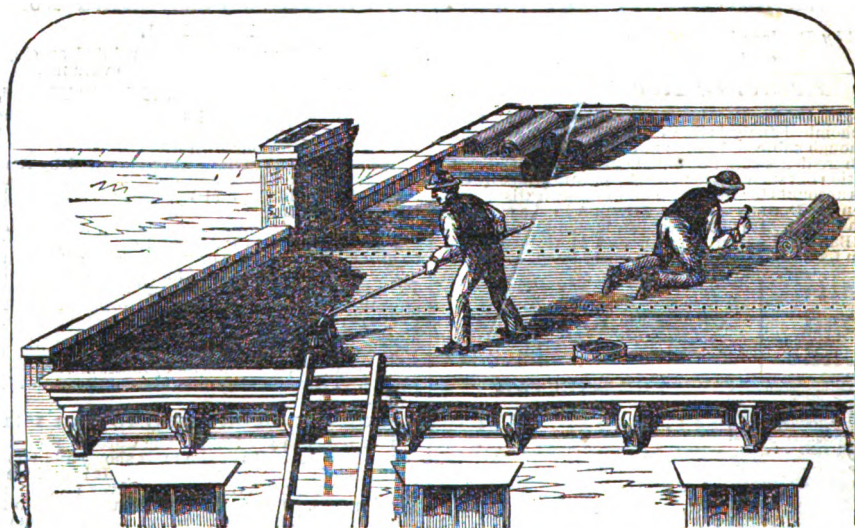
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